Summary

For reader4books.

In the past, wizards and veela married. Most wizards have some sort of veela ancestry, particularly pureblood wizards. While wizards gained full maturity at the age of seventeen, veela did not reaching maturity until nineteen years. The result: wizards and witches with even a hint of veela blood were able to find their mate with more ease and finesse than others. However, they could not sense their mate until they reached their nineteenth year as long as their mate was also of age.

The Malfoys and the Blacks both had veela ancestors at one point. Now nineteen years old, his parents are insistent that he focus on finding his mate and settle down, preferably with someone he can continue the family line with. On a visit to the ministry with his parents, he runs into Harry. His mate. Shit.
Chapter 1

Something was different.

When he was little, he felt there was magic in birthdays. A magic that meant he was a bigger boy than he was before. He abandoned such a notion by the time he was nine. Of course, he still enjoyed his birthdays, but they didn’t hold more magic than the usual kind.

But this one felt different.

Draco reached for his wand and mumble *Lumos* groggily, checking his clock. It was six thirty-one in the morning. What reason would he have for waking up half an hour before he would *need* to wake? He was up until midnight. He should still be dead tired.

Giving in, Draco stood, stretching and went to shower, calling one of the elves to make his bed and lay out his clothes. His breakfast would be ready within the hour. Once finished with his shower, Draco dressed and left his room, heading down to the veranda where he could enjoy his morning tea with toast and marmalade. Not the most filling breakfast, but he would have something more later with his parents at nine.

The Malfoys were nobility, if wizards recognized nobility. The wealth they had allowed them to evade more than most, successfully keeping out of Azkaban, even if their social status was now ruined by their allegiance to Voldemort.

“The paper, Master Draco,” Twinkle said, handing the morning’s Daily Prophet to him. Draco took it and Twinkle returned to work as he skimmed the morning’s highlights.

Nothing of interest.

Just another benefit for restoring the damage done by Death Eaters and Voldemort over the last year, hosted again by the Golden Trio. With a highlight on the engagement of Weasley and Granger. Not the Weasley he thought, but the sister. Who’d have known Granger and Weaslette were lesbians?

*All the more power to them,* he thought bitterly. He blinked. Why would he be bitter? He had no reason to feel anything concerning this. So, why did he?

“Get a grip, Draco,” he muttered to himself, looking for a different article to read, legs crossed and slouched. He straightened, finding that even after all this time, he couldn’t bring himself to slouch. The etiquette training his parents put him through wouldn’t allow less than perfect posture.

Just once, he wished he’d been allowed to be a regular child and teenager. Allowed to mouth off, to slouch, to get dirty and grimy outside of Quidditch.

“Good morning, Sweetheart.”

“Morning, Mum,” he said. Narcissa gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. “Happy birthday.”

“Thanks.”

Twinkle returned, setting a cup of tea on the table for her before leaving. They engaged in the usual pleasantries with Draco reading some of the *highlights* of the Prophet to her as his mother sipped her tea, pinky extended.
“You’ll be seeking your mate,” she stated as if it were a comment about the weather.

That.

Of course.

“I know,” he said. “It’s already getting to me.”

“Not surprisingly,” Narcissa said. “Your father and I do hope you’ll find a good pureblood witch as a mate, but we understand that there isn’t always that chance.”

“And if my mate ends up not being a pureblood? Or a witch?”

No response. As if even asking it was out of the question.

Lucius usually would laugh as if it were a joke.

Narcissa usually ignored Draco’s blatant insistence of his sexual expression. It wasn’t unheard of, after all. Sirius Black was just as blatant as Draco had been about being gay. Pity his blood was too thinned for his parents to “allow” him to pursue a mate more to his tastes.

“You know that it’s a chance, Mum.”

“The last three generations before you have managed and succeeded to have a proper pureblooded mate,” she stated. “I have no doubt you will have the same luck. And if not…”

_You’ll marry a witch we choose, have a family, and carry on with your mate in solitude and peace without bringing shame on the family._

She never needed to say it. When he came out at fourteen, both of his parents told him exactly what was expected of him. The family line must continue no matter what the costs. Not everyone was as lucky as them and they knew it. The only other pairing like them were Arthur and Molly Weasley and they didn’t give a damn about appearances as long as their children were happy.

It made Draco jealous of the Weasleys he knew at school.

Perhaps that was why he was so bitter?

No. Ginny Weasley wasn’t nineteen yet. If Granger ended up being her mate, _then_ she’d be lucky.

“My blood is a little _thicker_, Mother.”

“Yes, it is, but not _thick_ enough,” she replied before taking another sip of tea. She set the cup down and looked at him. “Draco, you know I love you, Sweetheart, but there are certain expectations to uphold. The family line must continue. We must uphold our honor in any way we can. If your mate is a mudblood, or even a muggle, you know we can’t allow such a unity. And if they happen to be male, well, it’s the same issue. We simply cannot afford to have a half-blood heir. Or no heir.”

“Some might say a half-blood heir is better than none.”

“We are not them,” Narcissa said. “Your father might choose to ignore it, but I do hope that you have what we have one day.”

“But not public if it’s not acceptable,” he groused.

Narcissa ignored that and he stood, excusing himself to a walk. Honestly, he just needed to get away
from her before they got into a fight. He never fought with his parents. Period. He had once and it went so sour, he vowed never to risk it again.

He entered the maze, taking the memorized route to the gazebo and pond. Draco stuffed his hands in his pockets as he walked, deep in thought. Chances were his mate would be male, if his sexuality was any indicator. Ergo, he would be forced to marry a pureblood witch to continue the line.

The very thought made his skin crawl. He didn’t mind the idea of having children, but he certainly didn’t want to have them with someone who wasn’t his mate.

He approached the pond in the center of the maze and raised his hand over the water.

If he could prove that his blood was thick enough, it might persuade his parents to drop the whole you must marry a witch nonsense. It would mean he had the ability to bear children himself. His blood just needed to be a quarter veela for that. He didn’t know how much veela blood his parents had, but he knew with their combined genes, he had more veela genes than them…

He thought he caused a ripple for a moment, but it was just a small frog breaking the surface to get on a lily pad. Draco huffed and attempted again, grinding his teeth as he did so.

Just make something come out of the water, he thought. Make it come out of the water. When they come and get me for breakfast, I’ll drench them. I’ll be in deep shit for that, but it’ll be enough to convince them to drop the whole marrying a witch issue.

Nothing. Not even a drop rose from the pond.

Draco cursed and marched over to the gazebo to seethe. His mother preferred to say he brooded, but he wasn’t that melodramatic, for Merlin’s sake!

A part of him wanted to apparate to Severus’ house to bitch about his parents “insane” demands, hoping his former teacher would be sympathetic. Unfortunately, Severus was a brusque man and Draco had long gotten over his crush on him since his first potion’s class eight years ago. Severus would likely speak his mind and damn whatever sensibilities of the person he was talking to.

Pity.

Sometimes Severus’ straightforwardness was exactly what Draco needed. Usually when he needed advice. Right now, though, he wanted comfort from someone who’d understand. Severus would understand, of course, being gay himself, but comforting was not his style. He’d more likely tell Draco to tell his parents to go fuck themselves and then drop kick Draco into the fireplace to floo home.

He could talk to Sirius, but Sirius wasn’t very fond of him and would likely just as well drop kick Draco, too. Something to do with being an utter twat to Potter when they were at school. He couldn’t help that Potter decided to be rivals instead of friends, but then again, Draco didn’t give him much of a good impression in the first place. Making fun of Weasley and his family hadn’t helped.

Too bad. He had a feeling Sirius would know exactly what to tell him. He just wished he knew him better to risk being punted and dealing with the tailbone pain that would come with it.

Twinkle popped out of the air and bowed.

“Begging your pardon, Master Draco, but breakfast is served and your parents won’t like to be kept waiting,” she said. Draco dropped his shoulders. Likely he’d get the same lecture from his father next, but harsher. And that was if Lucius decided to acknowledge that Draco was gay.
“Thank you, Twinkle.”

He apparated back to the veranda, almost forgetting why he wanted to avoid his parents for the time being at the spread laid out:

Waffles, eggs, sausage, bacon, muffins…

All his favorites.

Usually he’d get some. But this was all.

Welcome nineteen!

#

Harry didn’t need to hear this.

Harry didn’t want to hear this.

Most blokes might like the idea of listening in on their best friend and her fiancée going at it in the other room, but it just made his skin crawl. That was Hermione and Ginny, for Godric’s sake! Why the fuck would he want to listen in on them doing the D?!

Oh, sure, some might think it hot, but come on! Hermione was the closest thing to a sister to him. Ginny was Ron’s sister, and therefore, like his other sister.

He didn’t need to see, hear, nor think about it.

Mood killer extraordinaire, that thought.

The other option was to dress quickly and apparate to #12, but there also ran the risk of walking in on Sirius and Severus. At least Hermione and Ginny had the decency to just fuck in their room.

He tossed the pillow to the side and went to take a quick shower before leaving the flat he shared with Hermione. Go to the Leaky or something if it meant getting away from horny sort-of sisters.

Once dressed, he apparated, glad to hear something else other than moans and giggles. Ugh.

On entering, he had three people offering to buy him tea and another ten wanting to shake his hand. He obliged, still awkwardly unsure what to do about all this attention, but refused to let anyone buy him his own breakfast.

“Good morning, Mr. Potter.”

“G’morning, Tom. Can I have the greasiest breakfast you got? And a cappuccino.”

“Coming right up,” Tom said. Harry thanked him and stretched, doing what he could to ignore the eyes on him. Maybe he’d have a better chance at solitude in a muggle establishment, but he was too tired to realize that till now and now it was too late to switch venues.

Besides, he liked the food at the Leaky. Now if only Hagrid was here to chase off any admirers, it’d be perfect. Like his eleventh birthday all over again. His birthday wouldn’t be for one month and… three weeks? That sounded about right.

“Have you any plans for the day, Mr. Potter?” Tom asked, setting a mug of coffee in front of him.
“Just going to go to work early, I think,” he said. “Nothing much more than that.”

“Oh? Nothing relating to Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley?”

Ugh…he should’ve gone to McDonald’s or something instead.

“You remember when Hermione was overly cautious?” Harry asked Ron once he came into work. Ron grunted. “I miss those days.”

“Ginny was over last night, then?”

“Yep.”

“Why do you drag me into your misery, Harry?”

“Misery loves company. Why should I suffer alone?”

Ron scoffed, muttering arse under his breath. He’d been moody since turning nineteen three (four?) months ago. Everyone assured Harry it was just the lack of his mate, wherever she was, that got him in a twist.

Arthur, all of Ron’s brothers, Sirius, even Snape acclaimed to it.

He knew veela and wizards had mated before, but he never knew that that meant that come nineteen, they’d become prats unless they found someone to bugger senseless as much as possible. Sounded far too much like life at Hogwarts. Sixth year. Harry never really saw much appeal himself. He had tried dating a couple times.

Cho Chang. Even Ginny.

Nope. Never did it for him.

Of course, he and Ginny tried getting back together after the war and the result was both figuring out they were both gay. Harry was happy for Ginny and Hermione and attributed their coupling to just be adding fuel to the fire.

“Sorry, Ron,” he said. “I didn’t mean to bring up a sore spot.”

“I know you didn’t,” he said, busying himself with his case. Both became aurors after the war, but Harry was thrust into homicide while Ron worked vice.

Must be a pain, having veela blood. Harry wouldn’t know for sure if he had any veela semblance until his nineteenth birthday in just a few weeks. A part of him hoped not. When he asked Sirius about it, he nearly spat out his tea.

“Well, for me, it wasn’t that pleasant because my mate ended up being this wanker,” he had said, pointing behind him at Snape. “Not that I don’t fancy blokes. Far from it. But with our history in school, it had to be a cruel joke.”

“I prayed it was a joke,” Snape replied. “Back then, nothing would have made me want him.”

“Broke my heart. No. More like shattered it,” Sirius said. “Given how I was back in school, I suppose I deserved as much pain as he put me through. Having your mate reject you can be pretty harsh on the body. Your mum wasn’t much help in the matter when I came over to cry about it.
Made me feel like dirty diapers about it.”

Snape laughed.

“Will you shut it?”

“No. That always makes me laugh.”

“But you got together eventually,” Harry pointed out. They glanced at each other.

“Not without being put through the nine circles of hell first,” Sirius said. “Really wished I wasn’t part veela for those three years before Azkaban. Then I nearly completely forgot.” Snape kissed the top of his head, frowning as he did whenever Azkaban was mentioned.

“Am I part veela?” Harry asked.

“Not a clue. I never asked. James never brought it up.”

“Don’t look now,” Ron said. “But the Malfoys are here.” Harry hummed, only glancing long enough to confirm their presence. They came by monthly to check in with Tonks and have some counseling.

Here.

Draco’s body thrummed.

My mate is here. Somewhere.

He resisted the urge to hunt them down, following his parents into the conference room where they waited for Tonks to arrive with their files. He fidgeted in his seat, praying that his mate wouldn’t leave the building before he had a chance to find him.

“Sit still, Draco,” Lucius snapped. Draco wasn’t sure he could.

At last, Tonks arrived, Wyrd Sisters top beneath her auror robes and hair as vibrantly pink as always.

“Uncle Lu, Aunt Cissy. Drake.”

“Nymphadora,” he snapped in lieu of a proper greeting. He hated being called “Drake” just as much as she hated her given name.

She decided to ignore him. “I’ve checked in with the minister and there’s a chance you may be able to regain your Gringotts vault in a week’s time if your good behavior continues to improve,” she stated. “I’m hopeful about it if nothing else. You’re all progressing quite nicely.”

“When do we get the trackers taken off our wands?” Draco asked.


“But for a while yet,” she said. “Some nasty spells had been cast by those wands, Drake. You’ll have to just be patient. Oh! Wait! Remind me: you’re nineteen today, aren’t you?” Draco flushed, and glowered at her as she smirked.

“Yes,” he answered after a few long seconds.
“Well, happy birthday! And I’ll excuse your attitude today. I know how hard it is dealing with all that tension. Ha! Took ages for my mate to realize it.”

Yes. Remus Lupin. Werewolf, stay-at-home Dad, former teacher…

Ugh.

“Best of luck to you, kid,” she said.

“Not a kid.”

She again ignored his attitude. He remained silent the rest of the time, letting his parents and Tonks hash out details and negotiations. He just wanted to go searching for his mate and ask them out before they left for whatever reason. He excused himself to go to the bathroom.

Tonks waved him off and Draco left quickly, following the scent, so to speak…

It grew stronger and stronger and…

“Malfoy, shouldn’t you be in the conference room with Auror Lupin?”

He spun around, eyes widening as he looked down at Potter, all one-sixty-two of him, stern faced and peering at him behind his round spectacles.

*Mate. Mine. Mate.*

*I’m so f**ked.*

“Just lost my way to the bathroom,” he said.

Potter arched a brow. “You’ve used it before.”

“Must’ve taken a wrong turn…”

“Must have. It’s that way,” he pointed to his left. Draco flushed, seeing the clear sign. Great. Potter knew he was lying. Thankfully, he opted not to bring it up, but still.

Draco excused himself and entered the men’s loo. Once locked in a stall, he banged his head against the wall. *Fuck, f**ck, f**ck…of all the rotten…maybe I can find an auror merciful enough to end me here and now before I make an absolute wanker of myself again.*

He took a moment to calm down and exited the stall, straightening his suit. He washed his hands and splashed his face with cold water.

*Keep it cool and collected, Malfoy,* he thought. He’d need to see Severus for sure now, even if it meant getting punted into the fireplace.

#

“Malfoy’s acting strange,” Harry said.

“Stranger than usual or just being more a prat than usual?” Ron asked.

“The former.”

Ron hummed, checking his watch. “Got to go. Meet for drinks after the shift?”
“See you at the Leaky?” Harry asked.

“Sure. As long as you don’t bring up my sister’s sex life.”

“I said I was sorry!”

“And I’ve not forgiven you yet, mate. You owe me a big bottle of firewhiskey for that.”

“Fine, I’ll kiss up. See you tonight, Ron.”

He spotted the silvery mop of Malfoy hair stride back to the conference room. Usually their meetings were more…tart. Even after two years after the war and saving his life, Harry couldn’t understand Malfoy’s need to stay cool. For him, it was just…trying to feel. Sometimes he couldn’t stop the numbness of his abusive past. Thankfully the Dursleys had no place in his life anymore. As far as Harry felt, they could stay there and become lost in the cascades of his bad memories.

#

He bade his parents goodbye and apparated to Spinner’s End. He approached the door and knocked, shoving his hands in his pockets, waiting to gain admittance.

The door creaked open and Draco came face to face with Sirius. Great. Another annoying relative.

“Hello, Sirius.”

“Drake.”

“Don’t call me Drake.”

Like Tonks, Sirius took to calling him Drake to annoy him. He also had a habit of ignoring his attitude. “Here for Severus?”

“I could use some advice.”

“Right. Sev!” Sirius called, letting Draco inside. “You’ve a little snakeling of yours here!”

“Damn it, Sirius! I’m working on something extremely combustible! Don’t talk to me right now!”


“I’ll take coffee if you have it Irish.”

“One Irish coffee coming right up,” Severus said, leading Draco into the kitchen. “So, while we wait for Sev, maybe I could help with that little problem that brings you to our door.”

Draco considered it for a moment. He didn’t know for sure if Severus had veela blood, but Sirius certainly did. “I turned nineteen today.”

“Oh,” Severus said. “Welcome to the rest of your days,” he said. “I take it you’re already feeling the effects of needing to find your mate?”

“Yes. I already found him. That’s why I need to talk to Severus. Or you, I guess. I don’t know what to do.” While the coffee brewed and the whiskey warmed, Sirius sat across from him at the table.

“It wouldn’t have anything to do with the heir shite, would it?”
“Partly,” Draco said. “It’s more to do with…my mate…I used to torment him at school.”

“Ah. Yeah. Severus was more tormented than the tormentor. Well, first of all, don’t run to them and fall to your knees begging your mate for a chance to prove you’re not a bad guy. Doesn’t work. Severus hated my guts for ages. And unless they know, I’d not tell them you’re part veela. Makes some non-veela partners think they don’t have much of a choice in the matter. Oh, and don’t show up at their place naked. That doesn’t work either.”

“What are you teaching him?” Severus snapped, entering the kitchen. Sirius grinned at him.

“Nothing, love. Just telling him about the mistakes I made with you pre-Azkaban.”

“Ah.”

“He intended to hex my bollocks off, but missed.”

“Thankfully. Sirius, it’s not even noon. Why is there whiskey out?”

“Kid asked for Irish coffee.”

“Not a kid.”

“Keep telling yourself that. Adulthood is an illusion,” Sirius said. “Just be your best self and try to get to know your mate a little better while also letting them get used to your presence in a positive light. Just short interactions for now. Hold on a tick while I finish that coffee.”

He stood and approached the counter.


Draco gulped and looked at his former teacher. “Actually, my mate is…well…my mate’s Harry Potter.”

Sirius dropped the coffee pot, which shattered on impact, spilling hot coffee everywhere.

“What?!”
Chapter 2

Draco didn’t usually regret telling Severus anything, but with Sirius in the room as well, and a floor covered in hot coffee and the pot quickly repaired and set aside and a cloth towel mopping up the hot water, Draco could only feel regret.

If only for the poorly timed confession to his mate’s godfather of all people.

Severus sat down at the head of the table.

“Your parents will not be happy,” he said.

“I know.”

“Do you think you could show him what you’re truly like knowing your past?”

“I don’t know,” Draco replied truthfully.

Severus glanced at Sirius, who was now rebrewing coffee for the long overdue cocktail.

“I don’t have Veela blood,” he said. “But let me tell you a bit more about this idiot’s earliest attempts at wooing me and why should never follow his example.”

“Great, I better make more Irish coffee then.”

“Just try not to spill it this time,” Severus said, smirking at him.

Sirius sent him a one-fingered salute.

“I believe it was November of seventy-eight, if my memory serves correctly…”

~November 1978~

“I don’t know why Lily insists on this thing,” James said. “Load of rubbish, if you ask me, but whatever makes her happy, yeah?”

Severus grunted.

How’d he get dragged into helping James Bloody Potter set up a bleeding telly again? Right. Lily asked him to help. He had a talent for marrying electronics with magic.

Granted, he had a talent for pretty much working out nearly every possible hypothesis and theory in the magical world. Magictronics was just one such thing.

“Set it down carefully, Potter,” he said, guiding it to the space cleared aside for the telly. “And move around a bit. Want to make sure everyone can see it.”

“Sure,” He moved from spot to spot. “Looks fine by my reckoning. Still don’t know what it does.”

“You watch programs, films, and the like on it,” Severus said, placing the necessary charms on it so that a plug would not be needed to work it. “Muggles use it to watch the news, too, though I doubt you’ll get that sort of reception in Godric’s Hollow. I think she just wants to be able to watch her films,” he said.
Lily did love her films.

Before their disastrous falling out, she whined often about not being able to watch her favorites. She particularly loved Audrey Hepburn and Marylin Monroe features.

Severus recalled many days suffering through *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* and *Men Prefer Blondes* more times than he’d care to admit. After they made up around the following Christmas hols, it was again partly listening to her whine about missing her Hollywood heroines.

He doubted she had much reason to whine about it to James, not that she wouldn’t have tried nor would he not try to understand. He just *couldn’t*. It was the difference between Muggleborns, Halfbloods, and Purebloods.

Purebloods didn’t understand muggle culture well enough to really integrate into muggle society. Most wizards didn’t see a reason to bother. But if they had they would probably fair better in the muggle world when they were out there.

Severus left it alone and set up the VHS, connecting it to the television before setting up more charms upon it.

“There we go,” he said. “To make sure it works, I thought we could watch a classic.”

“A what?”

“A classic film. Preferably one Lily is *not* too fond of. Otherwise you’ll avoid the thing for sure. Look, I’m thinking *Godzilla* or *King Kong*. Once Lily gets home, you might never have much of a chance to watch anything aside from her Audrey Hepburn and Marylin Monroe collections. She might even drive you mad with them—actually, I wonder if I remembered to bring my Bela Lugosi collection.”

“How does that differ from Audrey Hetporn and Mary Lin Monroe? Sounds just as much a bird’s thing as the stuff you say Lily’ll make me watch.”

“Bela Lugosi is a *man*, Potter. And he’s primarily in Horror films. He iconized the *Dracula* image. Or maybe we could start with some Christopher Lee…Bloke’s an amazing Dracula, himself…Nah, Lugosi first. Then Lee. Start classic, then move down through the decades.”

He looked in his sack.

“Accio Dracula.”

Nothing happened.

“Right. Too many Dracula films to simply accio the right one.”

He started pulling out videos by the handful. Usually four at a time. Five if he was lucky. At last, he found his copy of the 1931 *Dracula* and put it in the VHS player.

“I still don’t know the point of this,” James said, but joined him on the couch.

“Just watch, Potter. You’ll like it. I’m sure. Hell, if you *really* like it, I’ll bring over some more and even your mates can see a few good classic horror films. In fact, I think Lupin would find *The Wolf Man* to be quite the riot.”

“Don’t be an arse, Snape.”
“I swear I’m not being an arse. I genuinely think he’d laugh at it. How about we watch it after this and then you can say if it’s too insensitive or not.”

“I suppose that’s fair.”

“Good now shut up and watch the film, Potter.” Severus stood and went to the kitchen.

“Where are you going?”

“To make popcorn, you dolt. If I’m going to educate you in cinema before your wife gets home, you may as well partake in the proper sustenance. Popcorn and cola. Though I don’t think you’d have cola. Butterbeer should work well enough…”

As he looked for kernels, he listened to the music chime in the other room as Potter grew more and more entranced by the play. Severus had seen it hundreds of times. He knew the lines by heart. Granted, he found he felt like he had a strange, even binding, link to Vlad Dracula, the inspiration for the book and therefore the multitude of films named for him.

He heard the pop of apparating people and turned to see who had just returned. Severus grinned at Lily, who glared at the telly.

“What?”

“Dracula?” She asked. “Really?”

“Hey, have I once complained when you had me sit through How to Steal a Millionaire? No. Besides, your husband deserves to know that not everything Hollywood produces will bore him senseless because you love chick flicks and none of the sci-fi.”

“Fine. I will say nothing. Sirius, go ahead and join James.”

Severus glanced at Black, his mirth leaving and glaring at him. Black stared at him strangely. It was…unnerving.

“Have I got something on my face, Black? A new boil or cyst?”

“N-no.”

Black turned to go to join James, but paused at the doorway and turned back around.

“Seape, go on a date with me,” he blurted out.

Severus paused straightening from getting the butterbeer. Lily tilted her head to the side and James twisted around on the couch to watch.

“Erm, Padfoot, I thought you would know by now that that doesn’t work,” he said.

“You’ve gone round the bend, Black, if you think I will ever go out with you.”

“And why now?”

“I…I…”

“Oh Godric, don’t tell me this has to do with the veela blood you’ve got?” James snapped, getting off the couch. “Padfoot, does it?”
Sirius nodded.

“Great. Just great. Snape is your mate?”

Sirius nodded again.

“Too fucking bad,” Severus said.

Like hell he’d be Sirius bleeding Black’s mate, partner, boyfriend, or what have you.

“Let’s just watch a classic horror film or two and forget this ever happened.”

Through the film, Black would not stop staring at him with those big blue eyes.

~June 1999~

“That doesn’t sound that bad,” Draco said. “Bit creepy, maybe, but not that bad.”

“Kid, that was just the beginning,” Sirius said.

“You were creepy,” Severus said. “Very, very creepy.”

“I got better.”

“Not the point.”

“Well, for me…”

~November 1978~

His nineteenth birthday left him feeling all sorts of tense.

The sexual tense, that is. But it wasn’t a craving for just any cock. The need to find his mate, to mate with his mate and quickly stake his claim.

Must have to do with having a higher concentration of veela blood in his system, being a quarter veela and all. Maybe.

But as it was, a week had gone by with little release outside of a wank at night, dreaming of his mate.

Sensing them.

Feeling their magic.

Wanting to find them and pounce.

It left him frustrated and he took to relieving his frustrations in a more productive way: helping Lily with getting the new house set up for her and James. Lucky bastard could actually afford a house, damn it.

Not that Sirius didn’t mind his flat in Diagon, but nothing beat really having a place of his own.

“Fuck me,” he growled at his ceiling exactly five days after his birthday after another restless night tossing and turning when all he really wanted to do was look for his mate.

He decided it wouldn’t hurt to see what he could help Lily with next, so as soon as nine o’clock rolled around the corner, he went over and begged Lily to drag him off for a grocery trip.
On their return to the house, Lily set the bags down and groaned at a box in the living room.

She had mentioned one or twice (the whole time) that she was having James and Snape set up a television.

That must be it. A black and white play was going on inside it.

She turned to Snape who was pouring corn kernels into a pot and coating them in oil.

Sirius meant to listen to the argument and watch Snape get a new one torn into him (apparently what was on the television was a tragedy).

Instead, he focused on the pale skin and ebony hair. The curve of his lips when he smiled. He’d never seen, or at least never noticed, Snape be this animated before. The smile really did make him beautiful.

*Oh, fuck me. No, really, fuck me,* he thought, staring at Snape.


He should say something.

Or move.

He was told to go to the living room.

But he couldn’t move.

Snape’s grin had died instantly on eye contact and it felt like it could physically hurt, seeing that glare.

“Have I got something on my face, Black? A new boil or cyst?” he asked, sneering.

“N-no,” Sirius said.

He turned to do as Lily had ordered him to do, but he couldn’t do it.

He turned back to them.

Snape was leaning over, arse in the air, as he was grabbing a case of butterbeer. Sirius knew he shouldn’t kiss him, no matter how much he really wanted to, so instead, he said the next best thing:

“Snape, go on a date with me.”

Severus paused and turned to glare at him again.

The house was now silent, save for the sound of the play.

“Erm, Padfoot,” James said, “I thought you would know by now that that doesn’t work,” he said.

“You’ve gone round the bend, Black, if you think I will *ever* go out with you,” Snape snarled.

It felt like a punch in the gut.

Sirius was out of breath. He couldn’t concentrate. He needed to concentrate.

“And why now?” Lily asked, crossing her arms.
“I...I...”

“Oh Godric, don’t tell me this has to do with the veela blood you’ve got?” James snapped, getting off the couch. “Padfoot, does it?”

He dropped his shoulders and nodded.

“Great. Just great. Snape is your mate?”

Sirius nodded again.

“Too fucking bad,” Severus snapped, again psychically punching Sirius in the gut. “Let’s just watch a classic horror film or two and forget this ever happened.”

They moved to the living room as the kernels popped in the other room.

He kept looking at Snape, wishing to any god or goddess that was famed for mercy to help him.

Or kill him.

That would work too.

~November 1999~

Sirius placed three glass mugs of Irish coffee on the table. “I know I deserved you rejecting me, but it still hurt, love,” he said, pouting at Severus, who shrugged. “Arse.”

“You happen to love my arse,” Severus said, smirking. Draco cringed and took one of the mugs.

“Please don’t flirt in front of me,” he begged. Sirius snorted and Severus shrugged.

“We’ll keep that in mind,” he said. “But that was just the beginning of a rom-com.”

“A what?”

“Romance comedy,” Severus clarified. “Pretty much everything Lily Potter loved and I loathed. Pretty much, if you shouldn’t do it, it’s in a romance comedy. And this bloke…”

“It’s been years and I still have to apologize for how much of a creep I used to be. You’d think he’d be over it by now.”

“No. I’m dragging this out as long as I can,” Severus said, smirk widening. He turned back to Draco. “From there, it went from…awkwardly staring at me to begging for a date to attempting to send me gifts that I didn’t like nor need. Last straw was when he stole—”

“Borrowed.”

“Potter’s invisibility cloak and showed up at my door in the dead of night, completely starkers, begging me to bugger him. Granted, he was desperate at that point.”

“I’m pretty sure I won’t do that. What I’m getting here is keep it light, casual, and don’t scare him shitless. Maybe let him take the lead?”

“Yes, that’s exactly what we’re getting at,” Sirius said. “And I swear I borrowed the cloak!”

“I highly doubt your best friend loved you enough to let you use it naked in the middle of winter.
That alone, is mad, Sirius.”

Draco decided it’d be best to go before things got weirder than they already had. He almost wished he was punted out the door rather than listen to them bicker.

#

No matter how much he wished he could get started wooing Potter now, he couldn’t.

Not unless he wanted to humiliate his parents by not showing up at his own birthday party they threw for him. So he went home, showered, took a sobering potion, and dressed for the party in black and silver robes.

“Master Draco looks very handsome this evening,” Twinkle said, as she polished his boots before he donned them.

“Thank you, Twinkle,” he said, smiling softly. “You may go now.”

“Yes, Master Draco, Sir.”

She disappeared with a pop, allowing Draco to put his boots on, check his hair one more time, and leave the safety of his bedroom.

He walked with the regality and grace of a Malfoy in his prime.

Strong.

Suave.

Confident.

And most certainly not wanting to run out of the room and find Potter.

No.

That would not do him any good.

But at least he knew where to start. On entering the ball room, he grinned at his relatives and cohorts. Most of them, he secretly despised. But then again, such was often the case, anyway.

“Draco,” Narcissa called.

Draco approached and kissed his mother’s cheek in greeting.

“Draco, You know the Greengrass family, yes?”

“I do. I went to school with Daphne.” Please don’t tell me you want me to marry Daphne. Anything but that! Daphne wasn’t a bad looking girl. But she could be quite…vicious in her way.

Granted, if it was Daphne, it’d work out rather well. She was a lesbian and he heard tell that she and Pansy had a thing going…maybe.

“Good, good,” Narcissa said. “Perhaps you know her sister as well? Astoria?”

“I’m afraid I don’t,” he said.

Narcissa pulled him over to the Greengrass family.
Daphne nodded at him, but he would need to show more finesse. He greeted them appropriately and kissed Mrs. Greengrass’ hand as well as both sisters. After exchanging some more pleasantries, Narcissa took Mr. and Mrs. Greengrass aside, leaving Draco with the sisters.

Astoria groaned.

“Ugh. Sorry, Draco. Our parents are trying to marry us off as fast as possible.”

“It doesn’t help that my mate ended up being a woman,” Daphne said. “A part of me really wants to just run away and never look back.”

“I hear you,” he said. He’d do the same if managed to get Potter to look at him with something other than disdain or suspicion.

“They want to prevent that at all costs,” Astoria said. “So…”

Draco hummed. “Me. Also of age, also gay.”

“Would work out. Except the whole consummation shit,” Daphne said.

“And if not her, then it’s me,” Astoria said. “At least not until I’ve graduated next summer.” Astoria grinned at him.

Not one of them wanted an arranged marriage.

No one really wanted that. In the end, they can’t stop loving the person they love. Draco knew Harry Potter was his mate just as much as Daphne knew who her mate was.

As for Astoria, she wouldn’t know who her mate was until she was nineteen, after all.

However, there were certain pretenses. Draco bowed and held a hand out for Daphne.

“Might I have a dance, Ms. Greengrass?”

“You may,” she said lazily.

He danced with each sister a few times before switching to dance with other witches, acting no less than the proper gentle-wizard he’d been brought up to be.

If only he could just through his upbringing away and be free…

#

Draco took to seeking out a job close to the aurors’ office at the Ministry.

It wasn’t much and his reputation as a Death Eater made it difficult for him to do much, but he had little choice. So with few options available, he went to Tonks.

If getting a position somewhere close to the aurors meant a little groveling, then he’d put up with a little groveling. Thankfully, he didn’t have to put up with any groveling.

Once he mentioned wanting a proper job and explaining why he wanted one close to the aurors, Tonks patted his shoulder and promised to see what positions were available close to the Aurors.

There was an opening in the internal affairs office.
He would primarily take care of paperwork and filing.

Secretarial.

He’d find it demeaning if not for what it meant. Working here gave him a reason to be close to Potter. A legitimate reason. Potter couldn’t, or perhaps wouldn’t, fight that, even if he did happen to glare at Draco more than Draco would have liked.

Given their past, he couldn’t say it wasn’t to be expected. For now, he was content with a short greeting here and there:

“Good morning, Auror Potter,” or “Good afternoon, Auror Potter,” or, more commonly, “Hello, Auror Potter.” Just that, a short nod, and back to work.

No smiles, no small talk, just that while he worked up the courage to engage in conversation.

Then the chance came for something more. There was talk of Potter’s birthday as July came to an end. Weasley was attempting to throw a surprise party for him.

If anyone knew Potter’s likes and dislikes, it was Weasley.

“Perhaps I could help,” Draco said.

Weasley turned to him, glaring.

“It’s just that I know a thing or two about throwing a party.”

“This isn’t some soiree, Malfoy. Just some cake and butterbeer,” Weasley said. “Maybe a goofy party hat to get under his skin. Nothing as fancy as what you’re thinking.”

And like that, the conversation was over and Weasley was gone.

Draco exhaled, leaning back in his seat. He knew he’d deal with some ice, but sometimes it was colder than he thought. He couldn’t blame anyone for not immediately taking a liking to him. Most of the men and women in the Auror office worked to fight against Voldemort and his followers.

For a short time, Draco was one of his followers.

Why was it so hard for those who claimed to be good guys to forgive people who have admitted that they made mistakes?

Was it that no matter what Draco would do he would always be seen as the bad guy?

He exhaled again, pushing it down. He’d just have to endure it for now.

Just for now.

But getting Harry a present, a meaningful present, wasn’t going to happen if he asked Weasley. So on his lunch break, he headed up to the Wizengamot to speak with a different friend of Potter’s.

“Malfoy,” Granger said. “What brings you to my office?”

“Madam Granger,” he said. He motioned to a seat. “May I?”

She shrugged. “You may.”
He took a seat across from her, explaining as best he could his situation. She listened silently, never taking her eyes off him as he did. Once finished, Granger leaned back.

“Harry’s a fan of Puddlemore United. Given that Oliver Wood is on the team, he has no need for memorabilia or tickets.”

“I’m asking what I should get him. Not what I shouldn’t.”

“I said he was a fan of Puddlemore United, I never said he was a fan of only one team,” she said. “Harry hasn’t had a chance to see the Falmouth Falcons play yet.”

“He likes the Falcons? Never thought he’d like them. They play dirty.”

“As if Harry didn’t himself,” Hermione scoffed. “See if you can get tickets to their next match. And go with him yourself. As a friend.”

“I’m not sure I can take him myself, but I could get extra tickets. Enough for him and all his friends. And a couple of mine.”

Hermione grinned. “You’re not a bad man, Malfoy, given who you used to be. I don’t care much for Quidditch myself, but Ginny loves it, so we’ll go. Consider me you’re wing-woman. I kind of owe it to Harry. Ginny and I have kind of scarred him a little bit.”

Draco arched a brow. “If all goes well, we’ll return the favor.” She laughed heartily.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dreams are powerful things.

And dreams of one’s mate were not only powerful, but intoxicating.

Harry tilted his head back, hand running through Draco’s hair.

Draco drew circles around the slit with his tongue, relishing at each groan or gasp from Harry. He let off, pressing gentle kisses along the length, glancing up to stare at his mate.

Harry’s lower lip was caught between his teeth.

The sound of doors opening and voices talking jolted him out of his dream.

With a groan, Draco rolled over onto his back. His cock pushed against his clothes, demanding attention. Draco sighed and cast a few charms to prevent interruption and undressed.

He tossed his clothes to the side and gripped the base of his cock, lazily sliding his hand up to the tip, teasing the slit with his thumb.

A few tugs pass lazily before he conjured an image of Harry that floated above him.

Draco bit his lip, moving his legs apart and his other hand settled under his head. He stared at silvery images above him. He’d had the good fortune of seeing him shirtless the other day.

He had wanted to kneel before him, unbuckle the belt and pull the zipper down, release Harry’s cock and tease it to a full stand.

He wanted to lick those pink buds and gently bite them as his hands kneaded the firm muscular ass.

To beg Harry to come on him.

Instead, he averted his gaze and went to set his belongings in his own locker, certain he was blushing and that he would be fighting a hard on all day.

The memory of Harry’s bare chest, knowing he was naked before it…

Draco arched his back as he came with a silent gasp.

He stared at the frozen memory for a moment longer before casting a cleaning charm and banishing the image. He donned his pajamas again and lifted the charms he’d cast before indulging in his arousal.

He called for Twinkle to set his clothes out for the day as he went to shower.

As the water pounded against his skin and dripped down, he found himself aroused again. If he’d thought back to it, he’d always had some attraction to Harry.

It neither excused his behavior nor his treatment of him, but it was there.
Always there taunting him how he’d notice the way his glasses slipped down his nose, properly showing those beautiful eyes…

The shoulders that had once been so slim now quite broad…

That slim figure beneath clothes too big only revealed by Quiditch uniforms…

Draco shuddered, giving in again.

“Fuck…” he hissed, rocking his hips as he slid his hand over his cock.

He’d never been this aroused. Not since his fourth year. And even then, the object of his affection had been Harry.

He’d never dare admit it, nor act on it, but those uniforms…

The dreams…

And now with the form fitting Auror attire…

Draco bit his lip, resisting the urge to call out Harry’s name.

He didn’t need his parents finding out that his mate was Harry bloody Potter. They’d definitely insist on the marriage to one of the Greengrass sisters then.

He could get along with them just fine, but marry? Have a child with one of them?

Fuck that.

Only place he wanted to stick his cock was in a particular brunet’s ass. Granted, he knew from his past relationships he did prefer having a cock inside him instead. And the thought of having Harry’s cock inside him…

Draco groaned at that, hips bucking involuntarily.

How would it feel?

Would it be short?

Long?

Thin?

Thick?

Would it hit his prostate perfectly or would it barely brush against it?

He came once again, limbs feeling heavy and limp afterward.

“I’m so fucked,” he muttered to himself.

He finished his shower and went to dress, wondering how he’d manage to get through the day without fantasizing about Potter. Especially with him being so close by.

Draco exhaled. He’d have to hope that his acting was good enough to fool Harry.

He had a quick breakfast and bade his parents goodbye before heading to the fireplace to floo to
work. Harry was on the main level with Weasley and Granger, enjoying a coffee at the local café by the fountain. He was smiling and *Merlin* it was captivating as always. He’d seen him smile before.

He could see the shimmer in those eyes, the crinkle at the edges…

Draco wondered if he’d ever smile at him like that some day.

*What am I doing?*

Draco stepped into line, fighting a blush at approaching the trio uninvited. Thankfully he realized his mistake before he was too close.

He ordered a tea and stepped aside to wait for his drink—

“Malfoy!” Granger called. “Pull up a chair.”

Weasley hissed at her, but winced a second later as she whispered in his ear.

Harry just stared at them suspiciously.

He approached. “Are you sure?”

“No,” Weasley said.

“Yes,” Granger snapped, kicking him under the chair again. “Bygones be bygones and all.”

He never should have told her anything.

“Why not,” Harry said, shrugging.

Weasley glared at him, as if wanting to shout *TRAITOR* at the top of his lungs.

Well, two out of three decided and while all three would have been ideal, Draco knew Weasley would take more effort to gain favor from.

Granger made some room between her and Harry (damn her) and he grabbed a chair, joining them once his tea was ready.

They were discussing one of the illegal prostitution cases that Weasley was working on. Apparently, vice and homicide tended to cross paths more often than Draco previously assumed.

“So…sorry for sounding ignorant, but might I ask some questions.”

“Of course,” Granger said.

“I thought all prostitution was illegal.”

“No,” Weasley said. “Legal bordellos and brothels are all over the place. The prostitutes that work there make a decent living, they’re allowed to keep their wands and to defend themselves, to reject a John, and so on.

“I mostly handle wizards and witches who have pretty much everything taken from them. IDs, their wands, money…they’re brainwashed and coerced into thinking they’re consenting. But they’re not. They’re not people, they’re property. They belong to a pimp. And everything that they have goes to the pimp.
“My job is to convince them to get help and to help me catch their pimp who is making money off of their sexuality. Sometimes that means I’m asking them to risk their lives. So many don’t want to talk to me because of that, and those who do are some of the bravest people I’ve ever met. Which is saying something because this nutter’s my best mate.”

Harry grinned. “You love me anyway.”

Weasley glared at him. “I will never forgive you for dragging me into an acromantula nest in our second year. Never.”

“You still love me.”

“The only thing that did was make my arachnophobia worse!”

“I was scared, too.”

“But even then, you’re not arachnophobic, Harry. Shut up.”

“What else do you handle?” Draco asked. “I take it vice handles more than just prostitution.”

“Yeah,” Weasley said. “Basically if it’s illegal and makes a profit, I’m on it: Gambling, prostitution, drugs, weapons…usually at the expense of others’ wellbeing. Illegal gambling can and has hurt animals and other people.

“Certain potions are illegal due to being extremely addictive, but some potioneers make a profit selling them to addicts anyway. Prostitution and weapons goes without saying.

“With weapons, while that’s usually a muggle concern, there are cases where we have had dangerous potions that are corrosive and poisonous on contact that are shouldn’t be on the streets but are. So, Malfoy, are you thinking of joining vice or something?”

“No, just curious.”

“How’s IA treating you?” Granger asked.

“Well enough,” he said. “My coworkers don’t really…well, they’re probably investigating me because of my past. Or at least still weary of me if they’re not.”

He meant to keep it light hearted, but the trio’s grins died. Draco took to drinking his tea instead, wondering how to make his exit without seeming rude…and then there was Harry…

Fuck, he hated the pity in his eyes…

It was pity, wasn’t it?

“It’s expected, really,” he said. “Being that I was a Death Eater. It was romanticized for me my whole life, so…I don’t…well…I regret it now. There’s a lot I regret now. I was a brat, plain and simple. Then I was an ass. I’ve been working on it, of course, but…I’m sure I’ve not changed that much.”

“More than you think you have,” Harry said. Draco’s heart fluttered.

Draco stared at him for a moment before deciding he had stayed long enough. More because he feared if he stayed longer, he’d kiss Harry. He pulled out his pocket watch. “I’ve got to go. I’ll see you at work, Potter. You, too, Weasley. Madam Granger.”
“Have a nice day, Mr. Malfoy,” she said. With that, he left.


#

Hermione refused to tell them, citing that Malfoy had told her something in confidence and she was going to honor it whether Harry and Ron liked it or not. Harry knew Hermione’s dedication could be rather impressive, but it was Malfoy.

At least, that was Ron’s argument.

Did Malfoy really deserve that level of loyalty from her after everything he put them through?

Harry stayed out of it, letting them have one of their many arguments.

Nothing really changes.

Not for them.

But then, Malfoy was acting differently since last month. Getting a job at the IA office on Tonks’ recommendation.

Offering to help plan Ron’s silly “surprise birthday party” which Harry would not tell Ron he knew about. Being cordial and polite to everyone. Just now, asking Ron about his work…

As Ron walked was called off, Harry nudged Hermione.

“You can tell me: does Malfoy have a crush on Ron?”

Hermione glared at him. “I’m not telling you anything, Potter, so shut it. Besides, Malfoy’s always seemed to be more interested in brunets, not gingers. I think he’s just trying to be friendly. Make up for how horrid he was as a child. After all, why not get to know your savior? Or have you forgotten that he owes you his life?”

“Of course not,” Harry said. “It just seems weird that he’s interested in us in a good way now rather than before. Oh! I will meet you later to discuss the Skeeter-Norwin case.”

“Look forward to it,” Hermione sighed, looking rather forlorn at the idea. “Fucking rich pricks think they can get away with everything.”

“We’ll show them,” Harry assured her. “I best get going myself before Whickette decides to kick my ass.” He kissed her cheek and headed off. “See you in a couple hours. And Malfoy’s secret is—”

“Not yours to know, Potter.”

“Come on!” Hermione shoved him. “You can tell me.”

“But then you’d tell Ron, and Ron would tell the whole Auror department, and then it would eventually get around to the whole ministry, meaning that the Prophet will know. I don’t think Malfoy would appreciate that. Now get to work before I report you to Whickette myself.”

#

An owl landed on a perch by Draco’s desk, dropping an envelope on top of his mail pile.
Opening it, he grinned and gave the owl it’s tip and a treat. The Falcon tickets, crisp and straight. He turned one over in his fingers, examining the fine print.

Two persons per ticket.

He could grab Blaise.

One was already for Granger and Weaslette.

He could hand another to the Greengrass sisters.

Then two would go to Potter.

Though…wouldn’t Harry want to give a ticket to Granger?

Decisions, decisions…

At the very least, he should talk to Granger about this first. See if there was a best way to present them to Harry. Draco sent a memo to her, requesting a time to meet and talk before getting back to work. A few minutes later, he received a reply:

Lunch.

In Muggle London.

Her treat.

Why would this require a lunch meeting?

What was Granger planning?

Draco rubbed the bridge of his nose.

She punched him there once, back in school. It didn’t break, but it had hurt, and he supposed he was scared it’d happen again, though he knew it wouldn’t. Still, Granger had a mean right hook.

He sent his agreement to the location and that he’d meet her there. Once done, it was a matter of waiting for one o’clock to chime. Once clocked out for the hour, he apparated to an apparition point where Granger was already waiting, checking her watch.

She grinned at him. “Come on, the place I’ve in mind has the best hamburgers in London, hands down,” she said, looping her arm around his.

“Getting friendly there, Granger.”

“I’ve been doing some research into Veela ancestry since Ron’s birthday, so I’m pretty sure that you and Harry will get together eventually and therefore we may as well start being friends sooner rather than later. By the way, good job engaging Ron. You’ll need him on your side as much as me.” She laughed. “Oh Goddess, the look on your face! Is it really that bad?”

“No, just difference in upbringing, you know.”

“I do. You’re fighting it very well.”

He mumbled his thanks as she led him to a brick building with a red awning. They received a table by the window and Granger suggested one of the meals for him to try. Once their meals were
delivered, Granger cast a subtle silencing charm around them.

“So, the tickets came in?”

“Yes. I was wondering how best to give them to Harry.”

“Just in a regular envelope with a card will do. No need to get all fussy about it,” she said.

“And you? Do you want me to give you yours or do you know if he’d want to give you one?”

“Me? No, likely he’ll give one to Ginny and she’d drag me along.” She drummed her fingers against the table. “I think…let Harry give them to Ginny, so I’ll end up going anyway. Keep a couple for yourself and bring a couple friends of your own. He’ll likely also invite Ron and maybe a couple of Weasleys—”

“I bought four two-person passes. That’s you, Weas—Ginny,” Granger nodded. “Harry, and W—Ron. Then I was going to keep the other two. I’m not sure who I’ll bring with me yet. Probably Blaise. Maybe the Greengrass sisters. Not entirely sure yet.”

“There’s two more weeks till his birthday, so you’ll want to figure it out.”

“I know,” he said, picking up his burger. “Do you know if he has Veela ancestry?”

Granger shook her head. “Not even Sirius knows. Though, I suppose if he does, it would make things easier on you.”

“Just a little,” Draco agreed.

He took a bite. The bun was soft and warm. The vegetables crisp and cool. The sauce was tangy. The meat, juicy.

“Maiden, Mother, and Crone,” he said around the food.

He’d never dare talk with food in his mouth but damn, Granger wasn’t lying about the burger. She grinned.

“I told you: best hamburgers in London.”

#

The tension was getting worse every day. Between the dreams and the arousal, Draco was unsure how he was supposed to manage being near Harry and not touch him. Oh, he was able to control himself, for sure, but he was beginning to sense Harry and that made it harder.

He could recognize his scent—it was natural and earthy.

He could pick out his voice on the other side of the office—a tenor vibration that sent slight trembles down Draco’s spine.

He could tell when Harry was looking at him—those green eyes seemed to burn Draco like a brand.

Draco was desperate to touch him—even if it meant just holding his hand.

He wanted to taste him—to share even short chaste kisses with him privately.
And yet…

Draco banged his head against his desk, hands curled into fists as he again heard Harry’s laugh at some joke or other from Weasley.

“You seem tense.” Draco lifted his head up to glare at Lovegood. “You should tell your mate, or it will just get worse.”

“My mate? He doesn’t need to know anything yet.”

She shrugged. “I would let them decide that.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Visiting Harry,” she said. “This was the only time I could get off from work to visit him for his birthday.” Harry’s birthday wasn’t for another three days. “Well, I best get going.”

Draco watched her approach Harry and Weasley. His eyebrows rose when Weasley kissed her tenderly, tension clearly melting away from his frame as he wrapped his arm around Lovegood’s shoulders.

When had they…

Draco shook it off.

It didn’t matter.

It wasn’t his problem when Weasley and Lovegood got together. At least they were friends beforehand. They were both kind of odd, and he could see how they were compatible.

Jealousy again curled in his gut.

Just tell him, she said. It’ll make it easier, she said.

Well, her mate wasn’t someone she tormented. She and Weasley got along back in school well enough. That was not his situation at all. He couldn’t just tell Harry that he was his mate. They left—likely to get Granger—and Draco slumped in his seat.

Wonder if I’ll get to a point where I can greet him that smoothly and kiss him like that, Draco thought, would it be too much to pray that he has Veela ancestry, too?

#

On the morning of July thirty-first, Draco woke earlier than usual, intent on looking his best for Harry. Not that he thought Harry would really care unless he did have Veela blood as well (Draco hoped), but more so to make a good impression on his mate. Hair slicked back, suit pristine, back straight.

Yes.

Draco felt he looked good.

Now if only Harry would appreciate it.

If only.
He tucked the purple envelope in his robe pocket and went downstairs, making his way to the fireplace.

“Draco.”

He stopped, suppressing a groan, and turned around to face his father. “Good morning, Father,” he said. “You’re up early.”

Lucius arched a brow at that. “It is the first day Lammas today,” he reminded him.

Draco hummed.

That’d be an interesting thing to tell Harry if he hadn’t known before. Being born on the first day of the Seventh Spoke of the Wheel of the Year should have some significance.

However, he had a feeling that wasn’t Lucius’ idea.

“You’re mother is at the alter right now, preparing for the ritual.”

“Dad, I have work,”

“Not for another three hours. You’re not even properly dressed for the ritual.” Draco hadn’t the heart to tell him that it was his mate’s birthday. Not just a sacred holiday.

“Dad, I don’t—”

“You are not skipping a ritual. You’re going to the altar. Get your Lammas robes. I will meet you there in a few minutes.”

Aside from telling Lucius that his mate was Harry Potter and he wanted to be there early for his birthday, Draco hadn’t a way to adequately reject his father’s demand. Especially since his parents were doing what they could to reconnect with the Old Religion since the battle of Hogwarts.

So he went had Twinkle fetch his Lammas robe—a lightweight yellow summer cloak. He set his work robe on a chair as he changed into the ritual robe. He held his arms out to his father in nonverbal compliance. Lucius nodded and led Draco to the alter in the center of the maze.

The altar was a stone table draped in a yellow silk cloth—the material of the cloth was not important, the color, though…always. A ritual wand rested between an athame and a cauldron. On the other side of the athame was a chalice. There was also a pitcher of steaming apple cider beside it. Carnelian crystals laid around the items, radiating the magic of the holiday.

Surrounding the tools were bowls of grain, a larger bowl of grapes with sloe and blackberries, apple and pear slices, a salad of harvest vegetables such as carrots, corn, and potatoes, and a vase of heather flowers. There was also a platter of cornbread muffins. Rose incense burned, dousing the air in its sweet scent. On either side of the altar were candles: one gold, one silver.

In Narcissa’s hand was a yellow straw besom. Her hair was adorned in yellow flowers.

Narcissa set the besom down and circled around, holding a vial in her hand, ready to anoint them. Draco approached.

“Who comes to this Lammas Circle?”

Draco replied, letting his mother draw a crescent on his forehead in rose oil before entering the area his parents had erected for the rituals. He exhaled, squaring his shoulders. He might as well let the
energy of the holiday be with him, even give him strength and courage. He might need it.

Chapter End Notes

https://wicca.com/celtic/akasha/lammas.htm

https://wicca.com/celtic/akasha/lamrit.htm
Draco laid his cloak on his chair and rolled his shoulders, exhaling.

He felt revitalized.

Confident.

He would give Harry the tickets, let him know he’d be there, too, and ask if he’d mind if their groups would mind meeting up.

It wasn’t a date. They weren’t ready for that. Not yet.

But for now, this would be enough.

“You look happy,” Tonks said, sitting on his desk.

“Only thing that could make this day better is Harry being part-Veela himself.”

Tonks hummed. “That would. Granted, you’d both then lock yourselves in the closet…”

“Fuck off.”

“Am I spoiling your good mood, Drake? I’m sowwy.”

He couldn’t help snorting at that.

“A few of us like to go clubbing after work. I’d go, but unfortunately, it’s the full moon tonight, so Remus and I can’t go. I’ve got to keep an eye on my boys tonight. But,” she grinned. “I told the bouncer that you’ll be there in my spot.”

“Really, Dora?”

“What? Don’t you want to go dancing?”

Draco picked up some papers and flipped through them.

“It doesn’t matter, I’m probably not…am I allowed to?”

“Of course!” she snapped. “I’m your parole officer and I just said you can! Besides,” she pinched his chin and directed his sight toward Harry, who’d just sat at his desk. “You know you want to grind your ass against him. Get him all bothered.”

“I’m trying to be a little more romantic, Tonks.”

“Oh, please, Drake, you know you want to do much more than just romance Harry.”
“I also would like not to scare him away.”

“I think you’d find there’s very little you could do to scare him when it comes to sex.”

Draco pulled out of her grasp and glowered at her.

“Explain.”

“Can’t. Ask him yourself.”

“Ask me what?” Harry said, approaching.

“About your sex life,” she said, smirking.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Do you know why she’s like this?” Draco asked.

“I don’t. To make that epically long story short, I thought I was being hunted by Sirius, so I seduced Oliver Wood so if I did die, at least I would not die a virgin. Ideally, I would’ve successfully seduced Lupin. Sorry, Tonks.”

“We weren’t married then. I forgive you.”

“Is it strange that I still want to?”

“No,” she said. “I will see what I can do.”

“You’re awesome,” Harry said, grinning.

“How did this not get all over the school?” Draco asked.

He tried to keep the anger and jealousy out of his voice, but he wasn’t sure if he was succeeding.

The fact that Oliver Wood deflowered his mate…

The thought of the Lupins probably having him join them some time in the future—and knowing full well that Harry was his…

It made him almost physically ill.

“Each and every partner I had was sworn to secrecy,” Harry said. “I really like my privacy and I wasn’t keen on everyone knowing I was gay. Besides, sex with the savior was apparently worth the secrecy otherwise I’m sure the whole world would’ve known.”

He cocked his head to the side, frowning. “Are you all right, Malfoy? You look a little…”

“I’m just peaky. Might be something I ate.”

Or, most likely, it’s got something to do with you fucking half of Hogwarts’ gay population while we were at school.

He stood. “I think I’ll go get some tea. Want anything, Tonks? Potter?”

“I actually have to go that way myself,” Harry said. “Paperwork for Hermione. Bitch will go through a fit if I don’t get this to her. And yes, I call her a bitch. We can’t deny she isn’t.”
Draco handed him a folio. “Skeeter-Norwin, still?”

“Yes,” Harry said, taking the folder. “Thank you. See you, Tonks.”

“Until then, Harry.”

Draco walked beside him, avoiding Harry’s gaze. Once they had their tea, Harry dragged him to a table.

“Does it bother you?”

Draco looked at him.

“That I started sleeping with people so young? It seemed like it bothered you.”

“I understand why you did, and why you kept it secret. I guess I just…”

I’m bloody jealous and I want to tell you that you’re my mate, but I don’t want to make you feel like you need to be with me…

“Why not you?”

“What?”

Harry shrugged. “We’ve danced around each other for years, Malfoy. I know you had a crush on me and I’d be lying if I said I never thought about you on occasion. Thought of asking you out a couple times before but decided against it because you were an ass back then.”

“But that quip about wanting to sleep with Lupin—”

“I always thought you had a crush on Snape. Given the chance, would you not sleep with him?”

“No. I wouldn’t.”

Harry stared at him, then his lips quirked in smile. “Really…”

“Potter, can we not talk about this?”

“If you’re jealous of the blokes that I’ve slept with, just say so.”

“So that you can add me to that list? No thanks.”

Harry hummed. “You’ve Veela genes, right?” he asked.

Draco did not respond.

Harry took his hand in his. “And I’m guessing from the way your hand just holds mine a little tighter confirms that I’m your mate.”

Draco pulled his hand away.

“I’m not wrong about this. I know I’m not.”

Draco sighed. “I didn’t want to tell you so soon. I don’t…I didn’t want you to be with me because I couldn’t…”

Harry took his hand again, halting him. “Draco, I can think of worse fates than being your mate.”
“I don’t want you to be with me unless you want to.”

Rendered silent, Harry stared at him.

“A lot of us find our mates in others who also have a little Veela in them and if our mate doesn’t, we don’t care. But I know that I’ve hurt you before and I won’t do that to you. I don’t know if I’d be able to bear it if I could do that to you and then just end up losing you anyway. And now I know you’ve fucked around at school so how the hell am I supposed to—”

“Five.”

“What.”

“I’ve only had five partners in my life. All of them were men I knew and trusted.

“Oliver Wood was my first everything. First crush, first kiss, first date, first boyfriend, first lay. I wouldn’t have let him fuck me if I didn’t trust him so much. We broke up for a number of reasons, but never out of hate or anger. Mostly it had to do with the age difference and that our paths were likely not going to cross for a while.

“After him, in fourth year, Cedric Diggory and I were together. I can’t say dated. With the tournament and all, we didn’t really have time to date, but the time we did have was spent together and, yes, it was passionate. Very, fucking passionate. I was sure we’d survive and I let myself fall in love believing we’d get through it and we’d be…”

Harry fell silent.

Draco couldn’t imagine what it was like watching someone you love die.


“That wasn’t nearly as short lived as the Cho-fiasco, but it wasn’t good either. That year was horrible for me. I shouldn’t even have tried to date. Thankfully, Zack was amazing. We were together through that summer, but I couldn’t shake the feeling that I was putting him in danger, so I, well…I was cruel to him.”

He took a swig of his tea, hand shaking.

Draco could feel the sadness coming off Harry in waves.

“Oliver Wood, Cedric Diggory, Zacharias Smith. That’s three, Harry. You told me there were five.”

“Well, after Zack and I broke up, I didn’t want to get close to someone. Then I was on the run, looking for horcruxes. Then I beat Voldemort, and not long after, I started Auror training. During the training, I tried to get back with Zack, but he moved on. Went out to drink out my woes and ended up running into Seamus Finnegan. We dated for a few months before his job required him to leave for the mainland.

“My most recent boyfriend and breakup was Terry Boot. Left me because I didn’t want to go public about dating. Given who I am, we wouldn’t have any privacy. I value my solitude and would rather the press and my fanatics have no place in who I chose to have a relationship with.”

Draco curled his hands into fists to resist the desire to take Harry’s hands in his own.
“I’m sorry for earlier. It’s not like I’m a virgin either, so I don’t know why the idea that you’ve been with other men gets to me so much.”

“You’re veela genetics make it hard for you to not be territorial of your mate,” Harry said. “So even though you know it doesn’t matter because it’s my past, you feel threatened anyway.”

“Aren’t you…do you have…”

“I don’t know yet. There are a few hours left in the day and I don’t know exactly when I was born. So, we’ve still time to find out. And if I do have veela genes, chances are, you’re my mate as well. Right?”

Draco nodded. That would be the case.

“I don’t know what our relationship is going to be like now that I know, but I’m not going to be with someone because I have to be with them for their own happiness. That wouldn’t benefit either of us. And given you didn’t tell me, I think you know that.”

“I do. I don’t want you to be with me unless you want to be with me. I know I want to be with you, but what good would that do either of us if it wasn’t mutual?”

Harry smiled. “Tonks told me she got us a spot at Verdant. It’ll just be us and a few old school friends—none of my exes. Supposedly. I flunked Divination.” His smile widened. “Hermione knows, doesn’t she?”

Draco nodded. “As does your godfather. And Snape.”

“Yeah. Sorry about the teacher quip.”

“About that…do you really want to fuck Lupin?”

Harry laughed. “Yeah, that’s an inside joke between me and Tonks. I told her that I used to have a crush on him back in my third year. But I was with Oliver then and happily so. Besides, Remus was a friend of my dad’s. He’s like an uncle to me.

“Tonks and I just like to joke about that and it makes him extremely uncomfortable. Which is actually kind of fun. That is until Sirius and Snape get involved, then I just want to run and wish there was a way to cleanse my ears and memory without serious setbacks.”

Draco dropped his shoulders in relief.

“So, I told you mine. What about yours? Or is the ongoing rumor that you and Parkinson were longtime sweethearts a fact?”

“Ugh. No. No. Pansy’s just a friend. Helped when I needed a date to a particular event like the Yule Ball, having a friend who you could ask and call it good.”

“I wish I had thought to do that with Hermione,” Harry said.

“Like yourself, I’m gay. And yes, I’ve dated before. Blaise Zabini and I were together until his nineteenth. Kind of hurt at first, but it couldn’t be helped that we weren’t…you know.”

“You can say mates, Drake,” Harry said. “Sorry, I may have overstepped.”

Draco usually hated being called “Drake.” Just despised it.
And yet when it passed Harry’s lips…

Well, if anyone could get away with calling him Drake, it might as well be him.

“So, was it just Blaise or were there other blokes in your past I should be aware of?”

Draco shook his head. “Just Blaise. I wasn’t one for dating. Too busy trying to best Hermione most of the time. No matter how hard I tried, I always made second…”

“I wouldn’t have even bothered to try.”

“You don’t know my parents.”

“You don’t know hers. Hermione’s not only highly logical, but she has an eidetic memory. Add the two of those together and her parents would explode if she got less than an Outstanding on everything. The only time she did was in Divination. I saw that fight. You thought she was mad when she punched you? I was certain she’d have hexed her mum when she told them she dropped the class.”

Draco shuddered. “Did she?”

“No, but it was close.”

“Damn.”

“Yeah. Hermione and I preferred it at the Weasleys because they don’t give a shit about Hermione’s grades, and they gave a shit about my mental and physical wellbeing.” Harry cut himself off, cheeks tinging. “Sorry. Oversharing.”

Draco wanted to assure him otherwise but Harry had already stood, checking his pocket watch.

“I should get this to Hermione before she comes looking for me. See you back at the bull pen. Yeah?”

“Uh, yes.”

“Great. And, again, sorry for scaring you and what-not.”

He squeezed Draco’s shoulder and went to the legal offices, leaving Draco feeling a little whiplashed and confused.

#

Hermione could tell when something bothered her friends, Harry in particular.

And the moment Harry entered, casting a couple charms to ensure their privacy, she knew something bothered him.

She set her quill down and stared at him.

“What happened?”

“I’m Draco Malfoy’s mate.”

“And that’s a problem?”
“No. I know he’s gotten better and I’m willing to give it a go. He seems intent on respecting my autonomy so why not, right? That it’s Malfoy is not the problem. The problem is that I never counted for how easy he’d be to open up to. I almost told him that I was abused as a kid. I’m not ready to talk about what my aunt and uncle did to me.”

Hermione hummed. “I think he’ll respect that you’ll tell him when you’re ready, but I think if you’re going to give him a chance, he should at least be aware of them.”

Harry handed her the file. “So let him know that my childhood was fucked up, but leave out the details.”

“Yep.”

“He’ll probably press.”

“Then emphasize that you’ll tell him when you’re ready to open up about the Dursleys.”

She opened the file.

“Is that all?”

“So far.”

“Honestly, Potter, you’re such a goof. You’ll be fine. Granted, I was looking forward to watching Malfoy trip over himself a little longer, but now I can watch you both trip and fall about like adorkable ducks.”

Harry stared at her, unimpressed. “Adorkable ducks?”

“Adorkable ducks,” Hermione restated, grinning. “I’m quite sure that you and Malfoy are going to be just as cute as Ron and Luna.”

“I’m not sure anyone can get that cute. They’re pretty cute.”

“Yeah.”

“Granted, I’ve a feeling that this relationship might end up being…”

“Tumultuous?”

“Yes.”

“It very well may be. That doesn’t mean it can’t be cute. Just tell him you mentioned something about your past you’re not ready to really open up about to him. I think he’ll understand.”

“I hope so,” Harry said. “I’m interested in seeing where this goes, but after…”

“Harry, you have had a lot of heartbreak in your life. From what we know from Ron, a veela-blooded wizard will do what he can to ensure that his mate is taken care of, even if the relationship with their partner is rough. I think you and Draco are going to be okay. I mean, if you told me this a few years ago, I think I’d laugh.”

“I’d be throwing punches,” Harry said. “Well, let me know when you want to meet to debrief with Norwin’s attorney. I best go apologize and explain myself to Draco.”

“By the Goddess, Harry, what did you do? You didn’t make that joke about wanting to shag Lupin,
“did you?” she asked, glowering at him.

“That I did explain. And Tonks is just as responsible. No, when I passively mentioned that relatives were arses I might have just run off without really clarifying. Anything.”

“Harry, I love you but you’re an idiot.”

“So I’ve been told,” he said, removing the spells he cast and left.

#

Deciding it wiser to chalk up Harry’s running off to being a quirk or something of that sort, Draco attempted to not let it get to him.

And yet…

He did what he could to let it go.

Mostly through burying himself into his work instead of thinking about Harry running off the way he did.

“Come on, Malfoy!” Ron snapped. “Time to give Harry a heart attack!”

Draco set his paperwork down and joined the rest of the Aurors already singing (or, rather, shouting) *for he’s a jolly good fellow* as Harry was jostled into the break room.

A pointed birthday hat sat on his head and he was blushing bright red through the whole song.

“Congratulations on living for another year. Never think you’d get to nineteen, yeah?” Ron shouted, setting a cake in front of him with a candle in the center.

Once blown out, the group whooped and cake was passed around with butterbeer.

“What’d you wish for, mate?” Ron asked, nudging Harry in the ribs.

“To make it to twenty,” Harry said, shoving him back.

Ron patted his back with a quip about how that’d never happen, then when off to talk to Whickette and Dora. Draco took the seat.

“Really? To live another year?”

Harry shrugged and swallowed the piece of cake in his mouth.

“You never know in this line of work,” he said. He set his plastic fork down and turned to face Draco. “I wanted to apologize for running off on you earlier. It’s just…I mentioned stuff I’m not ready to open up about.”

Draco hummed, feeling a little lighter. “Why didn’t you just say so?”

“I didn’t expect you’d be this easy to talk to when you’re not being a prick.”

“Yeah, I was a prick back in school, wasn’t I?”

“Yes, you were. No denying that. I didn’t care much for the kid you were.”

“I don’t care much for how I was before either,” Draco said.
He cleared his throat and reached for the tickets in his robe pocket.

“I, um, bought a few tickets to see a Quidditch game in a couple weeks. I don’t know if you’re interested but…I did buy quite a few.”

He handed the envelope to Harry, who opened them. His eyes bugged. “Falcons tickets? How did you know that I—Hermione.”

“She’s been very helpful with…all this…trying to woo you and all.”

“Oh, Merlin. I don’t need wooing,” Harry said.

“Yeah, but given our history, can you say it doesn’t help. Because it helps a little bit. At least for me.”

“If you want to keep wooing me, go ahead. Especially if it means seeing the fucking Flymouth Falcons! I mean, really, now I know you said you have a lot of tickets, but will you be my date?”

Draco gaped at him. “I wasn’t planning on it being a date, but…yeah. Yeah, I’d like that.”

“And you’re definitely going to Verdant with us tonight,” Harry said. “If necessary, I will kidnap you.” Draco arched a brow at him.

“You’re an auror. I don’t think you should openly be saying stuff about kidnapping.”

Harry shrugged. “They know what I mean. Besides, the kidnapping I have in mind does no bodily harm.” He winked. “And really, thank you for the tickets.”

He squeezed his knee gently.

“Best get back to work before Whickette decides there’s too much fun going on in here.”

Draco could still feel the warmth of his hand on his knee long after they parted.
Draco rarely went clubbing. He rarely felt welcome given what he used to be. Being there with Harry was another matter. As long as he was with Harry, the scar of the Dark Mark was ignored and he was given a drink on the house.

Different from what he was used to.

He was also pulled into a couple dances. Like now, with Harry. Draco bit his bottom lip as they danced, moving together. He was grateful for the darkness of the club and the loud music pounding in his ears. They hid his blush from Harry. Though the dancing could not hide his arousal. To which, Harry only pulled him closer and kissed him.

Harry led him off the dance floor to a quieter area. Draco’s ears rang from the music.

“Care for a place a bit more private?” Harry asked, grinning at him. His hand pressed in between them, cupping Draco’s bulge. “Could help with this, yeah?”

Draco licked his lips, staring at Harry. “Yes.”

Harry’s grin widened and he gripped Draco’s hand, apparating them from the club. Once settled, Draco glanced around the home—a flat in Muggle London.

“Fancy a drink?” Harry asked. “I’ve whiskey, some beer…up to you.”

“I’d already a bit too much drink,” Draco assured him, looking around. “You’re place is nice.”

“Not too muggle?” Harry teased.

“Wouldn’t know what too muggle would look like,” Draco said, thumbing through a collection of disks. “Might be more exotic for a wizard with my upbringing…”

Harry took one of the disks and set it in a box. After a few short seconds, music began to play. Not the thumping, shaking bass of the club, but the same genre, if nothing else, pulsating around them as Harry pulled him into another dance. He planted his hands on Draco’s hips, moving in tempo to the beat.

A minute passed before Harry let go, turning his back to Draco, then moved back, placing Draco’s hands on his hips as he moved.

“Fuck,” Draco hissed.

“End result, Love,” Harry promised, turning to look at him with a bright grin.

He turned back to face Draco and kissed him. Draco groaned into the kiss as he returned it. Harry
backed him toward the couch. One seated, the kiss broke and Harry knelt down between Draco’s legs, unbuttoning Draco’s trousers and reached inside. Draco sighed, gripping the back of the couch as Harry teased his cock with his lips.

Harry swallowed around him, bobbing his head as he sucked. Draco groaned, eyelids fluttering closed. He reached down and ran his hand through Harry’s hair as Harry released him to lick at the underside of his cock. He stood, kissing him as he undid his trousers, and straddled Draco’s lap.

Harry gripped their cocks, pressing them together, and stroked. Harry nibbled at Draco’s lower lip as he stroked harder.

“Fuck me,” Draco moaned. “Need you to fuck me now.”

Harry grinned. He released their cocks and stood, pulling Draco after him into a bedroom.

“Top or bottom?” Harry asked. “I’m good with either.”

Draco gave it some thought, looking down at Harry’s cock. He licked his lips and knelt down in front of Harry, stroking his cock. Harry ran his hand through Draco’s hair.

“Go on and suck it while you think it through, Baby.”

He obeyed, suckling at the head as Harry ran his hand through his hair.

“You like my cock? Like sucking it, Baby?”

Draco slid down till his fist hit his nose. The tip of Harry’s cock now pressed against Draco’s soft palate, almost igniting Draco’s gag reflex. His other hand closed in a fist around his thumb as he continued to suck. Harry continued to egg him on, fingernails scratching his scalp.

“Wicked mouth,” Harry growled. “You’re made for me, aren’t you? You’ve been made to suck my cock.” Draco let off and stood, pushing Harry onto the bed, climbing on top of him.

“Want to bottom for you tonight,” he said. “Want your cock in me.”

“Fuck, yeah,” Harry said, pivoting his hips up as Draco pulled his shirt off. Harry sat up, hands on Draco’s waist, and licked at a nipple. He gently shifted Draco to lie beneath him as he moved down his torso, trailing heated kisses over Draco’s skin. He pushed Draco’s trousers down with his pants.

“Turn over, Love,” Harry said, waving his wand. Draco sighed at the cleaning charm cast on him, legs parting naturally as Harry began to lick his hole. He fisted the sheets beneath him as he was rimmed, licked and prodded with Harry’s tongue.

I’m getting fucked by Harry Potter’s fucking tongue, he thought. Harry squeezed his ass, stabbing Draco’s hole with his tongue. He groaned a curse and fumbled with the drawer, reaching for a bottle. Draco relaxed as much as he could as Harry pushed two fingers inside to the first knuckle.

“Doesn’t hurt?”

“No,” Draco assured him, pushing back on the digits. Harry kissed the back of Draco’s shoulder as he wiggled his fingers, twisting and pushing at the inner walls of Draco’s ass. The muscles stretched and loosened. Harry then pushed in a third finger, stretching Draco open further.

Beneath him, Draco moaned and resisted humping the mattress beneath them, especially when Harry’s fingers found his prostate. He cried out, vision spotting as the pads of Harry’s fingers rubbed
against the sensitive nub till Draco was shaking beneath him, so close to climax and yet torn between wanting to come and not.

At last Harry pulled his fingers free and got off him to finish undressing.

Draco rolled onto his back and pulled his legs up to his shoulders. Harry grinned, slicking his cock with lubricant before lining it up with Draco’s hole and pushed inside.


“No,” Draco said, “Feels good. So fucking good…”

Harry kissed him, thrusting gently and building pace slowly. Testing how hard he could go. Draco gripped Harry’s shoulder as Harry pounded into him, shaking the bed beneath them. Between kisses, they shared moans. Harry sat straight, thrusting a bit harder.

“Close,” he grit out. “Come on, Drake, I wanna see you come.” Draco gripped his cock and stroked. “Yeah, touch yourself.”

“Fuck…” Draco hissed, squeezing around Harry as his orgasm built. “Fuck, yes…yes…” his voice caught in his throat as his cock spurted semen over his chest. He whined, arching his back as Harry came inside him.

“Goddesses above, that was hot,” Harry moaned, pulling out and leaned down to lick at Draco’s seed. “Gonna fuck you again soon. Wanna switch?”

Draco supported his head with one arm as Harry licked him, thinking on the offer. “Yes,” he decided.

Harry hummed, swirling his tongue around Draco’s navel.

“Granted, I think I prefer having you on top.”

Harry dragged his tongue upward and ran a stripe under Draco breast before closing his lips around a nipple and sucked. Its twin was pinched between Harry’s index finger and thumb.

Draco ran his fingers through Harry’s hair, licking his lips.

“Might I take a shower?” Draco asked.

Harry hummed and licked his nipple once more before climbing off. “That door,” he said, pointing at one of the doors in the bedroom. “Towels are under the sink.”

Draco thanked him and stood, legs shaking beneath him as he entered.

As he washed, his parents’ voices and the expectations they held him to flitted through his mind, making it difficult to get it back up. The curtain rustled as Harry joined him. Draco turned to face him and kissed him, trying to drown the thoughts trying to shame him with Harry.

Too loud, he thought. They’re too loud.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered against Harry’s lips. Harry hummed noncommittally, nipping at Draco’s lower lip.

“Give it a bit more time, Love,” Harry mumbled against his neck, running his hands down Draco’s sides.
He thought Draco was apologizing for not getting it up faster.

Well, that was partly it.

Mostly it was fear of his parents’ disappointment when they realized this. They already knew he was gay (even if they didn’t want to acknowledge it), so why would this…

_You aren’t going to let go of him for anyone or anything, and they’ll hate that_, his conscious supplied. _They’ll hate that you decided to deny them grandchildren and refuse to continue the family line._

Warm water beat down on his back while Harry lathed and worshipped his front. He kissed Draco, running his tongue over the seam of his lip, requesting entrance. Draco granted it, running his nails down Harry’s sides.

“May I wash you?” Harry asked. Draco nodded. Harry grinned, grabbing a square cloth and lathed it with soap, running the fabric over his body. From the neck down, Harry rubbed the lather over Draco’s body. He paused. “Is it okay if I wash your cock? I don’t want to overstep.”

“You aren’t,” he said.

Harry grinned and ran the cloth over the V of his hips and between his legs, running the cloth over his genitalia carefully, aiming only to clean. Even so, Draco felt arousal start to build again, even as Harry moved down to clean his legs.

“Turn around, Love,” Harry said. Draco obliged, allowing Harry to run the cloth over his back. He requested permission again when it came time to clean his ass and it was granted again. Once clean, Draco turned to Harry.

“Let me return the favor?”

Harry grinned and handed him the cloth.

#

Draco woke to kisses along his shoulder, glancing at the muggle clock in red numbers. He moaned contentedly and turned to face Harry.

“So,” Harry said. “Figure out what you like more?”

“Nope,” Draco said. “Like both.”

“Good, best lay I’ve had in ages.” He kissed him. “Wanna owl in sick?”

“And do what?” Draco asked, “Shag?”

“And talk,” Harry said. “Figure out where we want this to go, what to expect, likes, dislikes, pet peeves…whatever helps make this last for both of us.”

Draco worried his lower lip between his teeth. “My owl isn’t here,” he pointed out.

“You can also send it via patronus,” Harry said. “I can send my owl, you send your patronus. No one would be the wiser.”

Draco hummed. “I suppose so.”
“Excellent,” Harry said, kissing him. “Gonna go write my note.”

He climbed out of bed, stretching. Draco trailed his eyes down Harry’s back and ass, licking his lips. Once gone, Draco sat up and searched for his wand to send his patronus to work, fibbing that he was home with the stomach flu.

Once his patronus was on its way, he made to get out of bed when something smacked against his ass. He yelped, turning to glower at Harry.

“Oh? Not a fan of spanking?” Harry asked, grinning far too innocently.

“Why would anyone?”

Harry blinked. His grin widened. “You’d never been spanked outside of being disciplined by mummy and daddy?” he asked, climbing onto the bed. “Zabini never slapped your ass?”

“Erm…I take it spanking can be sexual?”

“For some,” Harry said. “May I introduce you to the joys of getting spanked proper?” Draco swallowed, unsure exactly what to make of the gleam in Harry’s eye.

He sighed. “If I tell you it’s too much…”

“Then I’ll stop,” Harry promised, running his hand over Draco’s ass. “But as it is…” Draco swallowed, almost hissing at the generous squeeze. “You’re long overdue for a right spanking.”

“Erm…” The question of how that was figured was caught in his throat.

“When you insulted Ron on the train,” Harry said.

**SMACK!**

“Lying about meeting me and Ron for a duel.”

**SMACK!**

“Hexing Neville with a Leg Lock.”

**SMACK!**

“Trying to get Hagrid in trouble for having a dragon at school.”

**SMACK!**

“Getting Hermione and me into detention later. Might as well mention running off and leaving me in the forest alone.”

**SMACK-SMACK!**

It stung horribly. And each transgression he was reminded of added to the humiliation of it all.

At least no one was around to witness him being spanked. Worse still (or so he thought), was how he reacted. The whimpering and sniffing was a bit expected, Draco supposed, but his cock hardening was certainly not.

“Joining Umbridge’s Inquisitorial Squad.”
“Breaking my nose.”

“Trying to sneak that cursed necklace into Hogwarts.”

Ah, yes, he would go to things he truly felt terrible about now. Yet his cock refused to calm.

“Poisoning Ron—accidentally, but still, you poisoned someone and had meant to intentionally poison Dumbledore.”

“Letting death eaters into the school.”

Draco sobbed, hiding his face from Harry.

“Am I missing anything?”

Draco took a moment, thinking, then shook his head. Harry’s heavy hand massaged his stinging ass. “Fuck, red’s a good color on you. Too bad you were in Slytherin. You’d have looked good in Gryffindor colors. Does it hurt, Love?”

Despite all pride telling him to say nothing, Draco nodded.

“Want me to make it better?”

He nodded, clutching at the sheets a little tighter. Draco hissed as Harry kissed the small of his back before pulling his cheeks apart. Draco relaxed as Harry’s tongue soothed his sore skin. The arousal was starting to make more sense and his grip loosened, the whimpering shifting from muffling his pain to giving into the pleasure.

“Wanna come,” Draco moaned. He could feel Harry’s lips quirk into a smile before he shifted to cover Draco’s body with his own.

“Do you now?”

“Please…”

Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s hair while the other one curled around his cock. He stroked languidly. Draco bit his lip, bucking his hips against Harry’s grip.

“Please, Harry. Let me come.”

Harry hummed. “You’ve been quite naughty.”

“I’ll do anything.”

“Careful, Malfoy,” Harry said. “You might find that anything can be…unpleasant.” Draco tensed, glancing around at Harry. Harry kissed him. “I’ll be nice, Love. You really want to come?”
“Yes.”

Harry let him go, directing Draco to turn over onto his back. He leaned down, licking and kissing Draco’s cock as he pumped it, pulling moans from Draco’s throat. Draco bucked when Harry closed his lips around the crown. His hips were pinned down with one strong arm.

Draco closed his eyes, focusing on enjoying the wet heat of Harry’s mouth. “Fuck,” Draco moaned. “So close. Please Harry, I’m so close. So fucking close…” Harry hummed, at last bringing Draco over the edge. He could feel Harry’s throat close around his sensitive cock, swallowing his seed.

Once released, Draco eased his eyes open as Harry climbed over him.

“Better, Love?” he asked, stroking Draco’s cheek, thumb tracing the outline of Draco’s mouth. Draco nodded, unable to speak. The look in Harry’s eyes seemed to be a mix of predatory and admiring. He swallowed, licking his lips as Harry grinned at him, leaning down to kiss him. He could still taste the bitterness of his own come in Harry’s mouth.

It really shouldn’t have been as erotic as it felt.

“So, want some breakfast?” Harry asked.

Draco nodded again.

“Speechless?”

Draco blushed, nodding again. Harry’s grin widened and he climbed out of bed. He tossed a pair of sweats at Draco before grabbing a pair for himself and a large t-shirt.

Draco followed him out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. Harry was already at work cracking eggs and mixing them as some knives cut up ham and some vegetables.

“You like omelets?”

“Yes,” Draco said, taking the chance to look around.

There were several photos of Ginny and Hermione – a few with all four and some with just the trio. He paused at a photo of the girls in Paris right by the Eiffel Tower.

“When did Ginny and Hermione go to Paris?”

“Before you came to work at the Ministry,” Harry deadpanned.

“Well, obviously. It’s just the Prophet would have known.”

“Not necessarily,” Harry said. “They went last summer after Ginny graduated: just the two of them for a girls-only vacation or something. When they got back, they told their families that they were getting together.”

“And…how did their parents take it?”

“Pretty well. Hermione’s parents kind of knew Hermione was gay long before Hermione did and the Weasleys had gone through at least two coming outs already: Charlie’s and mine. So when Ginny and Hermione decided to get together, it didn’t seem to be that big of a deal.”

Draco hummed, feeling a spike of jealousy toward Hermione and Ginny. Their parents didn’t care as long as they were happy. Now they were planning their wedding with their parents’—and likely also
Ginny’s brothers’—approval. They wouldn’t be able to have children of their own without assistance from a third party of any sort.

He half wanted to corner his parents and shout:

“See! Their parents are okay with it! Why can’t you?!"

He turned away from the photo when the image of Hermione and Ginny kiss.

Harry had just set the omelets down on the table. Draco sat down and thanked him, taking a bite. His eyes widened. He tended to eat well, but he was so used to his food being made by a house elf, that he never thought a wizard—particularly one as famous as Harry—would even care to cook, let alone be so good at it.

“Merlin…” he exclaimed, taking another, bigger bite.

“I’m pretty sure I’m not,” Harry said, grinning.

Draco rolled his eyes at the horrid joke.

“Well, either way, I’m glad you like my cooking. My relatives might not have been the best, but at the very least they kind of did teach me to cook…”

He cut himself off again, clearing his throat. Draco hummed.

“You know, I’m used to having servants,” he said. “If you don’t want to cook, it’s not a big deal. I’ll just summon one of mine and they can handle it instead. However, I think I appreciate your cooking more than my elves’.”

Harry hummed, joining him at the table. He arched his brows and reached for a note. Draco watched him skim its contents and wondered what it said as a bright red blush reddened Harry’s cheeks.

“Dare I ask?” Draco asked. Harry handed him the note.

Congratulations on your new boyfriend. Just remember that we all use the living room. Don’t worry, Ginny and I didn’t stay long after we saw you two. We’ll see you in the evening.

Much love, Hermione.

They were caught?!

Well, it could have been worse. Hermione and Ginny could have announced their return. He wondered what made the girls decide not to say a thing. Sure, it would have been nice never to have known, but it was a good point with Harry rooming with Hermione and Ginny.

“Bad as this is, it really could have been worse,” he pointed out.

“Still, Mione’s got a lot of fucking nerve telling me off for impropriety. Given how loud she and Ginny can get. Hypocrites.”

“Yes, that would get under St. Potter’s skin, wouldn’t it?” Draco teased.

“Malfy, I made you come at least three times already and had my mouth on your cock and ass. We can stop with the St. Potter jokes.”

Draco hummed, smirking. “Still trying to merge the two images of the sexual deviant that just fucked
me and the Potter I knew before. Trust me, glad as I am it might take a while for me to really see it as
the same person instead of two halves of a whole. You have been rather sanctimonious at times.”

“Me? Sanctimonious? How was I sanctimonious?”

“Well, I’ll admit it takes one to know one.”

“You’re just calling yourself sanctimonious.”

“I know,” Draco said, grinning. “And you can’t say I wasn’t. I was an absolute prat as your heavy
hand just proved a moment ago.”

Harry hummed. “I suppose depending on the way you look at it, we both could be self-righteous at
times. Not as bad as we used to be, though.”

Draco nodded. They had matured since they were eleven.

The rest of breakfast passed silently. Once done, Harry showed Draco where they kept unused tooth
brushes while he went to clean the kitchen. Once he finished brushing his teeth, Draco took a
shower.

As the water beat down his back, Draco exhaled as he thought on the choice presented to him again.
He could stay with Harry and marry a witch to provide heirs as his parents like. Or he could refuse to
marry and risk disownment. He didn’t want to lose his parents. He didn’t want them to be angry at
him. But more than that, he didn’t want this bliss to end. He didn’t want it to stop and he wasn’t
going to let it go.

Not for anything or anyone.

He beat his fist against the wall. It shouldn’t be hard. He already knew his answer. He already knew
what he wanted to do. So why still debate it?

I need to tell him, he decided.

Draco finished showering at stepped out. As he dried, he debated how to tell him…

A hand reached around and covered his mouth. Its’ twin curled around Draco’s middle. For a
moment, he was stunned, then his heartbeat slowed as he recalled Harry’s notorious invisibility
cloak. Harry snickered behind him, lowering his hand from Draco’s mouth.

“You nearly gave me a bloody heart attack,” Draco snapped.

“Ah, now I feel bad,” Harry said, releasing Draco to lower his hood. It was never going to not be
unnerving to see Harry’s floating head. “How can I make it up to you?”

Draco hummed, kicking the voice reminding him that they needed to talk. But they had all day to
talk, he reminded himself. He could feel Harry’s shoulders and the fabric of the cloak, seeking out
the clasp. Once undone, he eased it off Harry’s shoulders, trailing his curled knuckles over warm
skin.

“You can start by kissing me,” he said.

Harry obeyed, swiping his tongue along Draco’s lips. Draco opened his mouth to let Harry’s tongue
explore. A deep growl sent a shiver down Draco’s spine. They apparated back to Harry’s bedroom,
landing on the bed. The cloak was tossed to the side in a crumpled mess on the floor. The kiss broke
as Harry pushed Draco’s knees to his shoulders and Draco hooked his arms around them.

“Stay,” Harry said.

“Seriously? One word commands, Potter?”

“Just stay. Like that.” Draco rolled his eyes but tightened his grip on his thighs as Harry moved down and licked his rim. Draco moaned, eyelids sliding closed.

“Fuck,” he sighed. “Oh, fuck…”

He could feel his grip slipping, fingers straining to keep hold of his legs. His nails dug into his flesh. Harry moved his tongue up to kiss and suck at Draco’s sack, curling the fingers of one hand around his cock. Draco lost his grip and opted for fisting the sheets beneath him instead as Harry teased him, edging him toward another climax.

He moved to kiss and lick Draco’s cock, closing his lips around him. He met Draco’s gaze as he bobbed. Draco moaned, running his hand through Harry’s messy hair as Harry pressed his lips to the tip of Draco’s spit-slicked cock. He fisted him again, sliding his hand up and down vigorously.

“Fuck, I’m going to love debauching you,” Harry decided. “Send you out just like this so everyone can see how much you’re fucking pure-blood arse loves getting pounded by my half-blood cock.” He grinned. “How are your pure-blood relations going to take that, huh? Bet they’ll just love the idea of their precious Malfoy heir spreading his legs for me. How’d they take that? Hm?”

“Fuck…Harry…” Draco arched his back. He was so close. So very close—Harry slowed his hand to gentler, languid strokes. Draco whined at the unfairness of it while Harry moved to lie beside him.

“Talk to me, Baby. How are they going to take it?” he asked. “Tell me how scandalized they’ll be when they find out that I fuck you’re cute ass any chance I get. That I put my mouth on parts that are just sinful. That I lick and kiss your ass and cock and you just let me like a bitch in heat.”

Draco bucked, moaning.

“Tell me.”

“They’d hate it.” Draco said. “They’d be scandalized. But fuck them.” He cried out as Harry’s thumb pressed under the head. “Fuck! Yes. They’d hate knowing I’m your bitch. Don’t care what they think. Don’t even give a fuck! Just fuck me, Harry. Make me a disgrace. Make it hurt so I have to limp—”

Harry released him. “Turn over on your front. Open your fucking cunt for me.”

Draco obeyed and reached behind to push his fingers inside. Harry hummed behind him, running his hands over Draco’s butt cheeks, still red from being smacked a couple hours prior.

“That’s enough,” Harry said. “Take your fingers out and lift your hips.” Draco pulled his hand away and scooted back lifting his hips up toward Harry’s face. Draco yelped at another swat to his ass before Harry eased his cock inside. Draco’s arms and legs shook.

Once Harry was fully seated inside him, his arms gave out. Harry’s hands gripped his hips as he picked up pace, growling promises and threats in the same breath.

“Oh fuck,” Draco moaned. “Harder…Harry, fuck me harder.”
“Shit,” Harry hissed and shifted his position so to get deeper in him, moving one leg to wrap around Draco’s hip, pressed to Draco’s back. As he aimed to fulfill Draco’s demand, he also grabbed Draco’s hair and yanked.

It shouldn’t have done anything. Or at least should have deterred him. But like when Harry spanked him, having his hair pulled ended up pushing him over the edge.

He gasped, panting as his cock softened, sensitive from a touch. Harry pulled out of him. Draco forced himself to turn over. He watched Harry bring himself to completion, licking his lips at the moans that came from his mouth. Harry leaned down and kissed him just as his orgasm overcame him.


“So are you,” Draco said.

Harry kissed him, running his hand down Draco’s body, fingers tracing the outline of his frame as fatigue overtook them both.

Chapter End Notes

https://lifehacker.com/5858128/shut-off-your-gag-reflex-by-squeezing-your-left-thumb
Draco apparated outside Malfoy Manor’s gates before entering. He approached the gates, whistling happily, even at the twinge that made it feel odd to walk.

Once inside, he stopped as the loud caterwauling charm burst to life, covering his ears. Draco reached for his wand and shut it off.

“Thank the Goddess!”

He turned to his mother as she embraced him.

“Are you okay? Where have you been? Why didn’t you tell us where you were going?”

“Yes – Mum. Mum. Mum.”

She silenced.

“I’m nineteen. I don’t need to tell you where I’m going. Or how long I’m going to be out. Now, will that charm go off again or can I go take a shower, and change clothes?”

Narcissa’s lips were pressed together in an impeccable impression of Professor McGonagall.

“Of course, it’s off. Go rest, Sweetheart.”

He took a step up tentatively. When no ear-piercing shriek bludgeoned his hearing, he went up the stairs and to his room, shutting the door behind him with a soft click.

“Damn, they really need to stop treating me a like a child,” he muttered, stripping out of his clothes on the way to the shower.

Draco paused to look in his large mirror, and shuddered at the marks Harry had left on him. Particularly one mark bitten into the junction of his neck and shoulder. Add to the one on his inner thigh…one on his stomach, too…

He turned from the mirror, deciding it’d be best not to upset his parents further and go back to Harry’s, just like this, and renew copulating like two animals.

No matter how tempting.

Draco took a long shower, reliving some of his favorite moments over the last twenty-four hours.

Once finished, he dressed into some relaxed sweats and a tank top. His parents would be horrified, but fuck it, he just returned from having perhaps the most relaxed day of his life and he wasn’t really feeling like giving up that feeling, even if he wasn’t going to have fulfilling and filthy sex again for a bit.

Three raps to his door alerted him to a visitor.

“Draco?”

With a sigh, he went to admit his father. Lucius usually wasn’t easily amused, but this was different.

“So, the prodigal has returned.”
Draco shook his head.

“As I had told Mum, I’m not a child anymore. If I was nine, I could understand this level of worry, but as it is, I’m not. You don’t need to worry about me anymore. And I’m fine, as you can see. Or should I resign myself to you two flooing over daily to the flat I’m hoping to get one day? You know, I do hope to live a life without you two henpecking me.”

Lucius chuckled. “It’s just with our…house arrest situation, we had worried.”

“I was out with coworkers.”

“For a whole day?”

Draco shrugged. “We were celebrating a birthday. That’s all.”

“A whole day?”

How to phrase this in a way that doesn’t get him suspicious or reveal that I just came home from perhaps the most glorious fucking I’d ever gotten?

“Well, yeah. You know. End up spending the night singing jaunty pub tunes, down a sobering potion and some coffee and back to work.”

Brilliant. Now if only that worked because the bloody bastard doesn’t look convinced.

“Who were you with?” Lucius asked.

“No one who wouldn’t have stunned me if I made a jail break,” he joked.

Nothing.

Not even a dry chuckle.

“It was Potter’s birthday. He invited me to join them. I decided it wouldn’t hurt to go and enjoy myself. Or should I have sent you and Mum a note?”

“Why would Potter care if you came to his birthday party or not? Neither of you were close and even if we owe him…”

“Dad, you’re making more of this than it is,” Draco snapped. “That’s where I was last night. Please, stop fretting over nothing. I’ll see you at dinner. Can I please be left alone now?”

Lucius arched a brow. “Draco, what are you not telling me?”

I shagged Harry Potter and it was bloody fantastic.

He sighed. No getting out of it.

“Might as well get Mum, then,” he said, leaving the safe confines of his room to go to the parlor where Narcissa was reading.

She looked up from the pages when they entered.

Once Lucius and Draco had taken seats, Draco inhaled.

“I found my mate,” he said. “I was with him.”
“Him?” Lucius snarled.

“You know I’m gay. You don’t like it, but you know it. So, is it really that surprising that my mate is also male? Because it doesn’t surprise me at all. What did surprise me was that my Mate is Harry Potter.”

He waited for them to speak.

Narcissa was paler than usual. Lucius’ hands were flexing in the way they did whenever he was about to lose his temper.

“Well, we did suspect that might be the case,” Narcissa said at last. “And you know that you require an heir, Draco.”

“I’m not marrying a witch because you want grandchildren,” he snapped. “I won’t. I can’t. I really can’t.”

“You can,” Lucius snarled. “You can, and you will.”

_Don’t get mad. You have every right to get mad, but that’s not going to help you._

“Does Harry have Veela blood?” Narcissa asked. “Does he have enough?”

“We don’t know,” Draco said.

“Because if he does, then there’s no problem, right, Lucius?”

_That wouldn’t be a problem._

“I don’t care how much Veela blood he has or doesn’t have. I won’t marry someone for the sake of only having a child and nothing more. It’s cruel. To me and to the witch you force me to marry. I know you want the family line to continue, but after being with Harry and knowing that he accepts me and is willing to be my mate, I can’t even begin to think of settling for less. You didn’t.”

“That’s different,” Narcissa said.

“Right, you could have children, ergo you were allowed to be together. What if it were different? What if you couldn’t? Would you really not have fought to be together anyway?”

He met his father’s unwavering glare.

“I spent most of my life doing as I was told. I refuse to relent on this. I want to be with my Mate. I’m not going to apologize for being gay nor will I apologize for having a wizard as a Mate.” He stood. “I’ll see you both at dinner.”

With that, he returned to his room and collapsed on his bed. He should have told Harry about his parents’ desire for grandchildren – heirs as they so unemotionally put it – before coming home.

He really meant to tell him, but he couldn’t do it.

He didn’t want to have such a dour discussion during passionate copulation. Now, Draco wished he had taken a break to discuss it with Harry, to find a solution.

Draco pushed himself into a sitting position and went to floo Harry, tossing some powder into his room’s fireplace and enunciating Harry’s address before sticking his head inside.
“Hello?” Hermione answered. She grinned. “Draco! Great night, hm?”

He snorted. “Very great. Tell you all about it at lunch tomorrow. But that aside, Hermione, is Harry at home? I need to discuss something with him. Something I…neglected to discuss earlier.”

“Yes! Just a mo’,” she said standing and calling for Harry.

He heard her call for Ginny as well. As Harry knelt down he could hear the click of a door.

“Everything all right? Mione said you had something to tell me?”

“I told my parents you’re my mate.”

“Ah. Let me guess: they want you to break up with me before it goes further.”

“It’s more complicated than that,” Draco said.

He wished it wouldn’t dampen his smile, but it did.

“I should’ve told you sooner that they made it pretty clear: if my Mate was able to conceive and have children, I could marry them. If not, they wanted to marry a pureblood witch that could help continue the family line.”

Harry stared at him, frowning.

“I should have told you,” he said. “It slipped my mind.”

As soon as the lie passed his lips, he regretted it.

Harry exhaled. “Fair enough.” He scratched his chin. “Why can’t you opt for surrogacy?” he asked. “That would solve the problem. Or are purebloods against surrogacy?”

“I don’t think it was ever considered an option to my parents. Or most of us. Surrogacy’s rather new anyway, isn’t it?”

“Fairly new, yes. If Muggles can do it, Wizards can do it easier.”

“Not better?”

“Well, I don’t want to encourage anti-muggle talk…”

“Right. Easier is the better descriptor.”

“Exactly.”

“That aside, would you even want to be a dad?” Draco asked. “It’s expected of me, but as to whether or not that’s what I want, I’m not sure.”

Harry hummed. “I’ve nothing against kids, personally, but I don’t know if I’m parent material. We’ve time to figure that out, though. And any misgivings I have go with my own experience. It’s a matter of the child being wanted.”

Draco studied Harry, wondering what had happened in his past.

What did his relatives do to him?

“I’ll bring up the surrogacy option tonight,” he said. “See if that would work. I don’t have to have a
child for a while, anyway, and being male, it’s not like we’ve a time frame for it. But I do know this much: I don’t want to be with anyone other than you, Harry.”

His smile returned.

Not entirely, but it was there.

“You know, we haven’t actually gone on a date yet.”

“I noticed,” Draco said.

“Any preference?” Harry asked. “Though I think we’ll have to think it through a bit. My inheritance and salary might not be able to afford you the best.” He winked and Draco scoffed.

“I may be aristocratic, but I never pictured myself being the one that gets spoiled.”

“Oh? Want to do the spoiling? Great! Feel free to spoil me.”

“Prat.”

“Now, now,” Harry said, wagging his finger. “You offered to be the doting one. I’m just letting you know that I accept all forms of doting. Hugs to sex. Feel free to woo me.”

“What did you think I’d been trying to do?” Draco asked, snorting. “So far, all I needed to do was get you Quidditch tickets and if that’s what gets me into your pants…”

“Oh please, you started long before getting me those tickets, Love. You’d been trying to get along with my friends. You made an effort to get their approval and had I known sooner that I was your mate, I’d have given you blowjobs for that. The tickets, of course, earn you a place in my bed.”

“I can’t tell if you’re kidding or not.”

“Feel free to spoil me all you want. Nice turn around, to be honest. Always been the one that did the spoiling rather than be spoiled, you know. However, on a serious note, if you spoil me too much, I might feel bad. I’ll love whatever you get me and cherish it, for sure, but I might react in a way that comes from feeling like I’m taking advantage of you.”

Draco huffed. “Well, don’t,” he said. “If I ever think you’re taking advantage of me, then, one: I clearly don’t know you as well as I thought, and two: I’d probably smack you so hard your glasses go flying. Or hex. Either works.”

Harry shrugged, his grin finally back.

“As it is, I’m not going to say no to being spoiled either if you want to.”

“So, we’ll spoil each other?”

“I believe we will,” Draco said. “Did I tell you that there were periods back at school where I had a crush on you?”

Apparently not, as Harry’s eyebrows rose. “You did?”

“Quite a bit. You were the adorable kid from Madam Malkins. Then as you got older, my teasing got more…well, let’s say I wanked a bit to you in Quidditch Gear and those Triwizard uniforms. I’ve always thought you were handsome…”
“Just rather than ask me out, you opted to pull pigtails.”

“Yeah, well,” Draco scratched his head. “It was either that or be perhaps the millionth bloke or bird to fling themselves at you.”

“Didn’t happen that much, actually,” Harry said. “Granted, back then, I never would have accepted. I thought you were incapable of proper human emotion till late sixth year.”

Draco hummed. “Well, now you know and it seems everything is working out now, yeah?”

“I never should have used a spell that I didn’t understand,” Harry said, frowning.

“It doesn’t help to dwell on the past,” Draco said. “It happened and we’re both alive. That’s all.”

“But—”

“Forget. It. Happened. And I want you to show me a muggle thing for our first date,” he decided.

Harry stared at him and his grin widened. “I’m taking you to see a film, then.”

“Sounds fun.”

#

Harry learned early on after the war that it was important to knock before entering Godric’s Hollow or Spinner’s End. He never wanted to relive seeing his potion’s teacher getting blown by his godfather if he could help it. Fucking bastards enjoyed causing him embarrassment.

Sadists, the both of them!

Sirius poked his head in the parlor as Harry dusted his cloak of soot.

“Hey, kid, someone looks like they had a good night.”

“And a good day.”

“Oh? Care to elaborate.”

“No,” Harry said as he removed his cloak and hung it on the rack.

Sirius scoffed and turned into a dog, sniffing Harry.

“Will you stop that?” he snapped, shooing Sirius away. “I don’t want to deal with your teasing, Sirius. Really.”

Sirius sat and turned around to bite his rump, tackling an itch, before standing again and transforming back into a human.

“Who’s the lucky bastard this time?” he asked, leering.

Harry groaned. “Snape, Sirius is being an arse again!”

“You have permission to hex him,” Severus called.

“Really, love?” Sirius shouted back.

Whatever else he’d say was cut off by the shrieks of his mother’s portrait.
“Woman, I will set you aflame if you don’t shut the fuck up!”

As he went to deal with his mother’s portrait, Harry entered the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea. Sirius returned, muttering curses on his mother’s spirit under his breath. He exhaled.

“So, got lucky last night, eh?”

No getting him off this topic then, Harry thought. “Fine, yes. Finding out you’re someone’s mate would do that.”

“Oh, so Draco finally told you.”

“More like I figured it out on my own,” Harry corrected, leaning against the counter as water boiled. “And he’s not as subtle as he likes to think he is. So, yes, we shagged. He did have to go home, and not long after, he tells me his parents —”

“Want heirs?” Sirius finished.

“Yeah. I suggested surrogacy, but I don’t know if I want to be a dad.”

Sirius hummed. “Surrogacy is a good option, but it’s a new one as well. Older witches and wizards, such as Draco’s parents, aren’t aware it’s available yet.”

“I’d have thought it’d have been around in this world longer than in the Muggle World.”

“One would think. Shockingly, we only just got around to making werewolf relief potions such as the wolfsbane in the mid nineteen-eighties. Medical advances tend to move at the same pace as it is in the Muggle world, unfortunately. Just because we have access to magic and can see and witness things Muggles can’t doesn’t mean that we’re not more enlightened. Or less, for that matter. As for your future mum- and dad-in-law…”

Harry shuddered at that.

He had till now been able to ignore what being with Draco – being his mate – meant also that he’d be son-in-law to Lucius Malfoy. He liked Narcissa enough once he got to know her a bit better, but Lucius…

“You may need to give them a little time to get used to the idea of Surrogacy as a legitimate way to have children. Add to it, you don’t have to decide anything on the matter right away. You and Draco did just start seeing each other. Maybe a bit too much of each other.”

“As if you’re one to talk,” Harry snapped.

The kettle whistled and he took to pouring himself a cup of ginger and chamomile tea.

“Did your parents set such a ridiculous ultimatum?”

“Yes. Part of the reason I left was because I knew I wasn’t going to want a witch even if I could get it up for one. That and I wasn’t ready for kids myself. Now, well, there’s a reason I named you heir to the Black Family fortune. Helps that you yourself got some Black blood, too.”

Harry turned to him. “What?”

Sirius blinked. “Didn’t I tell you?”

“No.”
“Oh. Oops.”

“But you said my Dad never…felt…did he?”

“Did you?”

“I didn’t feel different at all,” Harry admitted, sitting down. “I still don’t. Is that because I might have found my mate before?”

“I’m not sure. If your dad did have enough veela blood in him, he might have felt it. Granted, he was a bit obsessed with your mum…And never follow his example on wooing. Or mine. We were not good at it.”

Harry snorted.

“But yes, you are a distant relative to the House of Black. As for any veela ancestry…I don’t think you’ve enough to really count as part veela. Pity. If you did, you’d probably be able to bake a bun. That’d solve all your problems.”

“Hilarious,” Harry deadpanned, glowering at him.

“Of course I am. Just don’t go around making more Sirius puns.”

Harry stared at him, unamused. “You’re not as funny as you think, Sirius.”

Sirius clapped his hand to his chest in mock hurt.

“You’re ridiculous. Don’t you think you’re a bit old for these jokes?”


“Sometimes, I wonder why I talk to you.”

“Same as I wonder why I married this clown,” Severus said, entering the kitchen. “Potter.”

“Professor.”

“Dare I ask what you did to my husband?”

“I called him old.”

“Hm. That would do it.” Sirius climbed back up and took his seat again.

“In all seriousness, Harry.”

Severus snorted.

“Don’t start, love,” Sirius said with an exasperated huff. “They will need time to get used to the idea of surrogacy. While they do, I’m all right with letting Draco stay here.”

“Oh, are we talking about the whole pure blood mania ‘we-want-grandkids’ thing?”

“Yep.”

“Hmm, figures. Were you going to ask me if Draco could stay?”
“But you’re right here able to give your two-cents.”

“I didn’t feel like I was being included.”

Sirius winced. “Sorry, love. I value you’re opinion immensely.”

“Luckily he’s one of the few kids I’ve known that I actually like. I’m fine with it,” Severus said. “But only if it comes down to that it’s necessary.”

“Given the Malfoys, do you doubt it might be?”

Harry figured he had his answer – prospect of having Veela ancestry, even so distant it’s nonexistent, notwithstanding – and made to leave them to their conversation. He bade goodbye and went to the hearth, flooing back to his flat.

Once home, he poured himself a glass of firewhiskey and began planning for his first date.

After all, no wizard treads into the muggle world lightly.

#

Come seven-thirty, Draco felt more nauseas than hungry and opted avoiding going to dinner. He didn’t know if he could take anymore of his parents’ disappointment.

But, still, he went and met them in the smaller dining room. Other than clinking china and glasses, no words were spoken. He couldn’t eat.

At last, he found the will to speak.

“Mum, Dad, have you heard of surrogacy?”

They stared at him.

“It’s a newer option readily available. Harry brought it up, said it might be worth pursuing. I don’t have enough information about it yet to give a proper presentation on it, but if you give me a month just to do the research, you might agree that it would be a suitable option as opposed to marrying me to someone I couldn’t be with.”

He watched them, waiting to see what they’re answer would be.

“One month,” Lucius said. “We’ll look into it as well.”

Draco sighed. “Thank you.”
Harry handed him a flier.

The pictures didn’t move, detailing a man holding a torch and a curly haired brunette. Behind them the pyramids of Egypt with a roaring, spectral face in black and grey. At the top in golden capitol script read *The Mummy*.

“I take it this is what you’re taking me to?” Draco asked

“At the Prince Charles Cinema, yep. And after that dinner at Berners Tavern. After that, if we don’t get called in,” he sent a glare at Tonks, who merely grinned. “We could just walk around and see what draws us. Yeah?”

“Fitting. Our first date’s at a tavern.”

“Oi, that’s no mere tavern! Berners is actually pretty damn posh!” Harry assured him. “You’ll like it.”

“I suppose I’ll just have to trust your judgement, won’t I?”

“I promise you will not be disappointed.”

“I highly doubt you could do anything to disappoint me, Potter,” Draco said. “Frustrate, anger, arouse…yeah, you could do that, but never disappoint.”

“Okay, you two, stop flirting and get back to work,” Tonks said. “Even I get a little sick of your flirting after a time.”

“Then why are you watching?” Draco asked. Harry shook his head.

“It’s Tonks. It’s what she does.”

“That’s annoying.”

“Yeah…you get used to it.”

Draco wasn’t so sure about getting used to his cousin’s eccentricities, but she was in his life now. He might as well get used to her. Even if just a little bit…he had far too many relatives of the eccentric persuasion anyway to completely avoid it.

For the most part, though, he couldn’t say he really minded it. Not when it seemed to only make his life a little more interesting in the end.

#

“I can’t believe you cringed so much!” Harry laughed, leading a scowling, almost greenish faced Draco out of the cinema. “It was not that bad.”

“I will never look at a beetle the same way again.”

“Technically they were scarabs.”

“A beetle is a beetle, Potter. And I will take newfound enjoyment in making potions with beetles in
them.” Harry laughed.

“Will it help if I assure you that no one was actually killed or hurt in the making of it? Nor any beetles?”

“A little.” They waited for the best opportunity to cross the street then darted to the other sidewalk. “You know, we could have apparated.”

“Too many muggles,” Harry pointed out. Draco hummed, realizing that was true. “And besides, it’s more fun trying to dodge cars anyway.”

“Oh sure, more fun trying to dodge large things that can flatten us like pancakes,” Draco said.

“Well when you put it like that, then yeah, apparating seems much worthier of the risk,” Harry laughed, taking Draco’s hand in his own.

Draco squeezed Harry’s hand gently, still feeling somewhat amazed that he was with him. After all their enmity and all the anger between them…

“I love you,” Draco whispered.

Harry grinned at him and raised their joined hands, kissing Draco’s knuckles.

He could sense Harry’s hesitance by his declaration, as if even knowing that Draco was his was not enough to quell any doubts he might still have.

Again he found himself wondering at what his relatives had done to him to make him doubt Draco’s love for him so much.

And yet again, Draco bit down his questions. He wanted to know, but he had to trust that Harry would tell him when he was ready.

“Have you talked to your parents about the surrogacy thing yet?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Draco said. “I don’t know if they’re open to it yet, but they agreed to let me present it to them as a viable option with proper research done by next month.”

“Awesome,” Harry said. “I can help with that if you like.”

“I’d appreciate any help I can get. You know, if I were anyone else, I’m sure my parents wouldn’t give a shit about the grandkid thing.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah.”

“Does this have anything to do with me being me?”

“Whether you like your fame or not, you cannot deny that I speak a lie in that regard.”

“Ah…yeah. I guess…”

Draco mentally kicked himself.

“I don’t know how the mate thing works enough to really be able to say one way or another, Harry, but I don’t think you being famous would have anything to do with it in the end,” he said. “You’d
likely be my mate regardless of your social standing or the like.”


Draco nodded. “I don’t think I’ll ever not be.”

Harry grinned again and they apparated.

When the sensations of being squeezed through a tube left them, they were in a secluded room at the Leaky Cauldron. Door already locked and the room lit with the warm, soft glow of candles.

Their clothes were discarded quickly, tossed wherever they may and left on the floor. Draco turned them around to push Harry down onto the bed.

It was not a soft bed, but it would do well enough for what they were going to do. Draco kissed Harry languidly, moving his hands over his lover’s body. Harry groaned, arching into Draco’s touch.

Draco grinned as he moved down Harry’s body kissing where he could and occasionally darting his tongue over warm skin and relishing his arousal.

Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s hair as he moved further down his body. Draco glanced up, dipping his tongue into Harry’s navel, and felt a surge of pride at the arousal marring Harry’s striking green eyes.

He let off, curling his fingers around the base of Harry’s cock and stroked it a little bit before kneeling down again to take him into his mouth. Harry gasped and attempted to buck.

Draco held him down as he bobbed his head. Harry writhed, gripping Draco’s hair and yanking. Draco dislodged the hand gripping his hair, holding it in his own instead as he edged Harry closer to completion.

Just as Harry was so close it’d only take a moment more to make him spill, Draco let off, smirking at the frustrated groan Harry released.

He mumbled a couple spells and straddled his waist, kissing Harry sloppily. Draco gripped the base of Harry’s cock and slid down on it. Harry’s hands grabbed Draco’s hips.

Draco could feel him shake from the effort not to move though it was exactly what Harry desired to do. Draco half wanted Harry to buck and stab into him brutally, but it seemed Harry was intent on letting Draco take control and Draco was glad to have it.

He increased his pace steadily, never breaking eye contact with Harry. Harry’s hands gripped Draco’s hips and he arched at a twinge, mouth open and head tilted back.

Draco leaned down, removing the glasses from Harry’s face.

“Oi!”

“They were fogging and I want to see your eyes.”

“Well, yeah, but I can’t see without them. I can still see even when fogged…”

Draco hushed him, taking Harry’s hands in his own. He rolled them over so Harry would be on top and locked his legs at the ankles around Harry’s waist.
Harry blinked as the realization of their new position came over him. He straightened, resting his hands on Draco’s chest and rolled his hips, testing.

Once assured, he moved Draco’s legs up till they were supported by Harry’s shoulders and thrust hard. The bed shook, slamming against the wall.

Draco had half a mind to remind him that they weren’t somewhere they could be so loud but a hard jab against his prostate drove any thoughts of propriety from his mind. He curled his own hand around his cock and pumped in time with Harry’s thrusts.

Heat built deep in inside him, like a lava pit set on exploding. Their lips touched, but to call it a kiss wasn’t quite right…they touched but it was less a kiss and more like sharing breath as though they could meld into one being.

Harry claimed Draco’s mouth and Draco arched as he came. Harry followed not long after, his thrusts erratic and halting.

Then still, save for their hearts beating in time and their breath still coming forth in deep puffs.

“You are so fucking hot,” Harry whispered, kissing Draco’s neck, lips pressed to his pulse. “I can’t fucking believe you’re mine.”

“Isn’t that what I should be saying?” Draco asked.

They hissed and groaned as Harry detached himself from Draco. Harry grabbed his glasses and inspected Draco’s rear.

“As if you could tear me, Potter.”

“Just want to make sure I didn’t,” Harry said before leaning down and licking the sensitive skin.

Draco gasped, twisting the sheets beneath him in his hands.

“You know that’s your cream, Scarhead.”

Harry ignored him, continuing to lick him clean, green eyes alight with mischief. Draco whined, cock giving a twitch as arousal began to build within him again.

“Oh, fuck…”

Harry chuckled, voice muffled from his place between Draco’s legs. Following that was another firm lick, the tip slipping inside him. Draco whined, laying back down.

He was going to come again, he was certain of it. This time by Harry Potter’s fucking tongue probing as deep inside him as it could.

Draco spread his legs a little wider, earning an appreciative groan from Harry. His cock was half hard again and his legs shook in his attempts at keeping them apart.

At last, he hooked his hands under his thighs, which helped a little more. Harry’s hands pressed against his hole, spreading it open more than before to lick and clean.

Draco whined, digging his nails into his own flesh as Harry fucked him with his tongue. Draco gasped, coming once more. This time untouched and unstimulated save for Harry’s tongue licking his hole.
At last, Harry deemed him clean enough and rose, licking his lips before delving down to lap at the semen covering Draco’s stomach. He finished that task quicker, ending by peppering kisses to Draco’s oversensitive cock, relishing the gasps and hisses he pulled from Draco’s throat.

Harry then moved back up, kissing Draco. Draco could feel Harry’s cock, hard and smooth, against his thigh. He pushed Harry down onto his back and moved to suck him once again.

Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s hair, watching him. Not much time more passed for Harry to find release again, spilling in Draco’s mouth.

Draco swallowed as much as he could, licking his lips at the end and seeking out the drops that escaped his mouth. Harry whined as Draco licked him clean.

Once done, Draco laid beside him and they shared kisses before drifting off to a heavy sleep…

~Seven Years Later~

Ginny shrieked from the surgery, filling Harry and Draco with apprehension. With her were Hermione and Narcissa, guiding her through the process as much as the healers were.

Lucius scoffed, rocking Scorpius in his arms to keep the tot from crying too much.

“Will you two relax?” he snapped. “You’ve done this once before.”

“Doesn’t make it easier,” Harry muttered.

Even with one heir already born and healthy and a second being pushed out of the surrogate mother’s uterus as they spoke, Lucius and Harry had maintained nothing short of an icy relationship for the last seven years.

As far as the senior Malfoy was concerned, Harry’s and Draco’s relationship would always be an affront to his reputation and name, even if he and Narcissa both relented that surrogacy was a viable option.

They maintained that the surrogate mother must be pureblood.

(And so Ginny offered her uterus. In exchange, Harry would be surrogate father to hers and Hermione’s children which would be born by Hermione.)

It maintained as such even after the Malfoy family line was secured through their first child (currently in his grandfather’s arms).

Narcissa then had pressed that while the Malfoy line was indeed secured through Scorpius, would not the Potter line also require an heir?

Harry had balked at that at first, happy with just Scorpius, but Draco can’t say he minded.

He’d have liked to have had siblings growing up. Harry relented and they agreed to request Ginny’s services again after Scorpius’ second birthday.

Hence why, a few months before Scorpius’ third birthday, they were in the waiting room of St. Mungo’s maternity ward.

Another blood curdling shriek startled all three men.

“You could rescue Scorpius from Lucius,” Harry muttered, sending a glare to his father-in-law.
Draco sighed. If Harry had his way, Lucius wouldn’t have any place in their children’s life.

At all.

Draco had to point out that while it made sense to keep Harry’s relatives as far away from them as possible, he couldn’t extend the same leonine protective instinct toward the grandparents.

“I heard that,” Lucius bit back, glaring.

“Don’t start,” Draco sighed. “I’d rather not hexes start flying. I, for one, would like to stay here.”

Scorpius woke and twisted around in Lucius arms. Blue eyes settled on Harry and he reached out toward him.

“Papa,” he said. Lucius set him down and Scorpius trotted over to Harry, happy to settle in his lap and drift back to sleep in Harry’s arms, tiny hands clutching at the Auror robes that Harry had not been able to change out of yet.

Draco brushed a strand of hair away from Scorpius’ face and laid his head on Harry’s shoulder, relishing the angelic countenance their son held in his sleep until they were jostled once more by Ginny’s shrieking. This time, once over, it was followed by a baby’s wail.

The surgery doors opened a quarter hour later and the healer waved them inside. Scorpius woke, rubbing his eyes as they entered the room.

Ginny had passed out with a bundle of pink in her arms.

Hermione grinned at them.

“She’s precious, you two,” she assured them.

Draco was loathing the thought of disturbing Ginny and the baby, but Hermione did so for him, holding the girl out to him to take.

The baby whined at being disturbed from her slumber, but settled quickly again once in Draco’s arms. He showed her to Harry, speechless.

“Look, Scorpius. You have a baby sister,” Harry whispered. “She’s beautiful.”

Hermione grinned. “She really is.”

“No more babies are coming out of my uterus for half a decade,” Ginny muttered. “No more babies from this uterus…”

Hermione laughed and kissed her forehead.

“Fine, you can get your own babies, then,” Draco said.

Hermione wrinkled her nose.

She wasn’t that keen on being pregnant, herself, but it certainly was “her turn” if Ginny was to get her way.

And Molly was starting to peck at them about grandchildren of her own, never mind that she already has three from different children.
“We’ll worry about that later,” Ginny mumbled.

Hermione kissed her forehead again.

“You’re amazing, Babe,” she whispered.

Ginny managed a weak grin before going back to sleep.

“What will you two name her?”

Harry and Draco glanced at each other. Draco grinned.

“Lily,” he said. “Her name is Lily.”

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