Molly's Kitchen

by Barry_Manilows_Wardrobe

Summary

Albus Potter, the magicless son of Harry Potter, is a self-made man. A respected business owner and one of the best rated pâtissiers in the world, he’s comfortable in his own skin and content with leaving the wizarding world behind. Until he meets Scorpius Malfoy, the MOM Ambassador to MACUSA. Scion of the Malfoy dynasty and a very well dressed man. And, Merlin's beard, a wizard.

Notes

As an FYI: There is explicit content in this story.

“Who’s going to tell His Nibs that we made Time Out?” Zel, who had been slinging coffee and pastries for most of the morning, gave his co-worker the side-eye. His waxed black hair having melted somewhat.

“I think it’ll be obvious when we run out of croissants before the late morning crowd.” Their croissants had put them on the map. Molly's Kitchen opened at 8am and there was usually a line when Gwen opened the pâtisserie to the public. But business picked up again around 10am when the work-from-homes finally migrated towards farm-to-cup coffee and croissants. A shared workplace had opened just next door only a month ago and the pâtisserie was reaping the rewards. In a rather unusual (for Greenpoint) turn, Mr Bajwa had actually owned the building and had cashed out rather spectacularly.

His Nibs, known more officially as Albus Severus Potter, had been up since 3am making those
famous croissants. And brioche and palmier and today, kouign-amann. He would give up the
ghost by ten when he let Gid Prewett, his cousin and apprentice, do his thing. This was a recent
change and Albus was never far from the shop when it was open. Thankfully they closed at 2pm.
Since Gid had joined them Albus had considered expanding hours. It was highly likely that Albus
had no idea that the bakery had been called out by *Time Out NY*. He never returned emails,
answered his phone, or responded to texts in a timely manner. Zel and Gwen weren’t even sure he
even watched television. But the bakery hummed along like clockwork, he never missed payroll,
and somehow the IRS never came knocking.

Albus came up front a bit later. He was tall and lean, dark hair dusted with flour, and wearing a
grey plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up under his apron. His forearms were vibrant with the
tattoos that he usually kept covered and his eyes, which everyone noticed right away, were a bright
green. He was reasonably attractive but his accent pushed him into the stratosphere. When he
worked the counter tips tripled and phone numbers flowed. He never seemed particularly fazed by
the attention and always quipped that he was “pimping himself for his employees.” Zel and Gwen
adored him.

“So how’re we doing on stock?” He turned to get a coffee while Zel gave him the rundown.
“We’ve been selling out early the last couple of days. Anything big in the area I should know
about?” The Polish Pride parade had been one of their biggest grossing days ever. Gid’s idea for
red and white braided pastries had been completely spot on.

“Oh, the usual…” Zel and Gwen exchanged a look while Albus’ back was turned.

Humming to himself, Albus took his coffee to an empty bench (it was a small shopfront and they
only had a couple of indoor tables) outside and picked up one of the *Time Outs* in the entryway.
He busied himself watching people and greeting locals while Zel and Gwen watched *him* from
inside the shop. Albus eventually cracked the magazine. They knew the moment he had seen it.
The overturned coffee as good an indicator as anything.

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At 1pm the MACUSA Underminister for International Cooperation came into the bakery. Albus
was on the till just finishing up with a customer. He was fairly certain that she had no idea who he
was.

As a Squib, Albus did not have a wand to register and had a perfect Muggle cover. He was, for all
intent and purposes, a Muggle. He flew to England twice a year. He paid his taxes. He’d gone to
Primary with Jamie (and for a year, Lily) and then when they went to Hogwarts he went to Queen
Elizabeth’s public school. He was gifted in Maths and eventually went the Oxbridge route. He
had considered life as a primary school teacher but a help wanted sign outside a bakery in
Grandpoint had changed the course of his life. He stayed with the Delacours while he studied in
France. Eventually wandered across the pond after climbing his grueling way up the apprentice
ladder and after years and years was able to finally open his own place. He was never too fussed
about being a Squib. But a strong sense of Other. Neither wizard nor muggle, he had a strong
desire to strike out on his own, outside the net of Potters and Weasleys. Beyond the umbrella of
being Harry Potter’s son. And Muggles had absolutely no idea about any of that. Which suited
him just fine. At 32, his only real tie to magic these days was Gid Prewett, a Weasley relation.
And Gid, who chaffed at being called a magic hipster, would never use magic in the kitchen. The
machinery did not like magic. And Gid, like Albus, liked doing things the hard way.

But sometimes the wizarding world came to him.

Family showed up. Although his parents didn’t really like New York his Grandparents, who he
adored, made frequent appearances. Although Grandad had never been allowed to fly in a plane, he did love the trains. One time he rode the L-Line for hours, having forgotten how to get off until the NYPD called Albus. Officers Lopez and Mckay had become good friends. Albus had even made the cake for Lopez’ daughter’s Quinceanera. Grandma Molly, who Albus was closer to than anyone else, would cluck after his tiny flat (it was New York and he gave them the bed when they came) and then bask as the figurehead of Albus’ bakery. He had grown up in her kitchen and thought it was high time she was catered to.

And sometimes a wizard or witch would wander in. New York was thick with them and Albus had unerring magic-dar.

He had cottoned onto Kowalski the first time she’d been in. Her pocketbook had been full of dragots although she also knew her way around a dollar. She came in fairly regularly. Sometimes alone and sometimes with rotating members of the Cabinet. She had once brought in the President, who was flashy even for Brooklyn, and about seven aurors. To say they had been conspicuous would be an understatement.

Today, however, Kowalski had brought in a tall fair-haired man who was dressed impeccably Muggle in a slim navy blue suit and tie, a black dress shirt, and a pair of visible but muted socks. Although Albus tried to keep his personal life, well, personal, he had to admit that Mr Suit was fit. With his back to the front window Albus had the time to appreciate his arse. And he did.

So it was that he was finishing with a customer when Kowalski finally came into the bakery and Albus got a look at Mr Suit’s face. He was ridiculously attractive - it had to be some sort of a charm - and was undoubtedly, unmistakably, a Malfoy. Sealed the moment she addressed him.

“What do you want, Scorpius? Everything here is fantastic.” Kowalski liked the eclairs especially and Gid had knocked them out of the park today. Only a wizard would name their kid Scorpius. Or Albus for that matter.

“Good afternoon, Ms Kowalski.” She had introduced herself the second time she’d been in. She tipped very well. Scorpius seemed surprised by his accent.

“Oh, Al, you’re on the till today I see?” She blushed. Even Scorpius - I mean, really, Scorpius? - arched a brow at her lack of subtlety.

“I am indeed.” Scorpius made eye-contact with him… and his grey eyes made a quick once-over. And then did it again. Albus was smiling at him when he looked up again. Scorpius was completely nonplussed that he’d been caught checking him out. If he wasn’t a wizard… “Gid’s eclairs are phenomenal today. And we might have a sheet of croissants in the back.” They were Albus' portion - probably still hot - and he usually either took them home or dropped in on the very attractive tattoo artist who worked across the street. They had been sort of walking around each other for a couple of weeks, but Albus' hours made it hard to make any serious moves with anyone. But Scorpius was almost fit enough.

“You have to try the croissants, Scorpius.”

“Alright.” It was just a word, but Albus felt it in his groin. He tried to remember anything he could about the Malfoys. Only that his Father had a hand in some court dealings in the ‘90s. He could owl Jamie or Lily, but showing his hand was never a wise decision with those two. They didn’t care who he shagged but had been trying to interest him in the wizarding world forever. He just couldn’t be bothered.

Albus supplied them with croissants and coffee - Scorpius was very particular about his coffee -
and assumed they would leave. But they decided to grab one of the two tables inside and eat-in. Kowalski had never done that before and Albus hoped it wasn’t the precursor to dropping her number. He really hated when customers did that. He busied himself cleaning with an eye on the clock. Although they closed at 2, he didn’t usually get home until 7pm if he didn’t pop into the local for a pint and a burger. He was too proud to go for the $2 PBRs but had found a place that made their own beer. And it wasn’t too bad.

Albus assumed they were using some sort of magic to make their conversation inaudible, but Scorpius kept checking him out. As it was just harmless flirting, Albus removed his apron and then came around the counter to clean up the sidebar, wiping it down and tossing trash. He made sure to lean rather more than strictly necessary over the only other table as he wiped it down. He had thrown on yesterday’s denims, snug with the cuffs rolled up. He could see Scorpius’ eyes follow him through the reflection on the glass. Albus smiled and then went back behind the counter and made himself a cup of coffee. To say he drank it with intent would be an understatement. *I am such an arse.*

Finally they made to leave, Kowalski calling out a farewell and Scorpius merely nodding.

Afterward, Albus and Gid went down to the local where they caught Leicester City and had a couple of burgers. “I wish they had Quidditch.”

“You’ll have to go uptown for that, my boy.”

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Gwen came back into the kitchens - which she rarely did during the late morning rush - to tell Albus that “There’s a guy out front who says he knows you?” She noticed his hopeful look and rolled her eye. “It’s not Henry. But he’s hot. And British?”

Albus was in his customary rolled long-sleeve flannel and denims, letting Gid know he was headed up front, and then walked out to find Scorpius Malfoy. He was in a dark plum colored suit cut along the same lines as the day prior and was still almost inhumanly good looking. Albus began to wonder if it was strictly legal to charm yourself while around Muggles. There was no way a man could have lips like that. “Oh, hello,” Albus decided to play it cool as he was surprised to see Scorpius again. “What can I do for you?”

“I thought I would properly introduce myself to another Brit,” Scorpius’ accent was so posh it wrote the book on BBC pronunciation. “Scorpius Malfoy.” Malfoy extended his hand and after wiping his own on his apron - it would be a shame to powder his fancy suit - Albus took it.

“Albus. Humble pastry chef.” He was careful to leave out the Potter. He doubted a Malfoy would miss that. Scorpius held his hand just a beat longer than strictly necessary. He had very nice hands: perfectly manicured nails, long tapered fingers, and a strong grip. Whereas Albus’ were callused, shorter, and his nails were clipped low on the fingerbed.

“Well, Albus, humble pastry chef.” Scorpius rolled the name on his tongue. “I wanted to compliment your croissants. They’re better than Gâteaux. And that’s saying something.” Albus had actually apprenticed there in ’08 and agreed.

“*Merci,*” Albus said casually. Gwen, who loved to hear him speak French. She sighed audibly at the counter. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

“Coffee?”
“I think Gwen can get that for you.” There was no way in hell that Albus was going to go out with Scorpius. He was fit but he was also a Wizard.

Scorpius coughed, though he seemed otherwise unfazed. “I thought we could get coffee. As two expatriates.”

“Sorry, but I’m very busy,” Albus said. There was no mistaking the finality of his tone. Scorpius actually seemed surprised then. That he would be rebuffed. Albus assumed that he must not often be.

“Of course.” Scorpius replied, regaining his composure. “I’ll see you again.”

“Yeah, alright,” Albus laughed. He didn’t expect to see Scorpius again. He’d given an outright declination.

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“He’s back again, Yer Nibs.” Gwen, who had ascertained that Malfoy was not there for her, seemed to find endless amusement in the situation. “I think you should just sleep with him and get it over with.”

“How progressive of you, Gwen,” Albus said through gritted teeth. In truth, he wasn’t sure whether he was annoyed or flattered with Scorpius’ tenacity. He’d come in every single day for two weeks. One croissant, one black coffee. And a complement to the pâtissier.

Zel marveled at how he’d still been able to get into his suits with all the pastries he’d eaten. He had not repeated one yet. “God, I wish I could wear suits like that. Someday, though.”

Gid was not quite as taken. Although he was guided more by reputation than knowledge of Scorpius. He was too young to have gone to Hogwarts with any Malfoy. Just the night before he’d asked, Do you think he knows who you are? I mean, in all the write ups of this place they do use your last name.

But Albus wasn’t worried about it. Not really. I’m certain he’s just looking for a shag. I think I hurt his ego when I turned him down.

“You’re going to have to do something, Albus. If only just to satisfy our curiosity.”

“I think His Nibs should get both. I mean, to quote the Weather Girls, it’s raining men.”

“I am not a telenovela,” Albus reminded them. Although Gid was laughing. He had become addicted to reruns of La Reina del Sur while looking for ways to learn Spanish faster. It was actually working. “Oi! Don’t laugh, you. Your yeast completely betrayed you today.”

Despite his maybe annoyance with Scorpius, Albus never failed to come out front when he was at Molly’s Kitchen. Something that never ceased to amuse his employees. But in his opinion, if Scorpius was going to put that much effort into getting him to go out with him, it only seemed fair to enjoy it. Which included going out to the counter and making himself a coffee. Albus liked his milky with lots of sugar. If he removed his apron or tried to straighten his wayward black hair, what business was it of anyone else?

Coffee in hand, Albus turned to see that not only was a very fit (it was unconstitutional, really) Scorpius in the bakery - but Henry was standing outside his shop smoking a fag. Henry waved
when he saw Albus through the glass. “Hey, can you put a couple of Eccles in a bag for me?” Zel quickly did so.

“Go get’em, Tiger.”

Albus nodded at Scorpius. Scorpius smiled before watching Albus step outside the shop. “Long time, no see,” he greeted Henry who crushed his cigarette beneath a white converse sole.

“I’m surprised to see you out during the day, Dracula” Henry was probably in his early 40s, handsome in a craggy way that in Henry Albus found particularly attractive. They were of a like height, but Henry worked out. Albus kneaded dough. But Henry was also hard to pin down. He was apparently (as per his employees) a very well known tattoo artist. He travelled for conventions and did judging on a reality tv show. Albus, who actually did not own a television, had never seen it.

“And I’m surprised to see you here at all.”

“I’m in between trips. Back from Miami. Headed out to LA tomorrow.”

“Well in that case,” Albus handed him the bag of pastries, “Hopefully these will fortify you for your upcoming journey.”

Henry smiled. It was no Scorpius level smile, but it was nice in it’s own way. “How’s the tat holding up?” He reached over and undid the buttons of Albus’ flannel. Peeling back the left side, he smiled. “Whoever did this does really good work.” Albus’ whole arm was covered in a sleeve that incorporated his entire family. But more specifically seven wands (Arthur, Molly, Harry, Ginny, Teddy, Jamie, and Lily’s) tangled in bellflowers symbolizing unwavering love. Albus had been working on it for years. Henry had added the last, Lily’s, after she texted him about a hundred selfies with her wand for comparison. Muggles never questioned wands thanks to Sci-Fi. And especially when Lily looked particularly emo these days. She’d just graduated Hogwarts and was traveling around the UK playing bass in a band called Free the Dragon (Dad hated the name). She’d been on Albus to put up the three girls in New York. He was almost to the point of wavering. But only almost.

“You might know him. I think his name’s Hank? Howard? Something like that.”

“One of these months, we’re going to get a drink together, Dracula. But not until after Christmas. I’ll be in LA ‘til then.”

“I look forward to it.”

Turning back to the bakery, after pulling his shirt back on, Scorpius was sitting on the bench they’d put up at the end of Summer. Gid had rescued it from someone’s garbage. “Mr. Malfoy,” Albus greeted.

“Mr. Malfoy is my father. I’m just Scorpius.”

“Of course,” Albus smiled into the sun.

“What do I have to do to get you to go out with me?” Scorpius asked, almost sounding bored. But his grey eyes belied his tone. “I know you find me attractive. And I find you attractive.”

Albus couldn’t just come out and say he wouldn’t do anything with Scorpius because he was a Wizard. Statute of Secrecy and all that. And he valued not being devalued for being a Squib. “Oh, I find you attractive, do I?”
“Wanker,” Scorpius said without any heat.

“If I agree to get coffee with you --”

“Somewhere other than here,” Scorpius qualified.

“If I agree to get coffee with you. Somewhere other than my fine pâtisserie. Will you finally back off?”

“Am I coming on too strong?”

Albus arched a brow. He wasn’t particularly good at arching, he had a scar on his left eyebrow, but apparently it imparted what he needed it to.

“Alright. If you agree to get coffee with me and we’re absolutely pants at it, I promise to only come in for croissants once a week. Although I may send an envoy the rest of the week. I really do think these are better than Gâteaux.”

“So you’ve said.”

And so Albus agreed to meet Scorpius Malfoy at one of the CIA’s restaurants downtown that Sunday. It was just a one time thing.

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To say they hit it off would be an understatement.

Scorpius was charming, intelligent, and almost seamless in his Muggle guise one-on-one. And they had a lot of chemistry. They talked about a lot of things, although they stayed away from Scorpius’ job, obviously. He had mentioned briefly that he was some sort of an attache. And thus the ambassadorial plates on the Mercedes that had dropped him off. Albus was just impressed that the Ministry went into that level of detail.

The chemistry was so good that Albus found himself against the ambassador’s grey silk wallpaper with Scorpius pressed hip to shoulder the moment they entered the apartment. If Scorpius’ lips were charmed Albus suddenly had a new appreciation for magic. They were hot and wet as he devoured Albus’ mouth. Albus groaned against Scorpius’ tongue which took the opportunity to move against the pebbled texture of his own. Scorpius, not unexpectedly, took the lead. His long fingers wound in Albus’ thick hair pulling his head back to get at his neck, licking down his jaw and the line of his throat. When he nipped at the skin with his perfect teeth, Albus arched against him. Scorpius pressed back.

Despite one hand anchored in Albus’ hair Scorpius managed to unbutton his shirt and peel it off with unnatural speed. Someone had to tell him he was cheating. Someday. Albus forced his thigh between Scorpius’ legs, finding his erection and dragging his own against it. With a free hand, Albus urged Scorpius’ arse closer and they were grinding against each other. Denim catching against Italian wool. Scorpius was making insanely sexy noises against Albus’ throat, the blond’s right hand fisting Albus’ waist. His belt was still buckled.

Scorpius tongued Albus’ nipple through the rough cotton of his undershirt, bringing his teeth to emphasize his intent. But on a strangled sob, Scorpius went taut and he was coming. Albus could feel the wet pulse against his hips and the echoing jerk of his body.

Still hard, Albus sprung his flies, knuckles brushing against Scorpius’ suit, to free himself. He had to curse the lack of foresight that had him choosing slim black denims that required actual peeling
from his thighs. He palmed his cock with his right hand, the other still on Scorpius, and stroked. Thinking about the sounds that Scorpius made against his throat.

Albus was caught in his own rhythm, reaching for his own release, when Scorpius dropped to his knees. He pulled Albus’ hand away from his cock and swallowed it in the searing heat of his mouth. The suck and lave were merciless, furious, and overwhelming. Albus cried out as he came, pressing and pulling in Scorpius’ mouth as the pressure in his groin and chest clenched and stilled. “Holy fuck,” Albus managed when Scorpius pulled off him with an audible pop.

Scorpius swallowed before saying, “Indeed.”

“You look inordinately pleased with yourself,” Albus said breathlessly as he sank down the wall until he was eye to eye with Scorpius. His ankles cuffed by his denims. His button-down was half off, his undershirt damp.

Scorpius leaned forward and kissed him again, his mouth basted in Albus’ cum, before pulling back with a sharp nip to his lower lip. “Water?”

“Please.”

Scorpius was still completely dressed, although he shrugged out of his tight grey suit coat. Albus wondered if he owned anything other than suits. Maybe robes. *Wizard, yeah.* His brain was slowly coming back online. The front of Scorpius’ pants were pristine when he returned with two bottles of water. It took every grain of Albus’ rational mind (and there weren’t a lot available at this time) to not mention it. Post swimming drying spells had been amazing when he was a child. No chafing.

Albus took the time to pull up his pants and then took the bottle of water. “You should have gone for coffee with me two weeks ago. You’ve wanted to get into my pants from the first time you laid eyes on me.”

“True. But I was busy,” Albus said, amused by Scorpius’ cockiness. His eyes betrayed him every time. Albus was starting to remember why he shouldn’t be here. Shouldn’t have done what they’d just done although it had been amazing. He took a long swallow of the water, Scorpius’ eyes on his throat. He would have marks from this. “I should go,” Albus rose to stand, a little unsteadily, but using the wall as a support.

“Why?” Scorpius was alarmed, his shoulders tense.

“Um, it was brunch. I wasn’t actually expecting this to happen.”

“Are you seeing someone?” Scorpius asked, as if that was the only reason.

“No. No.” Albus ran a hand through his dark hair, no doubt destroying any semblance of order there if there had been any to begin with. “It’s just… you’re a wizard. I’m a Squib. You’re beyond fit and I could get addicted to your fingers?”

“I want you. Again.” Scorpius said, his eyes never wavered from Albus. “You can fuck me. I can bottom.” Albus thought he did alright for himself, but he’d never had anyone - male or female - so aggressively want him so much. It was flattering and unbelievably hot. It was also wreaking havoc on his ability to just walk out. He usually had a will of iron, was known for it in fact. *Was this some sort of sex magic?*

“Are you real?” Albus asked, his hand gravitating to his hair once more. As it did when he was undecided or emotional or well, pretty much all the time.
“Yes.”

He did not need a lot of convincing. With his suit off, Scorpius was tight and lean with broad shoulders. His hair was a trendy white blonde. Long on the top and short on the sides, curling as it was mussed. He was a natural blond as his pubic hair attested. His skin was like milk. His erogenous zones were pink and beautiful.

There was an awkward moment when Scorpius was confused about condoms - Albus could tell he had no idea what they were - that necessitated Scorpius’ driver to go to the nearest drug store (Albus wondered if the driver was a wizard, too). He had lube, but no prophylactics. While they waited, Albus lazily went down on Scorpius while fingering him. “Someone prepared,” Albus mused with a wicked smile that took Scorpius a moment to figure out. “And no condoms, eh?” He did not miss the blush that colored the blond’s face.

By the time his driver returned, Scorpius was arched and flushed on the carpet, moments from coming. Albus pulled away from him to get the door, still fully clothed as Scorpius managed a throaty “Bastard.”

He returned and looked down at Scorpius as he unfastened his jeans. Scorpius’ cock was pink with blood, his mouth bitten, and a string of red blemishes crossed his chest and neck. He looked like the living embodiment sex. Albus smiled down at him, quite taken by the fact that Scorpius was probably the fittest man he had ever been with. It was too bad he was a wizard.

Albus took Scorpius on the floor, already loosened by an hour (clearly the driver was a wizard because there was a Walgreens down the street) of fingers and tongue. He was tight and Albus slowly fucked him, watching the slick slide of his body entering Scorpius’. Albus studied Scorpius’ face as he thrust, the darkening of his grey eyes, the flush that bloomed everywhere. Scorpius had been humming a string of incoherent consonants for a while, his hands on his own cock. Albus did not quicken his strokes (grateful for the condom), instead wrapping his own fingers over Scorpius’ and bringing him to a third orgasm. The bearing down on his cock was exquisite. “Can I keep going?” Albus asked, leaning over Scorpius’ spent body. “Is this too much?”

“I want you to come,” Scorpius whispered. And Albus obliged him, riding the pink ring of Scorpius’ arse until he came.

Wobbly, but determined, Albus found a flannel to wash Scorpius off - he was, after all, a gentleman - and coaxed him into his bed. They traded exhausted kisses and Albus waited until Scorpius fell asleep before heading home.

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Scorpius showed up at Molly’s Kitchen the next day, in a slate grey suit and a pale blue tie. He was completely put together. There was not a (visible) mark on him.

Albus actually had not not expected him. It was a one-night sort of thing that had burned and banked. At least that was what Albus was telling himself. He didn’t go upfront, in fact he wasn’t even in when he’d come by. Instead he’d used the break to pick up a few non-perishables he needed from the Stop ‘N Shop. When he came back, Zel found him. His hair was a shocking shade of purple. “Your British friend was here. He left a note.” Although Albus thought he played it off, neither Gid nor Zel missed his blush.

“Which I’m sure you read,” Albus managed dryly.
“I do have some standards that govern my actions, Yer Nibs.” Gid snorted as he turned away from his ‘stories’ to look at Zel. “Besides, it’s just a phone number.”

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Albus sat on the number for about twelve hours. And then he was at the Mark, letting Scorpius fuck him into the cushions of his couch until he was sobbing something that was emphatically not Scorpius’ name. There was something about the bed that spoke of again and Albus had at least enough sense of mind to avoid that.

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And he did not introduce Scorpius to Dim Sum and secret Speakeasy cocktails before christening the Mark’s plush white carpeting with his own arse while Scorpius marked his neck so hard he’d had to hit up the Duane Reade for concealer. Albus had gotten rug burn from that and had almost asked Scorpius to heal it. But he was a Muggle, right?

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Scorpius had not been hinting about exclusivity. Or a trip to Courchevel over the holidays. My family has an...er... timeshare there. We could eat our way through France. And, of course, each other.

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Most importantly, he did not light up whenever Scorpius looked at him, touched him, or whispered very naughty words into his ear. Nor did he pay homage to Sadaharu Aoki black sesame croissants after Scorpius mentioned that they were the first he’d ever had. Nor did they eat them naked in bed until he drizzled Scorpius’ cock in honey and very thoroughly cleaned it.

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By October, Albus knew he was fucked. Definitely physically. But clearly also mentally. He had fallen into a strange dichotomy of wanting to lick every ounce of Scorpius or curling up at the Burrow letting Grandma Molly tell him he was going to be okay. And a hint of maybe-but-trying-to-deny-starting-to-fall in love with Scorpius Malfoy.

Of course Grandma Molly, being Grandma Molly, owled immediately. Apparently, the Weasley Clock had grown a new location overnight: Lost, but in more-or-less a mental way that is only affecting the emotional well-being of the individual so noted. It had taken them several days to notice it and spelled reading glasses to actually make out what it said. The writing was very small to accommodate it. She had written: It’s a wonder we even saw it, my dear. There are so many hands now I’m surprised it doesn’t jam more often than it does. Your Grandfather is threatening to get on an aeromotor to come fetch you. You had better owl us back immediately. Apparently Hugo has got his hands on something called a conpluter that will allow your Grandfather to get tickets. Your Uncle George is just conflating matters. Merlin save us if I go before him.

Albus was at something of an impasse. He didn’t want to leave his pâtisserie before Christmas (when they closed for two weeks) and Muggle travel would necessitate a great deal of time. Nor could he Portkey without a license from MACUSA. And obtaining a license would mean outing himself as a Squib. So he owled Molly to let her know he was fine and that Arthur should not get on an airplane. I’ve been asked by an old friend in Los Angeles to do a residency for him. It was something he had been turning down for a year. He’s opened a new location and it will be good to see old friends. Albus had called in a favor to have another friend from his hotel pastry days step
into Molly’s kitchen.

Gid was excited. “While I’m jealous of your Disney potential…”

“You know it’s not actually a magic kingdom, right?”

“I am excited to work with Javier Domingues.” There were literally stars in Gid’s eyes. It was probably some sort of a charm. They were on Gid’s cramped deck in Queens. Albus was sure Gid apparated to Brooklyn every morning. There was no way the Subway would accommodate his hours.

“I am an internationally renowned pâtissier, Gideon Prewett.”

“You’re family. It’s not quite the same thing, right?” And then they were laughing over Innis and Gunn and half-hearted fisticuffs. And at some point Albus listened to Gid’s very possibly requited love for Officer Lopez’ daughter. “She texts me all the time, Al.”

“I’m just going to tell you now, my boy. If you value your life, do not go there. Constables in the States actually have guns. On their person.”

* 

Albus dropped a note at the Mark the morning he boarded the plane for Los Angeles. He knew it was a dick move but he didn’t want to be pinned with those grey eyes. He would probably say something he shouldn’t.

Instead, he baked and partied and generally tried to enjoy himself. He rebuffed the attentions of a purported Hollywood actor and suffered no end of razzing about it. I can’t believe you didn’t hit that, Al. For God’s Sake, it was fucking Sargent Loomis! Then they’d taken the piss about his not knowing who Sargent Loomis was. He tried surfing for the first time in his life and was complete pants at it. And he drank a lot of wine. Which was when he texted Scorpius.

When are you coming home? I miss you.

I don’t know, yet.

I have to go to London for work I can come to LA.

You don’t need to do that.

But I want to.

I want you to as well.

And then Teddy and Jamie showed up. They were, to put it in American vernacular, besties. They worked together (doing Merlin only knows what), they lived together, and they decided to terrorize Albus together. Albus was certain they were either unhealthily enabling each other or in love. He was hardly going to open any closet doors. “I’m going to assume Grandma sent you.”

“Ask us no questions, Alberus, and we’ll tell you no lies.”

Although Jamie was generally annoying, Albus was inordinately pleased to see Teddy. Even if they were the worst sort of tourists. Compounded by their complete lack of Muggle knowledge. “How you exist in the world without awareness of the predominant culture - Muggle, by the way - blows my mind. It’s just unhealthy.”
“How much do you know about the wizarding world?”

“How much do you know about the wizarding world?”

“Enough. It’s like asking how much your average Indian knows about Parsi culture.”

“I have no idea what that means.”

“Exactly my point.”

“So what’s going on with you, anyway? Grandma said you were going through some sort of an existential crisis. And you keep using your mobile,” Teddy seemed very pleased with pulling the Muggle term out of his arse, “to text someone.”

“When you’re pissed. Don’t think we don’t know. We’re trained professionals who can handle their liquor.”

“So you’re professional alcoholics for the Ministry?”

“Evasion is useless, Alberus. We know it’s a bloke.”

So, although it was against his better judgment, he told them about Malfoy. Without mentioning any names. He had to tell someone if the Weasley clock was onto him. “So you’ve been seeing this bloke who is a wizard. And he doesn’t know who you are.”

“More importantly what I am.”

“You know we don’t give Merlin’s arse that you’ve evaded the Potter Curse, right? The food at Hogwarts was awful. And Dad always let you play with the Invisibility Cloak over the Hols. He wouldn’t even let us take it to school. Double standards.”

Albus waved them off. “I could care less about it. I love where I am,” Albus had taken a long swig of his beer - Teddy and Jamie preferred beer to wine - before saying, “But most Wizards don’t feel the same.”

“Oh, he’s a pureblood, eh?”

“Maybe.” He looked away from Jamie’s eyes. “Listen, I’m not going to tell you who it is. Because there are like a hundred wizards in the world and I’m sure you know them all.”

Teddy put a hand on his shoulder. “Albus. If this bloke doesn’t accept you for what you are he doesn’t deserve you.”

“Thanks, Cosmo.”

*

Business in London is concluded

I can be in LA in twelve hours

Please

It’s selfish to want you to

I’m going to miss the taste of your body

I have something to tell you
Okay?

I’m not a Muggle

Wait. What? You… know?

Yes

You’re a wizard

This is fantastic

I’m not a wizard

I’m a squib

* 

“I can’t believe you can live this way.” During every one of the five times he’d been to the States, Harry had always made the same pronouncement while standing in one of Albus’ flats. If Mom was with him, she would punch him in the arm. But he was alone this time - an invited speaker for a MACUSA event - with no one to check him. “I could easily extend this place to make it habitable.”

“I’m fine with taking the futon and giving you the bed, Dad.” Looking at Harry was like looking at himself in about thirty years. Except for the grey hair and his Mom’s freckles he was the spit of his father. Just the non-magical version.

“How do you even get into this shower?” Albus knew it was coming from a place of love. Harry wanted to do something - anything - to show Albus he loved him. He had a hard time just saying it. He’d had a hard life, a lot of which Albus didn’t know, and overt love came from Mom.

“I usually just open the door.” Albus earned the hex to his buttocks. “Dad!”

The Congress had arranged for a car to collect Harry. Albus had been hired to cater the event - under the guise of a government function - and was going over earlier for set-up. The kitchen had been in a frenzy for weeks and he’d been pulling an insane amount of hours. They’d pulled in Javier and a couple of other bakers to assist. Albus had actually accepted some of Gid’s “green stuff” to stay awake. His employees thought he was on uppers.

“I love the fact that the wizarding world doesn’t get rates of money exchange.” Gid had noted at one point in the small hours of some morning between Monday and Saturday. They had been up for a long time. “To say we’re making bank from this would be a gross understatement.”

“Making bank?” Albus had laughed. “I like to think of it as we’re worth the money. It seems a little unethical otherwise.”

They’d had to rent a U-Haul to transport everything into the City. Finding so large an air-conditioned truck was impossible, so Albus had condescended to letting Gid cast cooling charms on the thing. There was chocolate on the line. “Just so long as they’re not there when we get to the venue. Too much paperwork.”

The “Government” had hired out the entire Javits Center for the event and somehow connected the Halls into a single room. Albus and Gid came in through the loading dock and rather obvious (they were all in matching suits) MACUSA employees helped unload. Having Harry Potter in
one’s domicile had also led to outing that he was his son. While paperwork was still necessary, Gid had had to sign it too, the Americans weren’t much fussed by his being a Squib. Kowalski had been beyond impressed that he was capable of making flour, butter, and water do the things he did without magic. “My grandfather was a baker.”

“Is that so?”

“He owned Kowalski Quality Baked Goods. It used to be on Rivington.”

“The company that supplies pretty much every box of chrusciki in the Tri-State?”

‘One and the same. He ended up selling it in the ‘50s. My Dad and Aunts had sort of, er, other interests.”

“Indeed.”

As they were also attending, Albus and Gid took the Subway to a friend’s who lived nearby and changed into their suits. Albus successfully managed to get his hair to stay put - but only through the liberal use of Sleekeazy. Gid cleaned up fairly well, although it was obvious that he was more comfortable with robes than Muggle wear. “You look nice, stop fidgeting.”

“I can’t help it, these pants are chafing my bullo---”

“You are wearing pants beneath?”

“Of course I am! What kind of question is that?”

“You should have said something when they were measuring you, you knob. Now you’re stuck with it.”

“If we keep doing jobs like this I’m going to have Charlie owl some robes.”

“I’m going to tell them to embroider them with dragons.”

“Arse.”


Albus was at the back of the room during his Dad’s speech only half listening. It was mostly MACUSA, but there were some Ministry officials present. Including Scorpius. He was near the front in deference to his position as the Ministry Ambassador to MACUSA and looked… amazing… in a black suit with satin lapels. In deference to the trouser-centric Americans no doubt. It had been a while since he’d seen him.

He helped himself to a glass of champagne that was definitely not Muggle-made and watched his dad with amusement. Harry hated speaking engagements. He would rather be terrorizing his Detectives. Or playing Quidditch with the family. Sometimes, only sometimes, Albus missed it. Grandpa had rigged a saddle to a broom after Uncle George did something to it to make it work without magic so Albus could play, too. He had always been Keeper as he was shite at Quidditch and hated flying around.

Scorpius caught up with him in the loo.

“You look particularly shaggable,” he whispered in Albus’ ear. “I’m glad you finally went to my tailor.”
“I always look shaggable, Malfoy,” Albus noted, giving Scorpius a very poor arched eyebrow via
the mirror.

“Sadly this is true.”

“Sadly?”

“Well, I also look very good in suits. I would actually like you to appreciate them on my body on
occasion.” Albus laughed, letting Scorpius move his face to kiss him. “Are you going to introduce
me to your Father tonight? I’ve been very good. Letting you have time to yourselves.”

“You’re a saint.” Scorpius fluttered his eyelashes. His long, beautiful eyelashes. Albus knew he
used mascara. They were so fair he was otherwise self-conscious about them. “But you already
know my father. He did something rather important in the wizarding world. But what it is,
exactly, escapes my mind.”

Scorpius nipped at Albus’ neck. “I meant introduced as your lover.”

“Okay. I am not going to go up to my Dad and say, ‘Dad, this is my lover.’ That’s just beyond the
pale. Even for me.”


“Dad, the incomparably fit Scorpius Malfoy.”

“Yes, that will work.”

* *

“Dad, this is Scorpius Malfoy. My partner.” Albus was fairly certain someone had squealed as
Harry didn’t even blink. He did give Albus a look that he returned with a crooked smile.

“Mr. Malfoy, the pleasure is mine.”

“It’s nice to meet you, sir, but Mr. Malfoy is my father. I’m just Scorpius.”

* *

There were so many Weasleys and Potters and Scamanders and Longbottoms present that it was
impossible to house them all without a lot of wand work. Albus never asked. He just helped
himself to some of Grandma Molly’s biscuits and let the chaos sort of go on around him.

“I can’t believe I agreed to do this.”

“Listen. I went to Malfoy Manor and wore robes for you. This is a cakewalk compared to that.”

“You’re a pâtissier. Of course a cakewalk is easy for you.” Albus laughed and then kissed away
Scorpius’ worry.

“You’re such an arse.”

“I think I’m a lot more than just my arse. Although I appreciate the sentiment.”

There had been a bit of incredulousness when Albus arrived at Christmas with Scorpius Malfoy.
And not because Scorpius was a Malfoy. But that Albus Severus Potter had brought a wizard to
the house. A wizard not related to him and whom he was calling his ‘partner.’ Lily had given a
rather vehement, “At last!”

Grandma Molly had been very pleased. “The Clock has sorted itself. Now it just says you’re Home. Obviously.” In private, while Rose cornered Scorpius (she had known him in school), Molly mentioned. “Actually, when you’re not here, it points to In Love. Most of the hands moved that way once the option was there. I had no idea this thing had such a mind of it’s own. It makes me wonder what kind of things your Grandfather gets up to in that shed of his.”

At the *four hour* Unwrappening, which necessitated a tea break, Albus watched Scorpius reveal a Weasley sweater with a cream colored S on a navy background. He had no idea what it meant, of course, but that was okay. Everyone else did and there was time to explain it.

Albus had given his gift to Scorpius the night before. Albus’ fingers had been inside Scorpius when he’d casually asked, “Notice anything different about my arm?”

“Not...right...now...no…”

“Should I stop so you can see?”

“Merlin’s… balls...Albus…” And Albus had laughed throatily before bringing Scorpius to a groaning orgasm with his fingers and tongue. Albus loved it when Scorpius forgot how to speak.

It wasn’t until Albus had tempted Scorpius out of bed with pastries and coffee that it came up again. Scorpius had untied the robe that Albus had stolen (he had a strict no nudity while cooking policy) and looked at both of his arm sleeves. On the left arm, Scorpius found that an eighth wand had been added. This one cherrywood. “You added my wand,” he said, incredulous. Albus loved Scorpius' eyes. They gave him away all the time.

And then Scorpius gave him his Christmas gift. This one necessitating leaning over the kitchen table, crockery and pastries on the floor around them, and a bit of hasty spellwork.

The highlight of the Unwrappening came at the very end. Grandpa Weasley opened an envelope from Albus. “I hope this isn’t a gift card again. You know he has a drawer of them.” But when he opened it, there was a startled gasp.

“Molly, my dear, I'm going to New York!”

“Of course, dear.”

“On an aeromobile!”

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