Red Strings of Fate

by Avicii

Summary

Instead of Harry meeting Dumbledore when Voldemort killed him, he meets Fate who grants him one wish. Harry only wishes to be where he is the happiest. So, why did he wake up with two husbands—and why is Snape calling Hermione…’love’? What the heck is going on in this world!? AU. Threesome! BZ/HP/DM.

Notes

"All endings are also beginnings. We just don't know it at the time."
- Mitch Albom
"Harry Potter," he said very softly. His voice might have been part of the spitting fire. "The Boy Who Lived."

None of the Death Eaters moved. They were waiting. Everything was waiting. Hagrid was struggling, and Bellatrix was panting, and Harry thought inexplicably of Ginny, and her blazing look, and the feel of her lips on his—

Voldemort raised his wand. His head was still tilted to one side, like a curious child, wondering what would happen if he proceeded. Harry looked back into the red eyes, and wanted it to happen now, quickly, while he could still stand, before he lost control, before he betrayed fear—

He saw the mouth move and a flash of green light, and everything was gone.

Harry inhaled sharply as he woke up with a start, his rattled breathing the only audible sound in the too white space — he couldn't really call it a room, it had no door — it echoed against the walls and reverberated towards himself. He clutched at his chest, feeling his heart pounding rapidly against his rib cage as he tried to desperately calm his shivering form and get his muddled brain to begin thinking again.

The last thing he remembered was the battle, Voldemort casting the death curse and—

Harry scrambled to his feet and was confused to see that he was dressed in white robes. "Merlin, what the bloody hell is going on?"

"I don't think you should be asking Merlin that question."

Harry jumped and turned around to face the voice that had spoken and he couldn't keep his jaw from dropping to the floor as he saw a girl — no, really, a woman— with silver, flowing hair and aqua colored eyes. Harry was so stunned by her beauty that he took a step back, uncertain of the being before him.

"W-who are you?" He managed to choke out, examining her critically; her white robes and simple sandals almost seemed wrong on her form — as if they did not display what she truly was. He aura alone screamed power, more power than any mortal could ever wield or imagine.

What was she, exactly?

"You have many questions, Harry Potter, and I shall answer them all. If you will, please, have a seat and I shall give you a cup of tea to calm your frazzled nerves."
Harry shivered as her voice washed over her, now noticing the sweetness and powerful tone of her voice, it was light and dark, strong and soft – it was intoxicating. Harry found himself wanting her to speak more.

He hesitantly walked over to the white table that held a steaming pot of tea and two cups that were already filled with tea. The woman smiled indulgently at him as he studied her warily, falling to his seat slowly.

"Go on, I assure you, Harry Potter, it is not poisoned." She said, smiling as she motioned for him to take a sip of his tea before she picked up her own cup and sipped leisurely.

Harry gazed at the murky, brown tea and swallowed heavily, as he brought the tea to his lips and took a tiny sip.

The woman laughed as he gasped loudly in wonder before sighing as his muscles began to relax and his nerves calmed.

Harry blushed at the sound of her laugh, even her laugh sounded amazing! "Who are you?"

The woman smiled at him as her eyes twinkled – reminding Harry suddenly of Dumbledore. "I am Moirai or Fate as you are familiar with. More specifically, my name is Aisa and I am the cutter of the red thread of life."

If Harry was still holding the tea, he would have dropped it; his eyes were wide and his jaw slacked as he looked on at the ethereal being in front of him who he was having tea with. Harry blushed in mortification as the thought entered his mind.

He was having tea with bloody Fate!

Harry felt his heart speed up as he cleared his throat before he spoke as casual as he could, "So, I'm dead, right?"

"Not quite, Harry Potter." She replied, amused as she brought her tea cup back to her lips for another sip.

"I don't understand...you're Fate – and might I add how fucked up you made my life to be, and I would gladly curse you to hell and back if I didn't think there wouldn't be consequences afterward."

Harry was surprised that after his little rant he was met with that lovely laughter as Aisa clutched the table to support herself. He watched wide eyed as Fate doubled over in laughter, her beautiful face alight with laughter as tears formed in her eyes.

"Forgive me, Harry Potter, but if you want to curse one of the Fates it would be better if you start with my sister, Nona, she is the one who creates the thread of life and creates events in one's life. I believe she was feeling rather adventurous when she made your thread, Harry Potter." Aida's eyes, once again, twinkled with amusement as she took another sip of her tea.

"Nona must not like me."

Aida laughed and shook her head, amusement clear in her eyes. "I suppose not, no. I think she was bored, regrettably."

"I can imagine." Harry mutter in rebuttal as he crossed his arms and glared at Aida. "If I am not here to die, then, why am I here?"
"Oh, do not be mistaken, Harry Potter, you are certainly dead. I just have not cut your thread yet to send you to the 'next adventure' as Albus Dumbledore called it." Aida's eyes twinkled again and Harry had a strong feeling that it was Dumbledore who taught her how to do that.

"Then…then why haven't you?" He knew he should be more upset that he was dead but his mind fleded to seeing his mother, his father, Sirius, and Remus. His heart ached at the thought of seeing them again.

Somehow, he was okay with being dead.

Aida sighed, setting her teacup down gently and laying her hand delicately on her lap. "I have told Decima this when she measured your thread and stopped at the Great Battle of Hogwarts but I will not cut your thread now."

Harry was shocked, and he slumped against his chair and his heart plummeted to his stomach.

"So, I won't be able to see my mum and dad? Am I stuck here?" Harry grimaced at the thought, he would go insane with all this white and it seemed he was the only person in this place.

"No to both."

Harry frowned in confusion as he sat up straighter, "I don't quite understand…"

"We have watched you suffer, Harry Potter, so much suffer that even Nona regrets making such suffering in a thread for someone so light and pure. You are a very powerful wizard, Harry Potter, but due to your suffering you were never able to develop your core to its full potential and for that, we are regretful." Aida said, sadly, her head bowed throughout her speech as Harry just looked at her in horror and disbelief. Was this some type of goddess way of saying sorry?

"So, what do you plan on doing with me? Send me back to battle?"

"Of course not," Aida snapped causing Harry to jump at the sharp tone. "For one, you are dead and such you will remain so as dictated by Mother Nature herself. Second, your world is already too corrupted and too evil so even if I did send you back and you did manage to kill Tom Riddle, you would never be happy—content, maybe, but never true happiness."

"True…happiness?" It sounded foreign to him, the thought of happiness. Harry was denied happiness his whole life and now he was being granted such a luxury, he felt himself grow wary. He had a feeling that this was too good to be true.

"You would never be with your soul mates and that is true happiness: the ones who love you unconditionally and without question."

Harry widened his eyes, he had a soul mate. His thoughts instantly went to Ginny; could she be his soul mate? He did feel protective of her and his last thoughts were about her. He did enjoy her company and she was funny, it also meant he would become part of the family if he married her which would mean the world to him, to have a family. That would make him the happiest.

Maybe…maybe, he was in love with Ginny. The thought didn't seem disturbing to him and he actually quite liked it.

"What are you planning to do?" Harry demanded his back straight and his green eyes rapt with attention.
"I will grant you one wish, anything you want whether it be to be with your parents or to find your soul mates, anything Harry Potter. That is your gift for enduring with our games." Aida responded, automatically, as if she was reading from a textbook.

"And you can do this for me?" Harry asked, letting hope swell in his heart.

Aida nodded, a small smile gracing her lips as she said, "Of course, Harry Potter. I can grant you whatever you want as long as it is reasonable."

Harry sat back in his seat stunned at the thought of being given whatever he wanted and he knew in the back of his mind that he wanted this, this wish that could change his life forever.

Harry sighed and rubbed his face tiredly, "I suppose you're not going to warn me about what to expect when I give you my wish, right?"

"I'm afraid not." Aida said, cheerfully, laughing when Harry gave her a dirty look. "What fun would it be to watch if who you are watching already knows the outcome? We are sending you to this world because you have a chance, a clean slant to be loved for who you are. It is the least we can do for what we have tasked you throughout the years."

"Right," Harry nodded, sighing. He thought hard about his decision and he knew he wanted this; he wanted this wish which would change his life for the better.

It was time he became selfish.

"Okay," He said, slowly, as he tapped the table top silently in thought. "Can I wish that Tom Riddle was never risen?"

"If Tom Riddle never had his reign then another would have taken his place as the Dark Lord, the Fates have foresaw it." Aida said, blankly.

Harry paled and his tea cup almost fell to the ground. "It's me, isn't it? If Voldemort hadn't risen again, I would have gone dark."

"Yes, Harry Potter, he would have more influence on you because of what you have inside you."

Aida said, vaguely, causing Harry to frown.

"Inside me? What's inside me—Horcrux! I'm a bloody Horcrux." Harry realized with horror and he suddenly felt sick at the thought that a dark piece of Voldemort's soul lingered inside him. It made him feel dirty and sick and all he wanted to do is take a long shower and scrub his skin until the stench of Voldemort was off him.

"Yes, this is why my sister is adamant in killing you because a possible future shows that you would become so powerful that you will most definitely destroy all of Europe."

Harry blanched and looked at his hands, how could he be able to do all that? He was just Harry.

"I do not believe that, though," Aida said, firmly. "I believe you are good, Harry Potter."

"What made me go ballistic in that future?" Harry croaked out, his throat suddenly dry.

"The Light had killed your soul mates and you snapped. You wanted to destroy magic because you came to the conclusion that magic only brought pain and suffering so you sought out to kill anything that contained even a bit of magic in it. Soon, you killed off magic and began killing off muggles as well..." Aida trailed off as if she didn't want to think about the horrible things that Harry had done.
Harry wanted to vomit.

"Thank you for telling me this, I won't let myself be drawn into that darkness." Harry finished with a shaky smile.

Aida returned the smile before she said, "Now, what is your wish?"

Harry thought about it, he had been thinking about it since he first found out that he had a wish to give and he knew what he wanted, what he needed. He had suffered enough and all he wanted now was to see Ginny again and live happily.

He just knew Ginny was his happiness.

"I wish to go to a world where I will be the happiest." Harry said, firmly, his breath hitched in anticipation as Aida merely tilted her head and her aqua eye's glowed. Harry shifted; it was as if she was looking into his very being, his very soul. It made him immensely uncomfortable.

"You have two red strings that are connected to you, Harry Potter." Aida said, softly. "They are very strong, treat them well and be happy."

It was then that her words fully hit him and Harry jolted in alarm. "Wait, what do you mean by 'them'?" Aida merely gave him a secret smile and realization dawned on Harry with a fierce blow. "No, no, no, no, I just want Ginny…who are them, anyways!"

Aida let out a melodious laugh as she waved her hand and said, "Have fun, Harry Potter, do come back for tea."

Then, everything went black.

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Harry groaned as for the second time he woke up not knowing where he was. He sat up, his hand holding his pounding head as his world continued to turn. He blinked a few times and was finally able to shake off the horrible feeling of vertigo.

He looked around and widened his eyes; his jaw slacked as he looked around the large room that he had never been in. Where the hell was he? The bedroom was tidy enough, everything in its place except for a spot near the closet where dark robes were thrown haphazardly in the corner and he had a dreading feeling that it was his and this was his room.

The room of his so-called soul mates and it made a nervousness rise in the pit of his stomach as he was now saddled with two people for life, people he definitely didn't love.

He felt bile rise up in his throat as he threw a glance over his shoulder to the bed and saw two lumps, chest rising and heads covered as the two slept peacefully. Harry was afraid to find out who his soul mates were and frankly, he had bigger problems as his stomach turned and he had a sudden urge to vomit all over the floor.

He didn't think his lovers would appreciate that very much.

He got up on shaky legs, feeling his stomach lurch again and he ran, pleading with the world that this was a bathroom as he opened the first door that he saw and sighed in relief as he saw the large bathroom.
He practically ran to the toilet, clutching it as bitter bile was forced out of his stomach leaving a bitter taste in his mouth and he gagged for a few moments, hoping the nausea would go away as he laid his head on the cool ceramic, trying to cool his feverish forehead. His stomach was still squeezing painfully and all he could do was clutch the sides of the toilet and try to calm down.

"What the hell have I gotten myself into?" Harry asked to thin air as he got up, sluggishly, and went to the sink; he opened the water and washed his face. He tried desperately to calm his beating heart but it was futile when he looked up and saw himself in the mirror.

"Bloody hell," Harry breathed, for a second he considered the idea that Aida had sent him to another person's body and this was all a big, fat mistake but no, there was the messy, dark hair and dark, green eyes but he looked younger…and happier. There was no worry lines or dark hoods under his eyes that showed he had issues sleeping, he imagined his body was nineteen even if his mind was only seventeen. "What the hell?"

What had he gotten himself into? He had two unknown people in a bed, he was in a unknown place and everything was wrong. So wrong, he was supposed to have woken up next to Ginny and he should've been content not frantic.

'Content but not happy,' A nasty voice in the back of his mind shot back to him. 'You wouldn't be happy with Ginny, you're happy here.'

"You're wrong," Harry said in a small whisper, glaring at his reflection—it was then he realized he was wearing contacts and not his glasses—and he clenched the side of his sink. "I was falling in love with her, we would have been happy."

"You're up early." A low, deep voice, that caused him to jump a feet high, said behind him and he quickly turned, clutching the sink for support as he was faced with one of his soul mates.

His mouth promptly fell open in shock and horror as his green eyes locked with chocolate brown eyes.

His mouth went dry when he raked the man's body from head to toe; his skin was the color of warm butterscotch, his tall frame leaned against the door frame of the bathroom with arms crossed around a bare, muscular chest and a chiseled, aristocratic face tilted to the side, stray curly, dark hair falling into the man's face and Harry had to wonder when Blaise Zabini had gotten so god damn sexy.

He shook his head, fiercely, wanting to erase the images of Blaise and him and—oh fuck.

He was screwed.

Utterly and completely fucking screwed over by goddamn Fate.

She must be having a riot over this, Harry thought angrily, his face pulled into a frown and tried desperately to ignore tall, dark, and handsome—

NO, NO, NO!

Zabini, Harry amended because no matter what world he was in, he still hated Slytherins and he was only seventeen, granted his body looked nineteen but he was seventeen mentally, for Christ's sake! He barely kissed a girl, not counting Cho's wet kiss in fifth year that was bad, very bad, so bad that —

"Tesoro," Blaise began when Harry's changed from shock to horror to a look of great constipation and he had to wonder if Harry had eaten something that didn't sit well with his stomach.
Draco did make dinner last night.

"Are you alright?" He continued, taking a step forward but stopped when Harry held a hand up to stop him. His eyes showed his concern for his love and he wondered what had happened to make him look so panicked and jittery.

"Stay where you are," Harry said his voice hoarse and his throat dry as he looked at the man and his resolve deepened. "Zabini."

Because this was Zabini, the quiet and mysterious boy that never spoke much but observed everything, knew everything. The one who hung out with Malfoy but never said anything, watched as the blond boy bullied and pushed around everyone without a word with dark, pretty eyes and –

He had to get the hell out of here.

"Harry, tell me what's wrong?" Zabini demanded but his voice was rough with worry and concern and Harry wasn't sure if he could say anything, if he could say that this wasn't his timeline, if he could say that he wasn't nineteen but seventeen, he wasn't even sure if he could speak.

True to his thoughts, he chokes as he opened his mouth, only a gasping sound coming out of his throat and he wonders if it was his own ability to not speak or if Fate was preventing him not to spill everything.

He betted on the second option.

"I'm fine," Harry said, roughly, when Zabini tried to come forward again and he could see the hurt flashing in those gorgeous eyes but he pushes his guilt down and leaned against the sink.

"Where am I, anyways?" Harry asked, as casually as he could though he was panicking inside and his heart was pounding in his chest.

"Home." Zabini said, blandly. He fiddled with the cord of his pajama pants that hung low on his hips and showed a bit of—

Whoa there, Harry!

"Right," Harry said, nodding, pulling his eyes off from where he was staring at Zabini's finger on the hem of his pajama pants to the man's face and in that brief moment, he made up his mind as he pushed off the sink and made his way to the exit.

He had to find Hermione.

"Where do you think you're going?" Zabini growled, taking a hold of his forearm as he passed him and Harry shivered when the sound went straight to his groin and the place where Zabini had his arm at warmed at his touch.

"Away from here!" Harry yelled, because he was still seventeen, a child and he could throw a tantrum when he wanted to, dammit!

"Harry, what is wrong with you?" Zabini asked again, agitated, and Harry tried to pull his arm away from the man who only tightened his grip.

"What's with all the noise?" A sleepy voice asked and Harry could spot behind Blaise's tall form, a
smaller body with a head full of platinum blond hair and half-lidded silver-gray eyes that showed confusion and concern.

It was then that Harry knew he was fucked.

"Malfoy!" Harry exclaimed in surprise and a little disgust, the hate he had for the blond rumbled in his chest and Malfoy took a step back in fear and hurt as Harry's snarled and glared at him.

"Harry, stop it!" Zabini said, sharply, seeing the hurt in his blond amore and it only made him angrier not sure what has gotten into Harry and what they did to make him so angry, he stepped in between the two when Harry tried to lunge at Malfoy. He grabbed a hold of both of Harry's wrist and pulled him flushed to his chest cause Harry to flush at the intimate touch.

"Why are you doing this, Tesoro?" Blaise asked, quietly, his face creased with worry and Harry fought even harder in his iron grasp.

Harry was angry, he didn't wish for this when he asked for happiness, he wanted a white picket fence, a lot of babies, and Ginny. Always, Ginny. Not this, not Malfoy and Zabini. No, he didn't want this.

"I don't want this," He whispered, and he doesn't realize he said it aloud until he heard Malfoy gasps and Zabini let go of his wrists as if he was burned. He took this opportunity of stunned silence to push past them both and left to find something familiar, something he knew that would never change no matter where he went.

Hermione.

He flung the door to the bedroom open and stepped out, running down the stairs and out the front door, he shivered as he was met with cool air and a rising sun beaming down on his skin and it was then he realized that he was only wearing boxers and blushed before running back inside.

By then, Zabini and Malfoy were standing at the bottom of the stairs. Zabini looked pissed and betrayed, his arms wrapped tightly around Malfoy's waist and Malfoy looked heartbroken, his eyes watery and angry and Harry turned away from those eyes, those eyes that pleaded for him to stay but he couldn't because he was confused and tricked and this just wasn't right.

Zabini had lied, this wasn't his home.

He could never have a healthy relationship with two Slytherins, it would never work especially with Malfoy. Merlin, knows how many times they had fought while Blaise watched, secretly siding with Draco. This was a fucked up relationship and he would get out of it and find Ginny, buy a house, and make fucking babies just to show Fate who was boss and piss them off.

Harry was sick of being Fate's bitch toy that did whatever they desired without a thought. He ignored the glaring fact that he had wished this into existence, he had wished for a world that would make him the happiest. That didn't matter now because this wasn't making him happy, he was actually rather pissed.

No, scratch that—he was seething.

So, he ignored them and walked into what he's guessing—he's guessing an awful lot today—is the kitchen and he's relieved when he sees a list of Floo addresses on the fridge and the first one is Hermione, he reads it quickly. Then, he made his way out of the kitchen and ignored the two silent Slytherins, somehow navigating his way to the living room; he spots the fireplace and the bowl that sat on the tapestry.
He doesn't stop to wonder and question the name of the house he was heading to nor does he turn when he hears Zabini growl in anger and Malfoy whimpered in distress as he grabbed a fistful of Floor powder and throws it in the fireplace.

"Harry, don't." Zabini warned, practically restraining himself to not go after Harry as he stepped in the green fire and looking at them with those hard, cold eyes and he knew this wasn't his Harry; his Harry never looked at them with such cold eyes.

Sure, they had their fair share of rows and fights where one of them had to leave for a few nights to cool off but they always came back and they always had a reason to leave but Harry was just leaving without a single explanation and hatred filled in his eyes and it hurt, it hurt so much damn it because he gave these two men everything he had these past four years and it was like a smack in the face to hear Harry say he didn't want this.

He didn't want them.

"Harry, why are doing this? Where are you going?" Blaise's anger only surged for what he's doing to their third, to their Draco who was always insecure about his place in their triad and how inadequate he felt compared to the other two. Now, this was happening. Blaise knew he would have to do major damage control later on with Draco who would blame this on himself.

Blaise would let him go because whatever was wrong needed to cool down, he couldn't go after him when Harry was so high on emotions but he knew where to look for him, at least.

Harry would always go to Hermione's after a row but this, this was different. Something in Harry's words held finality in it as if what they had was truly and utterly over but Blaise refused to let Harry go without a fight. they had worked too long and hard on this relationship to just give it up, there was too much blood and tears in this love for it to be broken so easily. No, Harry would just have to pry Blaise off him when he was dead but never before that. He invested too much in this, damn it!

"I'm leaving," Harry said before he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Don't come looking for me…Prince Manor!"

It was then that Draco crumbled to the floor, sobbing and clawing at the tiled floor in anguish as if a part of his heart has been ripped out of his chest and surely it has been. He was so confused and hurt because Harry wasn't next to them, Harry wasn't making them breakfast, Harry wasn't smiling at them as if they were the most precious things in the world, Harry wasn't there.

Blaise looked pained as one of his husbands walked out on him—on them and he feels the same as Draco but he doesn't show it because he has to be strong for the love he still has so he merely kneels next to Draco's prone and shivering form and stares blankly at the opposite wall as Draco collapsed against him in tears and snot and screams and he feels helpless.

Harry was gone.

. . . .

Harry stumbled and fell out of the fireplace, grumbling about stupid fireplaces and how no matter which world he was in he would never get flooing. He blushed when he was now half naked and covered in soot in someone's living room.

"Well, this isn't surprising at all." A familiar voice drawled while Harry's head was bent and muttering to himself, he froze in mid-pat because he knew that voice, that voice that had died only
hours before in his world. The voice that he had grown grudging respect for if only because of this man's last moments and his efforts to redeem himself.

"P-Professor Snape?" Harry croaked, his throat dry as his head shot up and—dear, Merlin—there was Snape, tall and regal as he once was but he seemed more relaxed, more...happy.

Fuck, were all Slytherins happy in this world?

Snape merely raised an eyebrow, his dark eyes showing surprise and concern as he said, slowly. "Have you rowed with them again, Harry? Because hiding out here won't do you any good."

Harry choked on the very air he was breathing because Snape is calling him Harry and is showing concern...for him. He shuddered, suddenly feeling dirty at the thought of Snape ever feeling distress for him and he wonders how everything had come to this.

Surely the Floo has gone bonkers and sent him somewhere that he didn't mean to go. Surely, this wasn't where Hermione lived—not with Snape because Snape hated Gryffindors especially any Gryffindors having anything to do with Harry.

Snape gave him another look before he turned and walked out the living room, calling out to some unknown person—because it couldn't be Hermione, never Hermione—"Love, your lap dog is here."

Harry glared at his ex-professor's back as he sauntered out, then he heard a voice and then, he has to clutch his chest as Hermione—beautiful, intelligent Hermione—pokes her head into the room and then she smiles and suddenly, everything is alright.

Because Hermione is here and they're still friends and it feels right.

"Harry? What are you doing here?" Hermione asked, walking into the room, her hair was ruffled and she only wore a tank top and shorts but Harry is so relieved to see her that he thinks he might cry.

"Harry, are you okay?" Hermione asked, coming to stand in front of him, concern in her eyes when Harry just opened his mouth before closing it, he repeats the action several times not sure what to say when Hermione is there and it feels normal except it's not—not when Snape is in the next room and he lives with two Slytherin that he swears he hates.

"Why is Snape here?" Harry managed to choke out after several minutes of silence and Hermione jumps, surprise that Harry spoke at all.

Hermione blinked before she frowned, looking at him suspiciously. "Harry, Sev is my husband."

Suddenly, everything is not alright and he feels as if he just awoken from one nightmare only to enter another and he's lost and confused and—

"Harry? Harry! Are you okay?" Hermione is saying her voice cracking with apprehension but Harry can't concentrate, not when there's a rushing in his ear and his heart is thudding in his chest and he can't grasp it, he can't comprehend this.

What the FUCK is going on?

"What is going on? How the hell did you marry Snape?!" He shouted, angrily, and Hermione looked surprised as if they had this conversation before and, maybe, they have but Harry is only seventeen and this—all of this must be some sick joke because none of this made him happy.
He's painfully aware of Snape's presence near the doorway of the living room, looking at him calculatingly and for some reason it only made Harry angrier.

"This is all so fucked up," Harry ranted, he needed to rant because he hasn't had a chance to and all this pent up confusion and anger is getting to him. "First, I wake up in a bedroom with Malfoy and Zabini and then this! What the hell is going on? I can't—this isn't what I wanted."

"Harry, what?" Hermione asked, shaking her head in confusion and she knew now something was terribly, terribly wrong with Harry.

But nothing was wrong with him, Harry was fine. It was the world and Fate's sick sense of humor that was wrong and he was stuck in the middle of it when all he wanted was to crawl into a hole and cry.

"Harry, please," Hermione pleaded but Harry didn't know for what. He was breathing heavily and his hands were clenching and unclenching, he just wanted to punch something. "You, Draco and Blaise are married just as Severus and I are."

Harry shook his head—the repetitive motion making him a bit sick— because he knew what that meant and he refused to believe that his happiness was with two men he hated and not with Ginny—red haired and fiery and lovely—who would make a great wife and they would have many kids together—maybe three—but not this. He hated this.

"Nothing makes sense." He whispered harshly, clenching his eyes tight and begging the fates to send him back. He would rather face Voldemort than this fucked up, messed up world.

"Harry," Hermione came forward, her hands shaky as she reached up to touch his cheek and he looked down at her, his eyes filled with anger, pain, sorrow, confusion and lost.

He was so lost.

"Harry," This time it was the smooth voice of Snape that had spoken from his perch at the doorway of the living room. "What is the last thing you remember?"

Harry stared at him blankly, he couldn't tell them the truth because he just knew that he wouldn't learn anything if he said at the end of seventh year so instead he lied, "Beginning of sixth year."

Snape's eyes lit up in understanding and he nodded his lips thin as he said, "I see. Love, he obviously lost his memories."

Hermione looked back at her husband—Harry shuddered at the thought of that, how could one marry a bat?—and nodded, realization dawning on her face. "Of course, oh Harry, why is it always you? Even after Hogwarts!"

He asks himself that question every night before he goes to bed, too.

"Should I go inform Lily?" Snape said, casually, and Hermione nodded, leading Harry to sit on one of the sofas.

"Harry, I know this is confusing and scary but you have to work with me here." Hermione's soothing voice calmed him somewhat as he leaned against the chair and sighed.

"Aren't we a little too young to be marrying?" Harry said, disgruntled, ignoring the fact that he would had asked Ginny to marry him after the war.
Hermione had a fond smile on her lips. "Your exact words were 'Carpe Diem' if I recalled."

Seize the day, my ass.

"I don't understand how did I end up with them?" Hermione ignored the bitterness and resentment that laced Harry's words and instead sighed.

"I actually don't know," Hermione said, smiling sadly. "You'll have to ask them."

"Right," Harry shot back, bitterly, "That'll go on well."

Hermione chuckled, her brown eyes as she said, "I forgot how difficult your sixteen year old self could be."

Harry flushed, disgruntled because he's actually seventeen. "Whatever."

"Harry," Hermione sighed, looking at him sadly. "Don't do that."

"Do what?" Harry mumbled, looking away from her.

"Don't shut everyone out," Hermione said, reprimand in her voice and Harry couldn't bear to hear the disappointment in her voice anymore. "We just want to help you, I know you're confused; suddenly you're nineteen, married and so are your friends but everything has changed since sixth year and I just hope you open your mind—and heart—to Draco and Blaise because they really do love you."

Harry scoffed, scowling at the far wall and Hermione sighed, placing a hand on his thigh. "Go to sleep, I'll wake you once Sev comes back."

Harry nodded, laying on the couch and allowed Hermione to cover him before she left and Harry shut his eyes, wishing that he didn't ask for happiness but something safer, maybe, he should've just wished for Ginny and three children. It would have made life much easier.

"This isn't happiness," Harry said, his eyes closing on their own accord.

This was more like a nightmare.

. . . . .

Harry woke up to unfamiliar voices near him talking and he tried his best to make it look as if he was still sleeping so he could eavesdrop.

"You said he lost his memories?"

"Yes, he's mentally a sixteen year old and his feelings reflect that."

"Aw, I thought he became a baby again."

"Idiot. That's deaging and has nothing to do with this."

"How boring."

"You imbeciles." That was definitely Snape.
"Shush, all of you, you'll wake him."

"Yeah, Padfoot, you'll wake him up." Harry couldn't help but open his eyes and jolt up, because that was Sirius' nickname and Sirius was dead but he was here and he wanted to cry and apologize because he was so, so stupid.

"Sirius?" He choked out, there was his godfather looking so young and less like an ex-convict, the same mischievous glint in his eyes and Harry missed it, he missed him.

"Hey, Harry, how are you feeling?" He blinked when a face that should've been familiar but he couldn't quite place it came in front of him, smiling warmly at him.

"Who are you?" Harry said, bluntly, frowning.

The man blinked once then twice before he said, "You don't remember your old man, Harry?"

Harry's eyes widened and realized why the face looked so familiar. He jumped because there was James Potter, crouching and looking at him with worried hazel eyes. He wondered how he missed it when it was so obvious that this was his father.

"Dad?" Harry choked out; his eyes watering as his lips trembled and he didn't care how he must've looked lousy over the sight of his father. Damn it, he deserved to be happy to see his father alive and well.

"Whoa, whoa there, Harry, calm down." James said, his eyes shining with his concern. He rubbed his son's back as Harry wrapped his arms around him and sobbed even harder when a red haired woman came to kneel next to James and hold him. She was beautiful, she was everything Harry ever dreamed his mother would look like; with her fiery, red hair, and light freckles splattered on her face and bright, expressive, green eyes that were so soft and loving that Harry felt his heart ache.

"Mum," Harry said, he was so happy and he wasn't sure if they knew it but he didn't care, his parents were, Sirius was here, this was happiness. "I'm so sorry."

"What for, sweetie?" Lily asked gently, rubbing her son's shoulder but Harry didn't reply instead burying himself deeper into the warmth of his parents. This was where he belonged. He didn't even notice that the others had left to give them some time.

"Please," He begged, looking up at them both, not looking nineteen at all but a child starved for his parent's attention and love. "Can we stay like this...just for a little while?"

They never questioned why or what and Harry was grateful for that because he didn't know why himself, he just knew that having two husbands and this messed up world wasn't so bad when his parents held him like this.

. . . .
Draco and Blaise feel hurt and angry at Harry's actions and goes to talk to him, they wouldn't be letting go so easily or without a fight.

"When someone is in your heart, they're never truly gone. They can come back to you, even at unlikely times."

— Mitch Albom

Draco didn't know how long he stayed in the showers. After crying for Merlin knows how long, he had picked himself up and locked himself in bathroom. He had quickly shed his clothes and turned the water to scalding hot before he sat under the spray and tried to wash away all of his misery.

He knew it was inevitable, that it was a long time coming, how many times had he heard whispers of 'they're never going to work' or 'I'll give him five months before he leaves', they had exceeded expectations but yet, here they were broken apart all because of Harry 'the stupid git' Potter.

They had four years of building up their relationship with trust and love, even when Harry and he were at odds Blaise made it better. Don't get him wrong, he loves Harry more than he could ever imagine loving a person and it scared him, sometimes, how much he cared for the Gryffindor but he didn't know what he would do without the git there. Harry was his heart as much as Blaise was his soul.

So, how did their loving relationship turn so sour so quickly? Everything that transpired today had happened so fast today that Draco was still a bit disoriented and unsure what exactly happened. He wasn't sure what had caused it or why it happened the way it did. All he knew was Harry was gone and Harry hated him.

Draco saw it when he had looked at Harry this morning and when Harry had saw him, he went ballistic; admittedly, Draco was scared shitless because that look in Harry's eyes was only for his most hated enemy.

Draco wasn't sure why Harry had left but it hurt and he hated it.

He hated this feeling, this feeling of heartbreak where it felt like his heart was ripped out of his chest and stomped on and that's what Harry—no, Potter— did to him, he stomped on his heart after four freaking years.

The git.

Well, he didn't need him! If Potter thought that he could just leave after he trampled all over his heart
than the specky git better watch out. Because no one leaves Draco Malfoy.

Draco thanked Merlin that they had decided to keep their surnames when they got married, it would be so wrong and tedious calling the git Potter-Malfoy-Zabini.

He sneered at the silver ring on his left hand index finger; he didn't have the heart to remove it even if he wanted to badly.

Marriage…what a farce.

Some forever.

He glared, clenching his hands into fist and pulled his legs tighter into himself, so numb that he barely felt the hot water hit his skin.

He glanced down at his left arm and felt the tears well up in his eyes, was it because of this taint that Potter left? Did he not want to be caught with a Death Eater? It must be it, it had to be it.

Draco’s heart tightened painfully at the thought of Harry not loving them anymore, he couldn’t bear it. He needed Harry as much as he needed to breathe and to not have that piece of his soul here would hurt.

It would hurt a lot.

"Stupid, Potter," Draco muttered, angrily, tears rolling down his cheeks as he glared at Potter’s shampoo that sat innocently on the ledge of the tub and all he wanted to do was watch it burn. "I don't need him, we're better off without him. Good riddance, I say."

He didn't need Potter; he could go suck a cock for all he cared because Potter no longer existed in his superior opinion. Potter would regret leaving them and would come begging for them to take him back.

How dare he think he could end this relationship without even a warning, no, Draco refused his break up.

"Bloody tosser," Draco cursed, kicking the shampoo off the ledge and watching as it clattered to the ground and he felt slightly better.

He would show Potter, it wasn't like he depended on the wanker or anything.

"Draco," Blaise said, tiredly, his forehead was leaning heavily on the bathroom door as he heard the sound of the shower running. That wasn't the problem though, the problem was it had been three hours since the shower had started to run and Draco had barricaded the door with nasty curses. "Come on, amore, must we do this? I know you're hurting, I'm hurting too but we can't shut each other out."

Blaise knew Draco had taken Harry's leaving personally as he always did when it came to Harry, he didn't know why Draco constantly blamed himself for anything that went wrong with their relationship but he had a feeling it was something to do with what he done in the past, the constant reminder of his past sins glared at him on his left arm, after all.

No matter how many times both Harry and Blaise tried to tell the blond that it didn't matter, that they loved him and not what he had marked on his arm, Draco still was hunted by his past demons and as long as Draco let his demons dictate how he lived, there relationship would never be stable.
It didn't matter to Blaise, though, he knew what he was getting into when he had accepted that first date and when he said 'I do' pledging for better or for worse till death do us part and Blaise meant it, he wasn't letting go so easily.

*He probably thinks Harry left because he didn't want to be with a Death Eater,* Blaise thought, grimly as he leaned his back against the door before sliding down to the floor, bringing his legs up to his chest as he gazed ahead of him, unseeing

Blaise knew better though, Harry wasn't acting himself and the day before he was perfectly fine—they all were and Blaise wished he could go back to that—so why the sudden change this morning?

It made no sense to him.

"You remember our first date, love," Blaise started, softly, a fond smile tugging at his lips as he remembered the night that everything changed. "It was up in the Astronomy Tower, it was a few days after the incident and Harry wanted to make up for it. He made dinner and was standing there awkwardly when we came…"

Blaise smirked, remembering how Harry stuttered and fumbled so cutely all those years ago, his eyes grew misty. "You asked for the Hors D'oeuvres and he freaked out because he thought it was some type of food you specifically wanted."

Blaise paused when he heard the shower stopping and he knew Draco was definitely listening to his retelling. He leaned his head back against the door and closed his eyes, a small smile on his lips.

"He was embarrassed when we explained that it meant the appetizers—he turned so red, I thought he was going to explode and you thought that you wouldn't make it throw the dinner without kissing him." His voice held a slight tease in it and his smile only grew bigger when he heard a scoff from inside the bathroom. "But as we sat there—you and him arguing while I thought it was the sexiest thing ever—I just knew this was it. The thing everyone is searching for their entire life but can never find…this was love."

Blaise was startled, falling onto his back when Draco opened the door and he looked up to find a deep scowl on his husband's face with red rimmed eyes, he got up to his feet slowly. He moved closer to Draco, and touched a wet strand of hair. The pale man was bright pink and steam was coming off his skin, Blaise shook his head in exasperation what was Draco trying to do? Burn his skin off?

"Yes, well, look where that brought us." Draco sneered, looking up at him with a glare but Blaise wasn't fooled; he knew Draco longer than he was fucking him. He knew Draco was hiding behind his old mask to not show how much he was hurting and Blaise leaned down to capture his lips with his own, trying to ease his pain.

Draco instinctively melted in his kiss, pulling Blaise closer and shivering when Blaise bit his bottom lip before slipping his tongue into Draco's mouth for a second, he groaned when Blaise pulled away leaving him panting and wanting more.

Blaise smiled at him, tracing Draco's wet lips with a finger before he said, "I wasn't finished yet."

Draco huffed, crossing his arms and looking to the ground, "I don't want to hear about him."

Blaise rolled his eyes at Draco's petulant tone before he lifted Draco's chin so he could look into his gorgeous grey eyes, "Do you remember what he said after dinner?"

Draco frowned; he didn't want to think about Potter. "No."
"He asked if we would be there tomorrow." Blaise said, pulling the blonde flush to his chest and Draco took a deep breath in letting the scent that was solely Blaise flood his senses; that spicy, expensive cologne that he always wore which Draco always complained about being too strong but secretly loved.

Draco ran a hand down Blaise's hard, muscular chest, feeling a stirring in his groin as that silky voice leaned down to his ear to whisper, "What did we say, Draco?"

Crap! Blaise didn't expect him to remember when he had a hard, sexy body in front of him and he was needy? He wanted comfort sex not talks of Potter!

"I don't remember," Draco said, quietly, whimpering when Blaise slipped hand inside his towel that was wrapped securely around his waist and cupped his balls, massaging them lovingly.

"We said we would always be there," Blaise said, hotly near his ear and Draco moaned. Blaise ran his tongue along the shell of his ear and whispered, "Forever."

"Blaise," Draco said, wrapping his arms around his husband's neck and Blaise back pedaled to the bed before turning and pushing Draco down to the bed. He climbed on top of the blond and kissed his neck tenderly, "I love when you're like this, love, all vocal and slutty, just waiting for my cock to enter that wanton hole of yours." The blond man groaned as Blaise grind their erections together, the friction causing ripples of pleasure to shoot up his spine.

Draco moaned, arching his back trying to get to get friction. Those dirty words coming from Blaise's cultured mouth was beyond hot—

"What the—" Draco shot up when he felt, more than saw, Blaise get off of him. He didn't have a chance to dodge as Blaise threw clothes at him before he turned and walked out, saying over his shoulder, "Get dressed, we're going to go get our husband back."

Draco groaned, falling back onto the bed. "But Blaise," He whined loudly. "I don't want him back!"

"Yes, you do." Blaise called out, sweetly to him. "Stop being a prissy git and get dressed!" Blaise smiled when he heard Draco grumble but did as he told; he leaned back against the wall, closing his eyes as he waited.

They would get Harry back because without him, they would never be complete.

. . .

Harry felt as if was on cloud nine, squeezed in between his parents and Sirius on the couch across from him. He felt as if nothing could bring him off his high, nothing could wipe the silly grin that was on his face.

"So, you're telling me you just woke up and forgot everything that happened these past four years," Sirius asked, Harry turned to him and nodded slightly.

"It seems a bit far-fetched." Sirius commented, leaning back against the couch.

"There have been weirder happenings, Padfoot." James said, smirking.

"Hey," Harry said, suddenly realizing something and wanting to get off the topic of his pseudo amnesia. "Where's Remus?"

"He's at home with Teddy," Sirius said, offhandedly and Harry blinked blankly.
"Teddy?" Harry echoed, tilting his head to the side.

"Don't tell me you forgot about Teddy!" Sirius exclaimed.

"Of course he has," Lily snapped, rolling her eyes at Sirius. "Teddy is only three, Harry only remembers up to until sixth year."

"Oh, yeah."

"Well, he's Remus' child with Nymphadora Tonks, he took primary care when she died." James explained and Harry looked at him in shock, Tonks was…dead? Harry felt sadness well up inside him for his fallen comrade. He remembered how proud and happy Remus had been when the child was born.

"Draco and Blaise should be here soon, Harry." Hermione informed as she walked back into the living room, Snape walked in soon after.

Harry shot her an alarmed look. "You called them?"

Hermione shook her head, "They usually come about four hours after you come here to sulk."

"So, I do this often?" Harry asked, gulping.

"Not really," Hermione said, smiling. "Only sometimes when you and Draco are fighting like an old married couple."

Harry chose to ignore Snape's remarks of "They are an old married couple."

Instead he groaned, placing his head into his hands and covering his face. This type of…relationship just couldn't be healthy. How could it be with Malfoy in it? The blond was such a git, he would drive anyone insane.

So, why was he married and, apparently, happy with these two Slytherin?

Did he really love them? No, not currently he didn't and he found it hard to imagine himself with either. Blaise was all quiet and mysterious and Draco was haughty and prideful, they were night and day and Harry…well, Harry was just Harry…messy, stubborn and awkward so how did he fit in? Did he fit in?

No matter how he looked at it, it didn't feel right as if he was intruding in their lives and maybe, he was.

_Maybe, they are stringing me along as a cruel joke_, Harry thought, morosely. _It wouldn't be a surprise if that was actually true._

"Potter, get your arse out here!" Harry was snapped out of his thoughts by muffled shouting and the others looked as surprised as he did, except for Snape and Hermione who merely sighed and shook their heads as if they were used to such actions in their home.

"Draco, calm down and shut up!"

"Oh, no," Harry mumbled, clenching his fist and his eyes widened in fear and horror. He jumped up and ran behind the couch much to the amusement of his godfather as he burst out laughing. Lily shook her head in exasperation and James snorted, unimpressed with his son's hiding place.

"No! Potter has a lot of explaining to do and I swear I'll tear that sweet—oh, hello, Mrs P…Mr P."
Lily chuckled before giving the blond that just walked in a smile, "Hello, Draco, sweetie, and Blaise."

Blaise gave her a warm smile, "Hey, Mrs Potter, I assume since you're here our husband is as well."

"Please, mum, don't tell them" Harry thought, desperately, trying to keep as small and quiet as possible. He didn't want to confront the two Slytherins just yet.

"Ah, yes, he's hiding behind the couch. Harry come out, your husbands are here to pick you up." Lily called out, a mischievous smile on her lips.

Shit.

Harry rose slowly, shooting his mother a betrayed look before he straightened up and crossed his arms. He didn't even turn towards the two but instead turned to his mother. "I'm not going with those two."

He missed the flinch from Draco and Blaise from his words or Hermione's sympathetic looks towards them.

Lily ignored him and turned to the two men, "Harry has lost some of his memories, he seems to only remember from the beginning of sixth year before you three got together."

"I see," Blaise sighed, nodding his head. "It all makes sense now." He moved to the last empty couch and sat while Draco stood stiffly near the doorway, looking at Harry with contempt.

"No, it doesn't" Harry snapped, he took a step forward and everyone watched him warily. "How did I get with you two?"

Both Blaise and Draco looked uncomfortable and when they shared a look between each other Harry felt like he would explode. He hated when he was left out of the loop, he hated secrets.

"We promised to never to talk about it ever again." Draco whispered, quietly as everyone looked at them curiously. None of them had ever heard how they had gotten together only that halfway through their sixth they had started dating.

Harry growled, stalking over to Draco and giving him a hard push. Draco stumbled a little, not expecting Harry to push him. "Stop hiding things! If you knew me as well as you claimed, you would know I hate liars and secrets."

Draco growled, gaining back his old anger for the raven-haired man and pushed him back as he shouted, "It's a fucking secret, Potter, that means we can't tell anyone, you idiot!"

Harry snapped. He lunged at the blond and collided with him harshly, bringing the both of them to the ground with a dull thud. Harry blindly started punching, trying to hit any part of the blond that he could get to, he had so much pent up anger that fighting with Malfoy just made it spill over and it felt great to let it all out. Draco fought just as fiercely; biting, scratching, kicking and punching Harry. They rolled all over the floor and fought and the rest of the room's occupants only watched stunned, unsure what to do.

Hermione snapped from her stupor and said, "Someone stop them!" She groaned when they all looked at her blankly as if saying 'I aint going into that lion's den.'

She winced when Draco threw a harsh kick to Harry's groin and turned to look at Blaise who had his eyes closed and his head leaning back on the couch.
"Don't even look at me," Blaise said, his eyes still closed. "Just pretend I'm not even here."

Hermione groaned, glancing at the two on the floor and they looked as if they were going to fight till the death. She quickly pulled out her wand and waved it, the two instantly separated and hung in midair. Hermione shook her head as they continued to try and fight in midair and landed them both safely on the ground.

"Stop it, you two!" Hermione snapped, her tone was so sharp it caused them to freeze in mid step and turn to look at her. "Fighting won't solve anything!" Draco was nursing a split lip and a black eye while Harry had a bruise on his cheek and a black eye.

"I don't care," Harry said, vehemently, he was so angry and tired. "This evil git deserves every punch I give him!"

Draco looked stricken, his eyes were filled with hurt and pain at Harry's words and for a single moment, Harry regretted his words, he imagined how Draco took them and it only made him feel worse. In the corner of his eye, he saw Blaise sit up and give Draco a worried look.

Before he could say anything, Draco turned around, shoulders shaking and Harry's felt a sharp pain in his heart.

Harry sighed, slumping forward. "Malfoy—"

"Do the hell you want, Potter." Draco snarled, he stalked out of the room. "I'll be at Pansy's."

Lily sighed, sadly. "What a mess, I think it's time for us to leave. Harry, sweetie, do come by for tea this weekend."

Harry felt a sense of disappointment when he heard that his parents were leaving and he hesitantly took a stepped forward, "Can't I come with you?"

Lily smiled, sadly, before she said, "I think it would be best if you stayed with Blaise, you have your own home and no matter how much I wish you could stay my little boy, you can't. Maybe, being in that familiar atmosphere will trigger some memories."

Harry shook his head, he felt as if he was losing his parents and godfather all over again as they waved goodbye and left.

"I think you should bring him home, Blaise, it's been a very long day." He heard Hermione say as he stared blankly at the doorway his parents and Sirius had just left from.

"Yeah, thank you, Hermione." Blaise said, he stood up and walked towards Harry. He frowned before placing a hand on Harry's shoulder, the man jumped before turning towards him with confusion.

"Let's go home, tesoro." Blaise said, gently, the nickname coming from his lips with practiced ease because Harry was still his tesoro, his treasure. Nothing could ever change that.

Harry was wary of going back to Blaise's house—he refused to call it his—there was too much confusion and pain for him to be comfortable there.

He turned to Hermione with pleading eyes, "Please, Hermione, can I stay here?"

Blaise crushed the hurt that welled up inside him and tried to be understanding of what Harry must feel and what he was going through.
"Like hell," Snape muttered from his corner and Harry honestly forgot the man was there.

"Were you always there?" Harry asked, bluntly.

"You impertinent brat—"

"Anyways," Hermione began, giving Snape a look which caused Snape to growl before he leaned back in his chair. Harry had to withhold a snicker as he thought, _Heel, boy._ "I think Lily was right being in a familiar place will help with your memory lost."

*That would be true if I actually had memory lost* Harry thought bitterly but nodded in resignation before he waved his hand in front of him and muttered, "Lead the way."

Blaise merely waved and took a hold of Harry's hand, taking a moment to relish the feel of his lover's hand in his once again before he apparated without another word.

. . . .

"Look, about what I said to Draco…" Harry began as soon as they had popped into their living room. Blaise looked confused and it only made Harry more nervous. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have hit him or said what I did."

"You shouldn't have said that," Blaise began, slowly, agreeing with him as he sat on the couch and patted the seat next to him to indicate Harry to sit. "But you and Draco fight all the time so I wasn't the least surprised."

Harry looked up at him in surprise before he asked, curiously. "Draco and I hate each other that much?"

Blaise didn't respond immediately, instead conjuring first aid supplies to tend to heal Harry's shiners. Harry's breath caught in his throat as Blaise got inexplicably close to examine his face, brushing fingertips on his cheek, lips and eyes.

_Merlin, have mercy._ Harry prayed fervently as Blaise picked up a clear salve and rubbed it all over Harry's blackened eye, he instantly felt the effect as the pain dulled and vanished. He continued like this placing the salve in the right places until there was no more bruise, Harry made a move to move away from the other man but Blaise, however, continued to caress his cheek keeping him in place and Harry found that he…liked it.

"Never hate," Blaise finally answered, moving away from Harry, his mouth twitching as if he wanted to smile and his brown eyes were glittering as he looked at Harry. "You two loved each other but all that pent up sexual tension has to be released someway and you guys tend to release it in fighting before you guys have make-up sex."

Harry was confused as to what caused them both to have sexual tension. The question seemed to be on his face as Blaise said, "You both are Aurors in training, partners actually."

*That explained a lot,* Harry thought, nodding.

"Why did you say 'loved' as in the past?" Harry asked.

"Harry, I am not naïve enough to think you—as you currently are—love Draco or me, for that matter." Blaise said, quietly. "It hurts but it can't be helped, it's the truth."

Harry felt that awful feeling of his heart being squeezed as he said, "I'm sorry."
Blaise rolled his shoulders in a casual shrug as he leaned back, draping his arms over the couch. "It's not your fault, Harry."

"But it is. That stupid voice was back with a vengeance. You wished this, now, you have to deal with the consequences."

"It doesn't matter anyways," Blaise was saying and Harry shook his head to clear his thoughts so he could listen. He blinked when Blaise tipped his chin up and he blushed when he realized how close they were, up close like this he could see the golden specks that swam in Blaise's brown eyes. "We'll just have to make you fall in love with us," Blaise brushed his thumb over Harry's bottom lip and Harry's brain completely collapsed and shut down. "All over again."

"I—I—I…" Harry felt like a fool as he stuttered and fumbled, his mind swirled and raced, too close, Blaise was too damn close.

Shit, how was he going to live with these two men when he had hormones of a seventeen year old?

"Will Draco be alright?" He asked, loudly, indicating he was nervous as he pushed Blaise away, trying to not think about those eyes or his lips—oh, merlin.

Blaise sighed, disappointed as he tilted his head in thought. "Yes, he should be. Don't worry when you two fight, he usually comes home and cuddle up to you so just a heads up for tonight."

"This is all so weird," Harry muttered and Blaise gave him a sympathetic look. "Tell me…about us, how this works for us."

Because he wanted to know, he didn't like his situation—he much rather be with Ginny—but as the saying goes, when life gives you husbands, fuck them.

"Wait, wait, that's not it. Harry thought, shaking his head fiercely. When life gives your lemons, make lemonade."

Yes, lemonade, He nodding firmly. He would make lemonade out of his situation.

"Well, usually, you would make breakfast for us once Draco gave you the 'Pout of Doom'." Blaise said, softly, turning to stare at Harry who was listening raptly. "No matter how much you two fought, you were a big softy for Dray."

Harry blushed, he couldn't imagine himself being loving to Draco but it sounded nice, even if it was just a small piece of their life it sounded nice.

"I'm training to be an Unspeakable so we all go to the Ministry together, you two usually sneak out of your training to spend lunch with me and we take turns making dinner at night, yesterday was Draco's turn and today was supposed to be your turn."

"I can do that," Harry breathed; he was mesmerized by Blaise's silky voice. "Tell me more," He demanded and he wasn't sure whether he just wanted to hear more or he just wanted to hear Blaise speak.

"We usually watch a movie on the telly you brought us," Blaise smirked, as if he was remembering a fond memory. "Draco usually chooses and he always chooses one of those Disney movies that muggles are so fond of."

"Draco likes Disney?!" Harry exclaimed in surprise. "He likes something muggle!"
Blaise chuckled, running a hand through his hair and Harry was briefly distracted as the curly, silky strands moved from their place before flopping back in spot. "Only after you tied us down and made us watch Aladdin a million times."

Harry blushed and just knew Blaise wasn't lying because Aladdin was his favorite animated movie and no one knew that, after he had caught a glimpse of it once when Dudley was in his 'American' phase and demanded movies, cartoons, everything from the States. When the Dursley's had been out one day, he watched the whole movie and was hooked, drawn in by the magic in it and the genie who was just like him trapped and alone doing everyone's bidding until he found a friend that freed him from his loneliness. Back then, Harry wished that someday he would find a friend that would free him.

"Why does he like Disney movies so much?" Harry wondered aloud and Blaise shrugged. "He says that he is amused by their portrayal of magic," Harry's breath hitched as Blaise leaned close to his ear and whispered, "I think he likes the idea of prince charmings and happily ever afters."

It was then Harry remembered something that had been bothering him, "Do you two get along with my family? I mean, it seemed my father and godfather got really quiet when you guys came in, they never shut up so that was suspicious."

Blaise raised an eyebrow, a smirk tugging at his lips. "I'm surprised you noticed you're usually happily oblivious to their hatred."

"Well, it was more hostility and it was obvious." Harry muttered, remembering his father and Sirius' glares as soon as the two Slytherin's entered the room.

"They hate us," Blaise said, bluntly. "Only your mother accepts us and only because she actually got to know us. Your father has rebuked our relationship since the beginning as well as your godfather; they can't see past the fact that we are Slytherins. They were more against that than the fact that you were gay."

"Figures," Harry said, crossing his arms and shaking his head. "They haven't changed a bit." They were still blinded by their prejudice of a house, a rivalry that was deeper than the school it seems.

"I suppose," Blaise said he gave him a side glance. "Does it trouble you?"

"No," Harry said, shrugging. "I'm not surprised"

Blaise gave him a smile and Harry felt that annoying lurch of his heart as it pounded faster. Harry leaned back, gulping because he was still uncomfortable with this whole situation and he wasn't sure if he could love these two men who obviously loved him. Because they did love him, they had a weird relationship filled with fights and insults but they loved each other, it was just that...they had trouble portraying that love.

"What about the Weasleys or Ron?" Harry asked, finally remembering his best friend who he hadn't seen since he had woken up in this world. He would have sworn that he and Hermione would have gotten together instead of Hermione and Snape.

Harry shuddered, chills running down his spine at the odd couple; he would have to ask Hermione how that came into fruition later.

Blaise looked uncomfortable with the question and Harry wondered why, had they huge fight or worse, was Ron—dead?
Harry paled at the thought and he just had to ask, "Is Ron ... dead?"

"No," Blaise said, slowly, much to Harry's relief. "He cut ties with you once he found out that you were dating us, the Weasley's soon followed suit."

Harry bowed his head, hurt that Ron would just break off their friendship after such a thing but Ron was always like that, fourth year instantly came to mind and he wondered what else was different in this world.

"I'm sorry, tesoro." Blaise said, softly, he hesitated for a mere second before he laid his hand on top of Harry's, intertwining their fingers and felt relief when Harry didn't pull away.

"You really love me, don't you?" Harry asked him, his eyes on their intertwined hands and Blaise scooted even closer to him, brushing his knuckles on Harry's cheek, affectionately.

"More than you can imagine, Harry."

It was during dinner that it hit Harry full force and he promptly choked on the piece of meat he was chewing on, Blaise looked at him worriedly as he gasped and coughed trying to lodge out the piece of food that was stuck in his throat.

"Crap," Harry wheezed out, once he swallowed properly and took a big gulp of water. "I just realized that Malfoy's parents are my in-laws now."

Blaise snorted, taking a sip of his wine to hide the grin that was forming on his lips. "You forgot my mother."

Harry paled and stared at Blaise blankly as the comment caught to him before he sputtered out, "W-what?"

"My mother, tesoro." Blaise said, slowly, as if talking to a child. "Though, we only see her at Christmas time while Draco's parents come over every two weeks."

"Right," Harry sighed, suddenly losing his appetite as his stomach rolled. He could already see Lucius' sneer and Narcissa's 'I just smelt dung' expression and he briefly wonders how Blaise's mother was like. Hopefully, not as horrid as the Malfoys.

*Blaise turned out all right, Harry thought, watching Blaise as he ate. Malfoy on the other hand...*

"Are you sure Malfoy will be back?" Harry asked, suddenly, because he still feels guilty for what he did to the bugger and it was sixth year all over again and Malfoy was on the ground, his chest split and blood everywhere. Harry shuddered at the thought.

Blaise paused in his eating to study Harry, noting the guilt and worry in his face and he felt as if he got his Harry back, fretting over Draco whenever the blond barged out after a fight but Blaise never worried, he knew Draco would find his way home, he always did.

"Draco is fine," Blaise said, placing his fork back on his plate. "They usually do a Harry ritual before Draco feels better and come home." Never 'Blaise' rituals because Blaise knew to never tickle a sleeping dragon unless you wanted to get burned.
Harry blinked, looking at him skeptically. He couldn't be serious...a Harry...ritual? What the hell? "A what?"

Blaise shrugged, nonchalant as he explained, "It's when they make a doll replica of you and burn it while yelling insults as the doll burns...he says it makes him feel better."

Instead of feeling mortified or disturbed, Harry merely snorted, amused by what Malfoy did to release his anger. "That's...interesting."

Blaise snorted and said, "That's what you said the first time you heard about it."

Harry hummed, pushing his food back and forth in his plate and Blaise knew something was wrong. "I'm sorry for this morning, I was just a little freaked."

Blaise nodded, offering him a sweet smile that had Harry's heart jumping, "It's fine, tesoro, and it is Draco that you should be apologizing to, you hurt him more."

That annoying guilt came back with a vengeance, gnawing at his insides so he nodded and said, "I will, I feel bad for what I said and did to him...to both of you."

Blaise leaned his head on his hand that was perched on the table and stared at Harry with amusement in his eyes. "Harry, this isn't the first fight you and Draco have gotten into, granted the words from this morning did hurt and we both thought we lost you but I've forgiven you and I'm sure Draco will as well. Such a small thing will not break us apart, my tesoro."

Harry wisely didn't mention the events that happened this morning anymore nor did he apologize, he, instead, spent the rest of dinner stealing glimpses of Blaise from the corner of his eye.

Harry had been given one of the guest room that night so he wouldn't feel awkward sleeping with his husbands so it was truly a surprise when he was awoken in the middle of the night to the mattress squeaking and someone climbing in under his covers.

He would have freaked out if he didn't remember Blaise mentioning that Draco would seek him out when he returned. It warmed his heart that Blaise knew Draco so well like that and wished that he had someone like that in his own life.

"Done burning me to a crisp?" Harry asked, quietly, as Draco hesitated a bit, afraid of rejection before he nudged his arm out of the way so he could slip under his arm and lay his head on his chest. Harry shifted so he could get comfortable and he couldn't help but think this was...nice.

Draco snorted before he asked, "Did Blaise tell you that?"

"Yeah." Harry said his eyes wide as he stared at the ceiling and thought how absurd and surreal it felt to have his archrival in his arms like this. "I think I deserved the Harry ritual this time, eh? I was a downright git to you today."

"You were," Draco agreed, snuggling closer to Harry. "Go on."

Harry snorted, a smile tugging at his lips. "I just wanted to say I was sorry...that I lost my memories and I hurt you."

"Only you, Potter, would apologize for losing your memory." Draco laughed and Harry found he liked his laugh. He was finding he liked a lot of things about the two and the more time he spent with
them, the more he felt he could get used to this. "How Gryffindor of you, Harry."

Then, he feels like he couldn't when Draco says stuff like you.

"Shut up, Draco," Harry groaned, covering his eyes with the hand that wasn't under his bedmate's body. "You're ruining the moment."

There was a moment of silence, too long; so long Harry peeked out from between his finger to see Draco staring at him in shock.

Harry licked his lips in nervousness as he said, "What?"

Draco's shock morphed into a small smile as he said, "You called me 'Draco'."

Harry blinked, "I guess I did."

"Does that mean you'll stay?" Draco asked, tilting his head to the side.

It should had been obvious when he didn't kick Draco out when he climbed into his bed, maybe, he was a big softy when it came to Draco.

"I'll stay." Harry confirmed.

Draco beamed before he lay back on his chest and Harry hesitantly placed a hand on his shoulder. Yes, this felt nice. "I really am sorry that I don't have any memories of our time together."

He's sorry because maybe if he had his memories, this wouldn't seem so hard or impossible.

Draco merely leaned up and kissed him softly on the tip of his chin, purring softly, "We'll just have to make new ones, I suppose."

Harry swore these two men would be the death of him.

...
Draco and Blaise plans to seduce Harry in an effort to fix their failing relationship and Harry doing some fixing of himself.

"We all yearn for what we have lost.
But sometimes, we forget what we have."
― Mitch Albom

"You think we should wake him?" Draco said in a low whisper, peeking through the slit in the door to see Harry snoring peacefully in the position he had left him. He had woken up earlier than Harry and had slipped out from under him and sought out Blaise who had no qualms sleeping alone, for once, in their huge bed.

Blaise smirked, peeking over Draco's shoulder to catch a glimpse of Harry, drooling and holding a pillow as if it was his lifeline. "Is the pillow supposed to be you?"

Draco looked at him over his shoulder before he snickered, "How else was I supposed to escape? You know how much he likes to cuddle."

It did feel nice to cuddle with Harry last night, he knew that part of Harry would never change and Draco loved that cuddly part of his husband. It still hurt to know that Harry lost his memories but Draco meant what he said last night, he would make new, better ones with Harry.

Blaise hummed, looking down at him before he answered his question, "Maybe, we should, and I don't think Kingsley would appreciate you two missing two days of training."

Draco looked up at him in surprise, "You think it will be alright to let him go?"

Blaise shrugged, lifting his eyes to gaze at Harry. "I don't see why not, maybe, the familiarity of it will bring back some memories."

It still felt odd to think that Harry just woke up with no memories of their time together, something was off with it and Blaise just couldn't put his finger on it. He was grateful though to have his loves back under the same roof and even if things weren't perfect, Blaise would make sure that it got that point. He didn't care if Harry ever gained back his memories but he would make sure that the raven-haired men fell in love with them again.
Draco grunted in acknowledgement. "I suppose."

"Did you two talk last night?" Blaise said, quietly, wrapping his arms around Draco's waist and placing a kissing on his neck. "I was awfully lonely last night."

Draco had to hold the door frame tightly to keep him upright as Blaise licked his neck, sending shivers down his spine. He shook his head to clear his thought as he said, smoothly. "We did, he said he would stay."

"Hm, that's good to know." Blaise said, kissing the spot on his neck that he had just nipped as he pulled back. "His birthday is coming up."

"Yeah, I know." Draco said his eyes sparkling before he seemed to deflate. "Though, we can't do what we usually do."

"Is that so?" Blaise said in mock surprise, he twirled a strand of Draco's hair. "We do have a week until July 31st; we can change his mind somehow."

"Oh, Blaise, you sly, horny snake." Draco teased, his eyes shining with glee. "I like the way you think, my love."

"Seduction is my specialty," Blaise purred. "It was I who seduced you, if I recall."

Draco laughed out right at that, "Right you are." His gray eyes darkened in anticipation as he looked at Harry before he whispered, "This should be fun, let "Get into Harry's Pants" commence!"

Blaise groaned into his shoulder, muffling a smile as he complained, "That is the worst name yet for one of your silly plans."

Draco glared at him from over his shoulder as he said, "When you can make better names than you can talk."

"Hm," Blaise looked upward, thinking. "How about 'His Place'?"

"His Place?" Draco asked, incredulously. "Now, I know you're just shitting me."

"His Place" Blaise said, seductively, running a hand down Draco's abdomen playfully. "Because by the end of this, he will know that his place is between us."

"That's so corny," Draco snorted though he had to admit it did sound more discreet than his.

"If you say so." Blaise said, shrugging, resting his chin on Draco's shoulder.

"I wish he would remember, already," Draco sighed, sadly. "I really need to get laid."

"Because I'm just not enough for you, right?" Blaise asked in mock outrage.

"You know what I mean," Draco placated, moving closer to Blaise. "It's not the same." It wasn't the same because they were a triad, he would always feel incomplete and empty without Harry as if a part of his heart was missing.

"I know, amore, we just have to be patient with this. Look, he's waking up." Blaise said, tilting his head to Harry who was twisting and turning in his bed.

"He's moaning," Draco said, interestingly, leaning in. "I wonder what's he's dreaming about?"
"Or who?" Blaise said, amusedly. "He does have a sixteen year old mentality."

Harry was mumbling something quietly and Draco shifted closer to try and catch what the raven-haired man until Blaise grabbed a hold of his arm to stop him.

"Maybe, we shouldn't listen." Blaise advised he knew Harry wasn't dreaming about them, maybe, one of those tarts that he had fancied in sixth year.

"Don't be ridiculous, Blaise," Draco began, trying to tug his arm from Blaise's grasp. "Of course, we should listen."

"Hmm, Ginny…" Harry said arching a little off the bed and Draco froze, not wanting to believe what he had just heard.

Blaise merely sighed and released his hold on Draco, knowing that Harry would be getting a rude awakening quite soon.

"God, Ginny…just like that…" Harry moaned louder and it seemed to snap Draco out of his stupor as he marched to the bed, grabbed a pillow, and started smacking Harry with it.

"What the heck, Harry! Dreaming about that wench! That's cheating, you whore!" Draco was shouting and Blaise could only cover his face with his hands at the blond's antics, wisely not pointing out that Harry had been in a relationship with the red head before he even thought he was gay.

"OW! What the heck, Draco?! OW, OW! Stop hitting me!" Harry bellowed, ripped out from his dream by the hard pillow coming down on his face, he wasn't wearing his contacts and everything was blurry but he could recognize Draco's voice from anywhere.

"Stop wanking to the girl Weasley!"

"I AM NOT WANKING!" Harry shouted, sitting up and looking around, blindly.

Draco smirked and crossed his arms across his chest triumphantly. "But you don't deny you were dreaming about girl Weasley?"

"Why you little—" Harry lunged towards Draco, blindly, and fell to the ground with a hard thump as Draco side stepped him easily.

"Potter stinks!" Draco taunted, rushing past Blaise who rolled his eyes at Draco's childishness.

"Get back here, Malfoy!" Harry shouted, scrambling up to his feet as Draco cackled loudly down the hall.

Blaise only shook his head and sighed loudly as Harry, blindly, ran straight into the wall.

"You have to go to work today," Blaise informed him as Harry groaned in pain, rubbing his head. He walked toward him and hauled him up to his feet. "Can you even see?"

"No," Harry huffed, crossing his arms. "I'm not used to contacts so I took them off last night."

"Your fault, contacts were your idea," Blaise said, smirking. "Draco and I wanted to fix your vision with magic."

"As if I would let that happen," Harry exclaimed, appalled. "You know how many things could have gone wrong."
Blaise shrugged, though Harry could only see a blur's shoulders moving up and down. "It would be worth the risk."

"As if." Harry muttered.

"Come on, I'll help you put them on and you can shower." Blaise offered, holding his arm tightly as he led Harry out of the room. Harry stumbled clumsily clutching Blaise tightly so he wouldn't fall, unfamiliar with the layout of the hallway.

"Don't worry," Blaise said, assuredly. "I won't let you fall."

Harry nodded, trusting Blaise to hold to his words as he walked his eyes clenched while Blaise led him. Before he knew it, Blaise was pushing him into a room and leading him in front of a sink with a mirror.

"Turn around," Blaise murmured and Harry obeyed, he felt Blaise lean over him to get something and he could smell that cologne Blaise always wore invading his senses. Soon, a firm hand was holding his chin in place while Blaise was commanding him to open his eyes.

"Don't close them," Blaise warned, Harry nodded shakily, holding his breath and he saw a blurry outline come nearer and nearer his face. He wanted to clench his eyes tight so bad but by sheer will he kept them open, to prove to Blaise—and himself—that he trusted the other. He felt a gentle finger push in the clear film before everything became clear and he was finally allowed to blink.

He blushed when he saw how close Blaise was but the other didn't seem to mind as he reached over him again for the other contact and went on to put it in his other eye. With his good eye, he studied Blaise's face, how his nose was straight and aristocratic and his skin unmarred and a nice, smooth brown color, how his lips thinned and his pink tongue stuck out a little in concentration.

"Done," Blaise said, smiling, before moving away and Harry felt as he could breathe again. "How about you go take a quick shower then come downstairs, sound good?"

"Yeah." Harry breathed as Blaise turned and left the bathroom, the door closing softly behind him.

"Stupid, Malfoy," He muttered angrily, stripping and turning on the cold water. He shifted from one side to another before he rushed forward, shivering violently at the freezing water but he felt his erection wilt immediately from the cold.

Thank, Merlin, Malfoy didn't see me like this. Harry thought to himself, he could already imagine the countless amount of teasing Draco could have done.

Harry jumped and almost slipped when he heard a knock at the door before it opened. "O-occupied."

"I know that idiot," That voice was definitely Draco. "Blaise told me to hand you some clothes."

"Err…thanks." Harry said, grumpily, he was still ticked about the rude wakening but Draco didn't respond but left as quietly as he came, closing the door with a click.

Harry sighed before grabbing the body wash Blaise had given him and lathered it all over his body, he washed himself quickly as his thoughts strayed to his job. He was nervous to go to work, he knew it was merely training but he just knew he would mess something up by the end of the day.

He stepped under the spray and let the water wash away all the suds on his body, feeling slightly more relaxed as he turned the water off and stepped out the tub. He looked over to the toilet and almost had a heart attack when he saw Draco sitting on the toilet seat with an innocent smile on his
"Draco!" He screeched, covering his privates with his hands and turning red. "Get out, what the hell!"

"What?" Draco tilted his head in mock confusion. "Blaise told me to hand you your clothes." That said, he stood and walked up to him and Harry had to uncover his privates to catch the clothes that Draco plopped into his hands. "There now I've handed you your clothes."

Harry growled but couldn't do anything as Draco sauntered out the bathroom but yell out, "You could have just put them on the toilet seat. You didn't need to be so literal!"

"I know," Draco called back in a sing song voice that grated Harry's nerves. "But what fun would that be?"

When Harry came downstairs, Blaise was sipping on a cup of tea and Draco was grinning like a cheshire cat that caught the cream when he entered the kitchen.

"Morning," He mumbled, avoiding eye contact with Draco who was staring at him intently. He stared at the stove, realizing that they were probably waiting for him to make breakfast. It was probably true as he remembered Blaise mentioning that to him.

"Good morning, Harry." Blaise said, lifting up the Daily Prophet to read. "Sleep well?"

"About," Harry said, throwing a glare at Draco from over his shoulder as he crouched to the ground to get to the cabinets under the sink that held the pans.

"We were wondering if you would like to go out to dinner with us." Blaise began, taking a sip from his tea. "If you want that is…"

"L-like a date?" Harry asked, nervously. He never been on a date before and somehow he hoped that it would be a date.

Draco and Blaise shared a look before they turned back to him. It was Blaise that answered. "Would you like it to be a date?"

Harry blinked, actually thinking over the words. Yes, he found that he would want to go on a date with these two men. "Yes, I guess so."

They looked pleased with his answer. "Then, it's a date."

"Then, I'll go." Harry said, smirking and he briefly wondered when he started smirking. He got up from his crouch to stand with a pan in hand.

"I want eggs, toast, and hash." Draco chirped in when he spotted that Harry was making breakfast. Harry glared at him, he should make him starve but he knew he didn't have the heart to deny someone a bodily need such as food.

He moved to the refrigerator, opened it, and took out the eggs, hash, and a loaf of bread. He paused and threw a curious glance over his shoulder, "Would you like anything, Blaise?"

"Just toast and jam, Harry, thank you." Blaise said, never looking up from his newspaper and Harry wondered what was so interesting in it.
Harry nodded, silently, moving back to the counter with the ingredients and began to cook. As he cracked the eggs into the heated frying pan, he asked, "Why do I always make breakfast anyways?"

"You're the best at it," Blaise said, mechanically as if Harry had asked the very same question a thousand times already. "Your cooking is divine, I'm just decent at it and Draco…well, Draco barely gets by."

"Oi!" Draco exclaimed, offended by Blaise description. "I make edible food."

"I'm sure you do, amore." Blaise said, pleasantly, hiding behind his newspaper. Draco huffed, crossing his arms as Harry snorts in amusement.

"And here I was thinking Draco was perfect at everything," Harry teased as he moved the fried eggs to a clean plate that Draco had, attentively, levitated next to him. He went to start on the hash and placed the bread in the toast (another muggle invention he was sure he had fought to have in the house).

"I am perfect." Draco sniffed, tilting his nose in the air conceitedly. "I'm one in a billion."

"I'm sure." Harry rolled his eyes but there was a clear smile on his face as the toast popped up from the toaster. This was nice, the light familiar banter and the smell of breakfast in the air, it almost made him feel as if he had a place in their lives and even though he knew it wasn't true, he could still imagine that this was where he belonged.

He nearly collapsed when Blaise loomed over him to take the plate of eggs along with the toast and jam before leaning down to peck him on the cheek.

"Thank you for the breakfast, my treasure." Blaise said, softly before he pulled back and went back to table. He left Harry with a speeding heart and a blushing face, so when Harry spotted the two sharing a secret smile from the corner of his eye, he just knew something was going on.

They were planning something.

He didn't say anything but walk to the table and plopped into the empty chair next to Draco and he briefly wonders why they need such a large table, it looked as if it could seat six people!

"What are you two up to?" Harry asked, lifting his gaze from the table to his husbands. Draco paused in his eating and Blaise paused in smearing jam on his toast.

"Up to?" Draco echoed an innocent look on his face and Harry knew he was lying. "We don't know what you're talking about."

"Honestly," Blaise said, agreeing before his eyes strayed to the clock hanging on the wall. "Look at the time, it's already nine-thirty, we'll be late if we don't leave now."

Harry gave them both a suspicious look but nodded, nonetheless, as he grabbed some toast and bit into it. He was too nervous and excited to eat anything else, he didn't show it but the thought of working at the job he always dreamed of doing was fantastic and nerve wracking. He knew nothing of being an Auror and he was sure that he would mess up.

Blaise got up and placed the dirty plates and cups in the sink before he turned and Draco stood as well. Harry slowly got to his feet, unsure as to how exactly they went to the Ministry.

He stood awkwardly as Blaise pulled Draco in for a kiss and Harry wasn't sure whether to look away or stare at the incredibly sexy sight before him. It was sweet and loving, Blaise held Draco as if
he was the most precious thing in the world and Harry felt jealousy spike up inside him, he wanted someone to hold him like that, to kiss him like that.

When they pulled apart, they turned to look at Harry and he felt like a deer in headlights as Blaise stalks over him, pauses briefly, before cupping Harry’s face then leaned down to plant a soft kiss on his lips.

It isn't like anything Harry has felt before, not like Cho's wet kiss or Ginny's awkward ones either, this one was purely perfect. It was soft and loving and Harry felt wanted, he didn't even realize he had closed his eyes until Blaise pulled away and Harry fluttered them open.

He stared blankly ahead of him, unsure how to react with his first kiss with a man so suddenly stolen, he's unsure whether he should be angry or swoon, he was so confused. He instead stared blankly at the wall, his mind in mush at the kiss and he was sure that he should be saying something but his mouth refused to move.

"I think you broke him, Blaise." He could hear Draco's amused voice from somewhere behind Blaise.

"Hm, did I?" Blaise asked, casually, looking at Harry who was red and staring stupidly at the wall with his mouth gaped open. "I'll see you two at lunch time, love you."

"I love you too," Draco responded almost gleefully as Blaise apparated leaving a brain dead Potter with him. "Come on, lover boy, we're going to be late."

Harry vaguely remembered Draco tugging his arm before he felt the queasy sensation of apparating engulfed him.

....

Harry couldn't stop staring at Ron, even while Shacklebolt was saying something about their mission for the day he had long since stopped listening to what he was saying to focus on his friend. Ron looked as he had the last time he remembered seeing him, red haired, gangly, and tall.

He didn't think he would ever have a chance to amend their friendship in this world as the topic of Ron was such a sour topic but there he was and he was slightly irritated with his husbands for never telling him anything about Ron being in Auror training with them.

"—Potter..."

A warning would had suffice from either husbands as to what to expect, surely, Ron would accept his apology if he had offered it. Maybe, they had a chance to fix their friendship for the better. He was still part of the Weasley family, wasn't he? He hoped so, it would hurt if they had shunned him due to only Ron. He loved them as much as he loved his own newly found family and he hoped to keep that relationship.

It hurt to know that he and Ron had a falling out that their friendship couldn't mend, he knew Ron had a hatred even fiercer than his for anything Slytherin or Malfoy so it was inevitable that their friendship would suffer from Ron's stubbornness but they were adults now, surely they could overcome such differences and not resort to hexes and insults.

"POTTER!"

"Huh?" He was snapped from his thoughts as Draco dug his elbow deeply into his ribs and Shacklebolt shouted his name, sharply. His withheld tears of pain as his side burn and sent a glare to
Draco who merely smirked and shrugged.

Shacklebolt sighed, pointed to a few cubicles behind him before he said, "Finish up some paperwork Malfoy, Cho and Weasley today."

Harry heard Draco groaned next to him but he was delighted to work with Ron, maybe, he would have a chance to speak with the redhead.

"Oi, Ron!" He called out, he ignored Draco's protest as he rushed past him to walk towards Ron's cubicle. He was sitting in his chair, a stunned and resentful look on his face.

"What do you want, Potter?" Ron asked, warily, once he got over the shock of seeing his former best friend call out to him after they hadn't spoken since the war.

Harry sighed, glancing over at Draco who looked pained as if he didn't know whether to leave them to talk or stand to the side. Harry gave him a reassuring smile and Draco sagged, nodding before he turned and went to his own cubicle.

"Look, I know you don't agree with my decisions." Harry began nervously, his hand twitching at his sides.

"That's an understatement," Ron muttered, turning his back on the man and turning to look at his piled paperwork. "Look, I have work to do. I don't have time to indulge you."

"Indulge me?" Harry repeated, incredulously, and he wondered when Ron began to sound so…mature. "I'm trying to apologize you prick."

Ron froze and looked over his shoulder at Harry critically before he said, slowly, "Apologize?"

Harry nodded, relief flooded through him. "Yeah, I...I'm sorry for whatever I did. I don't want to stay mad at you, you were the first friend I ever had and I couldn't live with knowing you hated me."

While he was talking, Ron had fully turned towards him and was looking at him incredulously as if he lost his mind.

"What is wrong with you?" Ron asked, there was no malice in his words just pure curiosity.

Harry blushed, not sure if he should reveal to anyone about his 'amnesia' but thought no harm could be done so he said, "I have amnesia, I don't remember anything after the beginning of sixth year."

"How about your freaky relationship?" Ron demanded and Harry flinched at the crude description and he was suddenly thankful he didn't know about the argument that transpired between him and Ron.

"No, I don't remember our relationship but," Harry began firmly. "Look Ron, I know you don't agree to my decision and I stand by them, Draco and Blaise has been nothing but kind and understanding of my feelings and situation no matter how much I hurt them so please, just give them a chance…give me a chance. I miss the Weasleys and I don't want that part of my life gone."

Ron frowned at him, not saying anything for a long time and Harry considered just forgetting the whole thing and running to his cubicle with his tail between his legs.

"Come to The Burrow this weekend," Ron said, slowly and as an afterthought he added, "You can come with them, if ya want."
Harry felt a weight coming off his shoulders and he smiled in relief at Ron, he resisted the urge to hug the redhead and instead almost skipped to his cubicle, the elated feeling never leaving him for the rest of the day.

Now, how was he going to tell Draco and Blaise that they would spend a day with the Weasley's this Saturday?

"How gloomy." Draco commented, looking at the horrid outfit that Harry had chosen for himself. They were in Blaise and Draco's bedroom trying to choose an outfit for Harry to wear tonight that would get Draco's approval. Harry didn't see what the problem was, they all looked fine to him and anything would've sufficed in his opinion.

"It's blue," Harry said, glaring at him. It was the sixth outfit that Harry had chosen that was either too bright, too plain or disgusting.

"It's horrid," Draco retaliated, crossing his arms across his chest. "I'm not letting you leave here in such a manner."

"Fine," Harry said, gritting his teeth. He dived into his side of the closet once again before he pulled out a black suit with a red dress shirt. "How's this?" He had to restrain himself from strangling Draco when he moaned in despair and flung himself onto the bed. Blaise snorted at his dramatics as he came out from the bathroom, towel drying his hair.

"Red clashes with your eyes," Draco exclaimed, dramatically, and Harry had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. "Do you want to look like Christmas decoration?"

"Draco, really!" Harry let out a desperate laugh. "I can't wear white, red, blue, gray, or black. What else is there?!"

He was going to go insane and Blaise was no help as he ignored them both and happily put on his 'Draco approved' outfit. Harry stumbled as Draco pushed him out the way and rummaged through his clothes, he paused once in a while before he made a disgusted noise and continued looking.

"Here!" Draco exclaimed, pulling out a dark green dress shirt and black slacks from the closet. "You will look ravishing in this, my dear."

"Charming," Harry retorted snatching the outfit and laying it on the bed. Draco stuck his tongue out before he went to the bathroom to take a shower. Harry figured this was a good time to confess what he did today, Blaise was more rational than Draco was and would hear him out and understand.

"I apologized to Ron today," Harry blurted out once he could hear the water running indicating that Draco was in the shower.

"You did what?" Blaise asked, looking at his reflection blankly from where he was examining himself in front of the body length mirror in their bedroom.

The day had gone rather quickly after Harry had ditched his paperwork for a lunch break with his husbands; he lost his nerves and didn't tell them of his agreement with Ron.

"He invited us to The Burrow this weekend with the Weasley's." Harry went on as if he didn't hear Blaise.

"Tesoro," Blaise sighed, he was wearing a black suit and a white dress shirt with the top button
undone under it. "They hate us."

"They are willing to try if he's inviting all of us over," Harry said, pleading, as he looked over at Blaise who was tying his shoes.

"It's not me who you should be pleading," Blaise said, nodding towards the closed door. "It's Draco."

Harry groaned lying back flat at the thought of convincing Draco to come as well. "He'll give."

"How do you plan on doing that?" Blaise asked, distractedly.

Harry frowned in thought, he truly had no idea. If he was honest with himself, he didn't know much about his husbands and he hoped that this dinner date would let him get insight in their likes and dislikes. He was trying, truly he was. He thought long and hard about the situation while in the office today and decided that he should give these two men a chance at his heart. They had worked once so why not again? There was nothing but his own stubbornness stopping them.

He watched as Draco finally exited the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist and beads of water running down his chest. An idea formed in his head and he grinned evilly, Blaise shot him a confused look but he only winked at him before he scrambled to his feet and sauntered to the closet where Draco was looking for an outfit.

"What is it?" Draco asked wearily when he turned to see Harry looking at him with an intense look in his eyes.

Harry licked his lips nervously, faltering a bit in his plan before he steeled himself and grabbed Draco's chin and pulled him for a kiss.

Draco's eyes widened at the feel of those lips on his once more before he closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around Harry's neck. Harry licked the bottom of Draco's lip and was pleased when the blond instantly granted him entrance. Draco tasted like mint and citrus and Harry found out quickly that he liked the taste. He moaned into the kiss, his lips sucking on Draco's tongue before he pulled back to nip playfully at Draco's bottom lip.

"Come to the Weasley's with me this Saturday?" Harry asked against Draco's lips, his arms wrapped tightly around his waist as Draco leaned heavily on him.

"Okay." Draco said, automatically, in a daze.

"Great!" Harry chirped, pecking his lips once more before he pulled away and headed to the bed to gather his clothes and go take a shower.

He gave Blaise a triumphant grin as he passed him and Blaise could only shake his head in wonder.

"You tricked me," Draco hissed accusingly as they were seated at the restaurant that Blaise had reserved for them that night. It was beautiful inside, little glowing lights floated in the air to illuminate the restaurant and the tables and chair were fashionably made.

Harry examined his fork interestingly as he responded, lightly, "Did I?"

"There's no way in hell I'm going to the Weasley's." Draco said, lowly so as to not draw attention to themselves.
"You already agreed," Harry shot back, leaning against his chair.

"It was rather Slytherin of him," Blaise commented amusedly as he looked over the menu.

Harry shrugged as he said, offhandedly, "I try my best."

"Listen, here, Potter," Draco began menacingly. "I will not go anywhere near the Weasley's."

"If you don't go, then, I'll just have to stay with them," Harry threatened and they both looked alarmed at his words. "I'm sure they have room for one more, maybe, Ginny and I could get reacquainted."

"Oh, you dirty, dirty man." Draco said, shaking his head but an amused smile was on his lips.

"That was low, Harry." Blaise said, smirking, calling over the waiter.

Harry crossed his arms and stuck his nose in the air, "Desperate time calls for desperate measures."

"Good evening, sirs, welcome to Noir Nuit. What are you having tonight?"

"I would like the cajun chicken, the blond will have the alfredo pasta and he'll have the steak." Blaise said, Harry looked at him in surprise because he was indeed eyeing the steak section.

He leaned forward and whispered, "How did you know that I wanted the steak?"

Blaise gave him an amused look before he replied, "You always order the steak."

Harry blushed reminding himself that even if he didn't know much about them, they knew almost everything about him.

"Anyways," Draco said, loudly, causing the two to turn to him. "Back to our discussion."

"There is no discussion," Harry cut in. "We're going."

Blaise shrugged when Draco looked at him for help, "The savior has spoken."

Draco looked disgruntled and Harry laughed, knowing that he had won when Draco only muttered crossly before he pouted.

He paused in mid laugh as he spotted something that caught his eye behind Draco's shoulder and his breath hitched at who he saw.

Draco looked at him in confusion when he stopped suddenly to look behind him, "What is it?"

Harry blinked not sure if should just wave it off as nothing or if he should tell them but they didn't give him a chance to decide as Draco and Blaise both turned to see what he was staring at and they both tensed at what they saw.

It was Ginny.

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Chapter Summary

Harry gets his heart broken and a decision is made.

Chapter Notes

"He cried that night for all that he had lost,
But he would say it taught him a valuable lesson:
That holding on to things will only break your heart."
—Mitch Albom

"We're leaving." Draco announced, stiffly, rising from his seat. It was Blaise who stopped him from marching out of the restaurant by grabbing his arm. "Let me go, Blaise."

"Sit." Blaise said, sternly.

Draco looked at him with disbelief. "Blaise, you can't possibly be considering to let him—"

"Sit," Blaise repeated his brown eyes hard and determined. "What Harry does will be his own decision not ours, we can only support whatever he chooses."

Draco shook his head frantically, his eyes on the red haired woman who was oblivious to what was happening behind her but he sat back down.

Harry bit his lip, looking between the two and the tense atmosphere surrounding them. He turned to where Ginny sat, head bowed and nibbling on a piece of bread, he smiled.

She looked as beautiful as he had last seen her; fiery, red hair and bright, brown eyes shone in the dimly lit restaurant. Seeing her, brought back all the affection and emotions that he had once held for her and Harry dimly wondered what was stopping him from getting what he wanted.

He loved Ginny, there was no doubt about it; she was beautiful and kind. She was normal and Harry craved that normalcy after all that he's been through during his years at Hogwarts. He wants that normalcy but then…

He focused back to his own table where his husbands looked at him with worry and fear; fear that he would leave and never return. That he wouldn't be at Hermione's place when they go look for him and they would find him.

Harry wasn't sure he could see that heartbroken expression on Draco's face, he didn't want to hurt anyone but he was stuck between a rock and a hard place. He was stuck between what he wanted and what he wants because those had changed over the two days that he spent with Blaise and
Draco.

It sounded asinine but he was falling for them, hard. He wanted to know more about them and he believed that they were totally and utterly in love with him, the problem was he wasn't. He was sure that given time he would fall in love with these two wonderful, gorgeous men but was he willing to give up Ginny?

He thought Ginny was the one but now, his mind and his heart were conflicted on the matter. He had caught a glimpse of what it would be like to be with Draco and Blaise and he wanted more. They were both addicting and they reeled him in with him even knowing he was captured.

Would losing what was developing between the three be worth it if he had Ginny instead? Would Ginny make him laugh as much as Draco or make his heart speed up as much as Blaise did?

Harry wasn't sure but he would try, he and Ginny could be happy. He was sure of it and Ginny meant normal, he liked normal.

"Please," He said, abruptly, and his two husbands looked at him in confusion. "I just need a minute, I'll be back."

Draco looked as if he wanted to refuse but thought better of it as he only sighed and looked at Blaise, leaving the decision to him. Blaise had a blank expression on his face, looking at Harry for a moment and Harry had to fight the urge to fidget under his dark gaze. After a minute, Blaise slowly nodded before looking away and Harry sighed in relief, getting up without another word and trying to ignore Draco's hurt gaze at his back.

He walked briskly towards Ginny's table and was delighted to see she was alone; he slipped into the vacant seat and smiled fondly at seeing her up close once again.

Ginny looked up when she heard someone sit across from her and gasped in surprise at when she saw it was him, "Harry! I-I didn't know you were here! It's so good to see you!"

Harry smiled in relief because they were fine, her happy expression indicated that she didn't ignore him as the rest of the Weasley's did and it made him happy to know that something's never change.

Ginny was still the fiery, independent woman he had fallen in love with.

"Hello, Ginny," He greeted her before he suddenly grabbed her hands much to her surprise. "I want to ask you something."

"What is it, Harry?" She asked confused, looking nervously at their entwined hands.

"Ginny, I know this is abrupt and sudden but I have never stopped loving you and if you would have me I want to try us out again…maybe, start with a dinner or—"

"Stop right there," Ginny interrupted, removing her hands from his grasp and she seemed to be trembling. "You can't expect me to believe this, is this some kind of joke?"

"What?" Harry said, alarmed at the accusation. "I'm not playing a joke, I really mean it!"

"You can't mean it, Harry." Ginny said, she looked pained. "It took me a long time to get over you, a very long time, so long I thought I would die loving you and no other. It was hard and it hurt but I wanted you to be happy and you are…" She paused and the smile she gave him broke his heart, "I am. I'm happy without you, Harry, for the first time in my life. So, don't come over here trying to make me fall in love with you again. I can't deal with that again. Just…let's leave it at that."
He felt as if his heart's been stabbed and he wonders if this was how heartbreak was supposed to feel liked, a wrenching and shredding type of pain as if his heart could never beat again with the amount of pain that it was enduring. It hurt so much and Ginny was happy…without him so why can't he be happy without Ginny?

He felt as if the world had tilted on its axis and he's found Ginny and lost her in matter of seconds.

"You're happy?" Harry choked out, tears blurring in his vision and he didn't want to cry, he didn't want to show that her rejection hurt him more than she could ever imagine.

"I am," Ginny said softly and she looked as if she was going to cry as well. She dreamed of having Harry, of their life together so many times and finally, he was here and she waited for so long but she was already taken and it hurt her that she let go far too soon. "I'm sorry I have to go."

She got up abruptly and practically ran out of the restaurant, tears streaming down her cheeks and Harry merely stared forlornly at the table, a hollow feeling settling deeply in his heart. He felt the table shift and someone sat down across from him but he didn't look up, his eyes dead.

"I don't know why you are going after her," He was startled by the unfamiliar voice and looked up to see Theodore Nott sitting across from him. He eyed him warily, unsure of what to make of his presence. "When you have two gorgeous men waiting for you over there."

Harry narrowed his eyes as Nott looked over to his table looking at Draco and Blaise appraisingly and he said, deadly. "Excuse me?"

Nott turned back to him slowly, sizing him up before he elaborated,"You want my wife as much as I want your husbands."

Harry jolted in surprise, not expecting that response. "Y-You're Ginny's husband?" He suddenly scoffed, feeling anger at the man's previous words. "You don't deserve her if you're fantasizing about two men."

"And you don't deserve them if you're fantasizing about a women," Nott shot back at him, venomously. "You don't realize what you have right in front of you. Ginny is happy with me because I do love her no matter that I am still in love with Draco and Blaise but I do love Ginny."

"How can you love her when you still love them?" Harry asked in disbelief.

Nott shrugged, "I've buried my love for them a long time ago, I've accepted that they will never love me as much as I do them and I've accepted that, I've moved on and I am happy with my wife."

Harry bowed his head in guilt, he looked up towards his table and saw Draco leaning his head on Blaise's shoulder as Blaise wrapped his arms around him and Harry felt a pain in his heart that he never felt before.

"I don't deserve them." Harry realized with sadness.

"You sure don't." Nott agreed and it made Harry angrier to hear the words.

"If you think you're such a perfect match than why didn't you make your move during school?" Harry asked, annoyed by his presence.

"Because Blaise was in love with Draco and Draco was enamored with you," Nott said, his voice filled with bitterness. "I thought it would end in a bloody love triangle but you all made it work and somewhere in between Blaise had fallen in love with you as well and I was left with love that would
never be requited."

Harry felt guilty because he could tell that Nott truly did love Blaise and Draco but they both loved him. Now, he was pining after Nott's wife and it was a total mess and Harry was confused as to what to do. He was heartbroken and all he wanted to do was curl into a bed and sleep.

"Let her go," Nott advised. "Or else you won't see what is in front of you; people would kill to have the love of those two beautiful men."

"Would you kill?" Harry asked, looking at him.

"I would," Nott said without any hesitation, looking Harry straight in the eye. "But I love them and wish only for their happiness and you make them happy when you stop making them happy then we'll have a problem."

"I don't like to be threatened, Nott." Harry warned, narrowing his eyes.

"You know, Potter, I'm willing to switch." Nott leaned forward, smirking, ignoring Harry's warning. "I would gladly hand over Ginny for Blaise and Draco."

"Like hell I would do that," Harry said, venomously, and to his surprise he found he was more against handing over his husbands than Ginny being treated as a thing. They were his and Harry would rather die than let anyone have them.

Nott sneered, leaning back. "Suit yourself, now if you will excuse me I have an upset wife to tend to. Tough, next time I see you trying to woo my wife, I won't be as kind." With that, he was gone as quietly as he came and Harry felt exhausted from the conversation. He stood up on shaky legs and made his way to his table; Blaise saw him coming and rose to his feet with Draco at his side.

His expression was still guarded as if expecting a rejection from Harry and it only hurt him more to know they thought he would leave so easily. The tears that he was restraining finally flowed free and he leaned his head against Blaise's chest, they didn't say anything about it of which Harry was grateful for.

"Take me home," Harry whispered his voice tearful and broken. He felt comforted when Blaise wrapped his arm tightly around him and apparated away with him.

When he blinked again he was in the guest room and Blaise was leading him towards the bed. Draco had apparated after them and stood hesitantly at the door way, unsure of what to do.

"No," Harry said, shaking his head, his head bowed when Blaise stop. "I want to sleep in our bed."

Blaise blinked in surprise not sure what had been said between Harry and Ginny but he was certain that now was not the right time to talk about it. "Of course, tesoro."

Harry shivered at the nickname; treasure. He was Blaise's treasure and the thought filled him with so much warmth and happiness that he thought he would burst.

Harry didn't even realize he had been walking until they stopped in front of the king sized bed and Draco helped him out of his dress shirt and pants, leaving him only in his boxers. Blaise led him into bed and placed him in the middle of the large bed, his head resting on Blaise's chest as Draco spooned him from behind.

"I'm so sorry," Harry murmured, his lip trembling. He was sorry for everything he put these two through and never realizing how much it hurt them. He never realized how much they loved him
until tonight when they let him go, hoping that he would return to them.

"There is nothing to be sorry for, il mio tesoro" Blaise whispered, running a hand softly through Harry's hair.

"We love you, Harry." Draco said, softly, from behind him.

Then, he couldn't contain it any longer. He let the tears fall and he cried, he cried for his heart broken into pieces for a girl that would never love him. He cried for the pain he caused these two wonderful men and he cried for holding on to something he should have let go long ago and now he was left with a broken heart.

He knew he should've been stronger, that he shouldn't have looked so broken but he couldn't hold that façade when his heart was in tiny little pieces and he didn't know anymore who he was in love with.

So, he cried until he couldn't cry anymore, then he fell into a dreamless sleep wrapped around the warmth of his two husbands.

. . . .

"Potter, I'm assigning you to this mission along with Malfoy. You'll be overseen by Senior Aurors starting Monday," Shacklebolt informed him as he dropped a pile of files on his desk. Harry frowned as he opened the file and his heart froze when he read the first line.

"You want me to track down Bellatrix Lestrange?" Harry said his voice hoarse. He should've known those prominent death eaters were still at large and he still held hate for the woman who killed his godfather in his world.

"Yes, will that be a problem?" Shacklebolt looked at him with a hard stare and Harry was suddenly reminded that he probably didn't have a relationship with Shacklebolt or any of the Order of the Phoenix members. Shacklebolt wouldn't know that Bellatrix was a sore topic for him nor would he know anything about Harry except he defeated Voldemort.

_Did I even defeat Voldemort in this world?_ Harry wondered as he took the rest of the files. He didn't really care, as long as the psycho had died.

"No, sir, no problem at all." Harry said, stiffly as Shacklebolt gave him a curt nod and left. Harry sighed, running a weary hand through his hair; he didn't have the energy to even focus on Bellatrix right now.

Harry couldn't have been more happier that it was Friday, the night before had left him in a melancholic mood and he was not in the mood for work so he was grateful that he was sent to do paperwork while Draco went for field.

He had avoided speaking about last night with his two husbands all morning to the point where he woke up earlier than they did, made breakfast for them and left for the Ministry alone. He was too embarrassed and felt somewhat inadequate of their affection; he just wanted to hide away until he figured out what he was feeling for them.

He rested his head on his chair, sighing loudly. He couldn't concentrate on his work, not when he was ignoring his husbands and he was having conflicting emotions about them.

"Harry?" A tentative voice called from his side, he turned his head to see it was Neville. "Are you okay?"
It still came to a great shock that Neville of all people became an Auror and a decent one from what he could see. Gone was the pudgy, shy boy and here stood a slim, confident man and Harry was proud to call Neville a friend.

"Yeah, Neville, I'm fine." Harry said with a tight smile.

Neville raised an eyebrow before he said, "Would you like to talk about it?"

Harry looked surprised, "Why would you think—"

"Draco," Neville said simply,"He told me what had happened last night while you were avoiding him. He also told me you've lost your memories from the last four years. He thought talking to someone about your feelings would make you feel better and less likely to go insane."

He should've known it was Draco's big mouth spouting out his business but he knew it was the blond's way of helping and he felt touched that Draco cared enough to find him a psychologist—of sorts.

Harry groaned, covering his head with hands. It couldn't hurt to talk to someone about his feelings; maybe, an outside opinion would tell him who he should be fighting for.

"I met Ginny last night and I asked her if we can start over with our relationship," Harry began, the guilt eating at him. Now, that he had said it out loud he realized how inconsiderate he was of Draco and Blaise's feeling. "She told me that she was happy with whom she was now and I was heartbroken. She was my first love but...I'm beginning to fall in love with Blaise and Draco but I think I still have feelings for Ginny and I'm just so confused."

"What makes you think you're falling in love with Draco and Blaise?" Neville asked, curious, and Harry looked at him in surprise, not expecting that to be the first question.

"Well, Blaise is kind, sweet, understanding, calm and bloody gorgeous." Harry said with a fond smile which quickly morphed into a smirk. "While Draco is witty, a control freak, dramatic, and adorable."

"How about Ginny?" Neville asked, raising his eyebrow.

"Why I'm in love with Ginny?" Harry mused, frowning. He thought about it for a second. "Well, Ginny is...well Ginny!"

"I see." Neville said, nodding.

Harry looked alarmed, not liking Neville's tone, "What? What do you see?"

Neville sighed before he looked him straight in the eyes, "Harry, I'm not a love guru but I do know that love is more than 'Ginny being Ginny.' You could make a list on two people who you don't love but can't even name one asset of Ginny's that would make you love her, don't you think that's a bit...odd?"

Neville sighed when Harry didn't say anything so he continued, "I think you love the sound of a normal relationship with Ginny rather than Ginny herself. A triad isn't normal and you fear for what other will say about it that's why you're so against the thought of being with Draco and Blaise—"

Harry abruptly stood, startling Neville who looked up at him in surprise. "Can you cover for me? I have to go."
"Err, okay, sure Harry." Neville said, nervously, not sure what he had said to make Harry so frantic to leave.

"Thanks, Neville, I owe you." Harry said, smiling gratefully before he left with a pop.

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"Hermione!" Harry wailed as he apparated into Hermione's living room. "Emergency!"

It was more of a nuclear crisis, what Neville had said had hit too close to home and he knew only one person that knew Harry Potter better than he did.

"Harry?" Hermione poked her head into the living room, confused look on her face. "What are you doing here?"

"Where's Snape?" Harry asked, warily. He was not in the mood to deal with the greasy git and it still disturbed him greatly to see Hermione and Snape being so loving to each other.

Hermione gave him a disapproving look, "He's in his potion's lab in the basement."

Harry sagged in relief. "Thank, Merlin."

"Harry, what's going on? Come, let's go in the kitchen. I was just having tea with your mother." Hermione said, grabbing his hand and pulling him out of the living room and into the kitchen.

"Mum? What are you doing here?" Harry asked, pleasantly surprised to see his mother here.

"Hello, sweetie," Lily said, smiling. "James is at work so I came over for tea with Hermione."

"Dad works?" Harry wondered aloud.

"Yes, dear. He's an Auror." Lily said, giving him weird looks.

Harry knew he should've known these things already but he couldn't but be curious. "Dad's an Auror? How come I haven't seen him around?"

"He and Sirius are Senior Aurors and usually prefer raids and field work, they are rarely at the Ministry."

"Hermione, why aren't you working?" Harry asked, as he gave his mother a hug and sat next to her.

"I'm off today and so is your mother." Hermione informed him.

"Mum, you work?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Of course I do, how could you forget that I'm a healer?" Lily said, looking at him concerned that he had lost more memories.

"Ah, right."

"So, Harry, why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be at work?" Hermione asked, her concern mirroring Lily's

Harry sighed, before he told them of what had happened since he had left that day, of how he had apologized to Ron and his meeting with Ginny at the restaurant, how he realized he hurt his husbands more every day and how he was falling for them but didn't think he deserved their love.
By the time he was finished, they were both looking at him in disbelief.

"Well, that is rather shocking." Lily said.

Hermione nodded in agreement before she asked, softly, "Harry, do you love Blaise and Draco?"

"No," Harry said, slowly, "But I think in time I will but Ginny…"

"Like Neville said, you're in love with what Ginny can give you not Ginny." Lily said, softly, placing her hand on top of Harry's. He felt grateful to have his mother there as a source of comfort and support.

"You have to let her go, Harry." Hermione continued. "Nott was right, you have two wonderful men that love you and you're stuck on someone who doesn't."

"And you do deserve their love, my beautiful boy." Lily said, she cupped his face into her hands, green eyes meeting with green eyes. "You three are meant to be together, I didn't believe it in the beginning but seeing you three together showed me how much love flow in your relationship and I'm so proud of you, Harry. I'm so proud of the man you grew up to be."

Harry felt his heart soar at her words, it was the first time he ever heard his mother tell him that she was proud of who he grew up to be and it meant more to him than anything.

"Thank you, mum," He said, his voice thick with emotions. She merely ran a hand through his hair and kissed his forehead.

"Harry," Hermione began, placing a hand on his arm. "I think you will find happiness with Draco and Blaise, please give them a chance. If you wanted to go to Ginny, they would let you because they love you and want to see you happy."

Harry nodded, he understood now. Ginny was something he had wished would work out only because he loved the thought of having a wife, children and a white picket fence. It was normal, it was safe.

Draco and Blaise weren’t normal, they weren't safe. They were fiery and passionate. It was love, though; at least, he knew it was for them. He was still unsure on where he fit in their love but he would figure that out along the way.

"I've been meaning to ask you Hermione," Harry began suddenly, a thought coming to him. "How the heck did you and Snape get together?"

Hermione smirked and simply replied, "You sent me to go find him at the Battle of Hogwarts. I saved him from a fatal wound from Nagini and stayed with him until the battle was over and we had started talking."

Harry grimaced, he wasn't keen on hearing more but he just had to know, "But why Snape?"

Hermione's eyes glittered, wickedly, and Harry instantly regretted his question when she said, "Have you heard him speak? That low, seductive baritone voice," Hermione paused to let out a shiver. "Merlin, my knickers just fall down at the thought."

Lily coughed behind her hand to hide her laughter and blush as Harry turned green before promptly vomiting on the floor.
Harry returned home late that night, he had spent the rest of the day with his mother and Hermione talking about anything and everything.

He apparated into the living room and he smiled at the sight that greeted him. A movie was playing while Blaise sat on the couch with Draco's head on his lap, the blond's eyes staring raptly into the screen while Blaise stared at Draco, playing with his hair.

He stepped forward, suddenly, feeling nervous when Draco turned his attention from the telly and towards him.

"I-I..." Harry stuttered, he didn't know what to say that could fix what damage he had already done.

"Shut up and come here," Draco commanded softly and Harry felt his feet obeying without him realizing it. Draco moved off from Blaise's lap and pulled Harry down to where he had laid then he climbed on top of Harry to lie on his chest and Harry wrapped his arms around him immediately.

Harry sighed in contentment when Blaise began to stroke his hair, dull fingernails scratching his scalp.

"I'm sorry for everything," He whispered, clenching his hands into tight fists. "I shouldn't have done that in front of you, I didn't mean to hurt you and it seems that all I've been doing is hurt you and it isn't fair, you two deserve better than me."

"I said shut up," Draco said, his voice muffled as his face was buried in Harry's work robes. "You're a prick, we knew that when we started fucking Harry Pratter."

"Oh, har, har, very funny." Harry said, sarcastically though a grin was forming on his face.

"Don't be crude, Draco." Blaise said, shaking his head.

"Did you know Nott was in love with you two?" Harry blurted out because he couldn't hold it in much longer and it made his blood boil, he sat up a bit to catch their reaction to the news.

"Really?" Draco and Blaise asked simultaneously.

"Yeah, he told me last night." Harry said, gloomily.

"Theo loves me?" Draco preened, a smug grin was on his face and Harry rolled his eyes. "What can I say? I'm irresistible."

"That's nothing to be proud of, Draco," Harry said, sighing as he flopped back down on to Blaise's lap.

"I shouldn't be too worried about it, Harry." Blaise said, smoothing the frown lines on Harry's face.

"But he's a Slytherin! Aren't they known for getting what they want?"

"That's Malfoy's," Blaise corrected him, he ignored Draco's glare as leaned in close and poked Harry's nose. "Are you jealous?"

Harry flushed and pushed Blaise's face away from him. "Of course not, why would I be?"

"Oh, he's so jealous, Blaise!" Draco said, lifting his head up to eye Harry.

"So what if I am?" Harry snapped, pinching Draco's side. "You both are mine, he can't have you."
"You have no claim on us, we're not yours." Blaise said, teasing. "We're free for the picking."

He hated those words because he wished they were his and he would try for the rest of his life to make sure they knew that, starting with today.

Harry growled and pushed Draco off him before he turned to Blaise who was giving him a surprised look, Harry merely grinned and got on top of him, his legs straddling each side of Blaise. Draco looked intrigued to what Harry was going to do next.

He knew he was jealous; he didn't need them to tell him that. He, however, wasn't sure why it felt so heart wrenching to hear that these two gorgeous men weren't his. Harry ran a hand down Blaise's chest, his fingers light against tight muscles. He needed to claim these two men as his alone so no one would ever question that they belonged to him. He had few possessions but he would make sure he would take care of his most precious ones.

"Harry, what are you doin—"

Harry cut him off as he wrapped his hands into curly hair and pulled Blaise towards him, their nose touching as Harry growled, "Kiss me."

He smashed their lips together and he grinned triumphantly when Blaise groaned and wrapped his arms tightly around Harry's waist as their tongues and teeth clashed in a messy and hot kiss. Blaise coaxed his mouth opened and Harry gasped as Blaise swiftly pulled his tongue into his mouth to suck on it lovingly.

Blaise lowered his hands to squeeze Harry's firm buttocks as he tried to pull him closer, he wanted to devour the man above him who tasted so good and addicting.

"Shit, that's hot," Harry could hear Draco saying from behind him, he could hear a bit of shuffle before Draco was behind him, sucking on his neck and slipping his hands under his shirt, Draco's hands rubbed soothing, yet sensual circles over his stomach.

Harry pulled back, grinning when Blaise let out a disappointed groan at the loss before Harry dived down to his neck and bit down harshly causing him to hiss in pain.

"Now, you're mine." Harry whispered, lowly, running a hand down Blaise's torso before he turned his head to kiss Draco awkwardly from behind before he pulled away to bite down on the blond's bottom lip. "Both of you are mine."

Harry leaned against Blaise heavily, groaning as he grinded down against Blaise's erection, his eyes closed and his mouth open as he panted harshly.

"Yeah, baby, just like that…" Blaise groaned, gritting his teeth to restrain himself from throwing his husband down on the couch and ravish him completely. Then, suddenly, Harry paused and went slack on top of him.

"What the—!" Draco exclaimed in surprise when Harry fell on top of Blaise, unmoving.

"Shit," Blaise said, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry because surely he would get blue balls from this. "He fell asleep!"

Harry was sound asleep, softly snoring against Blaise's neck, his arms wrapped loosely around his neck and Draco looked horrified.

"What the fuck!" Draco shouted, enraged. "Who the hell goes to sleep when they are about to have
"I feel vaguely used." Blaise said frowning, getting up from the couch with Harry in his arms. He smiled at the peaceful sight his husband made before he shook his head, ignoring Draco's rant as he climbed up the stairs.

He desperately needed a shower.

Harry woke up to a white, never ending space. Harry groaned, not pleased to be back in this place again and he scrambled to his feet. The last thing he remembered was being in the living room, on top of Blaise and—

"Shit!" Harry looked around, not seeing another living being in sight. "Don't tell me that I died again?" Surely, he didn't die while he was having sex!

He froze when a familiar, melodious laughter rang into his ear and he turned to see Aida standing behind him. Seeing her again angered him as she was the reason he was so conflicted with his feelings, if he had never caught a glimpse of life with Draco and Blaise he would never had questioned his love for Ginny.

"You are not dead, Harry Potter." Aida said, smiling. Her smile only caused the anger to build within him even more.

"Fate," Harry sneered, mockingly. "What a ruse!"

Aida sighed, not even angry at his mockery. "I know you are angry, Harry Potter…"

"I'm furious!"

"…and that is understandable but…"

"How could you do this to me?!"

"…what you get is what you get." Aida finished lamely and Harry threw his hands up in the air in frustration.

"What kind of bull is that?" Harry exclaimed, angrily.

"Harry Potter, you wished to be in a place where you are the happiest. I merely looked at your red strings and sent you to that reality, you would be the happiest with your soul mates." Aida said in her defense.

"You keep saying that," Harry said, frustrated. "What does having red strings even mean?"

"Everyone has red strings, sometimes multiple which are attached to them leading them to their perfect person. You mortals call them soul mates and it is a very apt description, these strings lead you to the other part of your soul. You, Harry Potter, have two soul mates, your equals and complements in every way." Aida explained softly.

"Then, how come in my time I wasn't with Draco or Blaise? Why did I fall in love with Ginny, instead?" Harry demanded.

"Your red strings do not dictate who you will end up with merely who you should end up with. Your decisions are solely your own, hence, why many people settle for others that aren't their soul
mates but are content in who they are with. You didn't accept Draco Malfoy's friendship and that is why you never developed a relationship with him or Blaise Zabini in your world.

Harry looked as if he had been slapped, then he shook his head to clear his thoughts, "So, Ginny isn't…my soul mate?"

Aida sighed before she gave him a sad look, "I am sorry, Harry Potter, but she is not."

"How did my soul mates and I get together in this world?" Harry asked, trying to ignore the pang in his heart at the thought of Ginny.

"You ran." Aida said, simply.

"I…ran?" Harry asked, confusedly.

"After you attacked Draco Malfoy in the bathroom in sixth year…you ran." Aida said, impassively.

Harry's eyes widened in horror, he finally understood what Aida was trying to tell him. He didn't stay calling for help, he had ran. His cowardice was the difference in this world and he had almost become a murderer.

'We promised never to talk about it again.'

Harry felt sick, how could he be with them when he had almost killed Draco. How could he ever look Draco in the eye without feeling that guilt that was already consuming him. He felt as if he couldn't breathe, this was too much. His heart was hurting, images of Draco lying on the floor, bleeding and pale, dying and all he did was run ran through his mind.

"Harry Potter," Aida said firmly, snapping him out of his thoughts. "Focus, you will talk to them about the circumstances on how you all got together. For now, I have a compromise for you and I need your full attention."

Harry looked up at her with dead eyes, still haunted by the images that were running through his mind. "Compromise?"

"Yes," Aida nodded. "I understand you had fallen in love with Ginny Weasley in your old timeline so I will give you a choice. You will spend one year in this timeline and at the end of the year, you may choose to either stay here with your soul mates or to go back to your timeline."

Harry let out a shaky breath, he could go back. He just have to spend a year here, he hesitated at that thought. Did he want to go back when he was just falling in love with Draco and Blaise? Harry wasn't sure but the thought of those two men not being in his life anymore hurt him deeply.

"That's fine," He said, shakily. "I accept."

Aida smiled at him, tilting her head. "Wonderful, I look forward to seeing you again, Harry Potter."

Then she was gone and Harry was blinded with an intense white light and when he blinked, he was back in his bed, in between Blaise and Draco. He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and ran a shaky hand through his hair.

"Tesoro?" He turned to see sleepy brown eyes looking at him in confusion. "Are you alright?"

Harry turned his eyes upward to stare at the ceiling with wide eyes and he wondered if he truly was okay, not with his heart racing so erratically and his mind filled with questions of why, how,
what but he knew it would have to wait. All of it had to wait.

For now, he would go with the flow and fall in love or at least try to and maybe at the end of the year he wouldn't want to leave. He didn't know. He wasn't alright and he wasn't sure if he would ever be.

"Yeah," he breathed out finally, turning his head to peck Blaise's lips softly and it felt right, more right than anything he had ever done with Ginny — than why did her name cause his heart to speed up and his eyes to tear up at the thought of never being with her again? "I'm fine, Blaise."

Blaise gave him one last look before he nodded and settled back down, pulling Harry's head to his chest and running a hand through his hair until he fell asleep.

Harry merely stared into the darkness, his mind too active to fall asleep—no matter how comfortable he felt in Blaise's arm—as he thought of everything he had learned.

A year.

He had a year.

. . . .
Harry was panting, glaring determinedly at the other two, his wand clenched tightly in his hand. The atmosphere was tense; they all stood in a corner of the large living room. Debris and overturned furniture was evidence of their fight. They had been at it for what seemed like hours to Harry, he wasn't sure if it would ever end.

Harry didn't know how it came to this but he had no other choice. He hadn't slept last night, not after Aida's visit. He had a lot of thinking to do and sleeping would only bring unwanted dreams. He had finally come to a realization that his mind was still in love with Ginny while his heart was screaming for Draco and Blaise.

It was a bit difficult to understand, even he had some trouble understanding it but he didn't question it. He wanted Draco and Blaise but he refused to let go of Ginny and what their future meant. Even meeting with Aida hadn't changed that thought for him, he wasn't sure what would.

He was already awake when the other two roused and when they had made eye contact with him, he just knew something was up. He dismissed it as nothing and got up from between them and went to the bathroom. He couldn't fathom why both his husbands looked as if the world was about to end but he knew he would find out.

When he had returned as he spotted them whispering to each other, it hit him like a ton of bricks. Today was Saturday. Today, they were supposed to be going to The Burrow. Harry relaxed and tried to look nonchalant as he approached them and asked if they were ready to go.

Blaise scowled and Draco gave him a terrified look and bolted from the bed, Harry instantly grabbed his wand and flipped Draco on his arse and thus, the great Battle had started.

"Scared, Potter?" Draco sneered, raising his wand and Harry was strongly reminded of second year.

"You wish," Harry drawled, smirking tightly. He knew it was two against one, the way his two husbands were glancing at each other indicated that they were teaming up against him.

"You should be," Blaise said, lowly, like molten chocolate his voice rushed through Harry's body causing him to shiver.
"Why are you shivering, Harry, are you cold or is it from the fear?" Draco mocked, he was the closest to the stairs and Harry just knew he was waiting for the perfect moment to run.

Such a Slytherin.

"Why so concerned, Draco?" Harry asked in return, raising an eyebrow. "I didn't pin you for the caring type, which is very Weasley of you." He could see Blaise fighting off the smile that was trying to creep onto his face.

Oh, yes, that would hit the spot.

Draco widened his eyes in horror before he flushed red in anger and lifted his wand, shouting, "Diffindo!"

Harry widened his eyes in surprise before he jumped out of the way of the curse landing on the ground, he cursed as another couch split in two., "Dammit, Draco! No more cutting spells I said!"

Draco crossed his arms around his chest and huffed, "You deserved that one, jerk!"

Blaise let out a breathless laugh before he said, "Since when do Slytherins follow the rules?"

It made Harry wonder why he didn't settle for some smart Ravenclaw or a docile Hufflepuff, why did his bloody heart choose evil Slytherins as lovers? Maybe, he was a masochist. "I've lived with snakes long enough to know how to tame them."

"I would like to see you try, Potter." Draco laughed, heartily, and Harry rolled his eyes when he saw the blond inched closer to the edge of the stairs. He tried to stop the fond smile that was trying to creep up on his lips; Draco was still a bloody coward.

"Just give up, Harry, wouldn't you rather spend your Saturday with us?" Blaise purred, smirking. Harry gulped before he said, stubbornly, "Never, I already said we're going so we're going and that's final." He got to his feet, brushing off debris that stuck to his jean and sighed sharply.

"If you want to play dirty, fine then...I'll play dirty." Harry said, determined. They weren't the only snakes in the room, after all.

"You will have to drag my dead body out of here then," Draco said, stubbornly, tilting his nose in the air.

"Ditto." Blaise said, smirking, and Harry speculated what Draco promised him for him to be so difficult. Usually, a look into his bright, green eyes would have him putty in his hands.

"That's fine; you don't have to be alive for this." Harry said, darkly, he stepped forward. "Expelliarmus!"

"Protego!"

"Reducto!"

"Furnunculus!"

"Stupefy! Petrificus Totalus!" Harry said in succession, aiming both spells towards Blaise.

"Ah, shit." Blaise cursed as he dodged the stunning spell but couldn't avoid getting hit with the second spell. Harry looked on smugly as Blaise stiffened before he fell to the ground.
Draco's eyes widened when he realized it was only him left and bolted for the stairs, all the while shouting, "You won't take me alive!"

Harry grinned as he chased after him, taking the stairs by two. He shook his head when he spotted Draco heading towards their room at the end; he took long strides and lunged at Draco's back causing them both to fall to the ground with a loud thump. Harry chuckled victoriously as he pinned Draco's arms above and sat on top of him. He lent down to give him a sweet kiss as an apology.

Harry smiled amused when he ran a light hand down Draco's side and the blond giggled, giggled. His eyes lit up, who would have thought Draco Malfoy was ticklish? Oh, this would be fun.

He wiggled his fingers threateningly causing Draco to pale before he tickled Draco's side causing him to thrash and move around, his laugh resounding through the hall and Harry found he loved his laugh, this light, carefree laugh was happiness and he wanted —craved—to be part of this happiness. Harry grinned, Draco's eyes were tearing up and he was panting and breathless, trying to control his laughter.

"Very funny, Harry." Draco said, disgruntled and out of breath, trying to wiggle himself out of Harry's grip. "Will you let me go, now? I give already!"

Harry smiled, his eyes trailing down to Draco's neck. "Maybe, I don't want to move." He was feeling playful and Draco was looking too inviting with sweat and flushed cheeks.

"Blaise is going to kill you for binding him," Draco said, knowingly, trying to ignore the fact that his husband was on top of him and looking at him lecherously.

Harry shrugged leaning to give Draco a kiss on the forehead. "I'll survive."

Draco snorted but didn't say anything as Harry rolled off of him and helped him up. Harry gave him an excited grin and tugged his arm, pulling him closer. "Let go shower, love."

Draco raised his eyebrows in surprise because he hadn't heard that nickname from Harry in a while and it felt new and old at the same time and the warm feeling he always felt at the nickname was there at the pit of his stomach. Harry didn't even look like he realized that he had spoken the four letter word so easily and smoothly as if nothing had changed in the last week, as if they were normal. Harry did notice, and he couldn't fathom as to why he would call Draco such a thing. Love, he wasn't even sure he fully knew the meaning of the word himself yet at that moment he had called Draco it. It had felt right when he had spoken it and he wanted to call the blond his love for the rest of his days.

He was grateful when Draco didn't say a thing but merely gave him a soft smile and allowed Harry to pull him into their room and into the bathroom.

Maybe, this is how it feels, Harry thought as he looked at Draco from the corner of his eye and the warm feeling, he was becoming accustomed to, filled his heart. To fall in love.

Harry stood awkwardly near the entrance of the kitchen door. Draco sat on the edge of the kitchen table, his back to the doorway, and Blaise sat on the chair between his legs. He hesitated at the doorway, not sure whether he was intruding on something private.

They looked so perfect together, Draco with his fair skin and blonde hair and Blaise with his darker complexion and curly hair, both aristocratic and pureblooded so how did he—a muggle raised half-
blood— end up with two people with such high standards?

The thought of them both made his throat and chest tighten; he wasn't sure what he was feeling yet but he knew that it wasn't simple or platonic.

"Do you think he's angry with us?" He was snapped out of his thoughts by Draco's worried voice. Harry was confused by that, certainly they didn't think he would be angry with them. Sure, he was surprised by this morning but he had to admit he had fun dueling with the two and chasing them around the house. It was exciting and thrilling and he found he liked that feeling.

Blaise's reached over to stroke Draco's cheek in comfort, "Of course he's not, amore, and we have our reasons not to go to the Weasley's."

Harry frowned at that, he did wonder why the two was so against going to The Burrow but he didn't realize that it was deeper than house rivalry.

Draco continued uncertainty in his voice, he shifted slightly. "Yeah, but he doesn't know that."

Harry leaned his head against the wall, he wouldn't say anything but would watch closely the interaction of his husbands and the Weasley's, and surely it wasn't that bad.

"We'll just have to endure it, for his sake." Blaise said and Harry took that as his cue to walk in, he just couldn't hear anymore.

"Alright, I'm ready." Harry said, acting oblivious to what he had heard. He smiled at them as Draco jumped off the table and Blaise rose to his feet slowly.

"Yeah, let's go." Draco said, grimly. Harry sighed but waited until his husbands apparated before he followed suit.

He hated apparating, it felt as if his whole body was being squeezed into a small tube and it was suffocating. It was definitely not a pleasant feeling. He took a gasp of relief when the sensation ended and he was suddenly in front of The Burrow.

It was early afternoon, the sun was shining high in the air and there were a couple of gnomes in the garden running around. Harry smiled, it brought back many fond memories and he could only hope that the visit would go well.

Draco looked at the tilted house with disgust, he never liked the Weasleys but he hated them more after what they had did to Harry after they found out he was dating Slytherins. It broke his heart to think of it but he couldn't let his anger dictate his action, Harry didn't remember the horrible occurrence and if he wanted to amend with the Weasley's then so be it.

He felt relatively better when Blaise entwined their hands and squeezed tightly, relaying that he was just as wary as he was. Draco could only give him a weary smile as Harry eagerly stepped forward and knocked on the door.

It was Molly Weasley who flung the door open, overjoyed to see Harry standing on her front step once more. She pulled him into a bone crushing hug, taking the breath out of him.

"Oh, Harry!" She said, tearfully. "I haven't seen you in ages, how have you been? Oh, you look awfully thin! Who's been feeding you?"

"Mrs Weasley," Harry managed to wheeze out. "I can't breathe."
"Oh," She gasped in surprise, instantly letting him go and took a step back. "Well, come in, everyone is here! They were so happy to hear you coming here!"

She ushered him in, forgetting that Draco and Blaise were right behind Harry. The two Slytherins exchanged a glance before sighing; this would be a very long day. They followed them into the house in a slower pace, giving Harry space to enjoy the warm atmosphere.

Harry had noticed it too as he was dragged into the kitchen, he wasn't sure if it was intentional or mere forgetting that the two were there out of excitement. He assumed it could be from the excitement since apparently he hadn't seen the woman for a long time.

"Sit, sit." She urged, pushing him down to sit in the chair and it was then she noticed Draco and Blaise standing uncomfortably in front of the kitchen. "Oh, Draco and Blaise as well! Come sit, how have you been dears?"

"We've been well, Mrs Weasley, thank you." Blaise answered, politely as he sat on Harry's right and Draco sat on his left.

"Harry, how has your mother been?" She asked as she turned back to the stove where the smell of beef stew and warm rolls wafted through the kitchen.

"Ah, she's great, I saw her just the other day." Harry said, it was still weird for him to think of his parents alive and well (he still didn't know how that was even possible).

"Oh, did you?" Mrs Weasley asked as she cut up some onions. "I haven't seen her in a while or your father; usually he gets caught up in Arthur's weird muggle inventions. Do tell them to stop by for tea sometimes."

"Ah, of course." Harry said, smiling.

"Mum! Has Parry Hotter come yet?" Harry grinned when he recognized that voice.

Molly rolled her eyes in exasperation before she called back, "Yes, George, now come down here and greet our guests properly."

One of the twins sauntered in, giving his mother a reproaching look, "I'm Fred, honestly, woman are you even our mother?"

Harry laughed, getting up to embrace the taller man before he pulled back and said, "It's good to see you, Gred."

Fred looked at him approvingly, grabbing him by the neck. "You see, this is a man with a sharp eye! Harry, my man, how have you been?"

"Good, mate, I trust the shop is still up and running." Harry asked, tentatively because he still wasn't sure what was true or not in this timeline.

"Of course, mate, thanks to our other partner." Fred said, winking.

"Ah, I knew I heard our esteemed partner somewhere." George said, coming in and patting Harry's shoulder. "Good to see you, mate."

"Great to see you, Forge," Harry grinned before he took his seat back in between his two lovers.

"Ah, Harry, we have some new…"
"…products we would love…"

"…for you to try, mate…"

"…they're wicked." They both finished off together and Harry would never get used to them doing that.

"Both of you sit already!" Molly snapped, causing both to abruptly sit in the vacant seats next to Draco.

"Oh, look what we have here, George," Fred said, grinning at Draco who looked at him warily. "Snakes in the lion's den."

"Oh, no, I thought lion's eat snakes for dinner," Fred replied in mock concern and by now, both Draco and Blaise were glaring at them but Harry knew they were just having fun, the twins didn't mean any harm.

"Leave them be, you two," Harry turned to see Charlie Weasley entering the kitchen, his hands in his pocket and his brown eyes relaxed.

"Hello, Charlie," Harry greeted, pleasantly. "I see your mother hasn't hunt you down to cut your hair."

Charlie winced at that, running a hand through his shoulder length hair, he was all too aware of how overzealous his mother was with a pair of scissors in her hands. He smiled back tightly at Harry and said, "It's good to see you, Harry."

He turned to Blaise and stretched out his hand, "You must be Blaise, it is a pleasure to meet you."

Blaise looked surprised that Charlie had actually acknowledged him but he recovered quickly and shook the red head's hand. "It's a pleasure."

Charlie nodded and turned to Draco, who wasn't looking at him at all but staring out of the window bored. Harry felt an unknown emotion run through him as Charlie raked his eyes body up and down Draco's body slowly.

"And who might you be?" Charlie asked in what Harry assumed was a seductive tone.

Draco was oblivious to the lust filled looks he was receiving but Harry and Blaise didn't take too kindly of their husband being looked at so openly.

"He's mine," Harry growled, lowly, at the same time as Blaise, both of their voices deadly and Charlie backed off at the tone, chuckling nervously.

"Ah, so the rumors are true in Egypt." He commented lightly walking to the other side of the table and as far from Draco as he could while Blaise's watchful eyes were on him.

Harry instantly forgot his jealousy for curiosity. "Rumors?"

Charlie nodded, "Yes, there have been rumors that you had entered into a triad but I could never reach you to ask you if it was true."

Harry blanched at the thought of his private business reaching all the way to Egypt. "You mean people on another continent know that I'm in a relationship with two men?"

Charlie nodded, glaring briefly at Fred who had slipped next to him to offer him an unidentified
sweet with a too sweet smile. "Yes, I guess that's the life of a celebrity."

Great Harry thought, bitterly. Even in this world, I'm still famous.

"Mum, I found Bill and Fleur snogging by the fireplace again," Ron announced as he entered the kitchen, he paused when he saw Harry and flushed as if he had forgotten he had even invited him for Saturday brunch.

"Oh, those two!" Molly said, frustrated as she set her spoon down and marched out of the room. "Billius Weasley! You better take your tongue out of that girl's mouth! I've taught you better than that, honestly, you are not a sixteen year old boy with raging hormones anymore! Have you no shame?!"

"Mum, please!"

"Don't you please me, boy! Are you on contraceptive potions?! Have you thought of that? I will not be raising children for you, Bill!"

The Weasley siblings burst out laughing at the plight of the eldest son, Blaise coughed into his hand to hide his amusement while Draco smirked, mirth twinkling in his eyes.

"Bonkers the lot of them," Ron said, lightly, sitting across from Harry. He felt the nervousness come back full force when Ron looked him over before he grinned, "So, you lost all your memories, eh mate?"

Harry could've sighed in relief and it was so Ron to just start off from where they had left off as if nothing had happened between them and for Harry nothing did happen between them. He didn't know what Ron did to break their friendship but he knew words could only hurt as much as he let them so he would just forget it and gain his best friend back in the process.

Harry gave him a sheepish grin, rubbing his neck. "Yeah, just woke up and I didn't have any memories of the last four years. Why me, eh?"

Ron whistled before bursting out in laughter, "That would be a shocker, waking up to two snakes in your bed."

Harry shrugged because he couldn't deny that he had been horrified when he had woken up and had promptly freaked out. "Yeah, I vomited."

Ron chuckled, "That's the way, mate. Hey, if you ever wanted to-"

"Ron," Charlie warned, he was listening in on the conversation as he was talking to Fred. "Leave it be."

"It's nothing, Charlie." Ron snapped, agitatedly. "I'm merely telling him if he would want to ditch these two that I always had a flat that he could stay in."

Blaise and Draco were glaring at him coldly for his words and Harry was frowning at him. Charlie sighed, narrowing his eyes. "It's not your place to butt into another person's relationship."

"Why can't I invite him over?" Ron demanded, Molly had reentered the kitchen with a red faced Bill and Fleur in tow. "Maybe, they have a spell that keeping him there. I could be saving him."

"That's enough," Charlie snapped, losing his patience and Harry was slightly surprised he had become so defensive for him. "Just because you don't like Harry's decision doesn't mean it's wrong,
Ron. Harry's happy from what I can see and trying to convince him otherwise will only end up hurting your friendship with him,"

"Like he hasn't done that enough," Draco muttered, crossly.

Ron heard him and turned red, his face in an ugly scowl as he shouted, "Shut it, Malfoy! What do you know? Maybe, you like whoring yourself to the savior of the wizarding world but not everyone enjoy seeing your freaky relationship."

"Don't talk to Draco like that," Harry said, instantly and he had to put a hand on Blaise's arm to restrain him from lunging over the table and punching the lights out of Ron. Harry was only a few words away from doing it himself.

Ron scoffed, crossing his arms. "I can talk to a slimy, death eater however I want. I can't believe you're taking his side on this, I invited you over here so that you can see that this isn't normal!"

"Ron, hush, now!" Molly scolded, looking at her youngest son sternly. "We are all here for Harry, we haven't seen him in a long time and—"

"Maybe, this was a bad idea." Harry hissed, his anger rising. "What is it you don't like Ron? The fact that I am with two Slytherins or the fact that I'm gay?"

He did admit that he wasn't entirely sure if he was truly gay but he couldn't deny the attraction he felt for Draco and Blaise, more attraction than he ever had felt for a girl. He wasn't sure if that made him gay or just bi.

Harry knew he struck a chord when Ron flinched and it dawned to him. "Ron, are you… homophobic?"

The room was dead silent, all eyes on Ron as he stared silently at Harry. "What you are doing is wrong...just leave them. Losing your memories was a good thing, now you can leave them and just forget that any of this had happened. Being gay...just isn't normal."

"How can you just decide that?" Charlie raged, looking at his youngest brother angrily. "How can you hate something you don't even know anything about? If being gay isn't normal than I definitely am not normal."

Ron looked stricken, his face paling. "You're gay, Charlie?"

Charlie looked at him as he said, proudly. "Yes, I'm gay. I like blokes and cocks, what of it?"

Ron choked on the air, shooting up from his chair and stumbling back. "You're not my brother! My brother would never be gay! How could you do this to me, Charlie?"

"I can't choose who I like Ron," Charlie said, slowly, sighing. "Neither can Harry, I'm sorry if you think it's wrong."

"Harry, you can't possibly think this is right?" Ron asked, turning to Harry. "This isn't normal, come on mate…"

Harry flinched at his words, it was like Ron was telling in a nicer way he was a freak and, maybe, he was. He had two choices either accept Ron for who he is and break it off with his husbands or he side with his lovers.

The choice was far too easy.
"No," Harry said, quietly. "You don't choose who you fall in love with, these two men were meant for me and I won't let that slip away from me. I may not love them now but..." He paused, looking between the two. He still had his doubt of where he fit in with them but he would figure it out along the way, all he knew now was that he belonged right here with them. "I will love them eventually."

Ron was scowling while the rest of the Weasley's looked at him with approving smiles. "So, Harry, you're going to let go of our friendship for them? After all the times I've supported—"

"Support?" Draco hissed, it was the first time he had spoken during the altercation. "That is what you call it, you vile human. What you did was support?"

Draco was furious, how dare Ron say he supported Harry when he was the one who betrayed him the most. The image of Harry's hurt green eyes flashed in front of his eyes and it only spurred on his anger.

"Do you know what damage you did to him after that stupid prank of yours?" Draco asked in a low whisper.

"Draco, don't." Blaise said, rising to his feet.

"No, love." Draco said, harshly. "They don't know, no one does and that what makes them think this is all right but it's not...we shouldn't be here, now. Not after what he did."

"What are you talking about, Draco?" Charlie asked, looking between a furious Malfoy and a red Weasley.

"He..." Draco choked on his words and Harry knew then that what Ron did was more than just hateful words, they were actions and his heart froze at the realization. "He tortured Harry and hung him by the arms in the Slytherin's common room in seventh year, when we returned from dinner we found him like that, blood dripping from almost every inch of his body, whip marks and burns covering his face and back...and do you know what he carved into his chest..."

Harry was shaking his head in denial and horror; this couldn't be his best friend. Ron would never do this to him even if he did hate Slytherin or homophobic, he would never do such a hateful act. His eyes were glazed and his ears were ringing only vaguely making out the words that were coming out of Draco's mouth.

"Slytherin's whore." Draco hissed, tears were running down his cheeks and Blaise's head was bowed. The Weasleys looked at Draco with horror and disbelief; they couldn't begin to fathom how their Ron could have done such a thing.

"No," Molly whispered, tearfully. Not her baby boy, never Ron. Ron was a good boy, a happy boy not this hateful monster.

"Yes," Draco hissed, his hands balled into fists. "Harry was broken and we healed him, Blaise and I picked up the pieces and put him back together. Do you know how long it took for us to sleep soundly without Harry having nightmares of his attack; of how you and four other Gryffindors tied him up, beat him, whipped him, taunted him, burned his flesh and carved those hateful words into his skin with a knife, so deep that he still felt the phantom pains a year later."

Harry felt betrayed and rage, he never would had thought Ron could had done this but he did and it hurt. It hurt to know that Ron would rather destroy him than accept him for he was. He clutched at his heart, tears rising to his eyes, was this how they got together? By Harry being destroyed and they caring for him when no one else did.
"Why didn't anyone tell me about this?" Harry said roughly, he felt as he was being torn apart. His first friend was this hateful inside, so consumed by his own jealousy and hate he would do this to him. Harry now understood why Draco and Blaise had been so reluctant to come. He felt sick just thinking about the attack and he could only imagine how it had felt firsthand.

"We kept a promise," Draco said, almost pleadingly. "We didn't want you to dwell on it so everyone vowed never to speak of it again. I'm sorry I brought it up today but this thing doesn't deserve your friendship. Granted, the other Weasleys didn't know of this."

"You sicken me," Harry said, visibly shaking as he turned to Ron. "After all we've been through, how could you throw all our years together for something I can't control? I've tried so hard to understand how you feel, to see how you see. I know you're poor but I never mention money in front of you, I never mention my achievements or anything like that because I was considerate of you and I valued our friendship but obviously that was one sided. You betrayed me, Ron, and I hope you get what is coming to you because karma is a bitch."

"Harry," Molly stepped forward with trembling lips and watery eyes. "I am so sorry."

"Don't be," Harry said his voice was like gravel. "I can't stay here anymore, I'm sorry but I have to leave."

"Wait, Harry!" Ron finally spoke up, his eyes narrowed. "Come on, mate, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like-"

Harry's eyes widened as Blaise rose to his feet and lunged at Ron's still form sending them both to the ground, cups and plates shattering as they were thrown to the ground. The sound of flesh hitting flesh reached his ears as Blaise pummeled Ron with his bare hands, his fist hitting every inch of skin he could reach. He could see the blood spilling from Ron falling to the clean floor and Harry didn't feel the remorse he should've felt when he heard bones break under Blaise's fist. Harry had never seen such anger in his usually calm and collected lover.

"Blaise, he's not worth it!" He heard Draco shouting but the taller male wasn't listening, his hands were now around Ron's throat as he choked on his own blood, his face already beginning to swell and turn black and blue.

Harry felt he should do something but he had no will to stop his lover from ending Ron's life. He merely looked on calmly, almost detached from the situation as Ron's eyes began to dull from the lack of air.

He deserved it, didn't he? The wound of betrayal was still fresh and as of this moment he had no qualm of allowing the red haired man to die. He let a tear slid down his cheek, his eyes clenched in pain.

Harry turned away just as Bill finally managed to pull Blaise off of Ron, the man coughing and gasping for air as he shook at the intense pain he was feeling. He didn't feel guilty, not when Ron had done worse to him. He let out a shuddering breath; he didn't want to be here anymore.

"If you come near him again, I will kill you. This is the second time you have hurt what is mine, the next time I won't be so kind." Blaise said, darkly, rising to his feet. He pulled Draco towards him, allowing the blond to hide his face in his robes, clutching on to him desperately.

Harry closed his eyes; sadly, not wanting to see Molly's anguished eyes as he apparated from the Burrow for the last time.
"I'm so sorry," Harry said as soon as he arrived inside their living, he embraced both his lovers. "I'm so stupid, I shouldn't—I mean—I..."

"Don't be thick," Blaise said, softly, lowering the three of them gently onto the floor both of his treasure on each side of him. "You didn't know, we should be sorry for never telling you."

"No," Harry shook his head, his eyes burning as the emotions welled up inside of him. He grabbed a hold of Blaise's hands, seeing the bloody and bruised knuckles on the perfect skin, he kissed each knuckle softly, and his eyes were burning at the thought that Blaise almost killed a man with his bare hands for him, it was scary. The thought that someone loved him so much they would kill for him made him breathless. "I needed to know and you held this in for so long without telling anyone for my sake...thank you."

Draco merely sniffled, his eyes red and puffy and Harry reached over to thumb away a stray tear. "Thank you, love, for defending me. I should've listened to you both, even though you didn't give me an answer, I should have trusted your judgment but I didn't."

"Now, that it is out there," Draco began hesitantly. "Do you want to know everything?"

He didn't want to know anything; he had been tortured and branded by his best friend that was all he needed to know. The sharp pain in his chest was enough reminder of how that hurt him more than anything but he needed to know. To understand the depth of these two men love for him and he knew it would be a rough ride but he wanted to experience it. So, he could put the past behind him and move on, he wanted to know the extent of their love for him and each other.

He wanted to know how strong this triad's bond was and how much could it take. He was willing to hear their story if they would tell it.

He laid his head on Blaise's shoulder and ran a hand through Draco's hair, it would hurt but he just needed to know—

"Yes, tell me everything."

—why did they choose him?
Harry begins to warm up to the thought of being in a relationship with two men but he still have his doubts as to where exactly he fits in their triad.

"There is no formula to relationships."

-Mitch Albom

"It all started a few months after sixth year had begun." Draco confessed, his hand fiddling with the hem of his shirt. Harry could tell that he was nervous and he placed a hand on top of his to reassure him."I knew you were following me, your bloody cloak could never hide your giant feet and you walk like a hippogriff."

Blaise snorted, smirking at Harry but wisely didn't say a word when Harry glared at him.

"Draco," Harry sighed, rolling his eyes though his lips twitched. "Back to the story, please."

"Right," Draco nodded, blushing. "You thought I was up to something and I was. I was stressed and I truly didn't care if you caught me, I was actually hoping on it."

"You were?" Harry asked, surprised.

"I wanted to be saved, Harry." Draco said, looking into his eyes. He shifted in Blaise's arms and sighed, "You don't understand how much I wanted to defy my father and never take the mark but I was a coward, a bloody coward."

"You're not, Draco." Harry said, firmly. "You didn't do it out of fear, you did it to protect your mother didn't you?"

Draco bowed his head and said, softly. "He would've killed her."

"Then, you had your reasons. I don't blame you, Draco." Harry reassured, giving him a warm smile.

"Can we hurry this up, my legs are going numb." Blaise said, shrugging his shoulders when his two lovers glared at him for ruining the moment. "You two are heavy."

Draco looked appalled and Harry cringed, knowing that Blaise was in deep shit. "Are you calling me fat, Blaise Zabini?"

Blaise looked alarmed before he quickly said, "What, of course not, you have a very satisfying figure."
This only caused Draco to look more horrified and seemed to be choking on air, Harry didn't know whether to laughter or feel bad for his husband who was most likely sleeping in the guest room for a few night. He merely sighed when Draco started hitting Blaise's chest, "Satisfying? Satisfying? My body is perfect, there is nothing else more perfect than my body, you fool!"

"Alright, Alright, you're bloody gorgeous just stop hitting me!" Blaise conceded, grabbing a hold of Draco's arms.

"Can we please get to the story?" Harry pleaded, his eyes twinkling in amusement and affection as Draco tried to gnaw Blaise's arms off.

"Fine," Draco said, pulling back with a huff and glaring at Blaise. "This isn't over, mister, now as I was saying you were following me and I was aware of that. I had received a letter from the Dark Lord saying that I have to finish the mission soon or my mother would die and I sort of cracked…"

He couldn't hold in the bile anymore, he entered the first bathroom he found and threw up into one of the dirty toilets. He vaguely realized this was the girl's bathroom he always came to whenever he was upset.

"Oh, it's you again." Draco jumped, turning around quickly to see the ghost that occupied this bathroom. He believed her name was Moaning Myrtle.

She floated towards him, looking at him in fascination and it made him very uncomfortable. He ignored her and went to the only working sink in the bathroom and turned on the water, he whimpered letting the tears go and his doubts succumb him.

"What are you doing, Draco?" He asked himself, his voice cracking and his finger trembling. "He's going to kill me."

"Don't cry," Myrtle cooed, next to him but he paid her no mind. His world was falling apart, he was just sixteen. How could he kill one of the most powerful wizard alive? He felt like he was given an impossible task that the dark lord knew he was going to fail at.

"I'm going to die, I-I can't do it." Draco confessed, he wasn't sure if he was telling Myrtle or himself. His vision was blurry and tears splashed onto his hands. "If I don't do it soon, he'll k-k-kill her and me!"

The thought made him sob harder, he didn't know what to do. He had no one he could trust to him and no one on Dumbledore's side would ever listen to what he had to say.

"Malfoy…?" His head shot up to look into the mirror, the reflection that shone off it made his heart froze. There standing behind him was Harry freaking Potter, the boy hero was looking at him in confusion and wariness, unsure at how to proceed.

Draco hesitated unsure if he should confess his sins or curse Potter for finding him crying his eyes out. He knew he looked a mess with disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes. All he wanted to do was spill everything and hoped that Potter would help him.

He tightened his hand on the edge of the sink, he was foolish to think Potter would ever give him the time of day. They were on different sides of the war and Potter was more of a curse first, ask later kind of guy.

He would never look at me like that, Draco thought bitterly.

Draco turned slowly, his hands sliding into inside his robes, clutching his wand tightly. He whipped
it out and shouted, "Cruc-"

"Stupefy!" Potter retaliated before he could utter the unforgivable and he quickly dodged the spell, causing it to hit the sink behind him. It shattered loudly, water spilling to the ground and flooding the bathroom.

Draco was breathing heavily, scared as he heard footsteps coming nearer. He steeled himself and rolled from his hiding space and shouted a curse. It missed Potter in his haste to dodge the spell that was zooming towards him.

He growled, crawling to the other side of the bathroom now drenched with water and his hair clinging to his face. He jumped from his hiding spot and tried once again to curse the other boy, "Cruc-"

"Sectumsempra!" Potter shouted suddenly and Draco had no chance of dodging the unknown spell, it hit his chest full blown and pain exploded as his chest was slashed open. He fell to the wet ground, whimpering as blood-his blood- pooled around him and his vision began to blur. His breathing became ragged and shallow, he saw Potter look at him in horror before he turned and bolted, leaving him to die.

Draco only whimpered, letting the tears of pain dribble down as he was left to die and he supposed he deserved it. He thought it was fitting even as his world finally turned black.

"I thought I was dead," Draco continued, quietly. Harry only listened silently, his face blank as he took it all in. "But when I woke up, I was in the hospital wing and Blaise was by my side."

"Severus found you," Blaise had said, his hand was running through Draco's hair. It made Draco feel uncomfortable, he was unused of such affection especially from his quiet and distant friend. "He feared it would had been too late to save you, you lost a lot of blood."

"Blaise, what is going on? Why are you acting like this?" Draco asked, he was confused. This wasn't his friend, Blaise never had such a gentle look on his face before.

"You almost died without me ever telling you how I felt," Blaise said, softly and Draco's breath hitched when he leaned in closer. "Now, I won't ever let you go."

"Blaise-mphf!" Draco began before he was silenced as Blaise kissed him fully on the lips. His insides tingled and his heart thudded rapidly against his rib cage, he wasn't sure what he was feeling but it felt nice to be wanted by someone.

"Let me help you," Blaise said, softly, when they pulled away. His hand brushed against Draco's cheek softly. "I will protect you from anyone."

"Blaise had me there, he's such a sweet talker," Draco said, reminiscing. He chuckled softly when Blaise leaned down to kiss him on the cheek, "We started dating after that, then a few days later you came to see me."

Draco sighed harshly, glaring at the seemingly empty hospital wing but he knew better. He only knew one person who could make themselves invisible and still be obnoxiously loud.

"I know you're there, Potter." He called out and he heard a soft curse, then a sigh before Potter was standing right in front of him. He looked like shit, his skin was a grayish tint and his eyes red and dark as if he hadn't slept for days. He slightly smelled and mostly likely hadn't been to class for a few days now.
"I-I...err...well..." Potter began, he fidgeted under Draco's hard stare.

"What is it? Have you come to finish the job?" Draco said, sneering. Potter flinched violently, a look of horror coming on his face and he looked as if he was going to bolt. Draco rose an eyebrow in surprise at such a reaction and he wondered.

"I just...I came to apologize, I truly didn't know what that spell was going to do and I was terrified, I bolted. I know...I know I could've killed you and fuck, I am so sorry, Malfoy! I never wanted to kill you. If there's anything that I can do for you, please, just say it? I swear I'll make this up to you."

Draco looked at him warily, he had been hurt by this boy once when he had met him in first year so it made him wary of what he should do. He could never deny that all those time he wanted Harry's attention it was because he liked it, smitten with him. Someone who he was denied and it only made him crave him more.

Then, there was Blaise who had confessed and was lovely, more open and sweet with him and he felt like he truly finally had a friend. A plan suddenly formed in his mind and he slowly smirked. It would be perfect.

"Do you know how to cook, Potter?" Draco asked, suddenly.

"Er, yeah, I guess." Potter replied, looking confused. "But what does that have-"

"Cook me dinner in the astronomy tower..." Draco demanded then paused as he looked Harry over carefully before he added, "For three."

"Oh, real smooth, Draco." Harry rolled his eyes, he was now laying on his back on the floor and his head rested on Blaise's knee. "I'm beginning to think I was brought into this relationship by force."

Blaise smirked, leaning down to kiss him on the lips. "Something like that."

"You want dinner...?" Blaise began slowly as he sat on Draco's bed. The blond had finally been released from the hospital wing and finally had the courage to tell Draco of his plan. "With me and Potter?"

"I like you, Blaise," Draco began, looking towards his boyfriend. "I really, really like you. Not only are you my boyfriend, you're my best friend. This whole thing has been a blessing in disguise because now I have you by my side and I want you but Potter-"

"Potter is Potter," Blaise said with a tinge of jealousy and resentment. "He is the fuel to your flame, I understand that. I know you harbor a torch for him ever since he rejected you for some masochistic reason but I loved you for far longer and now that I have you, I won't let you go."

"Blaise," Draco whispered, he leaned forward and kissed him soundly on the lips. "Please, if you love me then please indulge me in this, if there was a chance-"

"You can't possibly be asking me that, Draco," Blaise laughed, harshly. He grabbed a hold of Draco's hands and placed them on top of where his heart was beating rhythmically. "How self-centered can you get? This heart...it only beats for you."

"Well, I have room for one more." Draco said, determinedly curling up his finger. He looked into Blaise's brown eyes and said, "I can't help what I feel. I can't just ignore that I like Harry while I am seeing you, I've grown to like this new side of you and I know if we continue that I will come to love you. I'm not asking you to love him too but if you really do love me then you would accept my
"You're being selfish." Blaise said, almost affectionately.

"Now looking back at it, I was rather being selfish." Draco said, softly. "I wanted you both and I didn't want to choose between you either, I couldn't. I never stop to think about how either of you would feel about that."

"I didn't even know what the bloody hell was going on from what it seems." Harry said, grumpily.

"Hush you."

"Potter, what are you wearing?" Draco made a noise of disgust when he and Blaise had entered the Astronomy Tower on a Saturday night. Harry was standing near a conjured table with candlelight and three plates on the table, he was wearing a frayed sweater with some torn up jeans.

Potter looked confused at the question and he looked himself over, "Er...clothes?"

Draco made a noise of distress, resisting the urge to tear off all the clothes on his body and conjure proper attire. Blaise sighed and pushed him forward before pulling out the seat for both Potter and Draco.

"I don't think I quite understand...I mean I know I owe you, Malfoy but..." He shot a quick glance towards Blaise who was sitting in between the two rivals. "Why is Zabini here?"

"It's a date." Draco said, curtly, examining the fork for any marks.

"A date...?" Harry asked dumbfounded. "That can't be right, what of sick orgy are you trying to create, Malfoy!"

"You almost killed me," Draco pointed out, placing his fork back on to the table. "You at least owe me some type of compensation and I figured that sweet arse of yours would do quite nicely."

Blaise snorted, smirking behind his hand before he offered, "Trust me, Potter, I do not want to be here with you either."

Potter shot him a weak glare before turning back to Draco, "So, you're blackmailing me?"

"Not necessarily," Draco said slowly. "I'm sure you will benefit from this someway, somehow."

"Listen, Malfoy, I don't think this is the right course of action. I-I know that Voldemort-"

"We are not talking about that," Draco said, coldly. "Here with us three, there is only us. No war, no Dark Lord, just us."

"How about this," Blaise began, trying to steer the conversation away from the sensitive topic. "You date us for the rest of sixth year...that will give Draco enough wank material and satisfy his curiosity with you. We all win, you survive these last few months and we'll leave you alone, Draco will realize you aren't worth it and I will finally have Draco to myself."

Draco beamed at Blaise, happy with the arrangement. Maybe, Blaise was right, he could never possible have a long-term relationship with Harry, they were too different, opposites really. He watched Harry with anticipation and Harry leaned back, thinking hard about it.

"Fine," Harry said, warily looking between the two. "Just know I don't like you or trust either of you." Draco seemed to deflate at his words but Blaise shrugged his shoulder, unaffected by his decision."
"The feeling's mutual."

"So, I was blackmailed into this," Harry shook his head in disbelief when Blaise shrugged his shoulders and Draco looked at him blankly.

"In the beginning, yes, that was the case but the heart grows fonder when you spend some time with someone. It all worked out anyways," Blaise said, stroking his hair.

Harry sighed, this day was only getting worse and Harry just knew he didn't want to hear anymore. Their relationship had began with hate, pain, and guilt it made him sick to think of what he had done to Draco in his own timeline and this one as well. "That's enough, I don't want to hear anymore."

Draco looked at him in surprise, "But Harry-"

"No, I've heard enough. Blaise hated me, I almost killed you and this whole relationship was created out of a ruse." Harry said bitterly, he wasn't sure why he was mad but he was. He felt petty at the thought that they had loved each other before they loved him. "Just forget it, I'm tired."

He got to his feet and stretched, he wasn't sure how long they had sat there but he knew he needed a bed before he passed out on the couch.

"You've got it completely wrong," Blaise said, firmly, standing up as well. "I was jealous, Draco wanted more than me and I didn't realize at the time he was only bringing in someone else that I could love. Granted I did give you a hard time in the beginning but I did it for Draco and somehow at the end I was doing it for myself. I fell in love with you, Harry."

"We both did," Draco added as he stood up.

Harry shivered, his back to them and he didn't know what to say. The guilt was there-always there and he couldn't bring himself to answer. They loved him and he didn't know what else he could say to that. He wanted to try this.

"Let us love you," Blaise whispered, wrapping his arms around him from behind. Harry shook, Blaise's soft, deep voice always had that effect on him. He pulled himself away from him and stood near the wall, away from them both.

He couldn't trust his body now to listen to him, not when they were so near.

"What is holding you back, Harry?" Blaise asked, curiously.

He wasn't even sure himself, he didn't know if it was the fact that his affection for Ginny were fading with each day or he couldn't fathom doing this relationship thing with two men.

**But I was never conventional was I?** Harry thought humorlessly.

"I-I almost killed Draco," Harry choked on his words; it was true somewhat he did feel guilty from running away ever since Aida had told him about it. The coldness of guilt and regret clung to his heart like the grip of death. "How could you forgive me so easily when I almost did that to you?"

"Harry, it doesn't matter now." Draco said, stepping forward and Harry tried to press himself closer to the wall.

"It does matter, Draco, because the man you loved hurt you. I almost killed you, I left a scar on you."
He had never had a chance to apologize to the Draco in his world and now, here was his chance. The situation was made even worse now that they were an item. He would never erase the anguished look on Draco's face when the curse had hit him, the guilt would forever be with him until the day he died.

Draco unconsciously clutched his shirt where Harry knew a thin scar would mar his perfect skin. "I've forgiven all of that, Harry. I don't care anymore!"

"I do!" Harry shouted back. "I can't live with myself knowing that I did that and for me to go unpunished just makes it even worse!" Harry felt bile rise to his throat, he knew he went unpunished in this world just as he had in his. Because Slytherins were evil and the less of them the better.

"I hurt you, Draco." He whispered his voice so soft Draco had to take another step to hear him fully. "I don't ever want to hurt you again."

Draco closed the distance that was between them, cupped his face and pulled his head down to meet his lips full on. Harry closed his eyes, fighting back the tears as he felt the love and devotion Draco was trying to send through the kiss.

"You idiot," Draco mutter fondly stroking his cheek with his thumb. "I don't care how much you hurt me, just don't leave me."

"You're the idiot," Harry shot back, his back still pressed against the wall. "How can you say that?"

"Because I know you would never hurt me," Draco said, honestly. He lifted his gray eyes to meet Harry's green ones. "I know physical damage wouldn't hurt as much as you leaving me...us."

"I'm not leaving," Harry confirmed though he hesitated in his mind. The agreement with Aida still lingered, could he be able to leave these two men behind and go back to war and death?

"Good," Blaise said, stepping up to stand behind Draco. "You belong here with us."

"This will be hard," Harry began; he shifted his eyes to the floor. "I love hard and I get jealous, I don't make my bed and I'm messy. I'm clumsy, insecure and I'm emotional...I like to cuddle and I'm the touchy feely type. I always say the wrong things at the wrong time and I'm petty. I'll...I'll give this a try if you guys are willing to accept me as I am."

"We already knew all that about you," Blaise said, chuckling. "We love you for who you are, Harry, flawed and all."

Harry gulped, looking between the two for any deception but saw none. He smiled softly, he didn't know what would happen after this but he would try to love them if they would accept him.

"I don't know nor will I ever know why you chose me but I'm willing to give this a go." Harry said, uncertainly. The two men looked as if they were having a conversation with their eyes before they turned back to him.

"Can't you see?" Draco said, moving closer to him and Harry tried desperately not to look into those bright, grey eyes when Drac ran a hand down his chest. "You're our heart; you're the light to our dark souls."

He was trapped between a hard place and Draco and granted he was taller than the blond but his body refused to move, not when Draco looked at him like that as if he needed him more than he needed air.
Harry's breath hitched as Blaise leaned over Draco, his arm trapping Harry against the wall and Harry suddenly got lost in those in those beautiful dark eyes. "You are more than Harry Potter to us; we don't see you as the one who killed Voldemort but as the one who makes us happy. You make us laugh, trust, love. You stole our hearts after that first kiss, Harry, and we won't leave so easily."

Harry let out a shuddering breath, trying to calm his rapid beating heart so he could say something legible but his tongue was tied and he couldn't say anything. He wanted to say he would try, that he would be the one for them if they only wanted him, that he would follow them anywhere but he was afraid and it showed in his eyes.

He was afraid that he couldn't love, that he was so damaged that love was impossible for him and it hurt because these two were willing to love him and he was...a broken, useless thing.

"You're all we need and want; you're everything to us, Harry." Draco said, looking up to him and Harry gulped loudly; they made quite a picture, so beautiful. Draco with his light features and contrasting nicely with Blaise's darker complexion and Harry wanted to cave, wanted to try to love these two beautiful men as much as they loved him.

He was tired of fighting this.

"Okay." Harry croaked, grabbing Draco's face and pulling him forward to land a deep kiss on those inviting lips. He could feel Blaise kissing and nipping on his neck as he kissed Draco. He wasn't sure what would happen after this but even if he stumbled, he knew Draco and Blaise would be there to catch him if he fell.

....
Birthday

Chapter Summary

Harry finally gives in to what he wants and Snape finally figures it out.

Chapter Notes

"One day spent with someone you love can change everything."
—Mitch Albom

The next few moments were a haze for Harry, all he knew was that they somehow had arrived inside their bedroom and he was tearing off Blaise's clothes frantically. Draco was behind him, tugging at his shirt and moaning loudly, his heart was beating rapidly and his breaths came out as harsh pants.

They all came together for a messy kiss and Harry didn't know who he was kissing but it felt nice as all their tongues mingled and teeth clashed. He vaguely noted that they were moving backwards towards the bed, Blaise's hand was warm against his back as they fell onto the bed, his hands roaming against the tight flesh that was displayed before him. He wanted this, needed this. The sheets were cool against his heated skin and sweat ran down his forehead as Blaise practically ripped off his jeans.

"Gods, Harry, you look beautiful like this." Draco drawled next to him, stroking his chest languidly. "All open and ready for us, love, only for us."

Harry shivered at Draco's soft words; he must've looked a sight. His legs wide open and moaning after a few touches. He arched his back in need as Blaise's finger brushed against his nipples.

"Hm, you're awfully sensitive," Blaise purred, his voice husky and his eyes dark with desire. He pulled down Harry's last piece of clothing and Harry immediately tried to cover his jewels away from their eager eyes.

Draco wasn't having any of it; he tugged Harry's hand from in front of his groin and licked his lips, "Don't hide away from us, Harry."

"You're far too beautiful." Blaise continued, licking and nipping at his chest. Harry didn't know how to respond, his mind was short of a pile of goo with those hands roaming and exploring his body while Draco slipped from his line of sight.

"Draco!" He yelped suddenly when he finally realized where his smaller lover had gone to. He groaned at the entrapping heat of Draco's mouth around his cock and he tangled his finger into those silky blond locks. He was sure he had forgotten his own name. All he could focus on was the heavy weight of Blaise lying atop him, his cock hitting the back of Draco's throat and the screaming ache in his loins.
"Oh, tesoro." Blaise whispered hotly, pulling back to admire the flushed and panting man under him. "Last chance, my pretty. Tonight, I'm going to fuck you until you pass out and cum is dripping out of your ass like a fountain."

"Fuck, Blaise." Harry said as he arched his back at the man's words, stroking Draco's head in apology when the blond choked a little. "It's a little too late to be asking that!"

Harry suddenly groaned loudly when Draco let go of his member and nudged Blaise over, he gave Harry a sultry grin before he angled himself with Harry's hardened cock and lowered himself fully on Harry's member, groaning in both pleasure and the sting of being penetrated without lubrication.

Harry's head flew back and he groaned, clutching Draco's hips as he tried to control his arousal, he didn't want to come yet but the heat was unbearable and Draco was so tight. "Shit, Draco, a little warning would've done nicely."

"Sorry," Draco said, his gray eyes were dilated and his chest was heaving, he pushed down a little and he moaned, his head thrown back in ecstasy.

"Move," Harry commanded, his voice guttural as he pushed up with his hips and Draco rocked forward, trying to find a rhythm.. "Fuck, you're so tight, Draco." Harry closed his eyes as he rocked into Draco, his thrusts slow and deep and Draco let out appreciative moans, his eyes glazed and his cheeks flushed with exertion. Draco wailed Harry's cock repeatedly pierced his prostate, hitting the little bundle of nerves with every thrust. His cock leaked, untouched, straight in the air, his balls drawn up tight.

"You two are beautiful," Blaise murmured, looking at his two lovers heatedly before he moved from Harry's line of vision.

"H-Holy shit!" Harry exclaimed in shock, stilling his hips because there was something inside him, slick and wet and deep. "Blaise is that you?"

A low chuckle reverberated against his ass and he couldn't possibly think while Blaise's tongue was fucking him and Draco was riding him so deliciously. Then, he saw stars as Blaise pushed against something that felt wonderful and shocking and he bucked his hips forward causing Draco to fall on top of him, still buried deeply inside of him.

"Oh, my god." Harry's eyes rolled to the back of his head and he felt like he would explode at any minute. He dug his fingers into Draco's back as Blaise pulled back, gave him a small smile before he pulled his legs over his shoulders and angled his cock to Harry's wet entrance.

Draco was rubbing himself against Harry's chest, his breath hot on his neck as he tried to stay as motionless as possible. Blaise gently pushed his hips forward, the tip of his arousal sliding into Harry, whose inside muscle tightened around him. Slowly but steadily, Blaise inched deeper, biting down hard on his bottom lip to suppress his heated groan. He leaned his head on Draco's sweaty back as he tried to let Harry adapt to the intrusion.

"Yessss." He hissed, unknowingly switching to parseltongue.

Blaise jerked forward, moaning lowly. "Shit, I missed that." Draco groaned in agreement, rolling his hips to get a better angle before he began to move, grunting each time Harry's cock hit his prostate.

Harry had never felt something as wonderful as this, he felt as if fire was surging through his very veins and for the first time in a while, he felt alive.

Soon, they had found a rhythm; Draco pushing himself on to his cock as Blaise pushed forward,
filling him with a thick cock that, before today, he would had thought it would never fit in him. Harry was pinned to the bed, his eyes closed in pleasure as he was loved by these two men.

"So good, so good..." He chanted, he could barely breathe and his vision hazy as his glasses had been knocked off a while ago. He had never felt this good and he knew he wouldn't last any longer, not with Draco's perfect ass squeezing his cock so snugly and Blaise pounding into him fiercely.

"I'm gonna-!" He gasped and he came, hot white spurts filling Draco to the brim, Draco groaned at the feeling, his hands fisting his own hard cock before he let out a sharp cry and came as well. Harry fell on to the bed, tired, boneless, and sated as Blaise continued to rock against him until he found his own completion a few moments later.

He was so tired, he didn't even care of the sticky come on his stomach or the ache that was beginning to form as Blaise slipped his soft cock out of his ass. He could only watch as Blaise lifted Draco off of his cock and pulled him into a lustful kiss full of love, passion and want.

His eyes were already half closed when the two finally pulled apart and laid on each side of him, Draco snuggling close into his chest as Blaise wrapped an arm around them both.

"I love you both," Draco whispered against his chest, a small smile on his sweaty face.

"I love you too, Draco, and you, tesoro." Blaise whispered against his ear causing Harry to shiver still sensitive to all of the new sensations he had just been introduced to.

"I-" Harry choked on his words, not wanting to lie because he didn't love them yet but he was getting there. He was falling in love with them, every day and he knew one day he would be able to say it but for now, he only held affection and attraction for them. They made him happy, happier than he ever felt before and he knew he never wanted this blissful feeling to end.

Sex was always a good bonus as well.

"It's okay, Harry," Blaise whispered in his ear, his voice relaxing him. "You don't have to say it."

"I-I just-" Harry stuttered, he felt as if he was wronging them for not returning their feelings, as if he was using them and the thought alone made him sick.

"Hush, pillow." Draco said, giving him a smack for good measures. The blond buried his head deeper into Harry's arm as he tried to doze off. 'I'm tryna' sleep.'

Harry smiled warmly, settling in between them. He wouldn't worry about it any longer, he would push the guilt to the back of his mind and just let it be; he knew the love would come eventually; it was only a matter of time.

. . .

The sun piercing through the cracks of the curtains early the next morning woke Harry up immediately. He groaned, trying to ignore the light that burned his eyelids in favor of pulling the warm body next to him closer. He mumbled into silky hair and tried to drift off once more to no avail when his comfortable pillow began to squirm.

"Draco, it's too early." Harry said a tinge of whine in his voice. "Go back to sleep."

"But I need to pee." Draco replied, his wiggling getting more agitated as he tried to fight Harry's hold. Harry finally let him go, turning around with full intention of cuddling with Blaise.
"What the-" Harry's eyes shot open as his arms rested on the cold side of Blaise's, he groaned knowing he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep now. He sat up, rubbing his eyes tiredly as he got up from the bed, the dull reminder of their activities last night became apparent with each step. Harry didn't mind though, he had loved every second of it and he only hoped they would be doing it more often now.

He went towards the closet and pulled on a pair of sweatpants that, judging by how baggy they were on him, probably were Blaise's. He made sure the knot was tight enough so the gray pants wouldn't fall down before he sauntered into the bathroom where he could hear the water running.

Harry smiled when he spotted Draco brushing his teeth, half naked and half asleep near the sink. He took a moment to marvel on how things had changed, a week ago he would had probably freaked if he was in the same room with Draco but now, he enjoyed the blond's company.

Draco caught his eye in the mirror and smirked, winking at him. He bent down to spit the paste from out of his mouth before he said, "Like what you see?" He popped his ass out for Harry's view and Harry chuckled, walking over to him to give his ass a smack.

"Keep dreaming, Draco." Harry said with a teasing voice, he nudged the blond over a bit with his hip before reaching for his contacts. His eyes had begun to itch which meant that the contacts were drying up and needed to be changed.

Draco gave him a pout as he wiped his mouth with a towel and watched him put on his contacts. He waited patiently for his husband to finish and when Harry straightened up, Draco moved forward, pulled out his wand and waved it. Harry grimaced when he felt a tingling sensation in his mouth before Draco pulled him into a deep kiss.

Harry instantly forgot about the unpleasant feeling in favor of wrapping his arms around the blond's waist and enjoying Draco's minty taste.

They pulled back after a moment, both breathless, "Did you have to use that spell though?"

"Yes, I wanted to kiss you." Draco bumped their nose together before he whispered, "Happy Birthday, Harry."

Harry blinked, not expecting that at all. He felt like a tool, how he could forget that it was the end of July when he had come here and that his birthday was coming up. He was twenty and it felt weird, Harry would never had thought he would've made it to twenty-granted he hadn't in his world- because of the constant threat of Voldemort.

"Shit, it's my birthday isn't it?" Harry said, smiling at Draco who rolled his eyes.

"You never change," Draco said, fondly, patting his cheek. "We have a long day ahead of us so get ready; I'll have your clothes ready for you when you come out."

"It's my birthday," Harry called out as Draco headed out the bathroom. "Let me choose my own clothes for once."

Draco merely laughed as if the very thought was ridiculous. "That'll be the day my father wears a tutu."

"You make the best bacon," Draco said, moaning in delight as the munched on the food Blaise gave to him on his perch on top of the counter. His plate balanced precariously on his lap as he licked his
fingers.

Blaise shook his head but smiled at Draco’s compliment, knowing the blond was always truthful about what he didn’t and did like. "Thank you, amore."

"I want to taste your cake next, what are you making this year?" Draco asked looking at what Blaise was whipping in the large bowl hungrily.

"Red velvet," He answered, whipping the batter. "I'll let you taste in a moment."

Draco beamed at him for that before he said, "You're getting really good at this, and you might even surpass Harry one day! Maybe, you should quit being an Unspeakable and become a chef. I mean, your boss is an ass and your hours are shitty! I know you love the whole mystery crap the Ministry has to offer but this is your true calling! At least, then, you can talk about your day with us and not like be under a do or die with your husbands! I mean there should be no secrets whatsoever between us, ever-”

"Draco," Blaise began, sighing when he saw Draco wouldn't stop on his own.

"Yes?"

"Shut up." He said before he added as an afterthought, "I will become a chef when you do what you want to do as well."

Draco flushed, fidgeting in his seat. "You know no one would take me, I'm an ex-death eater after all. I should be lucky enough I got into the Auror program and not shipped off to Azkaban."

"You haven't even tried, amore, I know you would rather be something more than an Auror." Blaise looked at him pointedly.

"Isn't it too early for a midlife crisis?" Draco asked, rolling his eyes. "I'm fine as an Auror."

"Only because you're too pussy to do what you love." Blaise said, blithely

"Oh, har, har, aren't you just lovely today?" Draco replied, sarcastically.

Their conversation was ended abruptly when they heard a loud thump before a string of curses as Harry appeared in front of the doorway. "I feel so stiff," Harry muttered, tugging at the hem of his dress shirt as he walked into the kitchen. "Can't I wear something more casual?" Admittedly, it did look good on him but that didn’t mean he wouldn't complain.

"That is casual." Draco said, crossing his arms sternly. "You will not take it off, mister."

"How’s this?" Blaise asked him, lifting a spoon filled with cake batter to Draco’s mouth. Draco took it and licked, moaning at the taste. "This is much better than what I did! This is orgasmic!"

Harry snorted, standing near the entrance of the kitchen and content on watching the two interact. Blaise rolled his eyes, snatch the spoon from Draco's hand but he could tell he was pleased at Draco’s reaction. "Of course it is, now, can you please go make the toast like I told you for the fifteenth time."

Draco groaned before he headed to the refrigerator to get the bread and headed over to the toaster. Harry chuckled before he leaned back against the wall. This was the most relaxed he had ever felt and on his birthday no less. Usually, he would be stuck at the Dursley's waiting for any post from his friends and, maybe, a few Death Eaters if he was extra lucky.
"This fabric is so itchy," Harry attempted again, scratching his arms for good measure. "Maybe, I should wear a short sleeve instead."

"Nice try," Draco drawled as he placed two slices of bread into the toaster before pulling down the lever. "Now, stop complaining, birthday boy. We made breakfast!"

"I made breakfast," Blaise corrected, giving Draco a look before he went over to where Harry stood. He pulled the raven haired men close to him and kissed him softly on the lips. "Happy birthday, mio tesoro."

"Thank you," Harry said, he pulled back and gave him a playful smirk. "Where's my present?"

"Hm," Blaise leaned back, running a hand through his hair. "I was thinking a threesome would suffice, no?"

"I'm down," Draco chirped, happily from his perch near the toaster.

Harry laughed, hitting his arm. "I already have that, jerk."

Blaise shrugged, flashing him a smile. "Then, I'm sure we'll think of something else."

"Oh? Like what?" He asked as Blaise wrapped his arms around his waist and began to sway, both content at the presence of the other and Harry felt happy at that one tender moment.

Then Blaise had to ruin it. "Draco says he's going to get you to fuck him in your old room at the Potter's." Blaise whispered huskily in his ear and Harry groaned, leaning his head against his broad chest. He didn't know whether he should be turned on or horrified about the thought of having sex at his parent's house.

"Oi, Blaise!" Draco shouted, alarmed. "It was seduced; I was going to seduce him."

"Oops," Blaise said non apologetic, he smirked down at Harry. "I guess I shouldn't have told you then."

"I'm going to die," Harry declared his face red. "I'm going to die on my twentieth birthday because my heart can't take this much longer."

"Just don't die while we're fucking," Draco said, crudely.

Blaise laughed the sound rich and deep and it brought shivers down Harry's spine. Though, he complained about their indecency and lack of tact, he was beginning to love how they didn't hide their desire for each other or him. It made him feel wanted and loved. It wasn't quite the family he had imagined he would have in the future but it would do quite nicely, anyways.

"Is something burning?" Harry asked, sniffing the air. There was a suffocating stench of burnt metal and charred food wafting in the air and it caused Harry's eyes to tear up.

Blaise looked at him confused before he looked over his shoulder and cursed. "Draco, you burned the toast again!"

There wasn't anywhere else he would rather be than here.

A chorus of "Happy Birthday!" greeted him as he stumbled out of the fireplace of Potter's Manor and he grinned sheepishly as his family laughed at his clumsy entrance.
"Thanks, guys," He said, quickly moving out of the way for Draco to walk out. He noted with envy how graceful he looked coming out sooty and all.

"Oh, my little boy," Lily said, coming forward to give him a hug and kiss. "It was like yesterday I was changing your diapers and now you're twenty. I can hardly believe it!"

"Mum, please," He muttered his cheeks reddening in embarrassment. "It's not a big deal."

"Yeah, Lily," James said with a laugh, prying his wife from his son. "Give Harry a break."

"Thanks, dad," Harry said with relief as Lily went over to Draco to greet him. "I thought I was going to suffocate."

"No problem, kiddo, come on. Everyone's gathered in the living room already." James said, guiding Harry from the foyer and into the living room. Harry looked around, this was the first time he had been in his parent's house and his heart clenched at the thought of how his life could've been as he grew up.

"Hey," He turned to his father who pulled him into a hug. Harry rose an eyebrow, he never pinned his father to be the affectionate type. "I can't believe my little man is already twenty," He ran a hand through Harry's hair and Harry's eyes began to burn. "No matter what your decisions or mistakes just know your mother and I will always love you, Harry. I am so proud of the man you've become, kiddo."

His throat tightened and he held the words dearly to his heart. "You will never know how much that means to me, Dad, thank you."

"Anytime, Harry. Oi, Sirius, don't drink all the whiskey!" James said, pulling away from Harry to go over to where Sirius was looming over a table.

Harry took that time to wipe his eyes and look around the large room. The living room was littered with pictures of him as a child, moving and nonmoving, and in all of them he was happy and loved. It made Harry slightly jealous of what he had missed out on.

"Harry!" He turned from where he was looking at a picture of him waving happily to the camera just in time to catch Hermione in a hug. "Happy birthday!"

Her smile was infectious and he couldn't help but let out a grin of his own as he replied, "Thank you, Hermione."

She pulled away and looked him over, worriedly. "Is everything okay with you? How have you been holding up?"

"Fine, I suppose." Harry chuckled, looking to where Draco had just entered with his mother. "I think I can do this, I've been giving it a lot of thought and I made the decision to see how this relationship works out."

Hermione followed his line of vision and whistled, "Uh oh."

He looked alarmed, his eyes snapping back to her. "Uh oh? Uh oh means bad…"

Hermione looked amused with his panic and placed a hand on his arms in assurance. "Uh oh in that you're falling hard for them."

Harry paled and said, "Is it that obvious?"
"No," Hermione said, smiling fondly. "It's just that you had that same look on your face when you fell for them the first time so I would know."

Harry looked over at Draco again, noting how his eyes lit up when he laughed or the tiny smirk that showed on his lips whenever he said something witty. It wasn't necessarily butterflies he felt but it was something warm and nice, something he could call home. "Yeah, I got it bad."

"Stupidly in love, you are." Hermione agreed.

"Thank you for the insight," Harry glared at her weakly.

She laughed, patting his arm and placing a kiss on his cheek. "No problem, my friend."

"Hands off the goods, woman."

Hermione merely brightened at the menacing warning before turning around and saying, "Hello to you too, Draco. Have you come to snag your husband?"

"Actually, yes, I have. I need to give him his present." Draco said, excitedly, tugging at Harry's arm. "Come on you, stop flirting with married women."

Harry merely rolled his eyes, used to Draco's antics and humor by now. He waved to Hermione helplessly and allowed himself to be dragged up the stairs and into the third bedroom to the right.

"Draco, what is it?" Harry said, chuckling nervously. The room looked unused and a bit dusty, an old trunk lay opened in the corner and old textbooks laid on the ground and bed. Harry could guess that this was his old bedroom. "Don't tell me you're actually going to seduce me?"

"I can if you want me to." Draco purred, pushing Harry back on to the bed and climbing on top of him. "But alas I only come bearing a gift."

Harry watched him warily as he pulled out his wand and waved it. A box instantly appearing next to Harry, he looked at it warily, not quite sure what to expect.

"If its sex related, you both are so dead."

"It's not, I promise." Draco laughed, climbing off of him to sit on the bed. Harry wasn't reassured by that and looked at the box warily. He unwrapped it and opened the lid, peeking inside; what he saw warmed his heart.

"I know you don't remember but you were devastated when Hedwig died of old age six months ago and you always said that you wouldn't get another owl," Draco began softly as Harry continued to look into the box, silently. "So, Blaise and I decided to get you another pet."

"It's a puppy," Harry stated, he looked at the black pup that was sleeping peacefully in makeshift blankets.

"Yeah, we went in to get you a snake but this little guy caught our eye instead. "Draco said, fondly, stroking the puppy's fur, it was then the puppy opened his eyes and Harry knew why they had chosen him.

"He has green eyes," He exclaimed, surprised.

"Yeah, we asked the owner about it but he said he was born just like that and they didn't know why. We instantly knew he was the one." Draco said, smiling.
"Thank you, Draco." Harry said, smiling at him. He leaned in for a kiss before he picked up the puppy that wagged his tail and looked at him with big, green eyes. "Well, aren't you a cutie."

"We should call him Harold!" Draco exclaimed, rising from the bed and Harry glared at him.

"We are not calling him Harold, Draco." Harry said, monotonously. He opened the door and walked out, Draco following behind him down the stairs.

"Then 'Pork Chop'" He suggested next and Harry gave him an incredulous look.

"No."

"Bunny."

"No, Draco."

"Bacon."

"Okay, now you're just fucking with me." Harry laughed, they were now at the bottom of the stairs and the puppy was whining its distress of being named by Draco.

"I am not," Draco exclaimed, a smile on his face. "How about Bambi?"

Harry began to protest before he paused, he actually liked the name. He looked down at the puppy in his arms and asked, "What do you think, eh, Bambi?"

The puppy gave a small bark of approval and Harry smiled, "Bambi it is."

"Success, I think we will get along great, Bambito." Harry laughed when Bambi growled at the butchering of his name.

"Oh, what a cute puppy." A soft voice said in front of him and he looked up, he smiled pleasantly surprised to see Luna standing in front of him.

"Hello, Luna, how are you?"

"I've been well; the Nargles have been at bay lately. Happy Birthday, by the way." Harry smiled at that, glad that any reality Luna was still Luna.

"Your necklace must be doing the trick then and thanks." Harry replied and Luna gave him a beaming smile for his efforts.

"Hello, Loony, mental as ever I see." Draco said, pleasantly from behind him. There was no malice in his words and Harry had a feeling that this was a normal occurrence between them.

"Hello, Dragon, snarky as ever I see." Luna said, airily as Draco laughed and Harry bent down to put Bambi on the ground when the puppy got restless in his arms. They began to head to the living room where laughter and talking could be heard, Bambi trotted in front of them, growling at everything that moved.

"How's Rolf been?" Draco asked, looking at her and Harry wondered who he was.

"He's been well; the Quibbler has kept him quite busy. He's in Egypt looking for a rare form of a sphinx."

"Right," Draco nodding, chuckling as he sat on the couch with Harry next to him. "How's the baby
Luna smiled brightly, placing a hand on her stomach and said, "I'm three weeks along."

"Oh! Congratulations." Harry said, finally catching on.

"Yeah, congrats, Loony. I'm happy for you." Draco said, smiling at her.

"Thank you, now, if you'll excuse me. I have to go speak to Mrs. Potter on my first prenatal appointment." She waved at them before she left, walking sedately into the kitchen.

"Harry!" Harry looked down to the ground from where the voice came from and smiled, a little boy no older than three with purple hair and amber eyes looked up to him. He had no doubt in his mind that this was Teddy.

"Hey, Teddy, what's up?" He picked up the boy and set him on his lap. He watched in amazement when Teddy changed his appearance to dark hair and green eyes to match his own appearance.

"Happy Birthday!" He cheered, throwing up his hands in the air. It was then that he spotted Draco next to Harry and changed his hair to blond and his eyes became grey in his excitement.

"Cousin Draco!"

"Hey, kiddo," He chuckled, leaning over to ruffle the child's hair. "Where's your father?"

Teddy blinked, tilting his head in thought. "Dunno."

Draco raised an eyebrow before he asked, "You don't know?"

Teddy looked at him as if he was stupid and Harry couldn't help but chuckle at the look. "Dunno, I's hungry."

"It's 'I'm hungry', Teddy." He sighed when the child merely sucked on his thumb and ignored him. He stood and lifted him up from Harry's lap and said, "Come on then, I'm sure Auntie Lily has something special for special little boys."

Harry smiled fondly when Teddy cheered, chanting "Food! Food!" as Draco carried him to the kitchen. Harry sighed, leaning back into the couch. He was content in hearing the laughter of his father and Sirius playing Exploding Snap and Hermione talking to Neville in the corner, he wondered why Pansy was next to him but he wouldn't be surprised if they were together as well.

Apparently, in this world, Gryffindors had an affinity for Slytherins.

It didn't matter either way, he was happy. It felt nice to have his small group of friends and family come together to celebrate his birthday; he never had that before in his life so he cherished the feeling.

Harry was snapped out of his thoughts when the couch dipped as someone sat next to him. He looked to his side and his mouth fell open with an audible pop.

He couldn't think of one single reason as to why Severus Snape had decided to sit next to him and he knew that it wasn't for anything as meaningless as to chat. He looked at the man wearily as Snape merely ignored him and continued to sip his fire whiskey, maybe, if he didn't make any sudden noise he wouldn't have to speak to the overgrown bat.

"I was speaking with Lily yesterday and she told me, you've forgotten about her profession." Snape
began, conversationally, and it startled Harry to hear him speak so suddenly to him without even a trace of a sneer on his face.

"It slipped my mind." Harry said, evenly, not knowing where Snape was going with this conversation.

"Ah, of course, but it seemed weird to me how much you cling to your parents the first day and I began to wonder." Snape leaned back against the couch and relaxed, watching the conversation between his wife and Neville across the room. "Amnesia does make you forget memories but it doesn't bring such distress, it actually does the opposite. It leaves the person apathetic and confused but not clingy. You looked at your parents as if you had lost them once before," Snape looked at him coldly with his obsidian eyes. "As if they had died."

Harry's heart froze, looking around the room to see if anyone had heard the conversation but everyone was oblivious to the fact that Harry had been found out by his old potion professor.

"What are you getting at?" Harry asked his throat dry.

"What did you do then?" Snape asked, giving him a sideways glance. "Polyjuice? A spell?"

"I don't understand what you mean." Harry said with gritted teeth, he tried to stay calm even as his palms began to sweat and his heart plummeted to the pit of his stomach.

Snape looked at him sharply and leaned in close, Harry could practically smell the alcohol on the man's breath but he knew he wasn't drunk. "Give me a reason I shouldn't expose you right here, right now."

Harry looked confused as to what the man meant. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Snape gave him a twisted smile as he replied, "You're not really Harry Potter."
The festivities went on as if nothing had happened; Harry could hear the banter between his father and Sirius in the background as well as laughter from the kitchen. It would have been a happy mood if it wasn't for the man who was glowering at him now.

He was relieved on one hand to know that Snape hadn't completely figured it out, he merely saw the difference in Harry's character and called on it. He didn't blame him for his suspicions (he could hear Moody's CONSTANT VIGILANCE still ringing in his ear) but it irked him nonetheless.

"I don't know what cocked up plan you have in your head," Harry began, evenly, glaring at Snape. "But I am Harry Potter; if you want my blood to prove that then I will give it to you."

"It hasn't gone to that point, imposter." Snape said, Harry gritted his teeth in annoyance. He was many things but he wasn't an imposter, heck, if he was he definitely wouldn't want to impersonate Harry Potter, the boy with shitty luck. "Yet."

"Tell me, what would I gain from being Harry Potter?" Harry said in a low whisper. "The war is over and Voldemort is dead."

"That may be so," Snape began slowly. "But there are plenty of idiotic and insane death eaters still out there. Harry is an Auror it would be easy to infiltrate the Ministry under the guise of Harry Potter."

Harry let out a harsh breath before he glared at him, "Trust me, I am Harry Potter."

Snape gave him a blank look before he said, "I don't believe you and I don't trust you."

He took a deep breath, he wasn't even sure he was allowed to say it but he had to, he couldn't hold this any long. "I am Harry Potter...I'm just..." He paused, sighing.

Snape narrowed his eyes and pressed on, "You're just what?"
"I can't really say," Harry said, rubbing his face in frustration. "I'm...Harry okay; please you have to believe me."

Snape stared at him for a moment before he said, slowly, "Then if you are truly Harry Potter, then tell me something that only he knows."

Harry hesitated and that was all Snape needed, he rose slowly, pulling out his wand and sneering, "Get up you vermin." This caught the attention of the group inside of the living, all stopping their activities to watch in shock as Snape held a wand at Harry who merely rose to his feet and raised his hands to the air.

"Severus, what are you doing?" Hermione shrieked, rushing forward to stop her husband from attacking her best friend.

"Stand back, Hermione." Hermione froze in her tracks at the cold voice and she knew that Severus had a reason to be pointing a wand at Harry. She gave Harry a concerned look and her heart plummeted when Harry didn't even look her way.

"Oi, Snape!" Sirius shouted, rising to his feet furiously. "What do you think you're doing with Harry?"

"Shut up, you fool." Snape hissed, his wand pointed at Harry's heart. Harry shuddered when he saw his mother and his two lovers enter the room, he didn't want them to see this.

"Snape, lower your wand." James said, dangerously, his wand already in his hand.

"What's going on?" Draco asked, looking confused with Teddy by his side. Blaise placed a hand on his shoulder and shot Harry a confused look.

"Harry?" Teddy whimpered in distress, he didn't like the tension that permeated the air.

"Sev, what is the meaning of this?" Lily asked, worriedly, taking a step forward.

"We've all been fooled," Snape said, shaking his head in amazement, ignoring her question. "This person isn't Harry Potter."

Harry almost flinched at the deathly silence that followed his statement and he closed his eyes, not wanting to see the horror or betrayal in his family's eyes. Nothing moved and if he didn't know better he would've thought everyone had stopped breathing.

"What? No denial this time?" Snape mocked, moving closer to Harry.

"Oh, I can talk now?" Harry snapped back, opening his eyes to glare at Snape.

"Harry?" He flinched when he heard his mother's voice, she was the last person he wanted to hurt. "What is he talking about?"

"Snape," Harry began, glaring at the man. "Has it in his mind that I'm an imposter."

"You are an imposter." Snape insisted.

"Uncle Sev, this is absurd. We've been with Harry this whole time and he's acted the same minus the memory lapse." Draco reasoned, not wanting to believe that this wasn't Harry. His Harry.

"Exactly," Snape said, triumphantly. "Don't you think it's odd that Harry has amnesia all of a sudden?"
No one could answer; they couldn't admit that it did seem odd that Harry just woke up with no memory of the last four years.

"But I am Harry James Potter," Harry said, glaring at him.

Snape crossed his arms, finally lowering his wand. "Then, prove it."

Harry let out a harsh breath before he turned to Luna first, "Luna, you see three-tails because you saw your mother die in front of you. Hermione, you used to use the time turner to have more classes. Draco, you challenged me to a duel in first year but chickened out at the last minute. Neville, Hermione petrified you when you caught us sneaking out the castle in first year. Will that do or do you want to hear more, you pretentious git?"

Snape looked at him with thin lips but when he isn't shouting about imposters and liars, Harry knows everything he's said was true. He sagged in relief and sat back down on the chair, holding his head in his hands.

He needed to be more careful on what he said especially now that Snape was suspicious of him and would watch his every move.

"Severus," He could hear Hermione's tentative voice even through the fog of his thoughts, "All that's he's said is true, maybe...maybe, we should go home."

Harry didn't have to look up to feel the heated glare Snape was giving him and he knew the next time he slipped, he wouldn't get off so easily.

"Fine." Snape said stiffly and slumped in relief when he heard an audible pop before silence engulfed him again.

He was startled when he felt warm arms wrap around him and he looked through the slit of his fingers to see Hermione's brown hair in his face. "I am so sorry, this must be so hard for you and then this, it's just that the war—"

"Hermione," Harry began, giving her a weak smile. "It's okay.

Hermione gave him a smile before she left, the sound of apparition resounding in his ear. He sighed suddenly feeling tired as he slumped his shoulder; he heard feet shuffle before Draco was kneeling in front of him. His eyes bright and wide, pleading with him to tell the truth.

Harry felt a pang in heart, he would if he could. He opened his mouth to try and spill everything but before he could even form the first syllable he could feel his throat begin to tighten.

"I know you're Harry but..." Draco began, looking at him intensely. "Are you hiding something from us?"

Harry tilted his head and weighed his options either tell them the truth or be a coward and stick to his story of amnesia. It was just too obvious.

Harry pulled Draco close to his chest, his head leaning on blond hair and he lied, "Of course not, Draco." He tried to pretend not to see Blaise's intense gaze from across the room and he realized that his other lover hadn't said a word during the whole altercation; Blaise was much harder to read than Draco and Harry wasn't sure whether his silence was a good or bad thing.

"You're still our Harry?" Draco asked, leaning back to look at him.
Harry's grip on him tightened and he met Blaise's eyes over Draco's shoulder. "Yes, I'm still your Harry."

Another lie.

A week had passed since the incident on his birthday with Snape; he hadn't seen his family or Hermione since that day. It hurt him to think that they were avoiding him and he tried not to think of it that way. Harry had become more careful as to what he said and did, especially in front of Blaise who kept an extra eye on him even though he thought Harry never noticed.

Harry tried to hide his pain at the loss of the trust he had growing with his lover by losing himself in his work. He had grown a sort of obsession with catching Bellatrix Black who popped in and out of the public's eye frequently, leaving terror and destruction in her wake.

He had caught a spy for the crazy Black that revealed exactly what Bellatrix was planning, a new uprising. She was planning on starting from where her last master had left off and Harry had never been more eager to kill another person than he did her.

He spent countless hours at the office, trying to track her next move and her hideout but it was a long and tedious job and he knew he wasn't any closer to finding her.

He was exhausted, he barely had slept the last week so the dimly lit Auror office that was empty and filled with silence at eleven o'clock at night was oddly tempting to him, more so than going home where there was awkwardness in his relationship with Blaise and Draco that he was trying to shake off. He rubbed his eyes tiredly before leaning his head on the desk, he yawned before he drifted off.

When he woke again, he was in his bed, Blaise in his front while Draco lay behind him, snoring softly. Blaise was watching him, frowning as he observed him. Harry blushed at waking up to the sight of Blaise watching him sleep.

"What time is it?" He murmured, shifting slightly.

"Ten." Blaise said, tersely. "I called in sick for all of us, you need to rest. You've been working extra hard this past week and I've barely seen you."

"I've been busy." Harry replied, petulantly.

"I know that." Blaise let out a long breath. He shook his head in amusement before he said, "Why do you have to be so stubborn?"

"Potter trait." Harry shrugged a small smile on his lips.

"I can imagine." Blaise drawled, smirking.

Harry stared at him for a moment, biting his lip in his nervousness. "Look, about last week…" Harry had been so focused on keeping his mind off of what happened he had never fully talked to his lovers about it and he could only imagine what they must be feeling now.

"It's fine, everyone's cooled down about it. Severus actually wants to apologize about it, Draco thinks Hermione just not putting out for him." Blaise said with a straight face and Harry's stomach churned.

"Ew." He said, simply.
"Come on, you got to admit they make a good couple." Blaise said, looking at him expectantly.

"Sure, if you're into kittens being mauled by blood sucking monsters." Harry said with a grimace.

"Cute." Blaise had a soft smile on his face.

Harry shrugged, burying his face into his pillow as tried not to move when Draco shifted closer to him. "I shouldn't be taking a day off, I need to find Bellatrix."

"Bellatrix will be as insane and unstable tomorrow," Blaise kissed him on the cheek. "Today, you relax."

Harry didn't say anything; instead he closed his eyes content to just lie in bed for the rest of the day.

"You can't laze around all day, y'know. When I said to relax, I meant eat ice cream all day and walk around in your pajamas."

"It's my day off," Harry responded, flatly, with closed eyes. "I can do the hell I want."

His heart warmed as he heard Blaise's chuckle and he vowed then to never tell them, his little lies couldn't hurt anyone if he locked them in his heart. Harry leaned up and kissed Blaise softly, loving the way it made him feel loved and at home.

The moment was ruined when sharp barking and growls were heard near the edge of the bed; Harry chuckled as Bambi tried his best to look menacing but only succeeded in looking adorable.

"Honestly," Blaise groaned, flopping onto his back as Bambi came to sit on Harry's chest. Harry patted the puppy who wagged his tail in happiness. "I think that's the worse decision we've ever made, buying you a dog. He's so protective of you, next thing you know he'll be pissing on your leg to mark his property."

Harry merely laughed as Bambi tried to bite off Blaise's hand.

. . . .

"You have a lead on Bellatrix," Neville informed him the next day, Harry sighed and silently took the file that Neville was waving at him. "She's been traced to an abandoned warehouse ten miles from Leeds; Shacklebolt wants you to lead a squad over there today."

Harry looked at him in surprise, Shacklebolt had never given him the impression he actually liked him so he was baffled that he would let him lead a group to capture one of the more prominent Death Eaters that was trying to recreate Voldemort's reign.

"Hey, you okay?" Neville asked, looking at him in concern when Harry stayed silent.

"Uh, yeah," Harry said, placing the folder on his desk before he turned to Neville. "I want you, Draco, and Thomin."

Neville nodded, writing the names down before he turned, "Alright, I'll confirm with Shacklebolt."

Harry turned back to his desk and sighed. He stared at the moving picture of a laughing Bellatrix and he narrowed his eyes, he had a score to settle with her.

"Hey," He turned to his right to see Draco looking at him from his cubicle, "You sure about this?"

"Of course," His throat was dry. "This is a big mission and Shacklebolt wants me to lead it."
Draco smirked at him, "Yeah, Harry, you were definitely born for this job."

Harry snorted, he turned back to stare at Bellatrix's picture. "I'll take that as a compliment."

The sun was already setting when Shacklebolt had approved his team and Harry felt the nervousness bubble in his gut as he apparated to the location he was given.

Harry shivered at the dark magic that littered the area, everything looked dead. It was like a graveyard and the darkness only enhanced the ominous feeling. The large warehouse loomed over the vast space, clear as day and Harry wondered if Bellatrix was so far in her insanity that she never put up wards to hide her location.

"This place is creepy," He heard Thomin said behind him, he glanced over at him. Thomin was a Hufflepuff, a year behind him, he never actually met him until he became an Auror but he was a decent enough bloke. From what he saw, he was agile and quick, perfect for someone like Bellatrix who was a bit curse crazy.

"Keep alert," He said, firmly, flicking his wrist so his wand could come out from its holster. "This is a death eater who is evasive and isn't afraid to torture so don't lower your guard."

They all nodded and Harry walked forward, his steps light and quick against the ground. It unnerved him to think that Bellatrix had left herself so open and the nagging feeling that this was a trap littered at the back of his mind.

Harry held his hand up when they reached the front of the warehouse, his ears straining to hear that cackled laugh that sometimes still haunted his dreams or screams of torture. Instead, he heard nothing. Everything was still, everything was calm.

Harry flicked his wand and the door blasted open, he waited for the dust and debris to settle before he stepped forward. Inside was eerily quiet and dark; he squinted just to see in front of him.

"It's clear," Harry said, cursing. It was a fake lead from what he could tell, Bellatrix wasn't there.

"...He...Help..." A raspy voice echoed through the empty voice and Harry instantly casted a lumos to see the ground more clearly and the sight almost made him sick.

Blood and carcass littered the floor, some still alive and in pain while others were already dead, their eyes unseeing and their faces contorted forever in an expression of horror and fear. It was the bloody writing on the wall that made his veins boil in anger.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN.

"Call Shacklebolt," Harry ordered his voice sharp. "Tell him to send backup and inform St Mungo's we'll be coming in with severely injured and tortured muggles."

Thomin nodded, shakily, unable to take the stench of blood and death anymore as he turned and stumbled on his feet before apparating.

"Neville, search for any signs of Bellatrix on the second floor we'll look for survivors down here."

Harry said, moving forward, shuddering when he stepped into a deep pool of blood. He could hear Neville running up the stairs, loud clanking noises echoing in the air, as he felt Draco lean close into his back.
Harry kept his wand alight, walking slowly through the bodies that hung in the air and littered the floor. So, far he only found three survivors while ten were already dead.

"Damn it all," He said, frustrated. The familiar guilt he always felt when death was concerned was settling deeply in his heart.

"Harry, it's okay." Draco said, softly, grabbing his hand and Harry let out a breath and nodded.

By the time Shacklebolt and a group of healers had arrived, they had found ten bodies that were wounded but alive while thirty was pronounced dead. Neville had come back down and reported that there was no trace of Bellatrix but he did find multiple newspaper clippings of prominent muggle figures and they all deduced that they were Bellatrix next targets. They stood near the entrance as they watched the Healers carry dead bodies out, one after another.

"Neville, will you forward that to my desk please?" Harry asked after Neville had finished. He turned to Shacklebolt and said, "Please, sir, let me find her."

Shacklebolt considered him for a moment before he nodded, "Fine, Potter, you and your team are fully on the case." Then, he turned to speak with the healers that were waiting for him.

"Are you okay?" Draco asked him when he turned away from Shacklebolt with a sigh.

"Yeah, I'm—" He paused when he thought he heard something.

"What is it?" Draco looked at him curiously.

"Shh, listen." Harry said and he heard it again, it sounded as if someone was crying.

"Someone is still inside," Harry said with alarm, he ignored Draco's and Shacklebolt's shouts as he ran back inside.

Harry looked around, trying to listen closely through the chattering of the healers who stayed inside to evaluate and identify the dead was distracting. He turned when he heard the whimpering coming from behind a stack of boxes.

"Harry?"

"There's someone behind the boxes." Harry stated to Draco before he flicked his wand and levitated the boxes, there was a small cry before a small body scuttled deeper into the safety of the darkness.

"It's a...child…" Draco whispered in shock, moving closer to Harry to try and get a better look at the child.

Harry took a step forward but quickly stopped when the child let out a soft whimper, he was small—too small—with matted, blond hair and the brightest blue eyes that Harry had ever seen. If he didn't know better he would've said that this boy was related to the Malfoy's.

"Hey, it's okay, baby." Harry cooed, his heart breaking when watery ocean blue eyes looked at him with fear—too much fear for a child so young. "I won't hurt you, my name is Harry and my husband is here too, his name is Draco. We want to help you, what's your name?"

Harry wasn't sure if the boy could talk, he looked as if he understood him but he could tell that he was only a year old if not younger.

"B—Boy."
Harry blinked the tiny voice so low if he was a little farther he wouldn't have heard him. "W—what was that?"

The child looked frustrated as if unsure how to explain himself before he brightened up and pointed to his chest as he said, firmly, "Boy."

Harry could already feel the tears well up in his eyes, his thoughts being thrown harshly into the past where boy was his name and he had slept alone in a dark cupboard, always wishing for a family. Now, he was met with a child that was faced with the same problem, he could see the fear that gripped the child at any one’s presence and he felt his heart clenched at what this toddler could’ve endured in his tiny existence that made him so scared.

"Harry?" He was ripped out of his thoughts by Draco's tentative voice and he looked back at 'boy' who was looking up at him as if he was his only hope, his eyes bright with a plea to not hurt him and he knew then that he couldn't turn away. This little boy had his heart.

"Your name's not boy," Harry said softly, looking over the toddler's tiny form. "Don't worry; we'll take care of you." He walked tentatively towards the small toddler who watched with scared eyes, he smiled at him and made a reassuring noise as he picked the boy up. He was tiny and light—too light—and his heart clenched.

"I've made up my mind, Draco." Harry said, firmly, looking down at the little boy. "We're taking him home."

Draco tilted his head to the side and smiled, fondly. "How did I know you were going to say that?"

"You want to what?" Shacklebolt asked him, incredulously, when Harry and Draco had emerged with a bundle of blankets in Draco's arms.

Harry stared at where Draco was rocking the toddler, trying to lull him to sleep and smiled, "I want to adopt him, sir. It's obvious his family was kidnapped by Bellatrix and he managed to escape."

"Potter, you said he was terrified, how do you know he wasn't abused?"

"I don't but…" He looked over at Draco who was staring at the child in amazement and Harry knew he had fallen in love with him as he had. "He doesn't have any family from what I can see and I refuse to let him go to an orphanage...not when we're willing to take him."

Shacklebolt sighed, smiling, "You're as stubborn as your father, alright, there will be a lot of paperwork and it will take a lot of convincing, three fathers are not at all common."

"I don't care, he's…" His voice softened. "He's going to complete this family, I just know it."

"Alright, Potter," Shacklebolt said, nodding. "I will put in the initial paperwork in for you and you and Malfoy can take a week off to adjust, what type of adoption do you want?"

Harry didn't respond immediately as he watched Draco walk towards him, the little boy was sleeping soundly in his arms and Draco beamed up at Harry, his eyes shining with excitement and affection.

"Blood adoption," Harry finally said, turning back to Shacklebolt. "I want him to be our son in every sense of the word."

"Okay, whose surname will he take?"
"Draco's" Harry said, instantly, he had thought it all out as soon as he had seen the boy. "His father would kill me otherwise if I made the first born a Potter."

Shacklebolt nodded, chuckling. "Alright, then. How about a name?"

Harry looked at Draco expectantly, he knew any name he would have would be shot down. Draco shifted and looked down at the toddler; he smiled softly, "His name will be Scorpius James Malfoy."

Harry felt his eyes burn at the middle name and smiled gratefully at him before he turned back to Shacklebolt. "You heard him, Scorpius James Malfoy."

"Alright, bring him to Mungo's tomorrow so he can be checked out for any spell damage and such. Good work today, you two." He said before he apparated.

Harry turned back to Draco and smiled, "A son, we have a son." He never would had thought he would have the chance to bear a child but here he was, now with a child to call his own and suddenly, his little family felt more complete.

It was then it hit him that he had missed one single thing in the heat of the moment.

"Draco." Harry said, faintly.

"Hmm," He replied, distractedly, his attention solely on the sleeping baby. Harry couldn't help but smile fondly at the sight, the child truly did look like Draco's child with his blond hair and pale face but Harry knew it was those ocean blue eyes that screamed for him to take this child with them.

"How are we going to tell Blaise that we are fathers now?"

"Shit."
Harry and Draco were born troublemakers, Blaise knew this when he had asked them out, he knew this when he chose a ring and he knew this when he said 'I do'.

Their antics shouldn't surprise him anymore, not when Draco had the 'puppy eyes' mastered and Harry was a sucker for them. The man could be cajoled into doing anything even murder. It was both worrying and endearing.

Blaise never minded before, even when Draco went to Romania for a week and came back with a baby dragon or when Harry punched a waiter for looking at Blaise for too long. He was always there to sweet talk the person they pissed off and clean up their messes.

He always had and he always would, no matter what.

So, he shouldn't had been all that surprised when he woke up and found a baby sleeping peacefully between Harry and Draco.

He stared at the baby for the longest, not knowing what to do or which child services to call. Because surely Draco and Harry stole this baby (probably from an abusive family, it wouldn't be the first time).

He sure as hell knew the baby wasn't theirs.

So, he merely closed his eyes and counted to ten—it was way too early to be dealing with this and he knew his lovers had something to do with it.

"Draco," Blaise began in his most calm and firm voice, he waited until the blond grunted to continue, "Why is there a baby in our bed?"

Draco opened one of his eye and gave him a 'are you retarded' look, "He's our son, duh." Before he turned over and snuggled with Harry.

Blaise blinked, a stunned look on his face. "We don't have a son, Draco. We're three men."

"What are you talking about, don't you remember Scorpius?" Draco asked, Blaise looked down and realized that the child was awake. Huge ocean blue eyes looked at him and Blaise had to resist melting into a puddle of goo.
"I'm sure I would know if a bloody child was in our house," Blaise muttered, crossly.

"He's shitting you, Blaise." Harry mumbled from under his pillow, he turned over and stretched and Blaise's eyes strayed to the flat stomach that was deliciously displayed in front of him. "We adopted Scorpius yesterday when we found him at the raid...it was a spur of the moment thing. Draco thought if we just pretended that Scorpius was always here you wouldn't question it."

Now, that made more sense and glared at Draco who had the decency to smile sheepishly. Harry sat up and smiled sweetly at the child, who looked at them with bright eyes. "Good morning, little love. We have a lot to do today, you're going to be living here with us from today on. We'll be a family, how would you like that?"

The child watched him with rapt attention and tentatively touched Harry's lips, a look of wonder on his face.

"How old is he?" Blaise asked, he was still looking at the child warily.

"I dunno, we were planning on bringing him into Mungo's so he can be checked out, I think he's around a year and a half." Draco answered and Blaise sighed, running a hand through his hair.

Blaise shook his head and said, "What were you thinking?"

"It's a gift?" Draco suggested, smiling.

"Usually a gift consists of jewelry or materials, something normal. But I get a son, wonderful!" Blaise said, sarcastically.

"When you put it that way, it does sound extravagant." Harry said, snorting into his hand.

"Not helping, Harry." Blaise grumbled before he said, "We're not adopting him."

"No, Blaise. please, let us keep him." Draco said with watery eyes. Blaise was immune.

"He's not a pet, he's a child," Blaise said, sternly. "That have needs and need attention, we all work and we barely have time for each other."

"I'm sure we can find a babysitter, Luna is currently unemployed. She would love to take the job." Draco argued and Blaise sighed.

"Draco, this isn't like a fish or a dragon, you can't just grow tired of it and then throw it away. A child is a big responsibility and we're only twenty." Blaise said, trying to get his lovers to understand.

"I know that but..." Draco said, looking down at Scorpius, sadly, who leaned against his chest. "He has no family and he's so scared, he...he didn't even have a proper name when we found called himself 'boy'. I don't want him to grow up lonely and neglected, Blaise! He deserves a family; he's such a sweet boy."

Blaise slumped his shoulders and sighed loudly, "Welcome to the family." He got up from the bed and left the room, resigned to his fate.

He never noticed Harry and Draco share an evil grin behind him.

....

It didn't take long for Scorpius to fully warm up to them. Harry noticed this as he got the blond out of the tub and dried him, smiling indulgently as Scorpius babbled on as Harry conjured clothes for him.
Blaise had grudgingly accepted the blond into their lives even if he was still somewhat depressed about it. Harry knew better though, he'd seen how Blaise's eyes softened every time he held the child and he couldn't deny that Scorpius liked Blaise the most.

"My, aren't you talkative today." Harry said, and he was sure the child didn't know what he said but still grinned happily as Harry dressed him. He lifted him up from the top of the counter. Small fingers clutched his shirt desperately as he left the bedroom and headed downstairs.

He smiled as he saw Bambi at the top of the stairs, black ears poking up when he spotted him. Scorpius looked at the dog curiously, intrigued at the wagging tail as Bambi followed Harry's heel. As he descended down the stairs, he made a mental note to let the puppy play with Scorpius so he could get accustomed to his smell.

"That's Bambi, baby boy." He whispered in his ear as the child continued to look at the dog with interest. "Bambi."

"Bam Bam?" Scorpius tried to repeat, tilting his head to the side. Harry chuckled, brushing the blond locks affectionately.

"Something like that."

He smiled as he heard his two lovers talking as he entered the kitchen. Blaise was laying his head on the table as Draco petted his hair, trying to look remorseful.

He snickered as he remembered what had happened earlier this morning, he had woken up to Draco sucking his cock and Blaise nipping at his neck, however, before they could continue Scorpius' cries reached their room. Both Draco and Harry were out of the room in seconds and left Blaise with a rather hard problem.

"There, there my italian stallion." Draco said, winking at him.

"Oh, god, what are you doing?" Harry chortled, as he placed Scorpius on the high chair Draco had conjured. Harry made his way to the fridge, trying to think what a toddler could eat.

"I'm comforting him," Draco glared at him before he turned to Scorpius with a smile. "Hello, my little scorpion. We're going to be your new family, you'd like that yeah?" Harry smiled at Draco's rambling, he knew the blond tried to talk to the child as much as possible so Scorpius could start learning words other than 'boy'.

"See, there's papa." He pointed at Harry then to himself, "I'm daddy and this here is..." He pulled up Blaise's head by his hair, ignoring his lover's wince of pain and protest. "mummy!"

"Excuse me?" Blaise choked on air as he turned to glare at Draco. Harry coughed near the stove trying to hide his own laughter. "I am not mummy! Do I look female to you?"

"Oh, but you'll be the perfect mother. You're so patient and gentle." Draco cooed and Harry knew Blaise was practicing his patience now by not choking his blond lover.

"I am going to kill you, Draco Lucius Malfoy." Blaise said, darkly.

"I knew this was a great idea," Harry said brightly as he poured water into the pot, he figured oatmeal would be safe enough for a child to eat. "Scorpius fits right in with us."

Draco laughed and Blaise slammed his head back onto the table, a loud groan emitting out from him, if Harry didn't know better he would've said there was a dark cloud on top of the man's head.
Scorpius looked at his new parents with interest, not knowing who was the most entertaining between the three yet.

"I'm in a nightmare, I have been donned the woman of my relationship and I have a child," Blaise mourned, his voice muffled. "This must be hell."

"No cursing in front of Scorpius." Draco admonished lightly, a smile on his face. "It's not that bad, being mummy means Scorpius will love you the most."

Blaise lifted up his head to glare at the blond before he looked at Scorpius with imploring eyes. "Scorpius, I'm Father. Fa-ther."

Scorpius tilted his head to the side in confusion before he tried to repeat what Blaise was saying, "F...Fa..."

Blaise smiled adoringly at him, hope rising in his chest. "Yes, that's it! Father."

"Fad...Fadd…"

"No, Scor, it's mummy...Mum-my." Draco said in retaliation. Scorpius looked distressed, not knowing who to believe. Harry shook his head at their antics.

"Come, baby boy, who's this?" Harry began, pointing to himself.

Scorpius gave him a smile, he knew this one. "Papa!"

"Good boy, how about him?" He pointed to Draco next.

Scorpius clapped his chubby hands, he liked this game. "Da- Da...Daddy!"

"Yes, you're so smart." Harry smiled, his eyes twinkling as he pointed to Blaise. "Now, who's this?"

Scorpius bit his lip and his blond eyebrows knitted together in concentration before he said, firmly. "Mummy."

Harry laughed as Blaise slumped on the table in depression and Draco shouted his success. Scorpius looked at them in confusion before he giggled, figuring the curly haired man hitting his head on the table was the most entertaining.

Yes, Scorpius fit perfectly in their little family.

. . . .

"Harry James Potter!" Harry froze where he was heading to the Children's ward of St Mungos to get Scorpius checked out when he heard his full name being called out.

"Oh, shit." He mumbled, his hold on Scorpius tightening. "Just keep walking."

"Honestly, you can't avoid them forever."

"Harry, I know that's you!" Harry gave Blaise a panicked look before he took four strides to the elevator, Scorpius laughing as he was jostled while Blaise and Draco walked more sedately behind him.

"Harry!"
"Uh, sorry, wrong person!" He said hurriedly, his head down as he pushed the button to close the elevator. The last thing he saw was Hermione's furious face.

"Honestly, are you the same age as Scorpius?"

"Shut it."

. . . .

"What do you mean you don't have anything available." Harry said, irritated with the receptionist. She looked at him sympathetically as she turned for a moment and talked with another healer before turning back to him.

"I'm sorry, Mr Potter, but August is a very busy month for the children's ward at St Mungos."

"Please, I'll take anyone." Harry said, looking at her with pleading eyes.

She looked back down with a sigh before she said, "Well, Healer Granger will be up here in-"

"Not her, anyone but her." He cut in hurriedly and he could see his lover's rolling their eyes from the side on him. Scorpius was content on hiding his face in his shoulder, unused to the unfamiliar faces and loud noises.

The receptionist resisted the urge to roll her eyes before she smiled at him, "Alright then, sir, please go into room 304 and someone will be right with you."

Harry nodded, smiling his thanks and turned to head to the room. The receptionist watched them go before she rose and walked to the floo that was connected to the Ministry.

She threw in the green powder before she knelt and stuck her head into the fire. She called out, "Daily Prophet."

She closed her eyes as her head began to spin and when she thought she would be sick, it stopped. She opened her eyes to loud chattering and flurry of papers and scrambling reporters.

"This is the Daily Prophet, how may I help you? Oh, it's only you, Lindsey. What's up?"

"Boy, do I have news for you." She said, grinning.

. . . .

"Harry?" Harry looked up to see his mother's confused and shocked face in front of him and he cursed to himself.

"Yo, Mrs Potter." Draco said, raising a hand in greeting

"Hello, Mrs Potter." Blaise greeted, cordially.

"Hi, Mum." Harry said grinning sheepishly. Scorpius peeked out curiously to look at the newcomer before diving back into his hiding spot when Lily let out a gasp.

"Harry, what are you doing with a child?" Lily asked confused. When she had been called to attend to a new patient, she had not expected to find her son and his two lovers with a child in his arms waiting for her.

"He's our son!" Draco said, brightly, and Blaise palmed his face and Harry cursed Draco's big
Lily's reaction was instantaneous, she clutched her heart and paled. For a moment, Harry thought she was going to faint that was until her face reddened with fury.

"What do you mean he's your son!" She screeched and Harry would forever deny that he pissed a little in his pants at her rage. Gone was the gentle and loving mother he knew, and in her place was a furious harpy, red hair flying from her styled bun and green eyes alight with anger. "Harry James Potter, what were you thinking having a son! Do you even know who the mother is?! I am not going to raise that child for you, mister. You must take responsibility for your actions and if you can't keep your little man in check-

"Mum!" Harry exclaimed scandalized. "It's not like that! We adopted him, well, we are going to adopt him. Draco and I found him while we were searching for Bellatrix."

Lily blinked, once then twice before she smiled and Harry decided then and there he would never figure women out. "Oh, well then, if that's the case let me check him out."

Harry sighed before getting up and setting Scorpius on the table, the child looked at him with fear but he smiled in reassurance. "Don't worry, baby boy, this is your grandma. She won't hurt you."

"Oh, he's beautiful." Lily said, tearfully. "I'm a grandmother without you even trying."

"I'll take that as a compliment." Harry said, chuckling.

Lily pulled out her wand and Scorpius screeched in terror, scrambling away from the stick and extending his arms for Blaise-who was the closest to him- to pick him up.

"Hey, it's okay, my little blondie." Blaise said, softly, running a hand through his hair. Scorpius whimpered, pressing himself close to Blaise's body not wanting to be near the wand and Harry frowned at his reaction, that feeling that this boy was abused only got strong.

Lily gave him a gentle smile and cooed, trying to distract the child as she ran the diagnostic test. Scorpius looked at the wand warily but allowed Lily to run the tests. After a few moments, she was finished and she frowned as she looked over the paper.

"What is it?" Draco asked quietly, leaning against Blaise anxiously.

"From the diagnostic test, he is around two years old and malnourished. He's a bit dehydrated and..." Lily paused, tears forming in her eyes. She normally could handle this, she had seen numerous cases of abused children but this hit closer to home. Her son had claimed this child as his own and such he was family and Lily valued family more than anything. This child was her grandchild and she was determined to see him happy.

"Mum, please tell us." Harry pleaded.

"He's been under the cruciatus curse and physically beaten as well." Lily said sadly, how could anyone do such a thing to a child.

Harry felt his heart clenched as he looked down at Scorpius, who was trembling in Blaise's arms. He felt rage towards the one who put his baby through this and vowed to always put a smile on his face.

"What can you do for him?" Blaise asked, looking down at the child-no, his son. Blaise didn't want to admit it but the child had wormed his way into his heart at an alarming rate and he now saw Scorpius as his own. Blaise took care of his own.
If he ever found out who had hurt Scorpius, he knew he wouldn't hesitate on killing them.

"The only thing I can do for him is give him nutrition potions and a potion that will not leave his mind or body permanently damaged. This sickens me, he's a mere baby and he's been through so much. Oh, Harry, you must bring him by later this week so he can meet James." Lily gushed and Harry smiled at her enthusiasm, pleased that she had accepted Scorpius so easily.

"Of course, mum." Harry smiled, his expression turned into horror when the door opened and his heart dropped as he saw who it was.

"Oh, you're in trouble now, Harry." Draco said, amusedly.

"Harry," Hermione began in a sweet voice though her face showed her fury, taking a step forward and Harry was sure this time he had shitted his pants.

"Yes, Hermione?" He squeaked.

"If you ever run away from me again, I will make sure you won't have legs."

"Yes, Hermione." He answered, resignedly. Why did he have such violent females in his life anyways?

It was then Hermione caught sight of bright, blue eyes looking at her shyly from the confines of Blaise's arms. "Whose baby is that?"

"Ours." Draco supplied, brightly, much to Harry's chagrin.

Hermione widened her eyes and glared at Harry, "Harry, how could you cheat on your husbands! Have you no shame?! Oh, is this how you will teach your son to grow up? Infidelity?!"

"How did you come up with that!" Harry exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air. "Draco said 'ours' and Scorpius doesn't even look like me! If someone cheated, it would've been Draco."

"Hey!" Draco cried out, indignantly. "I have you know I have always been faithful unlike some people."

"Really? This is not the time to be talking about that and I've lost my memories, it's not my fault I still had feelings for Ginny."

"Oh, so you admit that you do have feelings for her!" Draco accused.

"What? No, I don-"

"Forget that, I want to know why he avoided me for a week! A week! Your best friend!" Hermione screeched.

"Really, now you bring that up?"

"A week, Harry!"

Harry groaned, putting his head in his hands. "I'm so done."

"Scorpius needs to be changed." Blaise said, smirking as he held out the child to Harry. Harry sighed when Scorpius scrunched up his face and a stench like dungbombs filled the room instantly.

Today was going to be a long day.
"There are multiple books you will need," Hermione began as they walked out of the room. Scorpius was in Harry's arms and dozing off as Hermione continued, "'So Your Baby is A Wizard' and 'Diapers, Tantrums and other Distress. You need Raising a Temperamental Teen and The Terrible Twos and Other Staunchy Numbers.'

"I'm more interested in the titles than the actual content." Harry said, laughing, he stopped abruptly when both his mother and Hermione glared at him.

"This is serious, Harry!" Lily said. "Raising a child is no joking matter, your life will never be your own again."

"Do you have one on sex life and other neglected bodily needs that babies destroy?" Blaise asked seriously, he scowled when both his lovers burst out laughing. "I am dead serious."

"I'll make a deal with you," Lily began, looking between the three. "Every Saturday, I'll take little Scorpius to spend the night so you all can enjoy a day for yourselves. I understand you three are only twenty-"

"And men." Draco interjected.

"And men," Lily amended with a smile. "So, this will be hard to adjust having someone who will constantly needs you."

"That sounds great, mum, thank you." Harry said, nodding.

"It's no problem, I should thank you for letting me have this cutie for the day." Lily cooed at Scorpius who eyes were almost closed at this point.

"We should head back, Scor needs a nap and I need to go to Diagon Alley to buy him some clothes and toys." Draco said, he waved at them before he pecked both Blaise and Harry on the cheek and apparated with a pop.

"What the-" Harry stopped abruptly when a large flash blinded him momentarily. They had rounded the corner to enter the elevator when they were met with a large group of reporters, quills and parchment floating in front of them and bright cameras flashing every moment.

"Oh, my." Lily gasped.

Harry growled, who the hell had tipped the Daily Prophet that he was there.

"Mr Potter!"

"Mr Potter, is it true that you have a son now?"

"Mr Potter, who is the mother?"

"Does this mean your triad with Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy has finally ended?"

"Is that the baby?"

"Mr Potter, please comment on-"

Scorpius whimpered at the loud noises and bright lights, not liking the crowd of people that was moving closer and closer to him. He felt even more frightened as one got close enough to touch him.
"MUMMY!" He cried out, his eyes watery as he extended his arms towards Blaise, trying to get away from the reporter that was crowding Harry.

"Get back!" Harry shouted as Blaise grumbled about being called mummy in public but still took the child from Harry's grasp and apparated out of the madhouse that Mungo's Children Ward had become. "No comment so get back!"

With that said and knowing that Scorpius was safe, he apparated.

... .

"Alright, Scorp, close your eyes." Draco said, after apparating from Mungo's he had went to buy toys and clothes for the newest member of their family. When he had arrived back at their townhouse, he had found them all sleeping in the living room, Blaise being used as a pillow for both Harry and Scorpius.

He had silently went up stairs and gone to work, moving furniture and cleaning the biggest guest room they had. He was only satisfied once he had conjured a large white crib and a rocking chair to match.

"Eyes?" Scorpius asked in return, tilting his head innocently.

"Yeah, close." Draco said, clenching his eyes close before he covered Scorpius; ones with his hand. The little blond let out a giggle and Draco's heart warmed.

"Alright, amore, let's see it." Blaise said, looking at Draco expectantly.

Draco nodded his head and opened the door to Scorpius new room. He took his hand from the child's eyes and delighted in seeing Scorpius' eyes widen in delight.

The walls were a pale blue color with the ceiling magicked to look like the sky and weather outside. There were two huge toy boxes on the ground with stuffed toys that littered the rug that had moving quidditch players zooming through it.

The crib was white as well as the rocking chair near the window where light shined through the blue the wall above the crib was elegant writing that said SCORPIUS MALFOY.

Draco placed Scorpius on the ground and the child looked at him in confusion. "This is all for you, Scor."

Scorpius blinked, "Me?"

"Yeah, baby." Draco said softly and watched as Scorpius walked to where blocks were littered on the floor and picked one up, looking back at them tentatively as if expecting them to snatch the block from his hands.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's waist and smiled as Scorpius began to play, stacking the blocks into a tall tower once he knew they weren't going to take them away. "This is perfect, Draco."

"Of course it is," He replied, arrogantly. Harry pinched his side for that.

"I have to agree, this is great." Blaise said, softly coming up to wrap his arms around his two lovers. "Maybe we should sneak off while he's occupied for a quickie."

"Sex addict." Draco teased.
"Tonight." Harry promised, leaning up to indulge in a deep kiss, moaning when Blaise's slipped his tongue into his mouth.

"Bam!" They were startled apart when Scorpius made his tower of blocks topple to the ground. He let out of gleeful giggle and they all relished the sound.

"We are never going to have any peace and quiet in this house anymore, are we?" Blaise wondered out loud, amusement in his voice. Childish laughter and shrieks filled the room when Bambi ran into the room, barking and running circles around the child.

Harry wouldn't have it any other way.


The first thing Blaise noticed when he woke up the next morning was that both Harry and Draco were not in the bed with him. He found this suspicious as they both enjoyed their sleep.

After a quick shower, he went downstairs hearing voices from the kitchen. He frowned at that, trying to think if there was an anniversary or birthday that he had forgotten and should do some groveling for.

When his mind came up blank, he peeked inside the kitchen. Scorpius was already in his high chair and playing with his food, he was dropping big globs of oatmeal on the floor so that Bambi could eat it. The child giggled as Bambi tried to climb up his leg to reach the oatmeal faster.

Blaise shook his head and briefly wondered if the dog would get sick if it continued to eat the makeshift breakfast. His lovers were sitting at the table, crowded around the daily prophet with frown on their faces.

"We should burn it." Draco declared, straightening up.

"Definitely.

"He can never know."

"Never."

"It would destroy his pride and manhood."

"Of course."

"We can't risk it."

"Just can't."

"What are you two on about?" Blaise said, walking into the room. His curiosity was peaked because obviously they were talking about him. He narrowed his eyes when they both paled and looked at him in horror.

"Mummy!" Scorpius squealed at the sight of him and Blaise couldn't help but smile. He'll endure the name for now, he was only two after all, he'll try to change it to Father once he's three.

"Good morning, Scorpius." Blaise said, kissing him on the forehead.

He turned to his lovers. "Now, what is in the paper that got you up so early?"
"Er..." Harry began, scratching his neck.

"Well..." Draco tried.

Blaise didn't give them a chance to think of what they would say as he snatched the paper from under Harry's grip and turned to the front page. His lovers were probably just being dramatic, it couldn't be that bad. He'd seen worse written about the triad since they had first gotten together, nothing could top the transvestite-

Blaise paled at what he saw:

BLAISE ZABINI CONFIRMED MOTHER AND CARRIER OF TRIAD'S LOVE CHILD!?

CHILD CALLS HIM 'MUMMY' IN PUBLIC!

...
"You can't possibly think of going down there." Harry said, he stood near the door of their bedroom, watching with nervous eyes as Blaise changed clothes, fixing his tie in the mirror. He never pinned Blaise as a shoot first, think later type of person—that was more his style, so it was surprising in the least to see Blaise announcing that he would pay Rita Skeeter a visit.

Blaise gave him a blank look. "Do I look like I'm kidding to you?" He surely didn't and that was what Harry had feared, Blaise's jaw was set and his brow was furrowed as he tied his shoes on.

Harry swallowed heavily, before he said, "Come on, Blaise, it's just a story. We can fix this in a non-violent way."

Blaise ignored him as he put on a dark, blue robe before he walked past Harry and out of the bedroom. Harry hurried after him, not wanting his husband to do anything stupid. The article had claimed some awful things about Blaise so Harry couldn't blame him for being angry, it was just that Blaise wasn't thinking the situation through as he always had before.

"Blaise, wait." He called out, jumping down the last two stairs to catch up with him. They both entered the kitchen where Draco was feeding Scorpius, a frustrated look on his face. It would had been comical if Harry wasn't so preoccupied with Blaise.

"Now, Scorpius, say it with me: Father." Draco tried, as he's been trying all morning to teach Scorpius the word 'Father' for Blaise. He put a spoonful of porridge into the baby's mouth before he pointed to Blaise.

Scorpius chewed thoughtfully before he swallowed and said, firmly. "Mummy."

"Father." Draco repeated, firmly.

"Mummy." This time louder and Blaise twitched in annoyance as he picked his wand up from the table. Harry sighed at the chaotic mess that his home had turned into.

"Father."

"Mummy."
"Where do you think you're going?" Harry asked as Blaise turned to head out of the kitchen. "I'm not letting you go so easily." he added as he moved to stand in front of the doorway. Someone had to be the reasonable one in this relationship.

Blaise narrowed his eyes before he said, "Out of my way, Harry." Harry shook his head, refusing to move and glared back at Blaise.

"Father!"

"Mummy!"

"For goodness sake, Draco, you're arguing with a two year old!" Harry snapped at him before he turned to Blaise, "The article is already out, what can you achieve by murdering Rita Skeeter?" Harry said, still blocking Blaise's way.

"I'll feel marginally better for one." Blaise replied.

"FATHER." Draco shouted in frustration.

"MUMMY!" Scorpius wailed, tears forming in his eyes at Draco's angry shout and Draco quickly apologized, making shushing noises to the child before kissing a chubby cheek.

"This is your entire fault, Draco." Harry accused, glaring at the blond who tried to look innocent.

"I'm trying to mend my ways," Draco replied, waving a hand towards Scorpius who was chewing on his spoon and Harry doubted he was being serious. It was kind of cute that Scorpius called Blaise 'mummy' but he knew it was a blow to the man's pride.

"I'm sure," Blaise drawled, rolling his eyes. He turned expectantly to Harry. "Are we done here? I have people to kill."

"I need a little help here, Draco. I'm trying to prevent our husband from getting himself sent to Azkaban." Harry said with gritted teeth.

"I'm small," Draco explained, simply, feeding Scorpius another spoonful of porridge, this time Scorpius making a face at the taste. "Blaise would just throw me over his shoulder and take me with him. Then, I'll be called an accomplice and you'll have to bail two husbands out of Azkaban."

"That actually might work." Blaise muttered, looking at Harry thoughtfully.

"Now, come on, Scor. FATHER." He looked at the child, imploringly, as he spooned another scoop of porridge into Scorpius' mouth.

"MUMMY."

"Fine, then. I'll just have to bring you with me." He didn't have any time to react as Blaise swooped him off his feet and threw him over his shoulder.

"FATHER!"

"MUMMY!"

"You're a stubborn little thing aren't you?" Draco finally said, amused, leaning against his chair in defeat. Scorpius babbled in victory. "You must get it from your papa."

"Blaise, let me go!" Harry yelled, trying to kick Blaise in the face. "You git."
"Later, love." Blaise said, blowing a kiss to Draco then turned to Scorpius. "Be good, brat." Then, he was gone with a pop.

"PAPA! FAFA!" Draco turned back to Scorpius who was pointing to the spot that his husbands had just left.

Draco chuckled looking at Scorpius who tilted his head in confusion. "Your daddies are silly, aren't they?"

Scorpius giggled.

... . . .

"That was the worse experience of apparating ever." Harry said, faintly as the world continued to spin. Blaise chuckled as he placed him back on the ground and his knees almost gave out as his stomach turned, Blaise wrapped his arms around his waist to steady him.

"I apologize." Blaise said, kissing him. "Are you alright or should I carry you?"

"I'm fine." Harry said, glaring as he swatted away Blaise's hands. He looked around, dodging a flying paper as he realized they had arrived at the Daily Prophet. It was chaotic with bustling people and the buzz of conversations filled the area.

Harry walked behind Blaise as they headed to the receptionist where a young woman sat. The lady had brown hair and a pointy nose; she was chewing gum, loudly as she flipped through a magazine that looked like the Witch Weekly. She didn't even acknowledge them, still looking down at her magazine as she blew an abnormally large bubble that Harry was sure couldn't had been achieved with normal gum. It popped and she merely tongued it all back in her mouth as if she hadn't just been covered with it.

"Ahem." Blaise coughed, glaring at her.

"Welcome to the Daily Prophet, how may I help you?" She said, monotonously, she didn't even glance up at them.

"I would like to speak to Rita Skeeter, please." Blaise said, coldly. He never appreciated being ignored.

"Ms Skeeter is busy now, please leave a message and your name and I will owl you once her next appointment is open." The young woman said, flipping the page.

"Well, tell Ms Skeeter, Blaise Zabini and Harry Potter would love to speak to her, now." Blaise replied, narrowing his eyes.

The young woman blanched, and looked up horrified. She squeaked as she realized that all along she was indeed talking to Blaise Zabini and Harry Potter was indeed next to him.

"I'm sorry, sir!" She stood. "I'm sure she will have a few minutes for you."

They watched her go, stumbling as she opened the first door to the right, stuck her head in before she straightened and was back to them in a matter of minutes.

"Ms Skeeter will see you now, sirs." She ducked her head as Blaise passed her, and tried not to look as Harry followed closely behind. Blaise knocked before entering the room, Harry had to suppress a
grimace as she noticed how the room was horribly decorated. Everything was green, from the light green chairs to the puke green quill, Skeeter held in her hand.

She smiled sweetly at them, too sweet. "Mr Zabini, Mr Potter, I was expecting a visit from you. Is Mr Malfoy with the youngling?"

"We didn't come here to chat, Skeeter." Harry said, glaring at her. "All those things you said in that article were false and I want you to retract it all."

"Retract?" Skeeter said, smiling. She threw her head back and let out a shrill laugh and Harry cringed at the sound. "Mr Potter, that article has reached every continent and subscriber of the Daily Prophet, there is no way I can retract an article of such a magnitude."

"And why not?" Harry asked, stopping Blaise from speaking with a raised hand.

"Mr Potter, that article has brought me a lot of money. So much money that if I chose to I could go off on a vacation for three years without any worries financially; it seems everyone around the world want to hear your going on even after the war."

"You rather money than the integrity of your work," Harry said, disgusted. He knew this from fourth year but he was still baffled at what length Skeeter would go to destroy someone's life.

"What can integrity buy? Nothing, I've tried that rubbish and it only brought a measly pay and a small cubicle. No, this," She paused to raise her arms, showing off her nauseating office. "This is real money, your life is real money and there's nothing you can do about."

"I beg to differ, Skeeter." Harry smiled grimly. "I know something that you would not like having out. We wouldn't want to have you being an unregistered Animagus circling around now do we?"

Skeeter paled and Blaise looked at Harry both surprised and impressed. He never knew Harry could be so...Slytherin.

"You can't blackmail me!" Skeeter said, furiously.

"He can and he will," Blaise hissed, he stepped forward. "I will warn you this time alone, if you do not retract that article I will destroy you. I have the means to do so; do not underestimate the Zabini name. I will make you so meaningless and insignificant that you will be less than the dirt under my shoes."

"I can't," Skeeter whimpered, not as confident as she was before after she heard Blaise's menacing words. She cowered under Blaise's intense glare and sniffed, pathetically. "Like I said, the article has been spread already."

Blaise slammed his hands onto her desk, causing her to jump. "Then, write a new one. We found the child; we are going to adopt him. There is no carrier, there is no mother. For once in your pathetic life, tell the truth. You have put my life in danger for making others think I am a carrier, do you know how many Unspeakables would kill to get a hand on a pregnant male?"

Rita nodded, whimpering and Harry was sure she would have fallen to the ground if she wasn't already sitting. She was sweating profusely and looking at Blaise with wide, scared eyes.

"Good," Blaise said, straightening up. He threw her a disgusted look before he turned and said over his shoulder, "You will be in contact with my lawyer in the next few days."

"E-excuse me!" She exclaimed, rising to her feet, Blaise grabbed Harry's hand and prepared to
apparate. "Just wait a minute; I am going to do what you said! We shouldn't bring the law in this if we settled it quietly."

"Oh, didn't I say that I was going to sue you for defamation?" Blaise said, tapping his chin in thought. "I guess not."

"You can't do this to me!" Skeeter said, tears building up in her eyes. "Please, what are you going to do with me?"

"I will take everything you're worth." Blaise's grin was feral. "Your whole career will be ruined and you will be left with nothing."

"Don't do this, please. I will do anything." Harry knew if the desk wasn't in the way, she would have been on her knees, begging. Blaise stood tall as he looked down at her with disgust, as if she was thing dirtiest thing alive.

"You should have thought of that before slandering my name, good day to you." The last thing Harry saw before apparating was Rita Skeeter's shaking form, a look of horror on her face as her world crashed down around her.

They arrived back at their house to an empty kitchen, the bowl that Scorpius was eating from was empty and still on the table but yet, neither blond was in sight. They walked out of the kitchen when they heard a familiar voice coming from the living room.

"Yes, mother." The voice became clearer as they stopped at the doorway of the living room. Blaise chanced a look before he turned to Harry, his finger to his mouth as he mouthed, "Narcissa."

Harry paled, this was what he was dreading for. This exact moment, he knew it was inevitable, he was in a relationship with Draco Malfoy but he had been naive to think it would never come.

The day had come to meet his in-laws.

"Draco, how could you not tell your mother that you had a child?" The voice was definitely the one he had remembered from sixth year.

"Mother, it all happened so fast and I never had a chance to owl you." Draco replied, his voice sounded off, not like the one Harry had gotten used to-light and happy.

"Well, I demand to see my grandson. To think I had to find such knowledge through the paper rather than my own son." Narcissa said in disgust as if the very notion was beneath her.

"Once again I apologize for my negligence, Mother. Scorpius is taking a nap as of right now but we will come by as soon as he awakens." Draco said, his voice was distant and Harry finally realized what was wrong with his voice, It was emotionless.

"As you should, your father and I taught you better than that. It must be that Potter's influence on you." Narcissa sniffed and Harry could only imagine the 'smelt dung' face that she probably wore on her face.

"Leave Harry out of this, Mother," Draco said, firmly. "He has nothing to do with this."

"Of course he does, dear. How can you raise a child with three parents?" Narcissa patronized.

"We've indulged this for a long time, Draco but you are growing up and this thing you have with
them cannot certainly last."

"You can't possibly think this is some type of fling?" Draco laughed incredulously. "I love Blaise just as much as I love Harry. I'm in love with them both and I know, even if I don't deserve them, that they love me as well. I truly don't know how I got so lucky."

Harry's heart warmed at Draco's fierce words and all Harry wanted to do was tell Draco that he was worth it, far worth anything Harry had ever called his.

"Just think about it, dear." Her voice softened and Harry leaned in to hear her. "I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy, Mother." Draco's voice was soft. "More happy than I ever been, here with Blaise, Harry and Scorpius I am happy."

"He still will have to prove it." Harry frowned at those words, what did she mean by that.

"He will, I know he will."

"We shall see, I will see you soon, dear."

"Goodbye, Mother." There was a whooshing sound and then nothing.

Blaise tugged Harry's shirt and dragged him into the living room. Draco was just standing, brushing soot from his pants as he finally noticed the other two presence.

"You guys were eavesdropping." Draco accused playfully.

"Come here." Blaise murmured stepping forward. Harry watched silently as Draco made his way to Blaise before Blaise pulled the blond to him, pressing a deep kiss on his lips.

"I love you." Blaise murmured against Draco's lips.

"I love you too." Draco replied, nuzzling Blaise's neck. Then, he turned to Harry who offered him a tight smile, it still amazed him how much love these two men had to share and he wondered if the Blaise and Draco in his world were just like this; so loving and caring under those harsh, cold Slytherin's mask.

If he had made different choices, would he have this? Could he still have this?

He was snapped out of his thoughts as Draco wrapped his arms around his waist and leaned his head on his chest. Harry wrapped his arms around him and breathed in deeply, Draco's cologne filling his nostrils.

"You know I love you, right?" Draco said, quietly.

"Yeah," Harry breathed, squeezing him. "I know." He couldn't say it, whether it was because he was a coward or it wasn't the right time he wasn't sure. All he knew, it didn't feel right saying it yet.

. . . .

"Oh, Blaise, how good it is to see you." Harry heard this as soon as he stepped out of the fireplace, Blaise in Narcissa's embrace and he had to retrain himself from running away. He shifted grateful that Lucius wasn't waiting for them, he could handle only two Malfoys at a time.

"Mr Potter," Narcissa said, stiffly, looking at him critically as she pulled away from Blaise. Harry
stood to attention, bracing himself for the blow that would surely come. "Scruffy as ever, I see."

Harry sighed, knowing that it would be a very long day. "Hello, Mrs Malfoy, it's good to see you." Or not, die old hag.

"I'm sure," Narcissa drawled, narrowing her gray eyes in contempt and Harry briefly wondered if she could read his mind. She turned to Draco eagerly and Harry was relieved that the pressure of her gaze was off of him. "Now, let me see my grandson."

Draco smiled gently as he pulled off the cover that was protecting Scorpius from the soot that would had gotten in his eyes and mouth. The toddler lifted his blond head to look at the older lady with unblinking, ocean blue eyes.

"Oh, he's beautiful." Narcissa said, softly, running a hand through Scorpius' hair. "Who is the mother? I surely don't believe that rubbish of Blaise being the carrier."

Draco ignored Blaise's small mutter of "Thank you" as he said, "Well, Harry and I was on a raid and we found him, we're working on the paperwork to adopt him now."

"Oh?" Narcissa looked surprised before her face grew pinched. "Don't tell me his surname will be Potter."

Harry felt like banging his head against the wall, was this how Draco and Blaise felt with his father and Sirius. If they did, he promised to talk to them if he came out of this alive.

"No, Harry said that it will be Malfoy." He looked down at the child. "Scorpius James Malfoy."

"I see," Narcissa pulled away. "Well, your father is waiting for us in the parlor for lunch. Follow me."

"I don't think I can handle this." Harry muttered to Blaise as Draco began to talk to his mother in front of them as they all walked.

"Nonsense," Blaise said, kissing his forehead. "You're doing great."

"Yeah, I'm sure." Harry muttered sarcastically. As they entered the parlor, Harry lagged behind. The last time he had saw Lucius Malfoy he was quivering in front of the dark lord begging for mercy. It wasn't his finest moment.

"Hello, Father." Draco greeted him, going forward to shake his father's hands before Blaise did the same. He shifted Scorpius in his arms before he smiled down at the toddler. "This is Scorpius, your soon to be grandson."

Lucius looked down at the child his face expressionless, before he said, "He will do fine as a heir."

For some reason, the words made Harry bristle and growl in anger. Scorpius was perfect and not adequate! The growl brought attention towards himself.

"I see you still have your Potter dog tagging along." Lucius sneered at him and Harry glared back. "I hope he won't have any influence on my grandson's upbringing."

"Of course he will, Father." Draco rolled his eyes. "Harry won't be going anywhere."

Lucius looked him up and down before he said, "We'll see about that."

"Oh, Scorpius, can you say grandmother?" Narcissa said, dissipating the tense air. She smiled at
Scorpius and Harry thought it was an odd expression on her.

Scorpius tilted his head in confusion, unsure of what she wanted him to do. "Gamma?"

Harry snorted at the name and he knew it would stick with the child. Narcissa threw him a cold glare before she turned to Scorpius patting his head before she moved away.

"How about Grandpa, Scor?" Draco said, pointing to Lucius.

Scorpius frowned looking over Lucius, who stood regally. " Grampsy."

"Oh wonderful, Gamma and Grampsy. So menacing." Harry muttered, crossing his arms. Blaise heard him and gave him a warning glare though he had a small smirk on his lips.

He already hated this visit, it was obvious that the Malfoy's hated him in their son's relationship with Blaise who was a pureblood wizard. Harry could confidently say the feeling was mutual as Harry had no sweet feelings for the Malfoy's either.

"Blaise, sweetie, how about you help Draco and I with the lunch?" Narcissa said after a few minutes and Harry looked alarmed as Blaise nodded, making his way forward.

Harry held him back by the hem of his shirt. "You aren't leaving me with him are you?"

Blaise smiled, leaning down to kiss him softly on the lips before he said, "You'll be fine."

Harry sagged in defeat as he watched Blaise walked away, heading out to the kitchen with Narcissa and Draco in tow.

"Come, Potter, sit." Harry paled at the cold voice that spoke and he briefly thought of declining and just heading back to their house. Obviously, he wasn't wanted here and he could avoid Draco's wrath once-

"Sit, Potter." The voice was firmer and he knew Lucius wouldn't take no for an answer.

Harry walked warily to the couch, his eyes set on watching Lucius every move. This man was an ex-death eater, if he let his guard down it would leave him dead. He sank slowly down to the seat, his eyes narrowed.

Lucius smirked, pleased with the fear that was exuding from Harry's stiff form. "Now, tell me, Potter, how does your relationship work with my son?"

Harry didn't like where this was going and he had a feeling he was being played with. "I am in a relationship with both if you haven't noticed, " He flashed him the silver ring that he had on since the day he had woken up to this reality. "I am married to them both."

"Of course, a triad but…" Lucius leaned in and Harry wanted to run. "I have heard rumors about you, Potter, nasty rumors of you pining for a woman and you not loving them. I am merely concerned if this marriage is valid if you are not faithful"

Harry almost choked on air, not believing the accusation Lucius was thrusting upon him. Granted, maybe, a month ago he would've but not know, he was falling in love and he wouldn't give up that
feeling for anything.

Lucius went on when he realized Harry was stunned for words. "Shocked, are you? Well, no need to talk just listen. I have a theory and just by looking at you I will know if my theory is right or not."

Harry gulped but didn't say a word as Lucius leaned back leisurely against the expensive couch and sighed. "You see my theory is that you are indeed still in love with Ginerva Weasley and you are planning to leave my son and my son-in-law when the time is convenient for you."

Harry remained motionless, his jaw set and his eyes burning with anger. How dare he?

"You only realized too late that you didn't want this fling to continue, your relationship in a triad is volatile and unstable; too many opinions clashing and you are not happy."

Harry's heart skipped a beat but he remained motionless, he wanted to say something along the lines of Lucius being wrong but he couldn't, he wasn't sure if the word's weren't true himself.

"Of course, you want sweet, normal Ginerva that oddly looks a lot like your mother. I wouldn't put it past you, Potter. You crave that normalcy and you’ve found that you didn't want this forever and you couldn't do for sickness and health. You grew tired of them."

Harry could hear his own heart thudding as Lucius leaned in dangerously close, whispering. "You don't love them anymore."

Harry snapped, he jumped to his feet and looked at Lucius angrily. His hair a wild mane and his green eyes glowing with fury as he hissed, "You may say that I am good for nothing...or that I am not good enough for that...hell, call me worthless."

Lucius looked at him with a raised brow, internally curious as to what the young man would say.

"But never," Harry's voice was a low whisper. "Never say I do not love them. I am falling more in love with them as the days go by. I love when Draco hogs the bathroom when he's having a bad hair day and when Blaise pulls us all close to stop an argument. I love that Draco doesn't know how to cook for shit and how Blaise always calls me tesoro. I love being Draco's love and Blaise's treasure. They mean the world to me, they have given me only kindness and love and I've been too selfish to realize it. Not anymore, you can say whatever you want about my character just never question my love for them. I may not say it but I do love them and, maybe, one day I will have the courage to tell them."

Then, he turned on his heels and apparated away.

He never caught sight of Draco beaming with pride or Blaise's small smile near the doorway. Lucius smirked before he said, simply, "He passed."

Harry gaped at his lovers in horror as they explained to him of what all of that meant. "So, this was some sort of test?"

Draco looked up from where he was seated on the floor with Scorpius to nod his head, "Yeah."

"Sorry." Blaise added, kissing his forehead.

"So, Lucius believed that because I lost my memories I wasn't worthy of you two anymore?" Harry asked, incredulously. He suddenly felt really tired after the emotional distress that Lucius had put him.
"That's the jist of it." Draco said, shrugging.

"It was really hot to see you all angry though." Blaise offered before he tipped his chin up to give him a deeper, longer kiss. Harry moaned, opening his mouth to accept the prodding tongue as he rubbed Blaise's chest. Blaise pushed him back against the couch as he kissed his neck, his cock already hard and pressing against his thigh causing Harry to moan louder.

"Oi, not in front of Scor!" Draco exclaimed, covering the toddler's eyes.

Blaise sighed, trying desperately to calm himself down before he got up, pulling Harry up with him. Harry coughed, blushing a little before he stood.

"I'll take him to bed," Harry offered, bending over to gather the baby in his arms.

"Papa!" Scorpius babbled, happily, as he went up the stairs and into his room, he went to the dresser for Scorpius' pajamas and found one with flying green snitches on them. Harry shook his head at the Slytherin color before he changed and dressed Scorpius.

He sat on the rocking chair and leaned back, watching as Scorpius yawned before closing his eyes. Harry smiled softly, love swelling in his heart for the little boy.

"I don't know how I could ever leave you," Harry said, softly, his eyes trying to memorize the blond hair and those ocean blue eyes he adored to see that were now closed.

"Take care of them for me, alright baby boy?" Harry felt tears gathered in his eyes at his words. Going back to his world would be like leaving a piece of his heart here, but he couldn't stay. He had thought long and hard about this and he had come to realize that there was another Harry-surely there was and staying here would mean that Draco and Blaise would never see the Harry that they fell in love with.

"You want to know a secret." Harry whispered conspiratorially to the sleeping child. "I am not from here, I'm from another world where your daddies hate me. We could never be together in my world..."

It hurt to say it but it was true, the Draco and Blaise of his world would never give him a time of day. As Aida had said, he was too late.

"Now, that I got a glimpse of my true happiness I never want to leave." Harry leaned back against the chair, his eyes closed. "I was so foolish to think that a life with Ginny would've been better."

He shouldn't have made that deal with Fate, he should have accepted his new life and moved on as if nothing had happened. But he had been scared and fear of rejection clunged at his heart.

"I hope you grow up happy and loved, baby boy, just know Papa loves you so very much. You deserve it." Harry whispered, his voice drifting as he fell asleep on the rocking chair.

He never noticed the door - that was ajar - closed softly or hear the quiet footsteps that walked away.

....
Blaise walked back to his bedroom almost sedately, his mind muddled and racing with what he had accidentally overheard. He hadn't meant to listen; he just wanted to see what was keeping Harry so long in putting Scorpius to bed. He didn't expect to hear Harry confessing to being from an alternate dimension.

He was an Unspeakable, he understood there was many different realities than his own, that didn't surprise him but he never he would had guessed he was witness to one right under his nose. Blaise feared what would happen to Harry if anyone else figured out what was happening, he would be seized and examined by the Department of Mysteries no doubt. Blaise shuddered; he knew very well what would be done with those who were uncooperative with divulging information.

He hadn't expected to overhear that his husband was not truly the one he had fallen in love with. He had suspected something was off ever since Snape's accusations but he had never thought that this Harry was from an alternate dimension.

It sounded insane even in his own head and he wasn't sure if he should be worried that he truly didn't know where his husband was or angered that Harry had never told him.

He frowned at that thought, could he really call him 'Harry'? Technically, he was Harry and he had never suspected that this was a different person because it wasn't. Even with the knowledge that this Harry wasn't his own, he still loved him deeply.

Blaise sighed, running a hand through his hair; a habit he picked up from Harry when he was nervous or confused. He stood in front of his bedroom door with slight hesitation; could he tell Draco? He wasn't sure if he could hide this from his love but he knew the blond. He would react with anger to hide his hurt and explode on Harry.

Blaise didn't want that, getting angry would only drive Harry further away from them and that was the last thing he wanted. This world or not, Harry was still his no matter what dimension and he still loved him.

He turned the knob and opened the door, instantly greeted by Draco who laid on his stomach flipping through a potion's notebook on the bed. He grinned up at him before he frowned in worry as he caught sight of Blaise's troubled expression, "Are you alright?"
No, he wasn't alright. He was never good at hiding things from his lovers and he knew he would break, sooner rather than later. He felt angered that Harry never told them and lied, lied to them and his family. Was the amnesia even true? Blaise highly doubted it.

"Blaise, what's wrong?" Draco got up from his position on the bed and walked to his husband, his brow furrowed in concern at his still and silent lover.

Could he still call Harry his husband? This Harry never took the vows, was this entire time an act? Why was he here? Didn't he have his own Blaise and Draco? Thousands of questions distracted Blaise's mind from Draco's worried face. He was sure the blond was speaking but there was a ringing in his ears that prevented him from comprehending exactly what was being said.

"What's going on?" Blaise stiffened at the sleepy voice of Harry from behind him and he quelled the anger that built inside of him. He was more angered at the thought that Harry didn't trust him enough with his secrets than with the man himself.

"I don't know," Draco's worried reply reached his ears. "He told me that he was going to check on you and Scor and when he came back, he's just been standing there." Blaise turned his head to look at Harry and he knew by the fearful expression on his face that Harry was aware that he had heard everything that had been spoken.

"Harry, what's going on?" Draco asked, looking between the two who was staring at each other. He hated being left out of the loop and his husbands knew that.

"Nothing, love...right, Blaise?" Harry asked, looking at him with pleading eyes for him not to tell Draco who would curse first and ask question later. Blaise knew he would regret not telling Draco later but he knew it was for the best, he needed answers not a screaming match between his two husbands.

"Yeah, it's nothing. Sorry, I zoned out." Blaise said, softly, he turned to Draco and offered him a smile. "Let's go to bed, yeah? I think Lily wanted us to come by with Scorpius early tomorrow." Draco gave him a doubtful look and Blaise wrapped his arms around him and gave him a deep kiss before he pulled him to the bed. He shot Harry a look over his shoulder saying that their conversation was far from over.

. . . .

"Give me one reason," Blaise began, sharply, as he stepped into the bathroom and closed the door with a small click. "Why I should believe anything you have to say?" He glared at Harry who fidgeted in front of him in nervousness. He thought he could reign in his anger but the hurt of being lied to and deceived by his lover was far deeper.

"I'm sorry." Harry whispered his eyes were downcast.

Blaise let out a harsh breath and ran a hand through his hair, "You're sorry for what? For deceiving us or sorry that you slipped and I found out." Harry kept silent knowing it would only irk Blaise more if he interrupted his rant. "Merlin, Harry, I don't even know who you are anymore. Were any of these past weeks true? Were your feelings even true?" He whispered, softly.

"They were," Harry pleaded; he looked up with watery green eyes. "Everything I said, everything I did they were me, I-I'm sorry I never told you but..."

"But what?" Blaise hissed, he didn't know if he could believe anything the man had to say.

"I-I-" He stuttered, not knowing what could be said that wouldn't piss Blaise of anymore. "Just trust
"I don't know if I can trust ...whoever you are." Blaise said, looking at him in disgust and Harry knew he hated the expression on him; he never wanted Blaise to look at him like that ever again.

"I'm Harry," Harry said, wanting the man to believe him. "I swear to you I'm Harry but I'm not from here."

"Yeah, you're from an alternate universe." Blaise threw up his hands in the air and turned away from him. "Why didn't you think to tell us that? Why would you hide it?" He turned back to Harry, looking at him coldly.

Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. He slumped his shoulder looking truly defeated, a look Blaise wasn't used to seeing in his lover. "Blaise, look, I tried—"

"Tried? You tried what?" Blaise hissed, stalking over to him. He loomed over him with smoldering eyes. "Don't tell me you tried to tell me because you did not, not even once." He felt his throat tighten and he cursed Aida at that very moment.

"I did," Harry replied, urgently, he never wanted to say anything and he felt stupid that he had slipped in a moment of weakness. "The day you found me in the bathroom freaking out, I tried to tell you but I couldn't—my agreement with—" He felt his throat tighten and he cursed Aida at that very moment.

Blaise's eyes softened, he did indeed remember that day. "Your agreement with whom?" Harry shook his head indicating he couldn't say. "You can't tell me?"

Blaise sighed when Harry nodded, "You're Harry from another dimension." He stated rather than asked. The situation became more real when Harry nodded, his eyes downcast. "Were you ever going to try to tell us?" he asked in frustration, he felt hurt that Harry thought he couldn't trust them, trust him.

"I was afraid," Harry defended in a low whisper, neither wanted to wake Draco. It would only make the situation worse to bring the blond in when emotions were high and the situation was still confusing. "In my world, you and Draco hated me and the feeling was mutual but I got to know you here and I fell in love. I never wanted you two to hate me," Harry looked up at him with bright green eyes. "I'm in love with you both, Blaise."

Blaise didn't know what to say, he didn't think confessions of love were meant for the bathroom and it wasn't quite how he imagined Harry would confess his feelings again but his heart still lurched and squeezed painfully at his words. "I love you too, Harry, I've always had and I always will. Nothing could change that, in whatever dimension, you will still be mine."

Harry squeezed his eyes shut, a happy feeling overwhelming him at his words. He knew they loved him but it felt extra nice knowing that Blaise's feelings hadn't changed with the revelation that he wasn't their Harry. "I'm sorry I deceived you." He whispered, morosely, and he felt a pair of warm arms wrap around him, pulling him close. He buried his face into Blaise's chest savoring that spicy cologne he had come to love.

"It just hurt to know that you didn't trust us even after you got to know us." Blaise responded it felt weird, he would admit to that, to have another Harry that wasn't his own in his arms but it still felt right. His heart twisted painfully at the thought of his Harry being somewhere else with a hateful Draco and Blaise, he closed his eyes and hoped that he would be alright.
"I'm sorry," Harry repeated, his voice muffled as he hid his face. "I never meant to hurt either of you." He added and he meant it, they had started off rocky but Harry was sure that he was in love with them.

The moment when Blaise had looked at him, his eyes showing that he knew caused Harry's heart to twist with fear. He was sure that Blaise would be angry and demand he leave and Harry knew he wouldn't be able to live with their rejection, it would hurt too much.

"What was different in your world?" Blaise asked, softly, his head buried in Harry's messy tresses, he enjoyed the smell of the cheap citrusy scent of his shampoo.

"In sixth year, I had stayed until Snape came after I used that spell on Draco and he healed Draco immediately, Draco didn't stay as long in the hospital wing and I never visited him." Harry pulled back to look at Blaise. "I don't think you confessed either."

"I probably wouldn't have," Blaise said, contemplatively. "When Draco had arrived at the hospital wing, Severus was in such a shock that he never thought of healing him until he arrived there. By then, he lost a lot of blood and I thought I was going to lose him without ever telling him how I felt, hence, why I confessed."

Harry nodded in understanding; it was insane how one decision had decided his happiness with his soul mates. "Why did you come here, Harry?" Blaise asked, curiously.

"I—" He was surprised to not feel the tightening sensation he was growing accustomed to every time he tried reveal something from his world. He briefly thanked Aida for the reprieve. "I was given a chance to be with my soul mates, though, I didn't' know it at the time." He added bitterly but he supposed that Aida knew what she was doing half of the time.

Blaise smiled at the thought that Harry and Draco were his soul mates and it sounded right, it indeed fit their relationship. "I see. Do you know where my Harry is?" he had to ask even if this Harry had the same physical appearance and personality, he missed his own and hoped that he was okay.

Harry winced at the question and it only strengthened his resolve to go back to his own world. Was this world Harry in his world? Confused as to what was going on? He wished he could have a chance to ask Aida these questions. "I don't know...I'm sorry, Blaise."

Blaise gave him a reassuring smile though his heart ached at the thought of not knowing where this world's Harry was, he only hoped he was safe. "Don't be, tesoro," He leaned down and gave him a soft kiss and he almost felt relieved that it still felt right. "I love you."

Harry leaned back and gave him a skeptical look, "Even after all of this?"

"Even if you had horns and a tail, I would because you're Harry." He leaned down and nuzzled Harry's neck, his breath hot against his skin, "My Harry."

"That's reassuring," Harry said with a soft smile. He felt elated even after all the lies Blaise could still find it within him to love him. It only made him guiltier for deceiving him.

"You're taking all of this in very well," Harry commented as Blaise slipped a hand under his shirt, stroking the flat stomach that he came in contact with.

"I'm an Unspeakable; I've seen weirder things happen." Blaise said, kissing Harry fully on the lips, his tongue prodding against Harry's mouth for entrance. Harry moaned, trying desperately to concentrate on the conversation instead of Blaise's hand that was dipping lower and lower.
"Don't tell Draco." Harry pleaded, panting, his eyes clenched tight and he was sure if it wasn't for Blaise's hands on his hips he would be a pile of goo on the floor.

"You really want me to hide this from him," Blaise paused in his ministration to look at him incredulously. "I would break after a day."

"Please, don't tell him, I want to." Harry said, wrapping his arms around his neck. "He'll be less accepting of this than you are, especially since I've lied to him."

Blaise understood Harry had to do this, Draco wouldn't accept it from anyone else but him but he knew there would be hell once he did know.

"Fine," Blaise said with a sigh kissing down his throat. "Now, let's go to bed. I want to devour you."

Harry blushed at his words before he poked his lover on the nose with a playful smile, "We can't, Draco is sleeping."

"We'll be quiet," Blaise whispered as he hefted Harry up causing the raven haired to automatically wrap his legs around his waist and tighten his grip around Blaise's neck. "Besides, if he does wake up, he can join us."

The next morning found the house lively with an energetic Scorpius who had found that it was more fun to throw his breakfast at his half-asleep papa than to actually eat it. Scorpius' giggled every time he hit his target and squealed every time Harry groaned whenever a large chunk hit his eyes.

Draco watched in amusement as Harry groaned once again before he turned the other way, Scorpius now throwing grapes at the back of his head. The toddler let out a giggle when one of the grapes settled in Harry's ear and the raven-haired didn't do anything to stop him.

"Come on, Scor, give him a break." Draco said, sipping on a cup of tea. "Your papa is really tired."

"Tiwed?" Scorpius tried to repeat, looking back at Harry curiously. "Papa sweepy?"

"Very much so, mini me." Draco agreed, grabbing the grape that was in the child's tiny fingers before he could throw it. "Now, eat your food instead of throwing it. Malfoy's don't play with their food."

"Don't go teaching my son the Malfoy's way, Draco." Harry grumbled, his voice muffled as his head was hidden under his arms. "We don't need another Malfoy terror running around."

Draco huffed, though there was a smile on his face. "The best thing he will learn is to be a Malfoy, Potter. Right Scor?"

He turned to the boy but Scorpius wasn't paying attention to him instead looking past him with a delighted smile. "Fafa!" Draco turned to see Blaise leaning against the doorway watching them affectionately.

"Good morning, Scorpius." Blaise said, moving forward to ruffle Scorpius' hair, eliciting a loud giggle from the child. He leaned down to peck Draco's lips. "Good morning, amore."

"Morning," Draco replied before he waved a hand to Harry's dead form. "Care to explain that?"

Blaise's lips twitched as he shrugged, pulling out the chair that was next to Harry. "We had a...long
Draco narrowed his eyes, he knew what that meant. He glanced at Scorpius to make sure he wasn't paying too much attention to them; the boy was more occupied staring at Bambi who was running after his tail. "You guys did that without me?"

"You sleep like the dead." Blaise replied with a deadpan look. He ran a hand through Harry's hair. "Seriously, we weren't being quiet; it still baffles me to know you slept through it."

"I need my beauty sleep, thank you very much." Draco said, tilting his nose in the air. "I am not like you jungle monkeys who carry yourselves all wishy-washy."

Blaise tried to hide the grin by bending his head low at Draco's words. "Wishy-washy, seriously?" He shook his head before he added, "Just give me the potion, princess."

Draco poked out his tongue childishly before he pulled out his wand, "Accio Pepper-Up potion." He caught it as soon as it zoomed into the kitchen and he smiled when Scorpius cheered and clapped his hands delightedly at the display of magic. He slid the potion down the table and said, "This should do it."

Blaise passed the potion on to Harry, giving him a nudge so he could lift his head up. He promptly downed the contents with a slight grimace, sighing in relief when the effects immediately washed over him and he felt marginally better. "Thanks, I needed that."

Draco winked at him before he turned to Scorpius who was feeding Bambi his breakfast. He sighed in despair, "Scor, he doesn't want your breakfast. You can eat it."

Scorpius blinked up at him, "Bam Bam hungwy?"

"He has his own food, mini me," Draco replied with a smile, he stood and bent down to pick up the fallen fruits and bowl. He placed them on the table before he picked up the child, "Come on, you need a bath so you can go to see papa's family's house, yeah?"

Scorpius' cheers echoed through the house as Draco went up the stairs. Blaise made sure he heard the water running before he turned to his husband, "Did you tell him?"

Harry looked guilty at the question; he rolled the empty potion back and forth on the table bidding his time. "The time wasn't right…"

Blaise gave him a flat look and he quickly defended himself, "It's not the right time," he scratched his head and turned away from Blaise's gaze. "I will tell him soon, I promise."

The truth was that he feared what Draco would do, an angry Dragon was never a good one and Harry was sure fist would fly before he could finish explaining himself. Draco was always the violent one even in his own time.

"If you say so," Blaise said slowly, he shook his head. "If you don't tell him soon then I will have to step in."

Harry huffed, as if he needed to be reminded of that. That would only make the situation worse in his opinion. He crossed his arms across his chest and muttered, petulantly, "Alright, alright, I got it."

Blaise smiled fondly, he couldn't help but think that no matter in what reality Harry would still just be Harry.
"Seriously, he looks like a Malfoy," James commented with a grimace, examining Scorpius closely in Harry's arms. "Is Draco not telling you something?"

Draco snorted from behind Harry, muttering angrily and Harry had to withhold a grin. This was technically payback for the Malfoy's stint yesterday, after all.

"He isn't Draco's, dad." Harry said with a roll of his eyes. "Though, we are blood adopting him so he will be in a couple of months."

"And why does he have Malfoy's surname?" James went on as if Harry hadn't spoken. "You're going to let the Potter line die?"

"We'll adopt again, I'm sure." Harry replied with a small smile. His mother pushed his father out of the way and bent down, cooing. "Well, I think he is the most adorable thing ever."

Scorpius took the attention like a Malfoy, smiling up cutely at Lily who squealed as big, ocean blue eyes looked at her.

James bumped Lily out of the way and peered at Scorpius more closely. "I guess he's cute if you go for the blond hair and blue eyes type."

Scorpius' response was a very wet raspberry in James' face and Harry snorted in laughter. Draco looked smug and proud at their son who looked disgruntled at his cuteness being questioned and Blaise only smirked in amusement.

"Yeah, very cute." James said, sarcastically, wiping away the spit with disgust in his eyes.

"You asked for it," Harry said, happily. "He's smarter than you think, aren't you, baby boy?"

Scorpius grinned up at him before sending James a childish glare.

"Yeah, real smart." James chuckled, shaking his head in amusement.

Harry handed Scorpius to Blaise as Lily led them into the living room where Teddy was already on the floor with Sirius and Remus sitting on a couch. It was the first time Harry had seen Remus since he had entered this world and he looked better than he remembered with less grey hairs and a more refreshed face.

He looked happier as well and Harry was glad that the werewolf had found some sort of happiness when he had none in his own world.

"Hello, Remus, it's good to see you." Harry greeted him with a smile.

Remus smiled back, softly, as he replied, "Hello, Harry, I've heard you've been extra busy recently. How is parenthood going for you?"

"So far so good, Scorpius is a good baby," Harry smiled, affectionately, as the said baby pulled at Blaise's hair. "A little troublemaker, as well."

"As he should be," James said, puffing out his chest in pride. He took a seat next to his friends as Blaise's put Scorpius next to Teddy who looked at the younger child curiously.

"We'll make a Marauder out of him," Sirius added, gleefully, while Remus rolled his eyes.

"Uh, I don't think so." Harry said, reproachfully. He ignored his father and godfather whines of
protests as he sat in between Blaise and Draco and watched his son interact with his godson.

"I'm Teddy!" Teddy chirped changing his hair to the same shade as Scorpius. Scorpius widened his eyes in awe as he asked, "What's your name?"

Scorpius frowned in thought and Harry feared that the child still thought his name was 'boy'. They all waited with bated breath for the child's answer.

"Scorpy." He answered, shyly, and the three men grinned at each other, happiness shining in their eyes. The older adults smiled at that, it was obvious that the triad were determined to erase the hurt and pain that plagued the child's life before they came and it seemed to be working.

"Oh, Scorpy?" Teddy asked, interestingly, "I never heard a name like that!" He exclaimed, loudly, causing Scorpius to giggle.

"So, Harry, I hear you're on a mission to find my cousin." Sirius asked, sourly. Harry's heart sank as Sirius' eyes gleamed and he leaned in eagerly as he asked, "How about I join you, eh? I would love to kill my good for nothing cousin-"

"No." Harry cut in, he squeezed his eyes shut and memories of Sirius falling through the veil as Bellatrix laughed insanely assaulted his mind, playing over and over again. His breathing picked up at the pain and despair he had felt and still felt at the thought. No, no, no, he couldn't—wouldn't-let it happen again. "You can't be near her, please, don't."

"Harry, what are-?"

"Just don't!" He shouted in panic, he stood up, everyone looking at him with startled and concerned eyes at his outburst; he mumbled a quick apology and left the room.

"What the…?" Sirius breathed, a frown crossing his face. He was concerned at his godson's reaction to his suggestion. He looked almost pained and...afraid?

But what was he afraid of?

"Maybe, you should..." Blaise prodded Draco, nudging him and the blond nodded, understanding Blaise's implication. Blaise knew this was the only way Harry could even begin to confess to Draco about who he really was; alone and with only Draco to speak with.

"I'll go check on him." Draco said, standing up with a concerned look. They all watched him walk away with worried glances.

Harry felt so stupid, he shouldn't had panicked as he did but there was something in his godfather's voice that made him think Sirius was going to die as he had in his own world. No matter how much he hated that Sirius and his father had been bullies, he still loved them immensely and it would break him if he lost his godfather in the same way.

He had to keep Sirius away from Bellatrix at all cost; his godfather was rash and careless. Bellatrix was ruthless and didn't have any remorse in using the killing curse. He shuddered as the image of Sirius' surprised face as he fell through the veil flashed through his mind. He couldn't go through that again, that pain was unbearable and he wasn't sure if he could get through it again.

"Harry?" He looked up to see Draco entering the kitchen, almost hesitantly, concern on his face. "Harry, what's wrong?"
"I shouldn't have reacted the way I did." He mumbled as Draco sat next to him and he sighed, "It's just that Bellatrix is insane, Sirius-"

"Black can take care of himself, Harry," Draco tried to soothe him and Harry almost let out a bitter laugh; that's what he had thought in his own world and he was wrong. "He's not a Senior Auror for nothing."

"It's not that, Draco, its-" Harry sighed, frustrated, how could he explain to Draco that he had lived through a battle between Sirius and Bellatrix before and it had led to the man's death. How could he explain that he was trying to protect his godfather from the same fate without revealing that he was from another reality?

"Do you know if something is going to happen to him?" Draco asked, curiously when Harry hesitated as if stopping himself from speaking. "You have never worried for your godfather before, not this much."

"I-" He hesitated again, not sure what to say as Draco questioned him.

"Harry, is there something you aren't telling me?" Draco asked, searching his eyes for the truth. "You and Blaise were acting strangely last night..." Draco wasn't an idiot, he knew something was up as soon as he saw that troubled expression on Blaise's face. They were hiding something and Draco wanted to know exactly what.

Harry eyed Draco, sizing up his options. Draco would hate him for sure and that was the last thing he wanted, he couldn't lose Draco not after what they been through. It would hurt too much to see the hate in his eyes.

But he had to tell him, not telling him would bring a larger rift to their relationship. He knew Draco hated secrets and keeping this one would only destroy the trust he had made with the blond.

"I'm sorry, Draco." Harry muttered, sadly, he wasn't sure why he was apologizing but he knew he couldn't keep lying to Draco. The guilt was eating at him especially now that Blaise knew and, yet, he had forgiven him and still loved him.

A love he knew he didn't deserve, he shouldn't have. That love wasn't for him; it was for this Harry, their Harry.

In his reality, he had no family, he had no Blaise or Draco, he was alone. He didn't deserve this happiness if he had to lie to get it, that wasn't who he was. He had no memories to share with them and he felt as if he was deceiving them, he didn't deserve this.

"Harry," Draco placed a hand on his cheek, his gray eyes looking at him with worry. "What are you sorry for?"

He tried to look away, those trusting, loving eyes nearly broke him, he could lie to the world but he knew he couldn't lie to Draco, never to his face.

"I'm sorry for lying to you, I'm not who you think I am." His lips trembled as he confessed in a low whisper, so low that he wasn't sure Draco even heard him until his eyes widened and his hand fell slack to his side.

"What did you say?" He whispered in surprise, his eyes glittering in shock, pain and confusion and Harry had to look away. He couldn't bear to see his eyes filled with hate and betrayal as he confessed his deceit.
"I have something to tell you." He said, slowly, his eyes trained to the table. It had come down to this, Draco had to know. He, at least, owed him that after deceiving him for so long.
Chapter Summary

Draco is none too happy to find out Harry's secret.

Chapter Notes

"And I realized when you look at your mother, you are looking at the purest love you will ever know."

— Mitch Albom

"Maybe, we should go somewhere more private," Harry suggested, he reached over to grab Draco's hand. He needed this one last time, to savor the warm touch of his lover before he was fully rejected.

"I don't want anyone overhearing this—"

"I'm fine here," Draco cut in, harshly, wrenching his hand from Harry's grip. "You can tell me anything you like right here."

Harry gave him a sad look at the angry sneer that he was so used to Malfoy from his world giving him but never Draco. "What do you want to hear first?"

"The truth," Draco spat out, scowling. "I don't want any more lies; what did you mean by not being my Harry?" He was afraid of the answer actually but he knew he had to hear it.

"Fine, Draco," He took a deep breath. "I'm from an alternate dimension." He knew it would be better to do it to the point rather than prolong it.

Draco's eyes widened, his hands trembling and tears welled up in his eyes as he stood up abruptly, startling Harry to his feet as his chair tumbled to the floor with a loud clatter. Harry had expected blows to fly so he didn't dodge when Draco stalked over to him and hit him square in the jaw causing him to fall back and skid to the ground.

He was bleeding profusely and he was sure if Draco had angled it better, he would have a broken jaw. He never remembered Malfoy packing such a punch.

"What the fuck did you just say?" Draco's chest heaved his voice cold and angry. He walked over to Harry's fallen form and hissed, "What the fuck are you playing at? Was this all a sick joke, some type of experiment to you?"

Harry lay still knowing not to anger Draco more by explaining himself so he merely sat on the ground, examining the bleeding from the side of his mouth.

"Say something!" Draco shouted angrily after a moment of silence, it pissed him off even more that this imposter was so nonchalant. "Say something, dammit! Where is my Harry?" Harry's heart
squeezed painfully at the words and he turned his head away, ashamed.

"I don't know, Draco." Harry whispered softly, looking to the ground.

"What do you mean you don't know?" Draco asked his eyes wide as he took a step back.

"I don't know!" Harry shouted, suddenly. "I just don't know." He bowed his head in defeat; he was doomed for unhappiness even now in a place with his soul mates he couldn't find the happiness he craved for.

Draco held no sympathy, however, for the fake. He would make sure to let this imposter know the depths of his betrayal and lies, to know how furious and hurt Draco was. He would never forgive him.

"I trusted you; I believed everything you had to say." Draco's whispers were like daggers to Harry's breaking heart. "I thought you were the man that I loved and I feel violated because you aren't! You aren't Harry! WHERE'S MY HARRY?!!"

"I'm sorry," Harry whispered tiredly on the floor, he didn't even have the strength to stand up. "I never wanted to hurt you or Blaise. I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry." He babbled, repeating the same mantra over and over as he covered his face with hands. He deserved every threat, insult, or punch that came his way, he was a horrible person.

Draco kicked over the fallen chair causing it to fly and shatter against the opposite wall, splinters flying everywhere. "Shut the fuck up, I don't want to hear your voice not when you sound like him! You're not him; I don't want to hear your excuses or more of your lies."

This hurt more than anything Ginny could've done to him, Harry felt as if his heart was ripped out and shredded to pieces, mangled and beaten.

"I'm sorry, what do you want me to say?" Harry whispered, desperately, his head still bowed. He could never face Draco again not when Draco looked at him so angrily. "Just please, Draco, let me explain." He said softly.

"Don't you ever say my name again; you have no such privilege to do so." Draco said, sneering. "I want you out of my life, you're an imposter." He raised a trembling hand to his mouth, his eyes watery and wide. "I let you make love to me. I let you touch my son!"

Harry looked up alarmed, no; he couldn't lose his son, not Scorpius. He had hope as long as he was here that he would be able to see him. "He's my son too, you may take everything else but you will not take my son." Harry said, dangerously, his green eyes narrowed.

"You have no rights to him and you're not his father." Draco hissed, he looked down at him disdainfully. "You're not Harry Potter."

"I am Harry Potter; I'm still the man you loved these past few weeks. I love you, Draco, please don't do this." Harry finished off in a tiny whisper.

"If you loved me, you wouldn't have kept this a secret!" He shouted, enraged.

"Draco, please." Harry attempted, reaching a hand out for him but Draco quickly took a step back.

"Don't ever come near me again." He said, slowly, and Harry sighed again, he didn't know what to say to get through to the blond. He knew it was his entire fault, he should've said something, anything but he didn't and he had hurt the ones he had fallen in love with.
"I'm sorry." Harry said again, the words now seemed redundant and Harry wondered if it was better to just keep quiet until Draco blew off some steam.

"Fools," Draco muttered looking at Harry with glazed and hurt eyes. "We were all made a fool by this imposter."

"Draco, just let me explain!" He shouted, desperately, he needed to explain. He had to so he could try and hold on to the small family he had created in this world.

"You can't say anything that can change this," Draco said, coldly. "I don't even know who you are!" He pulled out his wand and said, menacingly, "Where is my Harry?" When Harry didn't make any motion to respond, he raised his wand full intent on making the imposter speak.

"Draco that is enough," Harry turned slightly to see Blaise entering the kitchen, a hard look on his face as he came to stand in front of Harry's defeated form. "Harry explained everything to me last night."

Draco took a step back in shock, his mouth thin and his brows furrowed. "Y-you knew and you didn't tell me?" he stood stiffly as he lowered his wand, betrayal and anger shining in his eyes.

Blaise sighed, running a hand through his hair, "I'm sorry, amore, but-"

"You knew and you didn't tell me, your husband!" Draco said, louder this time. His hands tightened into tight fist. "How could you do this to me, Blaise? How could you?" He growled at the imposter - he refused to call him Harry- who sat silently. "This is your entire fault!" He made a motion to lunge at him but Blaise stood in his way.

"Draco!" Blaise said, sharply, and Draco hesitated, he didn't want to hurt Blaise, never Blaise. "You're not thinking straight, this is Harry but... from another world where things happened differently."

"I don't care," Draco shouted, stomping his foot on the ground. His face streaked with tears. "Why? Why did he take Harry away from us?" his body trembled and his heart stung, the wound was too deep, he slept with this man, joked with him and fought with him but he never knew who he truly was.

"Draco, you're being irrational. This is Harry; I am worried for our Harry as well but I can't help but love him. He's still Harry, the same personality and appearance." Blaise said, crossing his arms. He trusted his instincts and his instincts told him that this man was someone to trust and protect.

"Are you an idiot?" Draco snapped, his lips pulled back in a snarl. "Has he brainwashed you? He lied to us!"

"We never had the best relationship before sixth year, Draco," Blaise said, harshly. "He thought he had to keep it a secret."

"That only makes him a filthy, deceiving imposter," Draco said lowly. "How can you defend him? He took Harry away from us!"

"I love Harry and I know people make irreversible mistakes sometimes," Blaise said, softly, looking pointedly at Draco's left arm. Draco widened his eyes before clutching the mark that haunted him till this day of his failures and regrets.

"I hate him," Draco finally proclaimed in a low hiss causing Harry to flinch. "And I never want to see him again. Don't you ever come near my family again." he added a glare before he pushed past
Blaise to get Scorpius in the other room.

"I'm sorry," Blaise said sadly as he helped Harry up to his feet, fingerling the bleeding lip that he had. "Draco is...stubborn."

"That's putting it mildly." Harry replied bitterly. His shoulder slumped and hunched his face blotchy from the tears he had shed. "I should've expected a response like that from Draco."

"It's my fault," Blaise said sadly. "I should not have pushed for you to tell him as much as I have."

"No, Blaise, it's my fault. I should've told you both since the beginning." Harry said, morosely.

"Draco will come around, I'm sure." Blaise said.

"I'm sure," Harry replied with sarcasm. "Did my family hear—?"

"I put up a silencing charm as soon as Draco walked into the kitchen." Blaise explained, he turned to the doorway where Draco was talking to Lily, Scorpius clutching tightly to his shirt. Blaise understood why Draco was angry; it must be hard to take in that the person you thought was your husband was really an alternate of him from another world. Unlike Blaise, Draco didn't see this Harry as an extension of theirs but an imitation.

Blaise knew better, he had read toms in the Department of Mysteries detailing how alternate dimensions were created and how they were all connected. It had something to do with one's soul where if the soul was strong it could thrive and separate to create alternate dimensions, weak souls tended to survive in only one dimension and when they separated they tended to die in the other dimensions. It was complex but fascinating and Blaise believed it to be true, it was the only explanation why he still loved this Harry as if he was his own. This Harry and his Harry's souls were connected.

"Please," Blaise drew out of his thoughts to turn to Harry. "Don't let him take Scorpius away from me; I don't know if I could survive if I lost all three of you."

Blaise didn't know what to say about that; technically, Scorpius was a Malfoy and Draco had legal rights to deny Harry any access to the little boy if he wanted to in a blink of an eye. Blaise had no say in it until after the blood adoption where he would be considered a father but for now there was nothing he could do. He sighed and ran a hand through Harry's hair before he stood, "I'm sorry." he said, softly, and he apparated leaving Harry alone in the kitchen.

Harry stared at the floor blankly, not quite sure how his little family had been broken up in a matter of minutes. Actually, it wasn't broken up because Blaise, Draco, and Scorpius were still together, still a family. He was the one that was the outsider, the one that was kicked out. He didn't know how long he stood staring at the floor by the time his mother entered the kitchen and stood next to him.

She didn't say anything, knowing that if Harry wanted to tell her something he would. She hated seeing her baby boy look so defeated and she knew it had to do with what was said when Draco entered the kitchen. She hadn't heard anything since Blaise had put up a silencing charm and she understood the underlying meaning; Harry needed privacy so she would give it to him. But when an hour later, after Blaise had enter the kitchen, Draco stormed out looking angry and hurt, his emotions so raw she had to step back in fear of what he might do. He had immediately taken Scorpius who began to cry, sensing something was wrong and with a quick excuse to her, he was gone.

Lily stared at her son, silently, he had grown up to be a strong, brave man and she was proud of him. She was happy he had found love even if it was in an unorthodox way but she would support him as
long as he was happy. Lily didn't know what brought on the three lovers fight but she didn't care, whatever, it was it would never get rid of her love for her son.

"Mum," Lily looked up when Harry finally spoke softly. He let out a ragged breath before he said, "I fucked up." Her lips thinned in disapproval at the curse but did not reprimand him; she knew he didn't need that now.

"Whatever you did can be fixed, Harry." Lily said just as softly.

Harry let out a bitter laugh, surprising her, before he said, dryly. "If only it would be that simple." He glanced up at her, green eyes coming into contact with replica green eyes and Lily felt her heart swell with love. "I'm from another dimension." The confession was so swift and so soft that she almost missed it.

Her heart lurched before she let out a small smile, she placed a hand on his cheek as she said, "I'm sure the other me loves you dearly." She didn't know how she felt about it but she didn't care, alternate or not, this was her baby and that was the only thing that mattered. Her love for her son surpassed dimensions, she saw Harry her son in front of her and no one else.

"Yeah," he breathed, his throat tightening at the thought of his mother. "She died for me."

Lily's heart clenched painfully at the thought of not seeing her son grow or be with him during his important years but she was glad to at least give him a chance to live. It was worth it seeing how great of a man he had grown to be. "And I would have done it again to see you live." Her words caused Harry to snap his head up to look at her in shock.

She smiled at him, stroking his cheek. Memories of him as a little boy, running and laughing flashed through her mind. "I'm just saddened that I was never there for you." She said and his breath hitched. "I still mean it, I am proud to call you my son. I love you so much."

Harry's eyes welled up in tears, not knowing what to say to his mother's word. It meant a lot to him that his mother didn't think differently of him even after knowing the truth.

He chose not to say a thing as he scooted closer to his mother, her warmth comforting to his aching heart as his eyes shut and welcomed the darkness that engulfed his mind.

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When he woke up again, he didn't expect to be in the white room with Aida standing in front of him. He had the urge to blame her, to curse the fates and be done with it. Take his punishment so he could cease to be the cruel amusement for the fates that enjoyed the misery his life held.

Instead, he fell to his knees and bowed low, his forehead touching the white tiles. Harry's eyes began to tear as he spoke, his voice thick with emotions, "Please," he couldn't hold back a sob as he felt Aida draw nearer. "Please, just end it all. I can't continue like this, not without them." he took a deep breath in hopes of calming himself. "I'd rather be in my own world where they hate me than they hate me here. I couldn't handle that; Malfoy and Zabini could hate me all they want but Draco and Blaise," his heart clenched painfully at the thought and he shook his head frantically grazing it against the pristine tiles. "Just end it now."

There was a deep silence that enveloped the area and Harry felt as if he suffocated the more Aida took time to answer. He didn't dare to look up nor did he want to, he never wanted to face death. "Rise, Harry Potter, this position does not suit you." She sounded displeased and disappointed and Harry shifted.
"No, not until you agree to end it." Harry said, stubbornly.

"I said rise," Aida said, sharply, and Harry jolted at the immense power that her voice held. "I will
not end your life, Harry Potter; you have much to live for."

"No, I don't," Harry denied, shaking his head. "I told them who I really was and I messed up
everything. Draco hates me and Blaise soon will to."

He heard Aida sigh and jumped again when she tilted his chin up to meet her opal eyes. "Don't lose
hope, Harry Potter, soul mates always find their way back to each other." Her voice held so much
conviction that he believed her every word as if it was fact.

"But—" He began but was cut off by a soft finger on his lips.

"None of that, Harry Potter," Aida murmured before she took a step back. "Now you had questions
for me?"

Harry looked up at her, half amazed and half in disbelief. "How did you know that?" Aida didn't
reply, but her eyes twinkled merrily as she softly smiled.

"Whatever," Harry muttered, crossly. "I do have questions, though." He sighed, his eyes trained to
the ground. "Where is the other Harry?"

Aida tilted her head as she replied, "He is sleeping, and as you can see you inhabit his body. As soon
as your soul entered his body, his soul has been trapped in…” Aida paused as she thought of her
next words. "Limbo, you can say."

Harry looked up in surprised, "I didn't know that, I didn't know that. I thought he was in my world."

Aida gave him a weird look as she replied, "You are dead in your world, where else would he go?"
Harry blushed at the condescending tone and he felt he needed to defend himself.

"I've been emotionally stressed these past few days, give me a break." Harry said, disgruntled. "What
would happen if I decided to stay?"

"This world's Harry Potter and your soul would merge to become one," Aida explained, looking at
him carefully. "If you decide to return to your world, this year would not have happened. I would
return you to the exact time of the Battle of Hogwarts."

"How is my world?" Harry asked, tentatively, he had never stopped to think of what had happened
to the world that he had left behind.

"It is in carnage," Aida said so bluntly that Harry flinched. "Tom Riddle has won and your world has
succumbed to his darkness."

Harry bowed his head in guilt while he enjoyed himself in this world where peace and happiness
reigned, his own world suffered.

"Harry Potter, listen to me." Aida said, firmly. "If you decide to return to your own world, you will
save it but your memories of your time here will still be intact." She paused to allow him to digest
this new information. "If you decided to pursue Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy, the wizarding
world will turn away from you because of it. They are less tolerant than this world and such they will
rid both Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy." Her eyes glowed as she spoke these words as if seeing it
before her eyes.
Harry stumbled back in shock, his heart plummeting. He was indeed thinking of going back to save his world and then, start a relationship with Blaise and Draco of his world. He didn't know how Aida knew his plans but he had an inkling she could read minds.

"What do you mean by 'rid'?" Harry had an inkling what it meant but he still needed to hear it.

"They would kill Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy as they see that they were not fit to be your lovers." Aida explained softly but it didn't lessen the blow. Now the full impact of the situation hit him fully.

Harry was stuck between saving his world and his own happiness. For all these years that he had been selfless, could he truly watch his world burn so he could be selfish just this time? He wasn't sure of the answer and that was what scared him more than anything.

. . . .

It had been two weeks since the revelation of Harry and Blaise had never felt so uneasy in his own home than he did now. Draco pretended nothing had happened as soon as they got home, he smiled and laughed with Scorpius as if Harry never was a part of his life.

Blaise knew it had reached a new level of denial when he had caught Draco making a poor attempt at a breakfast after the third day and he was at a lost at what to do. He had seen Harry twice since that day and every time had left him craving more of the raven haired.

Blaise was at a loss of what to do, every time he mentioned Harry's name Draco would change the subject or merely get up and walk out of the room.

Blaise felt even more dreadful when he saw the state Scorpius was in, the poor child had no idea what was going on, only that his Papa wasn't there anymore and no matter how much he cried he wasn't coming back anytime soon.

"Draco," Blaise said, knocking on the door. Draco had just come from work after picking Scorpius up from Luna's, he had set Scorpius in his room before he went into their room and slammed the door. "You can't hide in their forever."

Blaise sighed when he was met in silence; Draco was hurt deeply if he allowed his grudge to go on for so long without any signs of relenting. He knew that even if Draco accepted Harry, nothing would be the same; it would be awkward and they would have a lot of learning to do but Blaise knew they would make it through.

"Scorpius," He hesitated for a second. "Scorpius has been asking for his Papa, how long do you want him to suffer?" He ended with a tinge of sadness, he hoped Draco would soon realize how much he was hurting Scorpius.

He shook his head in exasperation when he there was no reply and turned away from the door, he needed a way to get the two men to talk to each other and he knew exactly what. He headed to the stairs, an idea forming in his mind.

"Fafa?" He froze on his path to the stairs at the sound of Scorpius' and turned, the boy was clutching a stuffed toy snitch that Harry had gotten him and looked up at him with teary eyes.

"Hey, Scorpius," Blaise said, he scooted down and opened his arms, smiling when Scorpius practically flung himself into his arms, clutching his shirt desperately. He felt slightly guilty, this week had been hectic with work, dealing with the mess at home and their adoption case that he was now trying to fill out by himself. He had little time to actually relax or play with Scorpius and he
knew Draco didn't as well, he could only imagine how the boy felt. "What's wrong, little man?"

Scorpius looked up at him and asked, "Papa?" His voice was so hopeful and pleading that Blaise had the sudden urge to bring him over to the Potter's Manor just for a second so he could see Harry. Instead, he sighed sadly and ran a hand through his hair.

"Your Papa will be home soon, baby boy." he flinched as Scorpius sniffled, tears gathering in his eyes and he knew why; Harry called him that and Blaise cursed silently at his mistake. "Everything will be fine." He didn't promise, he didn't want to make a promise that he couldn't keep.

"Papa bye bye…" Scorpius paused, his face scrunched up in concentration and Blaise almost chuckled at the adorable sight. "Scorpy bad?"

Blaise frowned at that, pulling the child close into a tight hug. He whispered, "Papa didn't leave because of you, little man, never that. He loves you that I can promise you." Scorpius laid his head on his shoulder, comforted by the Blaise's soothing words was saying as Blaise walked to his room and tucked him in for a nap.

He rose and narrowed his eyes, his determination stronger than before. He had to bring out the big guns, his secret weapons. The two things Harry and Draco feared the most in the world and would definitely get them to talk.

He had vowed to only use them in emergencies but he considered this one, his son was blaming himself for his papa's departure, it was definitely an emergency.

They had brought it upon themselves, anyways; Blaise was left with no choice. If they couldn't listen to reason then he would definitely make them.

He took a pinch of floo powder from the tapestry and threw it in the fire causing it to turn green instantly, he scooted down and fire called two different houses, asking for two specific people. By the time he pulled his head out of the fire, he had a satisfied grin on his face and he went into the kitchen to await his secret weapons arrival.

Hermione and Pansy were on their way.
Love Wins

Chapter Summary

Desperate times calls for desperate measures.

Chapter Notes

"Love wins. Love always wins."
-Mitch Albom

"I definitely understand the situation, now."
"Definitely."
"So, I'll take Draco and you take Potter."
"Of course."
"Ah, I had something else in mind."
"What are you concocting in that evil brain of yours, Blaise?"
"Nothing good, I suppose."
"Let's switch it up this time, ladies."
"Oh, I like how you think, my dear."
"Brilliant."
"But, of course."

... 

The leaves were beginning to fall indicating the start of fall and September, not that Harry cared. The world seemed bleak and dark as Harry stared out of his window from his spot on his bed; he much rather wallow in his despair than enjoy the change of the season.

The last two weeks were the worst weeks of Harry's life that he could admit. He was so set on not seeing Draco he had requested to work at home since he was mostly working on the Bellatrix case. Even with all of his efforts to forget them, he couldn't help but let his mind stray to his two lovers and his son most of the time.

He missed them.

Gods, he missed them. He missed waking up with Draco practically on top of him, drooling on his chest—something he would fiercely deny—while he chuckled at Blaise attempts to get in his pants
before Scorpius woke up. He missed Scorpius incessant babbling in the morning and Bambi's barks at anything that wasn't Scorpius or Harry.

He sighed, swiping away a stray tear as he stood up from his bed, clad in plain pajamas pants and a white tee. He went to the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror, he narrowed his eyes at his reflection barely recognizing the person that he saw.

He looked like shit.

His hair was in a tangled mess, growing some the last two weeks and now reaching his shoulders and his eyes were red and dull from all the crying he had done these past two weeks. He looked as if he had lost a few pounds as well and his cheeks were beginning to look gaunt. He let out a sigh turning on the water and splashed some in his face; he let out a deep breath and glanced at his reflection again.

"What are you doing Harry?" He asked, it wasn't like him to just give up and wallow in depression as he had. He could barely remember the last time he had gotten out of the bedroom let alone taken a shower. It was pitiful to say the least and unbecoming of the boy-who-lived. "You can defeat Voldemort any day but you refuse to confront Draco, pitiful." He berated himself, he sagged against the sink his hands clenching the sides tightly.

He had to get out of this slump that he had gotten himself into. He had enough time to cry for his loss and no matter how much it hurt, life moved on and he would to.

"Who am I kidding?" Harry murmured, giving his reflection a bitter smile. "I can never move on, I love them."

He did love them, it took him awhile but he loved them. It was just his luck that when he realized this love they had already left him. He let another sigh before he turned and walked out the bathroom and left his bedroom for the first time since he had come to stay with his parents. He descended the stairs, silently and slowly, taking his time. He felt slightly guilty for ignoring his parents and locking himself in his room; he was grateful that they always sent a house elf to bring him food or else he would have forgotten to eat, as well.

As he pushed open the door to the kitchen, his father looked up at him in surprise. His mother gasped but didn't say a word as he entered the room like a wild animal wary of a trap. Harry walked slowly, almost unsure of himself as he gave his parents tentative smiles.

Lily smiled at him when he slowly sank down into a chair, nodding in thanks when a house elf popped in and placed his breakfast in front of him with a cup of tea before disappearing.

They ate in silence for a while; the only sound was the clinking of their utensils as well as the house elves popping in and out of the kitchen.

"So, Harry, you've finally come out of your cave," James joked slightly with a small smile. "I was beginning to think you were a myth or something—ow! Lily!" He glared at his wife who glared back just as fiercely.

"Leave him be, James." Lily warned her husband.

"You didn't need to kick me," James muttered, rubbing his leg from under the table.

"You didn't need to bring up a sensitive topic." Lily retorted back, sharply.

"It's okay, mum," Harry muttered, softly, and both their heads whipped to him in surprise. It had
been a very long two weeks for them as well. "He's right; I've been hiding like a coward."

"You're not a coward, baby," Lily argued, placing a hand on top of his. "You just needed some time to take it all in, that's all." She reasoned; she needed him to understand that they didn't blame him for any of this.

"Yeah, Harry, I didn't mean anything by it." James said, giving him a gentle smile. "I'm just glad that you're finally out of your room, I got scared you would rot—OW! Lily, I can't say that either!?" He huffed, a scowl on his face as he tended to his sore shin.

Lily merely lifted her teacup to her lips a smug look on her face and Harry let out a small smile. It was nice to see this side of his parents, in his world, he never had a chance to really be with them but he had the opportunity now. He felt like an ass as he thought of how he locked himself away from them and ignoring them. He should have been getting to know them instead.

He felt grateful that they put up with his moping for so long and allowed him time to adjust before he came out again.

"So, Harry," Lily looked at him almost hesitantly. "What are you going to do now?"

He stabbed his eggs almost harshly as he replied, "Dunno, I can't go back to my home. I don't even know if I could go to work again."

"Avoiding them won't do you any good," James advised, his head resting on his left hand. "You need to talk this out with them, hiding here won't do you any good."

"I know," Harry sighed; he bit into his toast and chewed silently. He swallowed before he added, "It's just that...Draco...he hates me now." It still stung to hear those words and he marveled at how much things had changed.

"Harry, look," James began, straightening up in his seat and Harry was surprised to see a serious face on his father's face. "I know I haven't been the greatest supporter of your relationship..."

"That's an understatement." Lily said with a smile.

"Can I finish, love?" James asked, sweetly.

"Go right ahead, love guru." Lily replied just as sweetly.

James smiled, poking his tongue out at her before he continued, "As I was saying, I haven't been the greatest supporter of your relationship with Draco and Blaise but trust me when I say this...you will never find anyone who will love you as much as they do. If you don't fight for this love, you will never be happy."

"Why the sudden change, dad?" Harry asked, curiously. "You hate them." He furthered explained; he would have never thought his father would ever let go of his hate for anything Slytherin.

"I love you, kiddo, I will go to the edge of the earth and back for you; fight all your demons for you and..." He smiled slightly. "I will support your relationship with Slytherins for you."

Harry nodded, his heart squeezing painfully at his father's words. "Thanks, dad that means a lot coming from you."

He winked at him before he added, "It's only because I know they are the ones for you. Don't go thinking I'll be accepting anymore Slytherins like Snape or something."
"Here we go," Lily muttered before she turned to Harry. "Harry, surprisingly for the first time in his life, your father is right. Draco and Blaise have an unparalleled love for you and each other and it's truly beautiful. Don't give up, Harry, true love doesn't die so easily."

Harry nodded, a new determination rising in his chest as he abruptly stood. "Thank you, mum, dad."

"Where are you going?" James asked, curiously.

"I'm going to get my family back." Harry shot them a grin when James cheered and Lily smiled softly at him. He walked out the kitchen and headed into the living room but stopped shortly, a surprised look on his face.

"Remus?" The man stood up, Teddy peeked over the couch. "What are you doing here?"

"Actually, Teddy was asking for you and I was hoping to see you as well," He looked at Harry concernedly. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," He gave him smile, how much did his family truly know? "How have you and Teddy been?" He smiled at the child who peeked over to him with green eyes and jet black hair.

"We've been fine," Remus smiled, tiredly, he ran a hand through Teddy's hair. "The full moon was last week and he was a bit cranky but otherwise, he's been fine and I as well."

"Hi, Harry." Teddy said, shyly.

"Hi, Teddy." Harry smiled softly at his godson.

"Scorpy here?" Teddy asked, hopefully, peeking his head up from the couch and Harry's heart squeezed painfully at the thought of his son. "I wanna play."

"Sorry, Teddy bear, he isn't." Harry said with a grimace when Teddy deflated in disappointment.

"Awh, I miss him." Teddy said sadly.

"I do too, Teddy bear." Harry replied, softly, it was then when he realized Remus was looking at him weirdly, he shifted under his gaze. "What is it?"

Remus blinked before he smiled, shaking his head. "You used to call him Teddy bear before you lost your memories."

Harry blinked before he nodded, "Right, well, I have to go now. I'll talk to you later." He waved at them both before he headed to the fireplace.

"Hold it right there, Harry James Potter." Harry froze when he heard that voice and an unexplained fear entered him as he turned slowly, wide eyed, to the person standing in the doorway of the living room. Arms crossed and her eyebrows creased in a deep frown, her brown hair was styled in a short bob, she wore a pressed white dress shirt and a black pencil skirt. There was no mistaking it.

He wanted to run, run as fast as he could, that was what his instincts were telling him as he met her glare full on and he wanted to piss himself at that moment.

"Hello, Pansy." He squeaked, he could see Remus in the corner of his eye picking up Teddy and leaving the living room and he silently panicked at being left alone with Pansy Parkinson. "How's Neville?"

"Sit," she said, sharply, giving him a predatory smile. "We have a long talk ahead of us."
Oh, yes, he was in deep shit.

Draco shifted in the bed, rolling to his back and stared at the ceiling unseeing. His thoughts were focused on one single individual and he was conflicted on how he could proceed.

He hated Harry Potter.

He was sure he made that quite clear after he had erased him from existence the first week. So, he didn't understand why his heart still yearned for the man's touch and kisses. He lied to him, something they had vowed never to do.

He had to remind himself that this Harry never took those vows, never went through what they did to be together and it made Draco bitter.

This Harry was from an alternate reality, it still sounded absurd to his ears even after thinking about it for two weeks. Draco had gotten over his anger and only sadness was left, he didn't understand why this Harry didn't trust them enough to tell them the truth.

He spent countless night wondering if this was all some sort of joke for Harry or did he really mean it when he said he loved them. It hurt to think that his Harry was somewhere else but wasn't this man his Harry as well?

Draco sat up in shock at his thoughts, surely he couldn't think that. Harry lied to him, he had experienced different things and seen different things but yet he still was the clumsy, awkward, sweet man Draco had fallen in love with.

Draco wasn't blinded by rage now and could remember the times their lips had touched and how right it felt like it always had before with his Harry. Could what Blaise had explained to him be true? Could this just be an extension of his Harry?

He wasn't sure and he was scared to ask, he had said some hurtful things to Harry and the man had truly looked heartbroken something Draco thought never would had happened to them. They had been happy and Harry had to ruin it all.

Draco blinked, clutching a pillow to his chest and breathing in deeply. He jolted when he realized he had picked up Harry's pillow and his citrusy scent filled his nostrils. He dropped the pillow to the bed and sighed, covering his face with his hands.

He wasn't sure he could ever look at Harry again without thinking of betrayal and anger, he wanted to forgive as easily as Blaise could but he couldn't, he couldn't let this go. He was stubborn and he wanted Harry to suffer as much as he was.

Draco looked up slowly when there was a tiny knock at the door and he frowned, he swore his silence had sent Blaise away as it always had so why did he come back?

"Daddy?" The tiny voice was muffled by the door and Draco teared up, every time he heard his little boy's voice he wanted to cry. Scorpius shouldn't have to go through this, this should've been between the three of them but Draco was vindictive and he wanted Harry to suffer.

He knew Harry valued family more than anything so he took that away from him and he knew in the process he had hurt Scorpius, the last thing he ever wanted to do.

Draco was pulled out of his thoughts again when the tiny knock came again and Draco sighed, he
knew he couldn't hide from his son.

"Daddy…" The whimper that came after that word caused Draco to jump from the bed and practically run to the door. He couldn't stand hearing how distressed Scorpius sounded.

"It's okay, baby, Daddy's here." He said as he opened the door and his heart dropped when he didn't see Scorpius but the devil standing at his door. He threw Blaise and Scorpius a betrayed look who stood behind the she-devil, trying to look innocent.

"What are you doing here?" He snarled as he was pushed back, he watched her walk in and looked around before she settled on the bed. He looked at her, warily, unsure if her presence was a good thing or bad thing.

She tilted her head to the side and smiled, sweetly, "Just to talk, Draco, calm down."

Draco doubted it, the words sounded too sweet. Hermione Granger-Snape didn't do sweet.

"And why should I talk to you?" Harry asked, bravely, crossing his arms as he sat on the couch. He could guess who sent Pansy to him, it could only be Blaise's doing and he cursed the sexy man for his cruelty.

"Because I am Draco's best friend and if you have a chance to get back with him then I'm your only chance," She said, smugly, before she narrowed her eyes and leaned forward, "You need me, Potter. So, shut up and tell dear Pansy your problems."

Harry sighed, sagging in defeat. "I'm sure you know most of the story."

"Yes and I think you're being a git." Pansy proclaimed, shaking her head. "Men, they don't know their head from their ass."

"O-oi," Harry protested weakly before he sighed, "I messed up…" He admitted softly as he turned his head away from her.

"Badly…"

"I messed up badly," He amended with a roll of his eyes. "I know this but how can I get Draco to talk to me?" Harry asked, looking up at her as if she held all the answers.

She sighed, a hand on her hip as she said, "Look, Potter, you have to understand one little thing about your Dragon...he doesn't like to be lied to, ever. Especially not from his lovers." She sighed again, patting his head. "You poor thing, you were just thrust into this all without a single warning."

"How much do you know, anyways?" Harry asked, suspiciously.

Pansy looked at her nails, a bored expression on her face as she drawled, "Enough."

Harry groaned before he said, "You know what? I really don't care. So, about Draco…"

"Look, Potter, Draco has had a rough childhood with constant pressure of being the heir to the Malfoy fortune. Lucius was very hard on him and that has made him very insecure," Pansy frowned at the thought and Harry listened with rapt attention. He could never imagine perfect Draco to be insecure. "So, when he found out these past few weeks are lies and you're not really who he thought you were… how do you think that will help with his insecurities and doubts? Even worse, you didn't
come back."

Harry looked down at his hands in thought, he hated to admit it but Pansy was right. He never stopped to think how his silence and his confession affected the blond. Draco was more complex than he seemed. All this time he was thinking that Draco didn't want to see him but it was the opposite, Draco was hoping that he would come to him, to know that Harry still wanted him, wanted this relationship.

"Why didn't he come to me?" Harry finally asked, softly.

"He thought you would reject him," Pansy replied, sighing. "You gave no indication that you would be returning and I don't blame him."

"How could I when he was shouting that he hated me and never wanted to see me again." Harry retorted bitterly.

"Potter, that's only Draco's defense mechanism. Hurtful words and hate is what he spews when he doesn't want to show how much pain he is in," Pansy shook her head. "You both are bloody stubborn, to be honest."

Harry grunted in acknowledgement but didn't say a word. He felt like a giant turd for just wallowing in his misery while Draco believed that he didn't want them anymore.

"So, what are you going to do now, Potter?" Pansy asked her eyes sharp. "You messed up badly, Potter, you better be prepared to do some major groveling."

"You're very bias in this." Harry observed, it was like Pansy was making him out as the villain and maybe he was. Pansy certainly thought so.

"When you're my best friend and you hold my hair when I puke, I'll gladly take your side but until then…" He was getting used to the scowl on her face even if it still scared him a bit. "Kneel, bitch."

"Oh, you're so very charming." Harry said, sarcastically, rubbing his face in frustration. "So, do I have a chance at this?"

"Yes, very slim but yes." Pansy shrugged looking at him critically. "You'll have to clean up a bit but yes, you have a chance and I can fix you up." She winked at him as she looked at him in every angle.

He didn't think he looked too bad, maybe, a haircut, a shave, and a shower but judging from Pansy's expression he probably looked like a troll. So, maybe, a shower wouldn't fix it all.

"Why are you helping me, anyways?" He asked trying to stay still as Pansy made a noise of disgust at his saggy hair. "I mean, we weren't exactly the bestest of friends at school."

"No," Pansy said slowly. "But you are dating two of my closest friends and you make them happy." Harry winced when she suddenly grabbed his hair and turned him so he could face her. "When you stop making them happy, then we will have problems."

Harry nodded, gulping and he decided then and there that Pansy was scarier than Hermione—by leaps and bounds.

"Why didn't Blaise just send me Hermione?" Harry asked aloud, sighing.

"He knew Hermione would baby you and you wouldn't listen to her," Pansy responded, blithely.
"Probably, run to your room like a bloody coward." He glared at her when she snorted but she knew she was right.

Hermione was his best friend and would had taken his side, he was finally seeing things as Draco saw them thanks to Pansy and he understood why Blaise sent him Pansy.

She was one psychotic witch.

"In some way you are like Hermione." Harry pointed out as Pansy ran a hand through his hair.

She snorted before she replied, "As if Granger could give good advice as I do." She grumbled a bit under her breath and Harry closed his eyes with a smile, soothed by the silence.

"Oh and Potter?"

"Yes?"

"I did say I would have your balls if you ever hurt Draco…"

"Now, now, Parkinson, let's not get too hasty." Harry chuckled, nervously, when he saw how serious she was. Yes, definitely scarier than Hermione.

. . . .

"So, are we going to talk or what?" Draco huffed as he slammed the door shut and stood silently in front of Hermione. "I don't have all day." 

"Now, now, Draco, no need to be so hostile." Hermione said, amicably, she leaned against the bedpost and she watched him silently. "What's the problem, Draco?" She finally asked after a few moments.

"I think you know what the problem is, Hermione. " He sneered at her. "I know Blaise filled you in."

"I know," Hermione admitted before she added, "Harry didn't just lie to you…he lied to all of us."

"Then, why am I the only one who has a problem with it?!" Draco exploded, glaring at her.

She gazed at him, silently, not even fazed by his raised voice. "Because we love Harry, I can find it in my heart to forgive him and I wish you would too."

Draco turned away from her, not wanting her to see his hurt and fear. "I don't know if I can."

"I know you can," Hermione said, confidently. "You love Harry; I've seen it firsthand. After what happened with Ron, you-"

"That wasn't for him," Draco snapped, wrapping his arms around himself. "That was for my Harry, I don't even know who this man is."

"Then, learn." Hermione said, softly. "He's still Harry, the good hearted, stubborn Gryffindor we know. These past few weeks have shown us that." She needed to have her own talk with Harry; she didn't appreciate being lied to either.

"It'll be like starting over, as if these four years had never happened." Draco said, bitterly. "How can I go on like nothing happened?"
"I'm not telling you to do that, I'm telling you to acknowledge this and forgive him. Harry has made mistakes; we know that, now you have to forgive him just like he forgave you for your mistakes!" Hermione said, heatedly.

Draco widened his eyes in realization; Harry had forgiven him for his mistakes, for the mark that was forever etched on his skin like a cancer that clung to his soul. Even this Harry had never mentioned the mark, never judged him even when the evidence stood starkly on his skin while he made love to him, while they kissed. It always mocked him; glaring proof that Draco was never truly Harry's but belonged to the Dark lord, to darkness.

"Harry didn't have to love you but he did, he saw something in you that made him stay even after your agreement was over. He knew it would be hard and arduous but he stayed because he loved you," Hermione said, tears in her eyes. "So forgive him because this is Harry, he's Harry, and he would do the same thing for you. He was given a chance and he fell in love with you, he loves you. Doesn't that mean anything to you?!" She finished her rant in a scream angrier than Draco was. Draco just looked at her wide eyed not sure what to do when she suddenly began to cry.

"I-I understand, Hermione, I do love Harry and I want to work this out so..." He moved forward hesitantly. "Please, stop crying." He was horrible at comforting women, the last time he had comforted Pansy he had gotten a black eye and a broken nose for his efforts so he wisely kept his mouth shut. He was sure Hermione knew a castration spell and he wouldn't push her to that point.

She looked up, Draco was startled to see no tears as she fixed her hair and his mouth dropped in disbelief when she gave him a smirk, "I'm glad you see it my way."

He shook his head in amazement, "Y-you tricked me, you evil witch." He hated to admit it but it was very Slytherin of her.

She shrugged shamelessly before she said, "So, you will talk to Harry... I know this is hurting Harry so, please, hear him out." Draco couldn't do anything but nod dumbly. He was in a daze as Hermione beamed at him before she stood.

"I suddenly miss Pansy." Draco said faintly.

"As if Parkinson could give good advice like I do." Hermione scoffed before she walked past Draco, opening the door. He refrained from telling her that her advice consisted of threats rather than actual advice. "Oh and one more thing, Draco..." She looked at him over her shoulder, a gleam in her eyes.

"What is it?"

"I do know a castration spell."

Draco cursed; he didn't know what was scarier that she knew what he was thinking or that those words had sounded like a threat.

He suddenly missed Pansy dearly.

Harry's tried fervently to stop his rapidly beating heart from exploding when he stepped out of the fireplace of his living room to find Blaise waiting for him. He had only seen the man twice and those two times were only for Blaise to drop off some clothes for him. He had only seen the man twice and those two times were only for Blaise to drop off some clothes for him. He looked up at him nervously, unsure of what to do but to stare at him. He wore a tight fitting black shirt with black slacks. He looked as delicious as he remembered him to be.
Blaise looked him up and down for a moment before he smirked, "Pansy cleaned you up nicely."

Harry ran his hand through his newly trimmed hair and glared at him, "You're evil."

Blaise shrugged, "I had to do something. You two were so caught up in your depression, you both forgot about me." He finished with a pout and Harry couldn't stop the small smile that formed on his lips.

"Oh, poor Blaise," He cooed before he chuckled, adding, "You're adorable."

Blaise looked so mortified at being called adorable that Harry let out a laugh. "Draco's adorable, I'm dashing." Blaise corrected before he added, "You're gorgeous."

"I'm glad you think so." Harry said, snorting.

Blaise smirked before he said, softly, "Come here."

Harry didn't need to be told twice; he went forward and embraced him, relishing the feel of Blaise's arms around him once more. How right it felt and he never wanted the feeling to end. He knew they had a lot to fix but he would always cherish these time where it seemed nothing could break them apart.

"I missed you," Blaise said, softly, against his hair, stroking his back lightly.

"I missed you too," Harry replied before he pulled back, his eyes bright and hopeful. "Is Scorpius…?" He trailed off a little bit afraid now to see him, he wasn't sure how Scorpius would feel in seeing him again and he feared that the little boy hated him now.

"Yeah, he's with Hermione in the kitchen." Blaise informed, he ran a hand through Harry's hair. "He's been asking for you nonstop."

"He has?" He looked up sharply.

"Yes." Blaise sighed. "He thinks you left because of him." Harry's eyes widened in horror at Blaise's words and he pulled away from him, heading straight to the kitchen, practically running.

"Scorpius." He whispered as he entered, his eyes showing his relief to see his son. His heart soared when the boy looked up at him and his eyes widened at the sight of him. Scorpius' hair was longer and he looked healthier than Harry had remembered but those blue eyes shining with joy and innocence would never change, he knew.

"Papa!" Scorpius shouted in happiness, Harry instantly went over to him and lifted the toddler up from his chair and into his arms. Scorpius clung to his shirt as Harry kissed his hair, breathing in deeply the baby fresh scent he always had.

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry," Harry said, softly, as Scorpius kept saying his name over and over again. His grip never loosening as if afraid that if he let go, Harry would leave again. "I love you so much, baby boy." He smiled when bright ocean blue eyes looked up at him in happiness.

"Scorpy Sowwy," Scorpius said, softly, his lips trembling. "Scorpy bad!" He shook his head frantically, strands of blond hair flying. "Papa no bye bye! Scorpy goo!" Harry's eyes teared, hating his self for what he done to Scorpius; the one who he vowed to protect and make happy.

"No, no, baby boy, I didn't leave because of you. Please, don't think that." Harry said softly as Scorpius buried his head deeper into his shirt.
"Come on, little man, Papa and Daddy has to talk." Blaise said softly coming up from behind Harry. Scorpius looked as if he wasn't going before he allowed Blaise to take him from Harry's arms.

"It's okay, baby boy." Harry said giving him a smile when Scorpius looked at him fearfully. "I'm not going anywhere, I promise."

Scorpius laid his head on Blaise's chest and nodded, "'Kay, Papa."

Harry watched them walk out of the kitchen along with Hermione and it was then that he realized that Draco was standing near the counter this whole time and his heart dropped.

He stood frozen unsure of what to say or if Draco was still angry but he waited patiently for Draco to speak first.

"Hello, Harry." Draco said, stiffly, and Harry couldn't contain the relief he felt when Draco said his name. It was a start and that was all Harry asked for.

"Hello, Draco, how have you been?" Harry asked, looking at him.

"I've been better," Draco said before he sighed, sagging his shoulders. "Look, Harry, I've thought about this whole situation for a lengthy time while you were away and…"

"Yes?" He held his breath not wanting to believe what he hoped Draco would say.

"I want to try this," Draco said finally, "You've hurt me and lied to me but I'm willing to work this out with you. I'm sorry for what I've said to you, my anger took over me."

"It's okay, Draco." Harry said softly, he took a step forward but made no move to get any closer. "I deserved it, every word, I was so stupid not to tell you that I'm not your Harry—"

"But you are," Draco said, fiercely, and Harry looked at him in surprise. "You are. You feel right and that's what matters, I don't care anymore if you had different experiences, you're still Harry to me, and I was just too prideful to realize it. We complete each other that can never change in any reality." Harry stared at him for a long moment and Draco shifted under his gaze, he couldn't read Harry's expression or what he was thinking so he waited for him to speak.

"We have a long way to go." Harry said, softly, and Draco looked up with teary eyes.

"I know."

"It won't be easy and I'll probably mess up sometimes." Harry went on, quietly, and Draco frowned this time.

"I know that, Potter."

"I'll probably hog the sheets and make a mess of the closet and I have no fashion sense." Harry smirked this time and Draco sighed, a faint smile on his lips.

"Potter, I know."

Draco was surprised when Harry kneeled in front of him and said, "I'm an idiot, please, take me back." Harry looked up at him with big, green eyes and Draco snorted in amusement at the poor attempt at his own puppy eyes.

"You've talked to Pansy, haven't you?" Draco said, shaking his head in amusement.
"So what if I have?" Harry asked, defensively, he got up to his feet. He cursed Pansy for making him do that.

"It's pretty obvious," Draco chuckled before he added, "Pansy is overly dramatic with things." Harry blinked at him, feeling like a fool for listening to Pansy as Draco laughed outright at his expense. The sound was like music to his ears and all he wanted was to be in contact with his love.

"Draco," Harry said, suddenly, taking another step closer to Draco. "Can I hold you?" Draco paused in his laugh before he nodded, sighing in content when Harry fully embraced him and he had to admit that it felt nice.

"I love you." Harry said, stroking Draco's blond hair and savoring the feel of Draco in his arms again.

Draco looked up and grinned, "That's a start." He leaned up to kiss Harry fully on the lips and the warm feeling he felt in the pit of his stomach definitely felt right.

He felt rather than heard when Blaise wrapped his arms around them both, startling Harry who hadn't heard Blaise walk in. Draco pulled away from Harry and smiled softly at them as Blaise pulled Harry into a kiss before he did the same with Draco; he sighed into the kiss suddenly wanting more.

"Can we have sex now?" Blaise asked, hopefully, as he pulled back causing Harry to groan and berate him on his never ending libido while Draco chuckled, leaning his head against Harry's chest, he closed his eyes content on listening to his lovers banter.

Now, this felt perfect.
"So, you're saying…" Harry began, shifting as his knees began to burn from his position in front of the fire where Kingsley's head hovered, flames licking harmlessly at his face. "I just have the day off, just like that?"

He had every right to be doubtful as it sounded too good to be true. There had to be some type of catch to the suddenness of this, Kingsley was never this kind to him or anyone for that matter.

"Just like that," Kingsley confirmed, almost looking pained at the thought. "There have been some issues that we have to take care of at the office so you and every other training Auror will have the day off."

"Okay," Harry said, slowly, and he briefly wondered if Kingsley truly went and fire called every single Auror to inform them. He highly doubted it. "Thanks for the day off."

"Of course, Potter." Kingsley said before he smirked, "Enjoy your day off." Harry frowned when Kingsley silently laughed to himself as his head disappeared and the flames turned orange and hot once more.

Harry sighed, standing up with a frown. The house was silent as it was way too early for either of his lovers or his son to be up. So, he silently trudged out of the living room and up the stairs, his eyes drooping as he slipped into bed and Blaise automatically wrapped an arm around his waist as he closed his eyes with a sigh.

He couldn't help but acknowledge the nagging feeling that told him that this wouldn't just be an ordinary day off as he drifted off to sleep once more.

The first thing Harry saw when he woke up was Scorpius sitting on his chest, grinning down at him with shining eyes. Harry groaned when the toddler giggled and jumped on his chest, leaving him breathless each time the toddler landed.

"Papa!" Scorpius said, tiny arms wrapped around his neck in a tight hug and Harry's heart warmed. He smiled tiredly wrapping his arms around Scorpius. He kissed the mop of blond hair before he sat
up with his bundle.

"Hey, Scorpius," Harry greeted with a grin. He looked around the room and found neither Draco nor Blaise and he wondered where they had gone. "I wonder where your daddies have gone."

He made a move to get up from bed and go in search for his lover but Scorpius pressed tiny hands firmly against his chest, urging him to stay put.

"No, Papa!" He said, sternly, his face scrunched in what Harry could only describe as an adorably stern face. "Stay! Papa stay!"

Harry laughed, settling back on the bed. He figured Blaise and Draco had Scorpius doing this and he couldn't help but wonder what those two Slytherin were planning. "Alright, alright, I got it."

Scorpius beamed, proud of his success and Harry let out another chuckle; he poked his son's nose and asked, "What exactly are they paying you, huh, baby boy?"

Scorpius crossed his tiny arms and tilted his nose in the air, looking like an adorable version of Draco. "No say, Papa."

"Oh, I see," Harry chuckled indulgently. "Your daddies are just turning you into the perfect snake."

Scorpius looked at him with bright eyes, more interested than before in what he was saying as he leaned forward with a grin, "Snakey, papa?"

"Oh, so that's it..." Harry murmured, smiling as he ran a hand through the toddler's soft hair. "I assure you, Scorpius, lions are better."

Scorpius scrunched his nose, his mouth twisted in disgust. "Ew, Papa."

Harry grinned, fondly, before he said, "Ew? Lions are ferocious and brave, don't you want to be brave, Scorpius?"

Scorpius shook his head wildly as he raised his hand in the air, "Lion yucky! Snakey coo'! Snakey! Snakey!" Harry winced as for each proclamation of the toddler's devotion for snakes, Scorpius jumped on his chest.

"I got it, I got it; Snakey is good." Harry said with a laugh. "But how about we make a proposition?"

Scorpius looked interested at that, his blue eyes looking at Harry with rapt attention. Like a true Slytherin. Harry mused with affection.

"Yeah?"

"How about I sneak you ice cream for dinner for one month?" Harry attempted with a soft smile.

"No," Scorpius said firmly leaning back before he raised two fingers. "Two, Papa." Harry had to stifle a smile. Oh, he had a Slytherin on his hands alright.

"Two and a half, baby boy." Harry tried to rectify.

"Twree" Scorpius said as he stuck out his tongue.

"Oh, that is a hard bargain, indeed, Scorpius." Harry tapped his chin in mock thought. "How about three and some biscuits on the side?"
"Fi', Fi" He said, loudly, clapping his hands.

"Four and that's my final offer." He watched with bated breath as his son thought long and hard about his offer before giving him an answer.

"Kay, papa." Scorpius said, simply, sliding off his seat on Harry's chest and Harry grinned triumphantly as Scorpius ran away, silently giggling.

Little did he know that Blaise and Draco had already promised the toddler a year worth of ice cream. Slytherin, indeed.

As Harry got ready to go see what his lovers were doing downstairs after he was held hostage by his two year old son, something on the ground caught his eye. It was his wand; merlin only knew why it was under the bed.

He shook his head, confused, as he was sure he had left his wand on the bed side last night. He knelt on the ground and took it; he frowned when he found a piece of parchment next to it. It was odd in that Draco was a neat freak and usually made sure everything was clean and in its place, that included under the bed as well.

"What's this?" Harry muttered, unfolding the parchment and reading through it, he balled it up as he reached the end, his eyes dark with anger.

*My dear Draco and Blaise…*

It began and Harry just knew who it was from and all he wanted to do was pummel the man for his nerve for writing a love letter to what was his.

*I merely wish to meet with you so I can tell you how I really feel about the both of you.*

The nerve of this guy, how dare he. Harry completely forgot about his wand and flung the door to the bedroom open, nearly ripping it out from its hinges. He took the stairs by two and nearly toppled to the bottom. There was no way in hell he was going to let him take away his lovers.

*With all my love, Theo*

Theodore Nott. Harry growled at the thought of the name, entering the kitchen where his little family was settled. Scorpius was currently on the floor with Bambi, imitating the puppy as he wagged his tail and ate from his bowl. Draco was sitting at the table, engrossed in the Daily Prophet while Blaise was near the stove, making breakfast.

"Woo', Woof!" Scorpius wagged his bum in imitation of the puppy and if Harry wasn't so irritated he would've melted at the adorable sight.

Blaise turned and sighed exasperatedly when he saw his son was on the floor trying to eat from the doggy bowl. "Scorpius, you are not a dog, no matter how adorable you are." He went over and picked up his son and set him on his chair.

He turned to Harry and gave him a smile, "Good morning."

"Don't 'Good Morning' me, mister." Harry said, he went forward and slammed the letter onto the table. "What the hell is this?"
Draco flicked his newspaper over to look at what had gotten Harry all hot and bothered so early in the morning. When he caught sight of the cursive writing of Theo, he merely said, "Oh, that."

"That's all you can say?!” Harry exclaimed, incredulously as Blaise just glanced at the paper, shrugged, before he turned back to the cooking, "Oh, that?!”

"Calm down, Harry," Blaise said, looking at him over his shoulder. "Honestly, it's not a big deal."

"I think it's flattering." Draco remarked from behind his newspaper. "Theo has good taste!" Blaise snickered in agreement and Harry felt like he was going to explode.

"I—you—but—gah!” He finally settled on a noise of frustration before sitting heavily into the sit across from Draco. His whole body emitting depression and defeat as he sat there with his head bowed.

"Cheer up, tesoro.” Blaise said with a gentle smile. "Theo won't try anything."

"You make it seem like he would have a chance to." Harry said, warily, his eyes trained at the table.

"Didn't you read, Potter?" Draco began and Harry could almost hear the smirk in his voice. "We're going to go meet up with Theo today."

Harry blinked before he leaned forward and said in a slow whisper, "Excuse me, can you repeat that? I thought I heard you say that you were going to meet up with the person who is in love with you both!"

"Yes, that's what I said." Draco said, haughtily. "Theo is an old friend and it would be great to see him again."

Harry rubbed his hair in frustration as he said, "But he's in love with you!"

"Who isn't in love with me?" Draco replied, conceitedly and Harry rolled his eyes at the typical Draco answer.

"We're only going to talk, no need to worry." Blaise tried to soothe him as he placed a plate in front

"When you say that that's when I worry the most." Harry groaned as he laid his head on the table. Draco merely chuckled, patting his head.

... ...

"You sure, you want to go through with this?" Harry said, his eyes narrowed as he watched his lovers prepare to leave with Scorpius in his arms. "I can go with you if you want."

"No, we don't want." Draco said, leaning in to kiss him on the lips before he kissed Scorpius' forehead. "You'll probably punch the daylights out of him before we even get to say hello." He patted his head then looked at Scorpius, "Be good, mini me." Harry sighed as Scorpius waved enthusiastically as Draco disappeared with a tiny pop.

"At least tell me where you guys are going?" Harry asked with a tinge of desperation.

"Sorry, love." Blaise said cheerfully.

"Tell Nott to keep his hands off of both of you." Harry warned with a glare.

"It'll be fine, tesoro." Blaise said, coming forward and kissing him softly. "Theo won't
touch...much."

"Wait, what?" Harry asked, alarmed but Blaise was already gone and Harry groaned, he looked
down at Scorpius.

"Do you know where your daddies have gone to?" Harry asked, looking desperate for information
as to where his lovers were.

Scorpius giggled knowingly.

... . . .

"Harry, what are you wearing?" Hermione asked in amusement, he was wearing a long, black robe
with a hoodie and black dragon hide boots. "Are you off to kill someone?"

"Maybe," Harry grunted back as he grabbed an apple from the table and bit into it. "Do you know
where my husbands are? At a luncheon with Theodore Nott." He spat out the name as if it was the
foulest thing in the world.

"Oh are they?" Hermione asked, distractedly as she shuffled through papers that was most likely for
work. "Where is Scorpius?"

"I dropped him off at Luna's," Harry huffed, glaring at Hermione. "You're not listening to me,
Hermione!"

"I am, I am," Hermione looked up at him with a smile. "You're jealous because Draco and Blaise
went to lunch with Nott."

"I am not jealous!" Harry squawked, spitting chunks of apple on to the table and Hermione's papers.
Hermione made a noise of disgust before she waved her wand causing the pieces to disappear.

"When have you not been jealous?" Hermione taunted, her eyes glinting with humor. "You're
practically green with jealousy, right now."

Harry sputtered in indignation, he wasn't jealous. That's right; he just wanted to crush Nott into tiny
pieces for ever thinking that he could take what was his. No, he was never jealous.

"I am not jealous," Harry growled, "And I only came here to know if they mentioned anything to
you or Snape when they were here yesterday."

"Hmm, I don't think so." Hermione tapped her chin. "But I think they were heading to your parent's
house when they left here."

Harry abruptly stood in alarm, "My parent's house? Why would they go there?!!"

Hermione shrugged, making notes on one of the papers before she replied, "They said they needed
to talk to them about something."

Harry widened his eyes, numerous reasons as to why they needed to talk to his parents ran through
his mind. He took a step forward with wide eyes and whispered, "Do you think they were asking
permission to divorce?" He knew the pureblood way to divorce was if the parents were living, they
would ask permission to divorce first.

Hermione snorted, shaking his head. "Seriously, you're over thinking this way too much, Harry."
Before she had finished her sentence, Harry had left with a soft pop.
She smirked before returning to her notes. Oh, she knew what Draco and Blaise were up to but what fun would it be to let Harry know what his husbands were planning?

Her smile broadened as strong arms wrapped around her and she let out a sigh of contentment. She closed her eyes as a soft, low voice washed over her, "You are truly evil, love."

Hermione giggled as Severus pressed kisses on her nape before she replied, "Do you think he'll figure it out?"

"I highly doubt it," Severus said with a shake of his head. "Potter was never the sharpest crayon in the box."

Hermione chuckled before hitting her husband on the arm, "Be nice, Sev."

Severus hummed before he grabbed her hand and pulled her up, "Come, we have a hour before you go to work."

"Oh, we should do something productive then." Hermione nodded with mock seriousness, letting her husband lead her up to the bedroom, her notes long forgotten.

. . . .

"Harry," Lily began sweetly. "I'm ten minutes late for work; you have got to let me go." She tugged at her robes where her son was latched onto.

"Mum, they're going to get a divorce aren't they?" Harry asked frantically, clutching his mother's robes tightly.

Lily sighed and summoned all her patience. "No, sweetie, they aren't." She tugged again. "Now, will you please let go of me?"

"So," Harry ignored her request and held on tighter. "Why did they come see you?"

"They wanted to set up an appointment for Scorpius' checkup." Lily said, reassuring him as she pried his fingers off her robes. "I think they went to Pansy and Neville's flat after they left here."

It was all he needed to hear, he stood abruptly, gave his mother a rushed goodbye before he apparated to his next destination.

She sighed, shaking her head in amusement as she wondered if she had done the right thing.

. . . .

"Whoops." Harry quickly covered his eyes after he apparated into Pansy and Neville's bedroom to find them doing rather naughty things. "Really, before breakfast? That'll lead to indigestion, y'know."

"I'm going to kill you, Potter." That was definitely Pansy growling.

"Before you do, hear me out," He turned his back to them to give them some semblance of privacy as they got dressed quickly. "Was Blaise and Draco here yesterday?"

"Why should we tell you that?" Pansy snapped in irritation. "You can turn around now." Harry did as he instructed to find a flushed Neville and irate Pansy.
"Hiya, Neville."

"Hey, Harry."

"Sorry to disturb you while you were...err...getting it on." Harry chuckled nervously, scratching the back of his neck.

"Ah, yeah, so, what's going on?"

"I'm on a mission."

"A mission?" Neville raised an eyebrow, perplexed.

"A mission to save my marriage." Harry raised a fist to his heart, a determined look on his face.

"Oh, is that today?" He heard Pansy mutter to which Neville nodded his head.

"W-what was that?" Harry asked, taking a step closer, an insane look on his face. "What is today?"

"Nothing, Potter," Pansy snapped. "We don't know where your husbands have gone but they were here yesterday."

Harry pulled at his hair in frustration, he was getting nowhere with this. He had no idea where his lovers went and every minute he spent talking to someone meant the less chance he had of reclaiming his lovers from Nott's perverted clutches.

"Sorry, mate." Neville said, smiling sympathetically with a glint in his eyes.

"Why is the world laughing at me?!" Harry shouted, his eyes raised to the ceiling as Pansy snorted, rolling her eyes.

"Don't be so dramatic, Potter, I don't know where they are but I do know where they went after here, Potter." Pansy said with a smirk and Harry knew by the look on her face that he wouldn't like where he would be going to next.

. . . .

Harry knew he was getting desperate, actually, he was more than desperate; he was hopeless. He had no choice, though, he had to figure out where his husbands were and this, frankly, was the last place he wanted to be.

He sighed, resignedly as he knocked on the door. The things I do for love. He thought morosely as the door opened and a house elf greeted him.

"Good Morning, sir, how is I helps you?" The house elf asked, bowing so low that the tip of his ears reached the ground.

"I need to speak with the Malfoys." Harry said with gritted teeth, shifting when the house elf looked him up and down before nodding.

"I will bring yous to them." The house elf said, opening the door more widely for Harry to enter. The tiny creature led him to the parlor where Narcissa was leisurely sipping tea and Lucius was reading the papers.

"Potter?" Lucius asked, folding the paper in half to peer at Harry with suspicious grey eyes. "What are you doing here?"
"Trust me, if I had a choice I wouldn't be here." He stepped into the parlor and leaned against the expensive looking sofa across from Lucius. "Ever." He added with a grin, satisfied when Lucius narrowed his eyes.

"You impudent brat, where is my son and his lover?" Lucius demanded with a glare, looking behind Harry to see if they were hiding just beyond his vision.

"Where is my grandson?" Narcissa asked, instead, her eyes glinted dangerously at the thought of the child somewhere not safe. "What did you do this time, Potter?"

"Nothing!" Harry's eyes narrowed. "Scorpius is fine as for your son and Blaise," He rolled his shoulders in a casual shrug and said, "I dunno."

"You don't know?" Lucius repeated slowly as if the words were foreign to him. "What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know where they at." Harry mumbled, crossing his arms. This was a bad idea. Maybe, he should've brought Pansy. Actually, maybe not.

"Have they've been kidnapped?" Lucius asked calmly.

Harry gave him a weird look. "No."

"Have they gone on a walk in the last twenty four hours without any contact with you?"

"What the—of course not."

"Have they been captured by some insane over ambitious group that seeks world domination?"

"NO!"

"Then, tell me, Potter. Why do you not know where my son is?" Lucius growled, glaring at him.

"I don't—"

"Mark my words, Potter," Lucius cut in with a glare. "If you hurt my son, I will Avada Kedavra you with my bare hands."

"How does that even works?" Harry muttered to himself, rubbing his face in frustration.

"Lucius, is this all necess—"

"Quiet, Narcissa, obviously this fool hearted boy has lost my only heir."

"I HAVE NOT LOST YOUR SON!" He was so over with this day, Lucius' antics were the last straw.

"Then, where are they, Potter?" Lucius demanded again.

"I don't know!" Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I've been running around everywhere looking for them. They are on a date with Nott." He looked at them both clearly close to tears and in distress. "Nott!"

Lucius and Narcissa's eyes sparkled in recognition and they shared a glance before they said, simultaneously, "Oh."
"Oh." Harry's eyes twitched as he smiled slowly at the pair. "That's all you have to say? Oh. After the stress I've been through today; everyone looks at me as if they were in on some type of joke on me. Oh, it's all funny! Laugh at Harry Potter why don't you?!" He began to laugh hysterically causing Narcissa to give him a startled look while Lucius looked amused.

"Calm down, Potter, I know you are not well but," Lucius looked at him warily. "I do know where my son went after he visited here."

"Oh, please, tell me? My marriage is on the line." Harry said with shining eyes.

Lucius snorted before he said, "They went to that horrid Weasley shop in Diagon Alley."

Harry nodded frantically, grateful for that piece of information. "Thank you, I owe you...or not..." He added as an afterthought, "You're still Slytherins, after all, and I hate you...somewhat...bye..."

"What a weird man." Lucius said, shaking his head as a house elf brought them lunch.

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"Oh, well if it isn't our partner in crime." Harry was greeted with a face full of red hair and bright colors and he took a step back to take in how the Weasley's Wheezes shop had grown since he had visited it in his own reality.

"What do we owe this high honor, could it be...." Harry looked up and spotted the other twin hovering with a bright grin on the second floor.

"He's remembered and came to celebrate with us..."

"Of course, he has..."

"He couldn't have forgotten that today is..."

"Really, as cool as I think that is," Harry cut in quickly before the twin could get carried away. "I'm kind of in a hurry, I've heard from a little snake that my lovers were here yesterday."

The twins glanced at each other with a small grin, "It's our time to shine."

"Wha-?" Harry asked confused as both twins pushed him to the front of the shop and in front of the window. They slugged an arm on either side of his shoulder and pointed to a shop across the street.

"If you're looking for the Blondie and Zabini..."

"They will be most definitely be at..."

"Fortescue's Ice Cream." They said in unison and Harry felt like he could kiss them both.

"Thank you, guys, I swear I'll repay you. Anything you want!" He said hurriedly as he opened the front door and stepped out, the door closing behind him with a soft click.

The twins shared an evil grin and they crossed their arms across their chest as they said, "Oh we have something in mind."

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Harry slipped into a booth a few feet from where his lovers and Nott sat and he quickly lifted his hoodie up to hide his face. He glared at Nott's form who looked elated to be with his secret crushes
and Harry clenched his fist in anger.

He widened his eyes when his view was suddenly blocked. "Welcome to Fortescue's, what are you having today?"

Harry slouched in his seat and said, "Uh, nothing."

The waitress frowned before she leaned forward, "But, sir, you have to have something. It's our policy. No loitering."

"But I don't want ice cream." Harry said rather forcefully.

"So, why did you come in here if you didn't want ice cream?" The waitress gave him a weird look. "Are you an idiot?"

Harry slammed his head on the table and prayed for patience. "I am not an idiot." He said with gritted teeth.

"Then, why aren't you ordering ice cream in a ice cream parlor?" The waitress asked knowingly. If it was any other day, Harry would have called for the manager to complain about the service and professionalism in the establishment but as of right now he just didn't care.

Harry sighed, taking the menu from her a bit too roughly as he skimmed it over quickly, "Give me a double chocolate ice cream, please."

The waitress brightened up and smiled down at him, "Great choice."

He sighed in relief when she walked away and he returned to his watching, he narrowed his eyes when Nott said something and Draco chuckled and Blaise smirked. Something in his chest rumbled at that, only he could make them laugh like that.

"Hey, mistah!" Harry sighed in distress at being disturbed again before he looked down to see a red haired girl glaring up at him.

"What is it little girl?" Harry tried to ask sweetly but he was at his last string and he swore to merlin if —

"You're in my seat!" She huffed, crossing her arms across her yellow sundress and tapping her foot lightly.

"Ah, this wasn't taken when I came in." Harry said, looking to see if there was a parent looking for their stray devil—er, child.

"You're lying, old man!" The girl screamed causing a few heads to turn his way.

"Old man?!" Harry squawked in indignation, this girl had some nerve! He was only twenty!

"Yeah!" She shouted and stomped on his foot, he bit his lip from crying out as his eyes teared in pain.

"Why, you little—" Harry reached to grab her and the girl took a step back.

"AHH, DON'T TOUCH ME!" She screamed running behind a passing waiter who looked alarmed to be suddenly used as a shield.

"Is there a problem here, sir?" The waiter asked after catching his bearings and sent a glare towards
Harry. Other witches and wizards looked over at them and Harry shifted at the sudden attention.

"THAT OLD MAN TRIED TO TOUCH ME WHEN I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO!" The people gasped and looked at him in disgust and Harry widened his eyes at how that could be taken out of context.

"No, no, you have it all wrong see I'm—"

"We're calling the Aurors immediately we don't tolerate pedophilia in our business."

"How disgusting!"

"I saw him do it too!"

"Oh, my, someone arrest that man!"

"I am not a pedophile!" Harry roared over the commotion and he could see Blaise and Draco turn to see what was going on behind them. It was what Nott did next that made him finally snap. He stroked Draco's cheek to catch his attention before leaning in to whisper something to make the blond blush red.

Harry didn't see red next, no, he saw green. He ignored the protest of the people around him as he pushed past the waiter and the little girl and marched to their table. He didn't even realize that his hoodie had fallen off his head and he looked like an avenging god as his magic crackled and snapped around him. Nott could only widen his eyes in fear before Harry lifted him up from his seat by his neck and whispered, "Didn't I tell you before not to touch what was mine?"

Nott promptly pissed his pants.

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Blaise and Draco shared a satisfied smirk as they leaned back, content on watching their husband scare the shit out of their friend.

"I can't wait to see the Weasley's video of this," Draco cackled, gleefully. "Or my parent's for that matter."

Blaise chuckled, hiding his smile behind his hand as he watched the scene with amused brown eyes. "We should call everyone over when we do watch it."

"Should we tell him what day it is?" Draco asked as Harry chased Theo around the store. Glasses broke and people scattered as Harry threw every curse he knew.

Blaise hummed in thought before he said, "Nope, Theo owed me for that time he took my Nimbus Three Thousand for an hour."

Draco gasped, looking up with wide eyes at his husband. "He stole my gourmet chocolates in first year."

They both nodded solemnly as Blaise said, "Maybe, a few more minutes."

"Yeah, y'know when Hermione told us about how muggles celebrate the first of April, I thought it was barbaric." Draco leaned against Blaise's shoulder. "But I can totally dig a day where one can exploit a person's weakness and exact revenge every year."

"I agree, we should be doing April Fool's every year." He kissed his forehead before he smirked,
"How long until Harry forgives us, you think?"

Draco snickered into his shirt before he replied, "Maybe, a month in the minimum after some convincing 'forgive me' sex. Today has been hell for him."

Blaise silently agreed but looking as Harry just casted a fireball at Theo's hair he knew it was all worth it.

. . . .

Chapter End Notes

Happy Birthday to the Weasley's Twin! Yay for their small cameo! Okay, I'm done.
Burn

Chapter Summary

Harry is set on edge.

Chapter Notes

"Do not worry about tomorrow,
For tomorrow will worry about itself."
— Mitch Albom

"I missed you," Harry could groan in response as Draco trailed kisses down his throat as soon as he had entered their room after putting Scorpius down for the night. His eyes closed as he leaned against Draco when Blaise wrapped his arms around them both, pulling them to the bed.

"Don't ever lie to us again." Blaise whispered in his ear, soft and sweet as he pushed him onto the bed and Harry could barely hear his words let alone register them when he was being touched like that.

Their breaths mingled as they stared at each other heatedly, Harry reached up and brushed a stray curly strand of hair from those brown eyes and placed his hand on Blaise's cheek. He nodded his heart clenching as guilt washed over him once more.

"Never," He managed to choke out as his two husbands settled on either side of him. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

"None of that," Draco said softly, pressing a hard kiss on his lips and Harry savored the taste of him as he pulled him closer. "Not here, not now."

"Draco." Harry whispered, caressing his face with shaky finger, he traced the contours of his jaw and Harry was struck with the realness of it all. How could he go back when he had this? He wasn't sure if he could live with himself if he just turned away from his world but his heart clenching each time he thought of never being with Blaise and Draco or never seeing Scorpius again.

His thoughts were instantly interrupted as he watched, utterly content as Blaise brought Draco in close for a kiss and Harry pushed his thoughts to the back of his mind and joined his lovers, he would have plenty of time to worry about his impending choice later.

The next moments were so intense and so abrupt that he forgot all of his worries. He felt as if he was on fire, everything was new again and it felt divine. Harry didn't remember how his clothes had been rid but it didn't matter, not when Blaise was touching him like that, not when Draco was moaning like that. So, wanton, so needy.

Everything became a blur; of tangled limbs, bodies, and fluids. He's too caught up to care when
Blaise inserts two fingers into him or when Draco shouts as Blaise takes him, heady and swift while Harry pushed back onto those skillful fingers, fucking himself as he watched Draco get taken. He clenches tightly every time his prostate is hit and he's close, so damn close even without proper penetration.

His skin felt like molten fire and he was burning and melding with their bodies, he wasn't sure where one body began and the other ended all he knew was this was it; where he should always be and nowhere else.

Their moans and pants filled the room as Harry sucked on Draco's balls and fisted his own cock, his eyes closed as he tried to memorize the passion of this very moment. Draco's come spurts onto the bed as he arches beautifully like a strung bow off the bed and Harry shudders as he kisses him, sweet and loving. His own orgasm comes, splattering on the sheets and he slumps forward, sated and exhausted as Blaise come inside Draco with a groan.

This felt right to Harry, it felt like home so when they fall in a tangled heap and they declare their love for each other, Harry says it as well. He devotes himself to this love and this time he isn't afraid to tell them how much he loves them. He needed them as much as he needed air.

. . . .

Harry had to fight off the smile that threatened to form on his face when he woke up to childish giggles the next morning. He kept his eyes closed, curious as to what his little boy was up to when he felt tiny arms wrap around him.

"You can open your eyes, y'know." Blaise's breath caressed his ear causing him to shiver as he opened them to meet amused brown eyes, leaning over him.

"What's going on?" He asked as he sat up, Scorpius instantly clambered onto his lap with his hands clasped in front of him, looking expectantly at the door with bright, blue eyes.

"Food!" Scorpius cheered just as Draco walked in with a large tray of food and a pitcher of orange juice. He bit his lip to keep from chuckling when the tray was placed in between them and he could instantly tell who made it.

"Scorpius and I made breakfast," Draco proclaimed proudly as he clambered onto the bed, leaning against Blaise's legs. "It's our way of saying welcome home!"

"Er..." Harry said, as he looked at the runny eggs and burnt toast before he lifted his head up to stare at equally expectant eyes from two blonds. Blaise gave him a smirk, his eyes shining with mirth and Harry sighed, "I don't know what to say."

"No need to say anything," Draco said, waving it away before he nodded, "Go on and eat."

"Eat! Eat!" Scorpius echoed, enthusiastically.

"Yes, Harry, go on." Blaise said, chuckling.

Harry glared at him before he picked up a fork and went for the most edible food on the plate which was the eggs. He poked at it experimentally before he forked it and shoved it in his mouth. His eyes watered as egg shells crunched loudly inside his mouth and the saltiness burned his palette, he fought the urge to spit it out when he met Scorpius' elated face and, instead, swallowed it for the sake of his baby boy. He hurriedly picked up the pitcher of orange juice and nearly drank all of its content when he felt as if he was going to hurl.
He gasped in relief when it stayed down even as his stomach churned unpleasantly and he said, "Delicious." It was a kind gesture for them to do—sweet actually but the cooking should definitely stay with Blaise and him not a two-year old and Draco.

His heart warmed, though, as Scorpius cheered, Draco beamed with pride and Blaise buried his head in his pillow to hide his laughter.

"We found a follower of Bellatrix," Neville informed Harry as soon as he had entered the Department; Harry raised his eyebrows in surprise at that. They had been trailing Bellatrix for the longest and came up with nothing; it seemed suspicious that all of a sudden they had found something useful.

"No," he began slowly as he followed Neville to the interrogation room; Draco was by his side, looking at him in confusion. "If we caught them, than they wanted to be caught. Who is it, anyways?"

"Rookwood," Neville said, he paused at the steel door, looking at him. "What do you want to do?"

Harry paused at the name, he remembered Rookwood from his world. He was vicious and much invested in the pureblood supremacy. "I'll go in."

"I'm going in too," Draco said, instantly and Harry gave him a look. "Don't even try, Potter, you owe me anyways."

Harry sagged his shoulders at that, he knew he had a lot of making up to do especially since he was basically replacing their Harry and Draco would make sure he knew that at every step. "Fine."

Neville looked between them nervously before he said, "I'll go get Shacklebolt." Harry nodded as he pushed open the large steel door and it opened with a loud screech. It was dark and damp inside of the interrogation room, it held only a single chair in the middle of the room where Rookwood, sat, his arms bound behind his back.

Harry pulled out his wand and stepped in front of the man, Rookwood didn't even acknowledge his presence, his head still bowed and his shaggy, matted hair falling around his dirty face.

He turned to Draco who raised an eyebrow before he turned back at the silent man and said, evenly, "State your name."

He frowned when he didn't receive an answer and Draco stepped forward, "Maybe, we should give him Veritaserum."

"No," Harry said, immediately as he rounded around the man. "I want him lucid." He suddenly pulled at the man's hair bringing his eyes to meet his green ones. "State your name." He repeated again with a growl.

Rookwood gave him a crazed smile before he said, "You already know my name, Harry Potter." His voice was rough and dry and his laughter was just as grating. His brown eyes held insanity that craved blood lust and murder and Harry released his hair in disgust.

Rookwood licked his lips slowly as he looked past Harry to Draco. "Draco Malfoy," He said, slowly, his eyes looking at the blond with hate. "Tell me, how is your father coping being a free man because you're riding Potter's cock."
Harry punched him causing his head to snap back and blood to spill from his mouth. He coughed wetly, spittle and blood falling to the ground while Harry took a step back and caught his bearings, his knuckles burning. "You will talk to me."

Rookwood looked up at him slowly, and he grinned, blood covering his rotting teeth. "I have nothing to say to you, Potter."

"You will before we're done." Harry said, smoothly. "Where is Bellatrix Black?"

Rookwood let his head fall back and began to laugh; only stopping when Harry flicked his wand and he began to scream in agony and Harry knew he was feeling as if his whole insides were burning. "Where is she?" Harry bellowed.

"I won't ever tell you." Rookwood choked, panting harshly and Draco looked as if he wanted to intervene; looking between Harry, Rookwood and the steel door.

Harry wasn't deterred, he asked the same question and each time he was mocked or spat at he gave Rookwood a bout of pain that left him a sobbing mess.

"Tell me where Bellatrix Black is?" Harry said with narrowed eyes, he was losing his patience.

Rookwood let out a shrill laugh, which echoed and reverberated through the small room. He shook his head, a feral smile on his face, "You have nothing to threaten me with, nothing even with all your strength."

"Harry, let's take a break." Draco finally said, taking a step forward and Harry let out a breath, taking a step back and nodding. Rookwood's head was lolled to the side and his eyes were staring, glazed, to the ground. He was useless to them if he wasn't going to talk.

"Right," Harry said, tiredly. He turned around and walked to the door but his stomach plummeted when Rookwood spoke again.

"How is the boy?"

Draco took a sharp breath and Harry froze mid step, his heart coming to a screeching halt as he just knew who he was talking about, his son; a Death Eater knew his son.

"When we found the brat he was mere months old," Rookwood was undeterred by the silence. "A frightful little bastard, he hates the sight of blood and cried so fucking much."

Harry turned around just in time to see a sadistic smile form on the man's face. "We found a better use for him, though; he was such a good punching bag."

Harry felt a ringing in his ears and his hands trembled at his sides, from the corner of his eye he could see Draco looking at Rookwood, eye wide with anger and he wanted to hurt something, this man hurt his son. His precious, little Scorpius.

He felt as if he couldn't breathe as if the air was literally punched out of him and he was gasping and he was moving. His legs moved on their own accord as he saw Rookwood's lips move and he was saying something but it didn't matter—nothing mattered.

"We want him back, "Rookwood let out an insane laugh, grinning as Harry walked towards him slowly. "Bellatrix wants him back."

"Like fucking hell!" Harry roared as he lunged at the man, Rookwood fell on his back and the chair
shattered underneath the weight of them both and Harry saw red. He wrapped his arms around the man's neck and squeezed, watching as he paled and his eyes bulged as he choked desperately for air.

"Harry!"

"Like hell you'll ever touch my son again." Harry whispered, he could hear Draco shouting and he was sure his magic was doing something—lashing out—because there was a pressure that wasn't there before, his skin was burning and he was hurting Draco but he couldn't seem to care because this man hurt his baby boy. "You won't ever come near my son again! If you ever come near my family, I will kill you and every single one of Bellatrix's little organization."

"He's ours." Rookwood choked out and Harry growled, applying more pressure on his throat.

"He's mine, my son." Harry said thickly. "You won't ever take away my happiness ever again." He would never allow a Death Eater even near his family; he wouldn't allow anyone for that matter to take away his happiness.

His magic was lashing out at him, making his whole body hurt and Harry was sure he was dying but he didn't care, he would bring this man with him. He had never felt such hatred before; not even with Voldemort. It bubbled inside his very veins and made his blood boil.

Rookwood glared at him defiantly, spit and blood dribbling down his chin and Harry wanted to end his life; his eyes burned and his heart pounded rapidly as he watched Rookwood's eyes dulled and his efforts of escape doubled as he realized he wanted to live but Harry didn't relent, not even when Draco was by his side pleading with him to let go and definitely not when Shacklebolt was ordering him to.

It was only when a red light hit him in the side and darkness engulfed him did he release his hold on the man.

As Harry stared at the white ceiling of St Mungo's a few hours later, he finally understood what Aida meant when he said he was capable of turning dark. Today was evidence he could destroy the world if it came between him and his family. It scared him, he couldn't lie that it didn't.

He had almost killed a man with his bare hand, it was terrifying but justifiable. He didn't know where that rage had come from but when he heard those words coming from Rookwood about his son—his little sunshine, his baby boy—he couldn't hold it in any longer. Something in him snapped and not even Draco could stop him.

It scared him.

It scared him to know that he would rather watch the world burn than be without his family. He didn't know if that made him a bad person but it seemed so. He had almost become a murderer because he couldn't control his anger.

"Harry?" He turned to the door to see Draco standing there with a tray in his hands and concern on his face, he gave him a tentative smile and watched as the blond closed the door and walked over to the bed. "I brought you something to eat."

"Thanks." He said, he reached over to grab the sandwich from the tray and paused when he saw his bandaged hands, where third degree burns were healing and still sore. He let out a shuddering breath and retracted his hand. Every time he looked at his hands all he saw were the hands that almost took a life away. His hands.
Do you know why my hands are burnt?” Harry asked, slowly. His eyes trained on his bandaged hands. Draco stayed silent, his eyes unreadable as he looked at his lover. "Because my magic rejected what I was doing, my actions were so dark and my magic so pure that it was literally killing me the more I held on." He clenched his hands. "But I never stopped. I didn't care to stop, I just wanted Rookwood dead."

He was a monster, he was no better than Voldemort who killed without remorse. He would've done the same if they hadn't stopped him.

"Harry," He looked up slowly to Draco with tortured green eyes. "It's okay, love."

"It's not okay," He felt like turning away from him, away from those gorgeous gray eyes. He didn't want to be judged; not by Draco. "How can you say that?"

"Because I know you didn't mean it," Draco turned his face so he could meet his eyes. "You found the person who made your son think he was insignificant and worth nothing, the person who tortured your son—any parent would do the same. You were protecting Scorpious, love."

Harry shook his head, his eyes clenched tightly. It may had been a Death Eater but he was willing to kill, the hate that built inside of him was nothing he had felt before. Not even with Draco when they were fighting in Hogwarts, not even with Voldemort.

"Hey, it's okay," Draco repeated this time more firmly.

"I almost killed a man, Draco." Harry said, bitterly. "If Neville didn't stun me, I would've too; even worse, I—" He reached over and fingered the burn marks on Draco's arms from where his magic had struck him. They would disappear in a few hours but it still hurt to know he was the one that done it. "I hurt you."

His eyes grew misty and his throat clogged at the thought, "I could've killed you."

"No, Harry, you were angry. I was angry." Draco bowed his head. "I didn't stop you, I wanted you to kill him for what he did to my-our son. He hurt Scorpious, our baby boy. You had every right to be angry." He looked up at him earnestly and Harry opened his arms, Draco didn't hesitate to climb onto the small bed and lay his head on Harry's chest as he wrapped his arms around him.

"I love you." Harry said, softly. "I'm sorry I hurt you."

"I love you too," Draco replied, his hands fistig around the gown that Mungo had given Harry. "I told you already, it wasn't your fault."

Harry kissed the top of his head and he would've been content if it wasn't that feeling that urged him to get to Scorpious. He needed to know the boy was alright and he couldn't do that when he was here. Bellatrix was after the toddler, he didn't know why but that didn't mean he would just sit around and leave his son open for attacks. Bellatrix would have to pry Scorpious out of his dead hands before he let her have him.

He would capture her before she even had a chance to.

"Blaise doesn't know," Draco interrupted his thoughts softly. "I thought you would tell him when we get home."

Harry nodded, sitting up abruptly and ignored Draco's questioning look. "I have to get out of here, Scorpious—"
"...is with Luna." Draco finished softly. "Calm down, Harry, he's fine."

"How can you be sure of that?" Harry snapped, his nerves were already frazzled. "I'm sorry it's just __"

Draco raised a hand to stop him before he said, "Everything will be fine. Scorpius is fine."

Harry sighed, running his hand through his hair. "I know but I still have to be sure."

Draco sighed and nodded, moving off the bed before he pulled out his wand and flicked it, all of Harry's belonging vanishing and Harry's clothes changed to more casual ones. "Fine, let's go then." He unwrapped the bandages from his hands and Harry flexed the newly healed pink flesh before he nodded and took a hold of Draco's hand as they apparated.

. . .

"Daddy! Papa!" Harry rushed forward and clung to the child while Draco watched amused as his husband nearly crushed the boy.

"Hey, baby boy." Harry said, looking down at Scorpius. He brushed a strand away from the toddler's eyes. "You had fun with Aunt Luna?"

"Yeah!"

"You're looking quite large these days, Loony." Draco said, affectionately, as he rubbed her belly. "When are you due?"

Luna giggled, swatting away his hand. "I'm only two months along, silly."

Draco looked at her in surprise, "Really? You look huge."

"Maybe, she'll have twins." Harry suggested after he had looked over Scorpius thoroughly.

"Oh, that'll be fun." Luna said, smiling to the ceiling.

"I'm sure Rolf would love that as well." Draco added with a grin. "Two terrors."

"I'm sure Luna can handle it. We'll be going now, Luna, so we'll see you tomorrow." Harry said, smiling at her. "Thanks for watching Scorpius."

"Nonsense, Harry, Scorpy and I have a grand time." She placed her hand to her forehead and wiggled her fingers. "Bye, Scorpy, stay away from the Narflacks."

Scorpius giggled and imitated her gesture, "Kay, Lulu."

Harry and Draco shared a perplexed but amused glance before they apparated. They would have a long talk with Luna on what she could and couldn't teach their son tomorrow.

. . .

Blaise was pissed.

Harry and Draco could tell as soon as they had entered the kitchen where pots and pans were banging loudly, a frown marring his aristocratic features. They glanced at each other, silently asking which one of them had pissed off their lover.
Blaise turned towards them and looked directly at Draco as he said, "We need to talk after dinner."

"Oh, you're screwed." Harry muttered in Draco's ear as he past him and set Scorpius in his chair before he kissed Blaise on the lips in greeting. Draco looked at him wide eyed but didn't say a word as he sat next to Scorpius.

Harry looked between the two, unsure what to say or do as Blaise made dinner while Draco kept quiet which was unusual for the blond who was usually a chatterbox.

Harry took comfort in Scorpius' babbling who was oblivious to the obvious tension and happily ate his dinner none the wiser. By the end of dinner, Harry was sick of the silence and tension so he took Scorpius and made his way out of the room.

"I'm going to get Scorpius ready for bed," He announced as Scorpius tugged at his hair. "You two figure things out."

. . . .

"Okay, what is going on?" Harry asked, twenty minutes later as he settled next to Blaise in the living room.

"I'm not talking to Draco." Blaise stated, softly, against his ear and it took a moment for his mind to catch up to the words.

"You're not?" Harry asked, looking skeptical. Blaise and Draco never fought, it was almost like an unspoken rule that they just don't. He looked over to Draco who was looking at them both with a kicked puppy expression and Harry turned away quickly when he felt the urge to hug and cuddle the blond overcome him. "Why not?"

Blaise didn't reply immediately instead he pulled away from Harry to rummage inside his work clothes for a moment until he pulled out a piece of parchment from the inner pocket. He wordlessly passed it to Harry.

Harry gave him a confused look before he read the content of the letter. "Blaise, this is...amazing." He looked up at his lover with a grin, excitement shining in his green eyes.

"It would be, if I had been the one who applied." Blaise said with thin lips and Harry understood the full extent of the issue.

"Oh, I see," Harry sent Draco a hesitant glance. "But this is—"

"I know what it is." Blaise said, firmly. "I'm declining."

"Don't be absurd, Blaise." Draco finally spoke up giving Blaise a glare. "Royal Flush is the most prestigious restaurant in the whole magical world and they want you."

"They don't want me; they just want to see what I can do." Blaise corrected with a frown. "There is no guarantee that I will get a job there and I am not changing careers so suddenly. I just finished my training as an Unspeakable last year. I am not that fickle, Draco."

"Oh and I am for wanting you to do this?" Draco accused, his eyes flaring in anger.

"If the shoe fits." Blaise snapped back, crossing his arms.

"Come on, you two," Harry intervened; it felt weird to see them fight like this. "Let's talk this out."
"There is nothing to talk about," Blaise said, stiffly. "I will not be changing careers."

"Just…" Draco paused, taking a deep breath. "Just hear them out, I sent them a sample of your red velvet that you did for Harry's birthday—"

"Ergh, Draco, that's months old." Harry stuck out his tongue in disgust.

"It obviously had a preservation spell on it, Harry." Draco said, loudly, rolling his eyes. "But they loved it which is why they sent that letter. I-I just want you to do something you like doing."

"Cooking is fine but I love my job, Draco." Blaise said, softly.

"No, you don't." Draco argued just as softly. "We all know you're only doing it because of your mother."

"Wait, what?" Harry looked between the two, he had yet to meet Blaise's mother but from the rumors he had heard, she made Narcissa seem like a pleasant woman.

"His mother practically forced him to be an Unspeakable once we graduated from Hogwarts." Draco said, angrily.

"That isn't true." Blaise protested, stubbornly. "Mother has nothing to do with it."

"Whether she does or doesn't," Harry began before Draco could, "I think this is a great idea, maybe, just play with the idea a little."

"Come on, Blaise, you're very talented at cooking—a natural actually and I want to see you happy." Draco said, with large eyes. Harry had to stifle a smile, he knew if it was him he would've caved once Draco gave him that look but Blaise was stronger than that.

"I am happy." Blaise grumbled.

"Just think about it." Harry said again with a smile.

Blaise looked between the two before he sighed, "Fine, I'll think about it." Draco beamed and launched himself into his arms, kissing him soundly on the lips.

"That's all I ask for." Draco said, happily.

"You only want me to work there so you can eat there." Blaise argued softly, nipping his bottom lip.

"Guilty." Draco said, smugly, nuzzling his neck.

Harry shook his head in amusement before he stood and said, "I'm going to go check on Scorpius."

"You just put him to bed, Harry, he's fine." Draco said, reassuringly, and Blaise looked between the two with a raised eyebrow when Harry huffed and fidgeted where he stood.

"Am I missing something here?" Harry turned away from them, a frown marring his features as Draco quickly relayed to Blaise what had happened this afternoon, by the end of it Harry was shaking with anger again.

"I see." Blaise said, calmly, watching as Harry paced agitatedly in the middle of the living room. He was royally pissed and silently wished Harry had succeeded in killing the man that hurt his son. But he knew the emotional distress that Harry must be in for knowing he almost killed someone.
"This isn't your fault, tesoro." Blaise said, softly, and Harry paused in his pacing, his head bowed. "No one blames you."

Harry let out a shaky breath and nodded in understanding, it wasn't his fault. It still scared him to think what he was capable of but it was reassuring to know that neither his lovers blamed him for it.

"Where is Rookwood now?" Blaise asked, quietly, his eyes narrowed.

Draco gave him a disapproving glare, "In Azkaban and you're not killing him either."

Blaise looked put out at that but sighed, "Fine, but I want a piece of Bellatrix when she's caught."

"I don't think there will be any pieces once Harry is through with her." Draco quipped and Blaise silently agreed with the sentiment as he watched Harry get himself riled up again.

"I have a bad feeling about all of this," Harry confessed, he stopped to look at them both. "Bellatrix isn't getting her hands on my son."

"She isn't," Blaise agreed he nudged Draco over, got to his feet and went over to where he stood; Harry sagged against him as he wrapped his arms around him. "We won't let her."

Harry let out a sigh, nodding his head even if the nagging feeling was still settled deeply inside of him, he wouldn't worry about it. Not now. Scorpius was fine, they were fine. And even if they weren't, he would watch the world burn to make sure they would be.

....
September quickly melded into October with ease, Rookwood had been sentenced for child abuse and many other countless charges that left Harry quite satisfied as he was carted away to Azkaban. It made Harry regret that there weren't any more Dementors stationed at Azkaban; if anyone deserved that kind of torture it was that man. Even a month later, Harry's blood still boiled at the thought of the man.

Harry had been working endlessly to find Bellatrix and the closest they had been was when she had attempted to assassinate the Prime Minister during a public appearance and Harry had been there, but even then amidst the chaos and confusion she had been lost to him.

She was elusive as water and each day he didn't find her the more he feared for his son's life. Bellatrix was planning something, Harry knew it. It was only a matter of time before she would make her move and Harry would be ready for it; he would protect Scorpius with his life. The fear he had seen in his eyes when they had first found the toddler had hit too close to home; he had felt that fear as a child. He never wanted to see another child suffer like that again.

He never wanted to see Scorpius unhappy again. He would do whatever it took to see his baby boy smile every day. It was why he was so adamant on getting the blood adoption so that way Scorpius would truly be their son.

The Ministry wasn't as pleased on hearing that three men wanted to blood adopt but Harry was, well, Harry and they certainly couldn't deny the saviour of their world. Hence, their case was pending in the Children Protection Services Department and soon-hopefully, they could get on with the ritual.

They had been informed on Tuesday that their case was being reviewed and if all went well would be accepted in a few days.

It was now Saturday and Harry was quite reluctant to get out of bed, it had been a dreadful Friday afternoon and he wasn't keen on seeing the next day. Though, he was sure his lovers hadn't gotten the memo as the bed was now empty and cold which made it even less inviting.

Harry groaned, sitting up and ruffling his hair as he let out a tired yawn. He quickly washed his face and brushed his teeth before he left the room.
and went downstairs with a sigh, he really wished today was a lazy day. He had no wish to go anywhere and just wanted to relax at home with his family.

Bambi greeted him at the bottom of the stairs and he gave him a weary smile as the puppy wagged his tail and barked in excitement. Bambi had grown a bit actually from when he had gotten him in July, so large that he was sure Scorpius could ride him now without any troubles.

"Down, boy." He muttered, patting his head affectionately, he chuckled when he received a lick on the palm of his hand for his efforts.

With a final pat, he walked past the dog and entered the kitchen where Scorpius was banging his bowl loudly on the table, giggling madly at the rumbustious noise while Draco watched him in amusement, loving the joy that came across the toddler's face.

"We have a musician on our hands, eh?" He said making his presence known as Scorpius' head shot up instantly at the sound of his voice.

"Papa wake!" Scorpius cheered banging his bowl loudly in celebration. "Papa wake! Papa wake! Papa wake!"

"We get it already," Blaise muttered, smiling from across from Scorpius, he winced every time Scorpius banged his bowl. "Papa's awake, the lazy log."

"Hey," Harry protested with a grin as he came to sit next to him. "I had a pretty bad day yesterday."

"Not as bad as mine," Draco began with a roll of his eyes. "Thomin, the idiot, messed up his report to Shacklebolt then I had to clean up his mess when Shacklebolt sent thirty Aurors to raid on a dark magic ritual which really was an old woman with a magicked toaster and don't get me started on Chang—"

"We get it, Draco," Blaise cut in, loudly, shaking his head as Harry snickered. "You had the worst day ever."

Draco huffed, peeved at being interrupted but nodded nonetheless. "As it should be."

"It's not a competition, Draco," Harry said with a roll of his eyes. "We're not competing on who had the worst day."

"Well, I am," He replied sharply. "And I win."

"Of course, you do." Harry agreed, holding back a smile. He forgot how annoyingly competitive Draco was.

Draco grinned triumphantly before he added, "Oh and we have great news for you!"

"Oh?" Harry asked as he flicked his wand for the teapot to float to him along with a teacup. He smiled when Scorpius gasped in awe and cheered, clapping his tiny hands enthusiastically.

The toddler was still new to magic, Harry wasn't sure how magic was used when the boy was with the Death Eaters but Scorpius was always amazed when they used any type of magic around him and it made Harry wonder if Scorpius had magic of his own.

"Hey, do you think Scorpius is a wizard?" He asked, suddenly. It had never struck him to ask before but now that he thought about it, they really didn't know anything about the boy's heritage nor were they keen to find out. It didn't matter anyways, Scorpius had become a part of their family and it
didn't matter who his parents were.

Blaise looked up at him before he turned to the toddler in a question. "I don't know, I haven't really thought about that before." He leaned in looking at Scorpius in interest. "Maybe, if he's angry enough he'll blow something up."

Scorpius looked up at him with wide blue eyes, cocking his head to the side. Draco rolled his eyes, a tiny smile on his face.

"I highly doubt that'll happen," Draco said a bit too proudly. "Scorpius is a Malfoy baby, we don't throw temper tantrums."

"And I highly doubt that's actually true." Blaise muttered under his breath.

"What was that?" Draco asked, sharply, with narrowed eyes.

"Nothing, amore." Blaise said with a sweet smile.

"A Malfoy baby only by name, Draco," Harry reminded him with a roll of his eyes. "He wouldn't have any of your traits, y'know."

"Same difference." Draco replied with a shrug.

"Maybe, he's a muggle." Harry theorized; it could be true. They had no idea who Scorpius' parents were and even if they did, there was no way they would contact them. They had abandoned Scorpius to Death Eaters and that was unforgivable in Harry's eyes.

"It's possible." Blaise replied with a shrug.

"Maybe, we shouldn't be doing magic in front of him." Harry suggested, worriedly. "If he is muggle I mean—"

"Muggle?!" Draco screeched, suddenly, causing Scorpius to cover his ears at the shrill sound. "No son of mine is a muggle! Scorpius is definitely a wizard!"

"And how do you know that?" Blaise asked with a raised eyebrow.

"He floated his toy to me yesterday," he said, fidgeting with his clothes and Harry instantly knew he was lying.

"You liar!" Harry accused with a grin.

"I am not!" Draco shouted and Scorpius made a noise of disapproval.

"Loud, Daddy!" Scorpius whined with a pout.

"Sorry, mini me," Draco said in a softer voice. "I am not lying. I saw it, I swear."

Blaise snorted, shaking his head. "I'll hold that with a grain of salt."

Harry nodded in agreement. "You tend to see what you want to see, Draco."

"I AM NOT LY—" He suddenly stopped, his hands going to his throat as he tried to speak and no words came out. He shot them a horrified as he spoke but nothing came out. Harry looked both baffled and amused while Blaise smirked, a twinkle in his eyes.
"Oh, this is heaven," Harry said, quickly getting over his surprise to let out a laugh causing Draco to glower at him. "This is the quietest it's been since—well, ever."

"Well, now, we know the answer." Blaise said, still smirking.

"Answer to what?" Harry asked, still looking at the panicked and flailing Draco.

"The answer to whether Scorpius is a wizard." Blaise replied before he turned his gaze to the toddler and Harry followed his gaze and it all clicked together.

"Daddy too loud." Scorpius proclaimed, haughtily, his eyes closed and his arms crossed around his chest and Harry felt a sense of pride well up inside of him at the sight.

"That he was, baby," Harry agreed with a choked voice. "That he was."

After taking Scorpius out for a nice walk around the block, they had returned for lunch before Scorpius went upstairs for a nap. Harry now sat in the living room, enjoying the silence the house had settled into.

It was rare for him to have a moment of silence especially since they had an energetic and rambunctious two year old running around but he savored those moments when he did.

"Oh...Salazar, so good." Draco moaned loudly, his head was settled on Harry's lap and his eyes closed in bliss.

Well, mostly quiet time.

"I think we've been replaced." Blaise commented with amusement as he watched Draco closely. He sat on the other side of Harry where he was reading a novel.

"By a tub of ice cream, no less." Harry added with a snort, running a hand through Draco's hair.

"Oh, yes!" Draco exclaimed, licking the spoon before he reached for another scoop from the tub of ice cream that sat on his chest.

"And he doesn't even share," Blaise said, playfully, before he leaned across Harry and captured Draco's mouth, probing his mouth open with his tongue before slipping in. He moaned as he sucked on Draco's tongue and savored the sweetness from the ice cream and something entirely Draco that invaded his palate. He pulled back, licking his lips with a small grin. "Delicious."

"Away, you sex demon!" Draco exclaimed, angrily, pushing Blaise back. "I don't need you sexually assaulting me while my boyfriend and I are having our alone time."

"Ouch," Harry said, clutching his heart. "You wound us, Draco."

Draco winked at him giving him a lecherous smile. "When you start tasting this good, I'll reconsider getting back with you."

"Oh, I know I taste that good." Blaise purred, going in for another kiss but Draco dodged it with practiced ease and he, instead, planted a kiss on Harry's thigh.

"Hands off the goods, mister." Draco warned, pointing his spoon at Blaise. Blaise raised his hands in mock surrender.
Harry shook his head, fighting back a laugh, as Draco went back to his ice cream before he turned to Blaise. "I almost forgot, you said you had something to tell me."

"Well, Draco did but seeing as he's occupied with his new amore," Blaise said with a roll of his eyes. "I suppose I'll tell you."

"Well, what is it?" Harry prodded with a raised eyebrow.

"The adoption has been approved," Blaise said with a soft smile and Harry's eyes widened and a wide, elated smile formed on his lips. "Seriously?" Harry asked, excitedly.

"Yeah, they fire called this morning." Blaise explained with a small smile.

"He's all ours?"

"That's what blood adoption is, Harry."

Harry rolled his eyes but he couldn't bring himself to get annoyed on this day that had just turned great. He had a son. In every sense of the word. "When can we do it?"

"Anytime we want." Blaise replied, leaning against the couch. "Let's do it now."

"Now?" Blaise looked at him in surprise; he had hoped Monday would be the earliest.

"Now!" Harry repeated, excitedly, getting up and whooping. He pecked Draco on the lips as he said, "Come on, we have a son!"

"Oi! Let me finish my ice cream!" Draco protested as Harry pulled him out of his seat and pushed him up the stairs.

. . . .

"I love magic." Harry said, wistfully as they sat on the stiff chairs outside of the Office of Children Services. Harry's leg bounced rapidly as he gazed at the door anxiously. Scorpius sat on Blaise's lap, scrubbing his eyes tiredly as Harry had woken him up with all the cheering he had done.

"Yes, we know, Potter," Draco said, exasperated as he scowled at him. "You've said it fifty times already."

"Leave him be, Draco," Blaise said with a soft smile as he placed a hand on Harry's knees to calm his frantic bouncing. "He's just nervous."

Harry stuck out his tongue childishly, the excitement building up inside of him as he stared at the door anxiously. In only a few minutes, he would have a son and just by looking at his lovers, he knew they were excited as well.

"Scorpy tired." Scorpius said, quietly, leaning his head against Blaise's chest. Blaise ran a hand through his hair and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"I know, Scorpius, just a bit longer." Blaise said with a side glance at Harry. "Papa woke you up too early from your nap."
Harry grinned, sheepishly, "Sorry, baby boy, I was too excited."

"He'll be cranky all day now," Draco added with a raised eyebrow.

"Oi, I said sorry, didn't I?" Harry replied with a frown.

Before Draco could reply, the door opened and a tall, brown-haired woman stepped out. Harry's breath hitched as he rose from his seat, his heart thudding loudly in his chest. What if they decided they were unfit parents? What if they took Scorpius away? What if—

"Hello, my name is Linda Franklin." She shook all their hands in succession. "I'm Ms. Redfield's assistant, please come in."

Harry nodded at her before he stepped in to find a woman wearing all purple down to her purple pen; she had long, straight black hair and almond-shaped blue eyes. She stood and gave them all a courteous smile.

"Welcome, Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, and Mr. Zabini. My name is Addison Redfield," She nodded at them before her eyes landed on Scorpius. "Is this the child?"

"Yes, this is Scorpius," Blaise spoke cordially as he stepped forward. "I assume everything is in order."

"Of course, though, if I may say if this were anyone else I don't think this request would had been accepted."

"Is that so?" Draco asked a small frown on his face.

"Yes, well, having three fathers is very uncommon." "I am sure, Ms Redfield," Blaise began, sharply. "That there has been a triad way before we formed one."

Redfield blinked, not expecting the interruption. "Yes, of course, there has been. It is said only the most powerful can form a triad."

"Then, do tell me, why are you speaking as if we are doing something wrong?" Blaise asked with a raised eyebrow.

Redfield widened her eyes as she realized how her words were taken and she bowed her head. "Forgive me, I spoke out of line."

Blaise nodded his head before he looked to his lovers and took the middle seat, Draco and Harry following his lead.

"Now," Redfield began, nervously, shuffling through her papers. "It is our policy to find out who are the biological parents of the child before we do the ritual."

"We don't want that kind of information," Harry cut in, looking between Draco and Blaise. "We're not interested in finding the parents."

"Yes but Mr Potter we are required to do so before we can sign the papers and do the ritual." Redfield explained softly.

"His parents abandoned him to Death Eaters," Harry said in a low whisper. "I don't want to find out what kind of scums they are."
"Mr Potter, I understand that you are angry by what his parents did but we cannot forgo this procedure. If we don't have any information on Scorpius and he turns out to be a muggle, the magic that the blood adoption may create may kill him."

Harry widened his eyes, the words hitting him like a knife. "What?"

Redfield sighed before she explained, softly, "You three are very powerful wizards, arguably the most powerful, actually, and if your magic rejects Scorpius because he is a muggle than he could very well die from the magic overload."

Harry clenched his fist before he turned to his husbands, "Did you know about this?"

Draco looked at Blaise before he looked down with a pained frown, "We didn't know all of that but we did know that our magic could reject him."

Harry shook his head in denial; his eyes turning to Scorpius, his baby could die? "Scorpius is a wizard, I know it." He said, firmly, turning back to Redfield.

"We can't know for sure until we confirm it, Mr Potter." Redfield said in a soft voice and Harry let out a shaky breath before he nodded.

"Okay, fine, do it."

Redfield nodded her head, before she pulled out a long, thin wand and Scorpius whimpered, he was still wary of wands that weren't Harry's, Draco's, or Blaise's and the fact was evident as he clutched tightly to Blaise's shirt and clenched his eyes shut.

"It's okay, Scorpius, we won't let anyone hurt you." Blaise whispered in an attempt to calm the distraught toddler. Scorpius buried his head into his chest but didn't move and Blaise nodded at her to continue.

Redfield nodded before she muttered a spell and waved her wand in a pattern before Scorpius glowed a bright green color and a paper popped in front of Redfield.

She took the paper and read it over, her eyes widened slightly and she took in a sharp breath causing Harry's gut to clench in fear.

"What? What is it?" Harry leaned forward, his eyes bright with anxiety.

"Well, I don't know how—"

"Just tell us," Draco cut in, impatiently, and Harry knew it was a sign that he was just as anxious and scared as he was. "We don't need any lies, Ms Redfield."

Blaise had an unreadable expression on his face as he said, "Don't sugar coat it, who are the parents?" The sooner they got over this, the sooner they could do the ritual.

Redfield let out a sigh, it was truly her own fault as she had insisted on the spell but now she wondered if it was truly alright for them to know. Maybe it was, who knows what could happen if they never found out.

"Well, the mother, it seems, is Astoria Greengrass," Redfield began, tentatively.

"Greengrass?" Draco looked surprised, "She was the one I was betrothed to before Father nulled the contract after we got together."
"Isn't she in Italy?" Blaise asked in confusion. Harry vaguely remembered Daphne Greengrass and her little sister, Astoria and Harry began to have a horrible feeling in his gut. He turned to Redfield and noted how she fidgeted in her seat in nervousness.

"And the father?"

"I—" She hesitated looking at them and then at the paper and Harry knew something was wrong.

"The father, Ms Redfield." Harry repeated more firmly, his hands were clenched into tight fists as Redfield bit her lip, her eyes flickered between the three men before finally settling on Draco.

"The father is Draco Malfoy."

. . . .
Draco felt the air leave his lungs at her words, his body began to tremble vibrating the chair he sat on as he continued to stare ahead of him, past Redfield and out the window. He couldn't process this, it made no sense. He couldn't process anything. How could Scorpius be his? He had never slept with a woman; he had never cheated on his husbands, dammit!

It was impossible; there was no explanation on how this sweet, little boy could be his flesh and blood. He had no recollection of ever actually meeting Astoria after Hogwarts and especially not in the last two years.

He sat in silence, speechless as he stared unseeing past Redfield who was looking at him with concern and pity. He wanted to scream at that, he didn't want pity. He wanted answers.

"You're lying." He rasped out, his throat dry and scratchy.

Redfield sighed, turning her head to the side, "Mr Malfoy, I wouldn't lie about such a thing. Scorpius is your blood and heir, I'm sorry if that was sudden and unexpected."

Her words felt like a thousand knives stabbing at his beating heart, he felt lungs being constricted and he couldn't breathe. His breathing quickened his thoughts muddled and fuzzy as they raced a thousand per minute— desperately trying to find a reason to how and why and what— his head pounded just as loudly as his heart.

"Draco?"

The room was beginning to spin and Draco felt as if ice cream he had eaten a few hours ago was going to come up again at any second by the way his stomach churned. He clenched the side of his seat, his breathing coming out as pants and his eyes wide.

"Draco? Draco!"

There was a ringing in his ear and a voice, distorted and concerned, called out to him but he couldn't answer, he couldn't do anything at that moment. He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't feel Harry crouched down by his side or Blaise placing a hand on top of his own.
He felt a sense of panic as his heart tightened and he clutched his chest, tears springing to his eyes as the room blurred. He felt as if he was trying to breathe underwater, the air was stifling and tight, his lungs burned as it desperately tried to take in oxygen.

"Draco? Shit, he's hyperventilating, Blaise."

Then, suddenly, green eyes were in his face, a face full of concern and worry for him, a face he knew and loved; Harry. He could hear him telling him to calm down but he couldn't, not when his world had just tilted on its axis and he felt as he had been hit in the face by a bludger. How could anything be right again after this? How could they overcome this?

"Draco, calm down, love." The calm voice came to his right and he tried, merlin, he tried but he couldn't. The room was too tight, too concealed, there was no escape. No place to run from his problem, not this time. "Come on, amore, breathe."

He wanted to escape but he was caged like an animal, cornered and vulnerable. He didn't know what to do. Tears fell from his eyes, leaving a trail as they finally spilled over as he bent forward, he didn't want to lose them. Not them, not his lovers.

This could break their bond; he couldn't bear to see their accusing eyes, to see their betrayal. Everything was just so messed up and muddled, he let out a choked sob. His whole body trembling as he shook his head, frantically.

It was his fault that everything was going to shit, his fault that he couldn't be loved. He was a failure, he was useless.

"Draco!"

Then, everything went black.

....

"I said some shitty things in there, Blaise," Harry whispered, softly. He sat on the couch facing the fireplace, his green eyes illuminated brightly as the fire shone luminously in the room. Blaise sat next to him, silently, his thoughts disconcerted and muddled by the information that they had received.

After Draco had fainted, they had brought him home. Scorpius was confused and upset about what happened and Harry felt slightly guilty for putting a spoonful of calming draught in his milk before he put him to bed.

They were both exhausted but both were afraid to go asleep as they were; with doubts and confusion in their mind so they waited. The sun had long since rested and Harry knew if he wasn't so anxious and guilty his stomach would've growled in protest for not being fed.

"This is my entire fault," Harry went on, his voice thick with concealed emotions. "I wanted to this today, I allowed her to do that stupid test."

"It wouldn't have mattered," Blaise muttered, his head leaning against the couch. "If we had blood adopted Scor's parents, it would had refused Draco as an adopted parent since he is the biological father."

"I still said some shitty things about Scor's parents," Harry stared at his hands with guilty eyes, Blaise sat up to look at him. "I was prepared to look for them and kill them, Blaise, I'm a horrible person."

"You didn't know," Blaise said as he moved from his position to kneel in front of him, he brushed his knuckles against Harry's cheek. "Don't make assumptions until we know everything."
"I'm a fool," Harry let out a shaky breath. "Merlin, Blaise, I called Scorpius' parents scum! I called Draco scum, god, what kind of monster am I?" He whispered, his voice tight with distraught as he laid his head in his hands, trying to keep the tears that desperately wanted to fall at bay.

"And I said I would kill them if I ever found them," Blaise confessed softly, his head bent on top of Harry's knee. "We both said horrible things even Draco himself said things but right now, we can't assume anything. Not when everything is so confusing and unclear."

"I know," Harry said, lifting his head up. "I hope it isn't what it seems but I can't help but think—"

"Draco would never cheat on us," Blaise said, sharply, he didn't even want to play with such an idea. They had been through too much to be together, to let something like infidelity tear them apart. "That I know for sure."

"How do you know for sure?" Harry argued weakly, he really didn't mean to accuse Draco of cheating on them but it was his only defense if his assumptions became reality.

"I believe in Draco," Blaise said, simply, he lifted his left hand up and wiggled his ring finger where the silver ring adorned his finger. "I believe in what this stand for and so should you."

Harry looked away, nodding uncertainly. He wanted to believe it to be true just as much as Blaise did but the doubt still was in his heart. His heart had dropped to the pit of his stomach when Draco was named the father of Scorpius so he could only imagine what Draco was going through.

It hurt, he never thought it would hurt so much to find out that Draco, the one he had fallen utterly and completely in love with, could have a child outside of their marriage. It made insecurity gnaw at his heart and jealousy flare in his chest. He would hate for it to be true because he would have to kill Astoria; Draco was his-no, Draco was theirs.

"No matter what happens," Harry whispered after a moment of silence, his voice cracked and his hands clenched Blaise's shoulders. "I still love you both; you both have all of me."

"Forever," Blaise agreed, leaning up to place a loving kiss on his lips. "We'll get through this, my tesoro. I promise."

"I just hope Draco realize it as well." Harry said, softly, his eyes straying to the stairs. He wanted answers as much as the others but he wasn't sure who he could go to. The only one who could truly give them answers was Astoria and she was thousands of miles away from Britain.

He was so confused, it didn't make any sense. If Scorpius was truly Draco's, then, how did the toddler end up with Bellatrix and Death Eaters? Was Scorpius kidnapped or was there something deeper going on?

Why hadn't Draco been informed of his son, it seemed odd since Pureblood valued life and children, so why hadn't Astoria told Draco about his son and why did she let Death Eaters get to her son unless—

His eyes widened and his heart skipped a beat.

Unless, Astoria wasn't aware of Scorpius existence as well, if—if Scorpius was never truly meant for—

Blaise gave him a startled look when he pushed him away and stood up abruptly. Harry's eyes were widened with shock and fear and Blaise, for the life of him, couldn't think of one reason as to why Harry would look like that.
"Where are you going?" Blaise asked, concern and confusion on his face.

"I want to have tea." Harry said a bit too loudly, and Blaise could only give him a baffled look as he headed up the stairs instead of the kitchen.

"Harry Potter," Blaise muttered, narrowing his eyes as he watched his lover run up the stairs quickly. "What are you up to?"

Harry bit his lip before he entered the guest room and locked the door, he could only hope this worked as he climbed on to the bed and darkness engulfed him before his head could even reach the pillow.

The first thing Draco did when he woke up was turn to the side of the bed and vomit. He heaved long and hard, the bile dribbling down his chin as he pulled back. He coughed a little as he sat up on the bed, his mind groggy and still sleep addled.

"Here," A deep voice startled him and he was forced to look to his right as a hand turned his chin gently to meet chocolate brown eyes. "You have—"

"Blaise…" He whispered his eyes wide as he watched Blaise clean his face as if he was the most precious thing in the world.

It all came rushing back to him like one huge headache and he clenched his eyes closed at the pressure in his head before dread settled heavily like lead in his stomach. He had hoped it was all a horrible nightmare but it was real, all of it was fucking real.

Scorpius was his son.

"Draco," Blaise firm voice brought him back to reality and he looked at his lover as if he was the answer to his problem. "Don't." He knew exactly what Draco was thinking and he didn't want him to think they blamed him in any of this.

"Don't leave me." Draco said, instead, looking away to the side. It was embarrassing but his biggest fear was to lose his husbands.

"What?" Blaise asked, blinking at him. "Draco, we're not—"

"You're my air," Draco whispered, softly, his finger fiddling with the hem of the sheets. "And Harry is my sun; if I don't have you two then I would be lost suffocating in darkness."

"I know." Blaise hated seeing the usual confident, loud mouth Draco turn so unsure and distraught due to the revelation. "We're not going anywhere, amore."

Draco didn't show it but he was relieved, he was sure that they would leave; after all, no one would want to raise a child that wasn't theirs. Draco surely wouldn't want to.

"Where's Harry?" Draco asked after a moment.

"Sleeping in the guest room," Blaise answered, he nudged Draco's thigh. "He feels really guilty about what happened."

"He shouldn't, it should be me that—" Draco choked on his words.

"Hey," Blaise began, softly, lifting his chin up so he could meet his eyes. "It's going to be okay."
"You don't know that," Draco said, softly, pulling away from Blaise's grasp. "This is my entire fault; I'm such a screw up."

"You're not, Draco," Blaise said, firmly. He was absently running comforting circles on Draco's knee and, somehow, it soothed the blond's soul; to know Blaise was still there with him, it was mind boggling. "We'll get through this together."

"You're perfect," Draco looked at him, fondly, as he placed a hand on Blaise's. "I don't know what I did in this life to deserve you; either of you."

"You're the one that's perfect, since the day I met you I was infatuated with you," Blaise confessed, "I don't think I will ever get over how perfect you are."

"I'm far from perfect," Draco shook his head, "I fucked up like I always do." His hand reached over to his sleeved left forearm, almost subconsciously.

"Stop it," Blaise said, firmly. He pulled Draco's hand away from where the dark mark was forever etched in his arm. "You know we don't hold that shit against you and we'll figure this thing out together."

Draco didn't say anything; he didn't know what to say. He couldn't accept the fact that his biggest mistake still glared at him every time he looked in the mirror. He was marked by another man and he could never forgive himself for that, could never forget his childish mistakes.

"You need to forgive yourself already, Draco," Blaise said, his eyes holding so much sadness that it broke Draco's heart. "You need to forget and leave the past behind us."

"I know," Draco said in a soft voice. "I'm trying." He truly was, every day was a struggle to accept his faults and become a better person, not for himself but for his lovers who stood by him even after everything he's done.

They sat there in a peaceful silence, one where Draco felt that everything would be alright eventually but he couldn't help himself when his mind began to stray to Scorpius.

"Scorpius…" Draco thought not for the first time how Scorpius must've felt; how lost and confused his baby boy must be. No one was there to explain anything to him.

"Scorpius doesn't blame you, none of us does." Blaise was quick to reassure, knowing exactly what was going through his husband's mind.

"Make it go away, Blaise," Draco begged, burrowing his face back into the pillow. "You promised when we got together...you promised you'd get rid of all my demons."

"And I have, Draco," Blaise said a bit harshly, pulling the blond back up by his forearm. "All of your fears and your doubts, I've shielded you from all of it but this…" Blaise sighed, "This is something you have to get rid of, Draco. Stop running from your problems, Draco, and fight them head on."

"But I don't know how," Draco hissed, angered. "How can I deal with this shit? If Scorpius is mine then that means...oh Merlin." He felt as if he was going to vomit again and it was only Blaise hand on his arm that held him upright.

"Draco, only you know what you've done, so, have you cheated on us?" Blaise asked, gently, he tried to keep his voice leveled and calm to not alarm his lover.
"Of course not," Draco said, vehemently. "I love you both...I could never cheat on either of you and I haven't, never." He wrapped his arms around himself. "This is why all of this doesn't make bloody sense."

"It doesn't," Blaise agreed as he scooted closer and pulled Draco on to his lap. "I love you; I hope you don't ever forget that." He nuzzled Draco's neck with his nose, laying soft kisses down the pale skin.

"I know and I love you too," Draco clenched his eyes shut before he pushed Blaise back. "You're amazing and patient with me even when I mess up...I can never do anything right but...but I-I have to face this, I have to do this." Draco climbed off Blaise's lap and pulled on his cloak that was on the side of the bed. He turned to stroke the side of Blaise's cheek fondly. "I'm so unworthy of the love you both give me, I don't know what I did to deserve it but I won't let anything get between the greatest things that have happened to me."

"Where are you going?" Blaise groaned out, irritated. It was the second time in one night he was blown off by both his lovers.

"Out, I'll be back in a few hours." Draco said, curtly, a determined look on his face as he apparated.

Blaise let out a frustrated sigh before he flopped back onto the back, gazing blankly up at the ceiling. "Bugar."

. . . .

"You wish for my presence, Harry Potter?" Harry snapped his eyes open and he was relieved to see himself in the white room with Aida sitting in front of him. He stood up slowly; Aida sat at a table with a pot of tea and two cups in front of her.

"Please, have tea with me." Aida said, as Harry walked towards her warily and sat down.

"It actually worked," Harry said, baffled as Aida handed him the tea. "I can't believe it."

"Of course, it did." Aida said, unfazed at his confusion as she sipped at her tea. "You wish to ask me about Scorpius Malfoy and Draco Malfoy correct?"

Harry shook his head, to clear his thoughts before he glared at her. "You knew, didn't you?" His tone was accusatory as she pushed away a stray strand of hair.

"Yes, I was aware," Aida said, softly. "Everything that has happened was meant to happen." She added cryptically and it only irked Harry more.

"So, you're still playing with my life?" Harry said, sourly. "You're the reason we found him isn't it?"

Aida sighed, placing her teacup on the table before she looked at Harry. He shifted nervously in his seat as those opal eyes looked directly at him. "I lead you to the right path but your decisions were solely your own."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Harry asked with a frown.

"You never asked," She replied with a tiny smile and Harry felt his anger grow. "I apologize if that was expected of me."

Harry sighed, rubbing his face in frustration. "Alright, but how is Scorpius Draco's son? I mean, I would hope that Draco never cheated on us."
"He hasn't." Aida confirmed in a cryptic tone.

"Then, how—?" He trailed off as a sudden realization hit him like a ton of bricks. His wide eyes met calm opal eyes as he whispered with dread, "So...my suspicions were right?"

Aida merely gave him a tiny, sad smile.

Long distance apparating was a bitch.

Draco soon realized this when he landed softly in front of a two story house and he felt his legs go numb and nausea wash over him. He groaned stumbling forward as the world continued to spin for what felt like hours and his stomach twisted into knots.

He had stopped at his parents' house at first to find out the whereabouts of Astoria Greengrass and after he had promised to tell them everything later on, the address was written for him and he was now standing in front of her house in Paris.

He stood there unsure as to whether to knock or not, he was afraid. He was afraid of what he might learn from this visit, if he truly had cheated on his lovers. How could he ever face them again?

He took a deep breath; he had to do this, he had to conquer this fear. He had to stop running. He knocked loudly, watching from the corner of his eye as the lights flickered open and the door opened a moment later.

"Astoria?" He breathed out, his eyes wide. He took a step back as he saw Scorpius in her face, the button nose, the bright, sky blue eyes and that rounded chin— that was his baby's chin.

It made the situation more real and less falsified, it made him sick.

She blinked and her face morphed from irritation to pleasant surprise. "Draco? How wonderful to see you," She took a step back. "Please, come in."

Draco nodded, dumbfounded, as he silently entered the house. His heart thudded heavily against his chest and he suddenly wished he hadn't come by himself—heck, even Pansy would do right about now.

"Would you like some tea?" Astoria asked, gently. "What has brought you all the way to Paris if I may ask? I mean this is so sudden and quite shocking, I haven't seen you since you eloped with your husbands. How are they by the way?"

She was as polite and courteous as the first time he had met her and it made it even harder to hate her. "They are fine," He looked up at her to stare at her directly. "We have a son, now."

"Oh, that's wonderful." She gushed, smiling gently. "I am so happy for you, you adopted correct?" She tilted her head to the side in such an innocent manner that it made Draco's blood boil.

"Actually, I came to speak to you about that." Draco said, firmly.

"Me? Why?" Astoria looked curious and seemed to have not a clue that she had a son. Draco wasn't sure if it was all an act or if she truly didn't know, he desperately hoped it was the latter.

"I don't know how to say this, Astoria." Draco let out a breath.

"Draco, just tell me." Astoria tried to catch his eye but he looked anywhere but at her.
"Well, you see, a few months ago during a raid, Harry and I found a small child that was about two years old." He clenched his fist; it sounded horrible even to his own ears. He wanted to scream and shout, pull his hair out and just die because he was the father of Scorpius and he allowed this to happen.

"Yes…" She prodded slowly with an elegant brow raised after a few seconds of silence.

"We planned to have a blood adoption and today, they finally approved it but they had to do this test to see who the biological parents and…" He let out a sigh.

Astoria's eyes began to widen as she caught on to what he was trying to say, "No…"

"He has blond hair and beautiful blue eyes, like the sky." Draco said, softly. "Like his mother."

Astoria turned away, shaking her head fiercely as tears sprung from her eyes, "No."

"He is the most precious boy ever; he is sweet, smart, curious and lovely, my baby boy." He let out a shaky breath as he turned to look at her fully. "His name is Scorpius James Malfoy, his father is Draco Malfoy and his mother is…Astoria Greengrass." Draco went on, his nails pinching the skin on his palm painfully.

"That can't be true," Astoria whispered she took a step back. "I've never been pregnant."

Draco's eyes widened in dread and he stepped forward, trying to sense any deceit from her but found none. "Don't mess with me, Astoria."

"I haven't!" She cried out, clenching her eyes closed. "Don't fuck with me, Astoria!" He snapped, grabbing her by her shoulders and shaking her. Her brown hair flew wildly at the force he shook her. "Don't say that!" It had to be true because if it wasn't then—

He couldn't bear to think of what other methods were done to bring Scorpius to this world and the thought alone made him sick.

"He has to be yours, we did a paternity spell," Draco's breathing was becoming labored. "He has to be yours."

"I never even went to bed with you, Draco," She spat out. "You're insane."

"Then, my sperm or a plan of sorts," Draco growled out. "A Malfoy heir would be very valuable, wouldn't you say?" She looked almost hurt at the accusation as if he had betrayed her somehow.

"Draco," Astoria looked up at him with teary eyes and trembling lips and, in that moment, Draco knew the truth and he felt sick. "I swear on my magic I have never stolen your sperm nor have I conspired against you in any way. I haven't thought about you in all these years until now!"

Draco released his hold on her as if he was burned, his eyes wide as he stared at her. He believed her, goddammit, he believed her. He was trembling as he took a step back, his eyes wide as he looked at the wall past her, a sense of horror rushing through him and he fell to his hands and knees, he could feel Astoria kneel down next to him trying to comfort but her warmth only felt corrupted and vile, he pushed her away.

"Then...where did Scorpius come from?"
Blaise groaned as he was shaken awake, he opened one bleary eye to catch sight of green eyes and wild, messy hair before he sucked his teeth and turned around, his back facing Harry as he pulled the covers over his head.

"Go away; I'm not talking to you." He muttered as he tried to settle back under the covers. "You both left me high and dry."

"Blaise, wake up!" Harry practically growled as he pulled off the covers and Blaise shivered as the cold air hit him. "Do you want me to cast Aguamenti on you?"

"Alright, I'm up," He rubbed his eyes before he looked up at Harry, "What time is it?"

"Two in the morning," Harry bit his lip. "Listen, where is Draco? I checked on Scorpius and he's still sleeping."

Blaise yawned before he settled back on the bed, his back leaning against the headboard. "I don't know, he just left after we talked some."

"Shit, that's mean he's already in Paris." Harry groaned as he sat heavily on the bed. "Shit."

"Am I missing something?" Blaise muttered, tugging at Harry's shirt. "Come cuddle with me."

"No, Blaise, this is serious," Harry swatted away his hands.

"How serious?" Blaise asked, raising an eyebrow. "Serious enough to not have sex with me?" Harry groaned in annoyance, any other time he would smile at Blaise's antics but this was a serious matter so he pulled away from his husbands and sat away from him.

"Scorpius is from my world, you dolt!" Harry huffed, crossing his arms.

Blaise sat up, alarmed and shock marring his features as the information settled in. "What? How is that—?

"Possible?" Harry finished for him, his head in his hands. "I don't know, the person who sent me here didn't bring Scorpius here." He looked at Blaise with solemn eyes. "Bellatrix did."

Blaise growled, sitting up fully as his hands clenched into tight fist and his brown eyes darkened with anger. "What does that bitch want with Scorpius?"

"I don't know," Harry said, softly. "And that's what bothers me the most." He didn't know how Bellatrix thought but he knew nothing good would come out of Bellatrix's interest with Scorpius.

Draco had a massive headache when he landed softly inside his living room at four in the morning. He was exhausted and his mind was too fried and tired to think of much so he was rather surprised when he, unconsciously, went upstairs and headed to Scorpius' room instead of his own.

He opened the room door, slowly, and let out a small breath; little snitches flew through the walls, illuminated by the spell Draco casted on them when he had decorated the room. He took slow deliberate steps towards where Scorpius slept on his bed.

Draco knelt next to the bed and brushed a hand through Scorpius' hair that was so much like his own. How could he not realize it? Maybe, he had always known and he tried to ignore it, prayed it
wasn't true but the evidence was there, sleeping peacefully right in front of him.

Scorpius was his son.

It was both amazing and disconcerting because he still didn't know how he had come about and it made Draco feel unsettled as if he was missing a piece to a vital puzzle.

"I'm sorry, baby," Draco whispered, looking at a snitch that hovered over the bed. "For everything."

"Daddy…" He looked down to see sleepy, blue eyes looking up at him. "Daddy okay?"

Draco smiled, fondly, his baby boy was so caring, "Yeah, mini me, I'm okay." He leaned forward and pulled him out of bed and into his lap; Scorpius wrapped his hands around him in a tight hug. They both needed this, he was sure. It didn't erase the confusion or hurt but it was therapeutic, it was comforting. Draco didn't know how long he sat there with his son in his arms but he knew he never wanted to let go.

"Love ya, Daddy." Scorpius whispered in his ear and Draco will continue to wonder how he had managed to have such a wonderful family but they were his and he wouldn't trade them for the world. "Be okay, kay?"

Draco sniffled and chuckled, nodding his head as he buried his head in Scorpius' soft hair. "I will be, Scorpius, I will be."
The Storm Rages On

Chapter Summary

Life is a series of pulls, back and forth.
You want to do one thing but you are bound to do something else.
Something hurts you, yet, you know it shouldn't.
-Mitch Albom

Chapter Notes

Okay, I know I suck lol, this has been sitting in my Google Drive for the longest and just...yeah...I have no excuse except that I suck! Ugh! Sorry! In this chapter, you will see why I don't do sex scenes easily, I suck at them lol enjoy, nonetheless!

Draco woke up early morning to a hand caressing his hair; he shivered at the sensation as he turned away from the hand. "That hasn't worked on me since we were twelve." He mumbled, still half-asleep and it was then he realized he was still on the soft carpet of Scorpius' bedroom with his son in his arms, sleeping peacefully.

The deep chuckle that came from his husband caused him to shiver again before he turned and opened one eye to see Blaise crouched over them, his eyes dark with mirth. "I can't believe you fell asleep down here. It looks horribly uncomfortable."

"I'm too big for the bed," He replied, simply, sticking out his tongue childishly. "Sue me."

"Come on, it's still early. You can sleep on an actual bed." Blaise said, taking Scorpius in his arms and putting him in his bed. He pulled the covers over the toddler before placing a kiss on his forehead before turning back to his husband.

"Carry me, too, baby." Draco requested as his eyes closed shut, his hands raised in the air and making grabby motions.

"It's like I have two children." Blaise huffed, shaking his head in amusement as he bent over and picked his husband up, bridal style, and walked out the room, closing the door softly behind him.

"What time is it?" Draco mumbled against his bare chest causing him to shiver. He snuggled closer to the heat source and caressed the muscles that were displayed before him. "You're very sexy." He slurred, half-asleep already as he caressed Blaise's chest.

"I'm glad that I please you." Blaise responded, amused.

"Time?" Draco asked, again.

"Five. The bed felt empty without you taking all the sheets." Blaise answered as he pushed the door to the bedroom open. Draco peeked through one eye to find Harry sprawled like a starfish on the
king sized bed.

"Well, that didn't take long." Blaise said, smiling softly.

"He's such a bed whore." Draco said with an affectionate tone.

"He gets it from you."

"Aw, that's sweet," Draco smiled softly, kissing his chest softly before giving his nipples a pinch causing Blaise to groan and tighten his grip. "Utterly cute."

"You're such a tease, amore." Blaise pecked him on the cheek before he placed him on the bed. Draco pushed Harry who jolted awake, blinked sleepily at him before he pulled him into his arms once he recognized who was next to him. Draco sighed as he scooted closer into his husband's arms and lay on his chest.

"Where've you been?" Harry asked, sleepily, as Blaise slipped under the covers behind him.

"Fell asleep in Scorpius' room," Draco responded suddenly wide awake. "No biggie."

Harry hummed before he closed his eyes, already fast asleep.

Draco stared at his chest, tracing the outline of his every scar and imperfection he could find in the darkness. The events that happened yesterday were suddenly in the forefront of his mind and he couldn't help but fret about what they were going to do.

"You're panicking," Blaise murmured in his ear and Draco let out a slow breath. Blaise knew him too well. "Stop it."

"I can't help it, Blaise." Draco whispered, not wanting to wake Harry for his mini panic attack. "It's just that—"

"Stop it, Draco."

"That's easy for you to say, you didn't sire a child."

"This is still my problem...our problem," He leaned down and kissed him slowly, "I love you, Harry loves you, and you love you." Draco lip quirked up at that. "We will get through this and Scorpius is still ours, still our son. More so now than before."

"You're so perfect," Draco said, leaning up to kiss him again. "I want to suck whoever's cock that made you so perfect."

"I don't think my mother would appreciate that." Blaise said, smiling.

Draco shuddered at that, his stomach rolling at the thought of his bitch of an in-law. "I take that back."

"But I'll gladly take her place if you're still willing to suck someone's cock." Draco grinned at that because that was so Blaise, the Blaise he fell in love with and he could never tire of him.

"I love you."

"I love you too. We'll talk in a few hours."

He turned to snuggle up into him as Blaise wrapped an arm around him and his fingers touching
Harry's hips. He still wasn't sure what he did in this life to be with the two most amazing people in the world but he would never question it again.

"No, seriously, you want to suck my cock?" Blaise asked, again, a few minutes later of silence.

Draco looked up at him in the darkness with a glare, "Fuck you." he grumbled and he could almost see the dark grin on his husbands face.

"That's the whole point," Blaise murmured cheekily as he rubbed the expanse of skin that was exposed as his shirt rode up causing Draco to shiver as he was lifted and gently placed on Blaise's chest. Harry's light snoring filling in the silence as Draco yawned, looking down at Blaise. "You wanna ride me?" His voice filled with amusement.

Draco was not amused, though, as he took the pillow next to him and suffocated his husband.

The first thing Draco realized when he woke up next was that he was alone in the bed, both his husbands already up and he groaned at the feel of cold empty space next to him, he rolled out of the bed. He sighed, trudging into the bathroom. He took a quick shower and brushed his teeth before he dressed in a loose fitting silver button-up shirt and black slacks, not bothering with shoes as he didn't feel up to going anywhere today.

When he entered the kitchen, Harry was sitting on top of the counter, swiping bacon each time Blaise laid them on the plate next to him and drinking coffee while Blaise cooked. The radio was on, a Weird Sister song crooning softly through the room.

"Merlin, turn that shit off," Draco grumbled as he went to Harry, who leaned down to kiss him. Draco swiped at his mouth, tasting the bacon that he had eaten before. "It's sappy and horrid." He added once he pulled away.

"And don't believe that magic can die," Harry teased, singing off key and horrible along with the radio against his lips. "No, no, no, this magic can't die."

"Horrid." Draco stated but grinned nonetheless as he kissed him again, moving to stand between his legs. "Don't quit your day job."

"I think I hit that last note rather well, actually," Harry said, grinning as he jumped off the counter causing Draco to take a step back. "I bet I would have tons of fans."

"Of course you would, if only for the mere fact that you're Harry bloody Potter." Draco sniped back, affection in his tone. "The girls would go crazy for 'Harry and the Potters.'"

"It'd be magical." Blaise put his own input as he closed the stove and leaned against the counter next to them. "Horrid singing but magical."

Harry laughed as he spun them around and Draco found him trapped between the boy-who-lived and the counter. Draco jumped up on the counter and wrapped his arms around his neck. "I missed you yesterday." Harry said, nuzzling his neck.

Draco's gut twisted with guilt and he swallowed, "I'm sorry...I went to go see Astoria."

Harry pulled back in surprise, "Draco..."

"She had nothing to do with it, Harry," His hold tightened around Harry's neck and he sighed, "I
don't even know what to think anymore."

"It's okay, Draco..." Blaise said, soothingly, from the side of him but the reassurance only seemed to anger him.

"No, it's not okay," Draco snapped, his arms tensing. "I have a son and I don't even have a clue how he is even in existence." He could panic bubbling right under the surface again and he felt like running, running far away and never stopping. He wasn't sure if from his own fears or the truth. He felt soft lips on his own and he instantly relaxed against the comforting pressure.

"Hey, calm down, love," Harry said, soothingly, as Blaise moved closer to him. "We found out yesterday... Scorpius came from my world... Bellatrix brought him here."

Draco's eyes widened in shock and he leaned back, "What?"

"It's true; it could be the only explanation we have at the moment." Blaise said, crossing his arms. "Bellatrix may-"

"No, fuck Bellatrix," Draco said, vehemently. "I don't care about her. What bothers me... is... I mean... it's— do I have to send my baby back?" He asked, desperately, holding Harry's neck so tightly that he was sure it hurt by now.

Please, no, he couldn't—

Draco's heart twisted as Harry and Blaise shared a glance between each other and he knew it was true, he would lose Scorpius and no matter how much he loved the boy, he couldn't keep him. He wasn't his son—not in the technical sense, at least.

He belonged to another world.

He could only imagine what his other self was feeling, to have his son ripped from him and not knowing where he'd gone, it must hurt. It only made Draco feel worse thinking about it and he had to grip Harry tighter to keep himself from slouching forward at the weight of his emotions.

He never gave a thought of ever giving his son up and now he would have to, now he was forced to. It hurt, it hurt to know that Scorpius didn't belong with him, didn't belong in this world. That he could be happier somewhere else and it hurt him more than he could ever imagine.

He never wanted to lose Scorpius.

His eyes burned and his chest tightened as his breath quickened, thoughts swirling in his mind at the possibilities, of how Scorpius would feel, if he would blame himself or would he blame Draco?

"Oh, god... oh, god..." Draco covered his mouth as he felt his stomach lurch and he wanted to vomit.

"Draco," He looked up at the sharp tone and saw green eyes. "Calm down, please."

"Amore, we don't know if we can even send Scorpius back to his world. The person, who brought Harry here, didn't bring Scorpius. The only one that could bring Scorpius back is—"

"Bellatrix," Draco finished, quietly, he clenched his fist tightly. "That doesn't mean he will stay, Scorpius... is leaving us."

"I'm sorry, Draco," Harry said, he rested his forehead against his own. "I am so sorry."

Draco's eyes prickled with tears again because Harry was just too righteous, too good. It was a
disgustingly endearing trait. "It isn't your fault."

"It is...it is... I am so stupid..." Harry said, rubbing his hair in frustration but he didn't elaborate any further. His breath evened as he kept his emotions in check.

"It's no one fault." Draco said, gently, cradling his face in his hands. "We'll get through this." He wasn't sure how well he could get over losing Scorpius—because no matter in what world that was still his son, his blood. "We'll get through this."

"I love you," Harry whispered and Draco's chest tightened—he would never tire of hearing that and he nodded, closing his eyes as Harry kissed him, tongue slipping into mouth, tracing every crevice in his mouth. "I love you so much." Harry added as he pulled back from the kiss.

"Where's Scorpius?" His voice was rough, how could he look into those ocean blue eyes without breaking down any time soon? "I need to see him."

"He's with my parents for the day." Harry said, "Mum thought it would do us good with all the stress lately."

"Yeah," Draco nodded, as he let out a breath. "Yeah."

"Like you said, Draco, it will be fine." Blaise said, softly, kissing his neck and Draco could only nod in agreement. It would be fine, not perfect, but everything would be fine. Draco wanted to believe it, he wanted to so badly but he couldn't find it in himself; to find anything fine if Scorpius was gone.

It was after breakfast that Draco finally calmed down enough not to pause each time he said Scorpius' name or not look with pain and longing at where the tiny blond would've sat if he was there causing as much noise as a two year old could possibly make. Harry thought it was a huge improvement and was very impressed when Draco didn't have a tantrum. Draco was still on top of the counter as Harry kissed down his neck, nipping softly at the white skin that was displayed before him.

"Kitchen sex, Potter?" Draco asked, bemusedly, tilting his head back for Harry to have better access to his neck as he made no motion to stop him. "Kinky."

"You talk too much." Harry growled, biting harshly at his pulse point causing Draco to yelp as the pain and pleasure shot through him.

Draco groaned as Blaise joined them, attacking the other side of his neck. "I know what you're trying to do." He gasped as Blaise licked up his neck before nibbling on his ear.

"Oh, really?" Blaise asked, his voice husky and deep causing Draco to shiver. He lowered his hand and stroked Draco's growing erection over his clothed pants. "What exactly are we doing, amore?"

"Distracting me," Draco groaned again as Harry slid him closer and dipped his hand into his pants to stroke his arse. "Continue."

"We don't plan to stop."

"Not in the near future, at least," Harry added, chuckling.
"Good." Draco groaned his head tilted back as Harry vanished his pants and his cock sprang up against his stomach, Harry licked his lips before he bent forward and took his length in mouth and Draco let out a shout. "Fuck, Harry!" He wrapped his fingers around Harry's messy hair, his eyes closed and his mouth opened in ecstasy.

Blaise hummed as he kissed him, slipping his tongue into his mouth as he slipped a hand through Draco's shirt, sliding up his chest before he pinched his nipples causing Draco to arch and groan at the sensation. He groaned in disappointment as Harry lifted off his cock and pulled Blaise towards him into a heated kiss, both fighting for dominance over the other and Draco had never seen anything hotter than that.

"Hello, hi, I'm still here!" Draco snapped, causing them to pull away from each other and looked towards the disheveled and half naked blond. "This is my time."

"It's always your time in the delusional world you live in," Harry said, smiling as he moved closer kissing down his neck. "You have no sense of reality outside of yourself."

"I don't mind." Blaise said, as he ripped open Draco's shirt, buttons flying in every direction and leaned down to lick a wet trail down his chest. "He's perfect."

"Suck up," Harry muttered against his neck and Draco couldn't help but grin. "He just wants to get in your pants."

"He doesn't even need to try." Draco replied as Blaise pulled him off the counter and Draco instinctively wrapped his legs around his waist as Harry slid around him to stand behind him, supporting his weight as well.

Blaise kissed his chest lovingly as Harry summoned lube and shivered as he felt the first finger enter him. He rocked back against it as Harry added another and Blaise nuzzled his neck. Draco was in bliss as he bucked against Blaise causing him to stumble back from the sudden movement as an electric shock shot through him causing him to see stars.

"Found it," Harry said, triumphantly, as Draco groaned, rocking back into those delightful fingers in hopes of Harry hitting that sweet spot once more. "Like that, huh?"

"Harry," Draco gasped out, pulling away from Blaise to try and glare at the grinning raven haired. "If you don't fuck me right now—" He let out another ecstatic scream as Harry pushed against his prostate once more.

"You were saying?" Harry asked, innocently, as he pulled out his fingers and lined his cock to his arse. Draco tried pushing back against the hardness but was restrained by Blaise's hands wrapped firmly on his waist.

"Just do it!"

"So eager." Harry muttered before he surged forward, his hips snapping forward as he entered him and Draco groaned in pain at the stretch, feeling full. He could feel Blaise rubbing against his cock, his mouth licking and nipping at his neck determined to leave a hickey there.

Draco leaned back against Harry as he set a slow pace that drove him wild, so different from Blaise who liked it rough and fast. "Shit, Harry! Faster!"

"So tight...love your arse...love you, baby..." Harry muttered against his back as he sped up his
pace, hitting Draco's sweet spot each time.

It was then that Draco heard a soft thump from behind Blaise and he looked up in a moment of clarity from his sex induced haze and his insides froze. He knew he should feel some type of way rather than just pleasure but he couldn't find it in him when he was being so thoroughly fucked.

"Blaise...love...ngh...Merlin..." He panted, his eyes rolling back as he was overwhelmed by the stimulation of Harry pounding into him and Blaise rubbing his cock against his own. "Where...is...your mother?"

Blaise groaned at the distraction, biting into his bruised neck again at the question. "Draco, why are you talking about that evil bitch while we are having sex?"

"My cock is wilting," Harry added in agreement, his face buried in his back. Draco groaned, burying his face into Blaise's chest—he was so close—as he forgot why he even brought Blaise's mother up in the first place—

"Because that evil bitch is right behind you," A cold voice said from behind him causing Harry to look up and shuddered as he ejaculated inside Draco's arse and Draco doing the same, blushing as come splattered all over his chest and Blaise's too.

Oh, right.

"Ah, fuck." Blaise muttered, not even looking back as he came, as well.

"Never have I been so mortified in my life!"

"I'm more mortified that I came to the sight of you." Draco muttered, sourly, crossing his arms as he sat between Harry and Blaise, both of them shooting him a look. Draco felt like a child that was being punished as Carla Zabini paced in front of them, they had moved to the living room after they all dressed, their faces showing their embarrassment and horror.

It would've been funny if Carla wasn't so furious with them.

Draco never hid his hatred for his mother-in-law, the woman was a true bitch in every sense of the word and she showed it at every opportunity that she was given.

"Blaise Zabini, I have raised you to be the epitome of a gentleman and not a primal jungle monkey." She looked at her soon with narrowed chocolate brown eyes and Draco could see where Blaise had gotten his deadly beauty from.

If Carla Zabini was anything, it was beautiful with caramel, smooth skin and curly, mid-back black hair and a visage that would put any woman to shame. Her perfect nose, her perfect dark eyes and delicate, pink lips.

All of her was so perfect. All of her was so evil.

Yes, he understood why Carla Zabini was a deadly beauty and a widow. Seven times.

"Mother, please, if you would just calm down." Blaise tried to reason with her, his face stoic as it always was when talking to his mother and Draco hated that too. That this woman could change his sweet, loving Blaise to this stoic, cold man. It was chilling. "I could explain."
"It wasn't what it looked like." Draco added, helpfully, causing Blaise to give him a dark look urging to him to just shut up. "Honest." He added, quickly, before he made a zipping motion with his mouth, promising he wouldn't speak.

For now.

"You are a pureblood." She sneered and her eyes flickered to Harry for a brief moment and there, there was the reason Draco could never love his mother-in-law. "You have been raised a certain way because you are above everyone else. Why do you sully yourself with useless blood, Blaise?"

She hated Harry.

She made Voldemort's hatred for lesser blood look like child's play as she enjoyed ripping Harry to shreds and Harry—bless his kind soul—took it for the sake of Blaise.

"Why do you insist on showing that you dirty your blood each day in the presence of those beneath you?" She went on, vehemently. "It is truly shameful, Blaise."

It pissed Draco off.

"Well, we can't be entirely sure of that, Carla," He interjected with a sweet smile that was so fake he was sure his lips were twitching from the forced stretch. "Blaise's father is debatable especially with your…reputation across the wizarding world. Tell me will this be your eighth or ninth marriage we will be attending this coming Yule and how long must we wait until the funeral? So, I can plan appropriate attire, of course."

Two can play at that game.

He ignored Blaise's pinch at his leg for him to stop provoking and Harry's look of horror at his ballsy move but he couldn't just sit around while Carla degraded Harry—only he could do that.

Carla replied with a sweet smile of her own that would be dazzling if she wasn't so evil, "Draco Malfoy, it is so lovely to see you. I see Lucius lack of parental upbringing has finally caught up with you. Intercourse in the kitchen is as dignified as the Malfoys will get."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," Draco offered with a smirk. His eyes were cold as he stared at her, his hands clenched into tight fist, the only indication of his anger. "And enjoyable, as well."

"Of course, Malfoy's always seem to make ill-mannered decisions; unsanitary and undignified as they may be." Her smiled turned sympathetic and he was going to give her a sharp retort back but was cut off.

"Mrs Zabini, firstly, it is good to see you, truly," Draco stifled a smile at the obvious sarcasm that dripped from Harry's tone.

His baby was growing up.

"But why are you here?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

Carla looked at him as if he was dirtiest dung she had ever seen before she turned to Blaise, "Blaise, why do you hold your pet on such a loose leash?"

Both Harry and Draco had to hold Blaise's arms to prevent him from lunging at his own mother, "Mother, stop." He growled, growled and, shit, if that wasn't the sexiest fucking noise Draco had
ever heard.

"He obviously isn't trained," She sniffed and Draco considered, for a moment, to let go of Blaise to have his way with his mother. "Typical half-blood; no tact and no practice in social environment," She sneered as she glared at Harry, "He should be caged."

"Mother!" Blaise shouted, his voice sharp and his eyes dark with rage. "You are my mother but if you speak ill of my husband like that once more, I will not be held accountable for my actions."

"You dare defy me, boy?" Carla asked, raising a perfectly sculpted eyebrow in surprise at Blaise's defiance. "I knew I should have never given you such liberty, I should have married you off the first chance I received."

"Mother, why are you here?" All the fight seemed to seep out of Blaise as he slumped back into his seat and Draco rubbed a hand on his thigh, trying to calm his frazzled nerves.

"Even in Italy, there are papers, Blaise," Carla, sniffed, "It's the only thing that people are speaking of; I've heard plenty from the papers that you have a son now. Is that true, il mio bello?"

"Yes," Blaise said, stiffly, still angered at his mother's treatment of Harry. Harry placed a hand over his to calm him. "Is that all?"

"No, that isn't all, Blaise." Carla said, sharply, and Draco stiffened readying to grab Blaise again if Carla said the wrong thing. "This arrangement you have with—"

"My husbands, mother," Blaise snapped, it was as if his voice was dripping with acid. "They are my husbands."

"This is not normal, Blaise, you are indulging them and I have tolerated your actions for quite some time, now," Carla gave Harry another disgusted look and Draco was the one, this time, who felt the urge to rip her to shreds. "But it has come to a time where you need to begin to think seriously of your future and a coupling that will benefit you. This is the last time I will ask before I take more drastic measures…cease this."

"We are married, Mother, I know that doesn't mean anything to you but it does to me. I am not indulging anyone. I love them and they love me, and if you can't accept that than I suggest you never contact me again."

Draco found great pleasure at Carla's struck look, and Harry had a proud smile on his face.

"Blaise, how dare you? You stupid child, I am giving you a chance to leave this phase of your life behind you before you realize your mistake. I can only tolerate so much before it becomes enough. They are your destruction; you will amount to nothing if you have these men holding you back—"

"No, lady, how dare you?" Harry shouted, shooting up from his seat causing both of his husbands to look at him with startled looks. "How dare you come to our home and berate us on what you think is wrong? You have no right, no right! I can tolerate being attacked, heck, even I think to myself 'how the hell did I get so lucky to have these gorgeous men by my side' but never," Draco shivered at the sudden intense pressure that settled into the room, the glass windows groaning at the powerful magic. "Never insult my husbands, Blaise is the most talented person I know and Draco is perfect, bratty and all. I am not detrimental to their success and I am not going anywhere. They are mine."

Carla looked affronted at the rant and took a step back, "You insolent little brat, how dare you..."

"Mother, please, just leave." Blaise cut in before she could get riled up, sighing tiredly. "I am happy
to see you are well but...I won't tolerate you coming into my home and demanding things. Nothing you will say will change my decision to be with them."

Carla huffed, gaining back her confidence as she sneered at Harry who gladly glared back before she turned to Blaise and gave him a pointed look, "We will be in touch, Blaise."

Draco sighed in relief when she apparated with a tiny pop and leaned against Blaise as he slouched, "I'm sorry, babe, but your mom is The Bitch."

Blaise let out a choked laugh and Draco rubbed his shoulder, knowing how he must feel to know his mother didn't approve of his choices. "Tell me about it."

"She's more than a bitch," Harry muttered, sourly, "They need a new word for her kind of bitchiness. I can't believe someone like...Blaise can come from that."

"He is flawless, isn't he?" Draco grinned, leering at Blaise's arse as the man turned to lay on his stomach. "Merlin blessed us, everyone."

"Bloody fantastic." Harry nodded, seriously.

"I would break anyone's balls who would dare say they've seen a better specimen." Draco said, solemnly, wrapping himself around his husband and sneaking a hand down to stroke Blaise's arse.

"You handled her well, though," Blaise said, looking up at him as he smiled softly. "You did good."

"She was talking shit about you, I couldn't let her do that." Harry said, shrugging.

"Harry is hot when he loses control." Draco said, simply, fanning himself with one hand while his other was still on Blaise's bum. "I want to have your babies, love."

"Draco, you can't have babies." Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, but we can always try." Draco waggled his eyebrows. "All night long."

"You're frightening when you get like this." Harry shook his head, "I'm just glad I didn't have to lose my temper, she could've exploded or something."

"You are my god."
"Honestly, is it 'barge into our home uninvited' week?" Blaise asked the next morning as he walked into the kitchen with Scorpius on his hip and saw the uninvited guest sitting next to Draco, sipping on tea. "No offense to you, Astoria."

"None taken, Blaise." She nodded at him, giving him a weak smile before her eyes flitted to the toddler in his arms. Harry was at the stove cooking breakfast and gave him a look after his words.

"Trust me; I am as baffled as you are." Draco said, looking disgruntled.

"I am sorry...I…"

"Of course, it would be nice to know why you here but…" Blaise cut in with a shrug, raising an eyebrow calmly. "You aren't here to steal Draco and Scorpius away and go play family are you?"

"As if she can tie down this stallion," Draco muttered into his tea, giving Astoria another evil side glance. "Though, I wouldn't put it past her to spike my tea."

"Honestly, you two," Harry said, exasperatedly as he moved away from the stove, "I gave you that tea and I should've spiked it so you could shut the hell up and she isn't here to steal anyone...I invited her."

"You what?!" Blaise and Draco shouted in surprise, simultaneously, Scorpius winced at the loud noise and Blaise rubbed his back in apology.

"I did," Harry frowned at them both, "I explained to her the situation we are all in and she wanted to see Scorpius so I allowed her."

"She has no right."

"She's his mother, Draco." Harry looked at Draco with a disapproving frown. "She has every right to be here...more than you actually."
"Not from this dimension." Draco huffed.

"That doesn't change anything, Draco," Harry snapped at him, "Blood is blood, no matter where you are."

Draco sulked, sinking deeper into his seat as he mumbled furiously under his breath.

"Don't be a child, love," Harry said, smiling fondly before he turned to Blaise, "And you…"

"Yes?" Blaise asked, wary of Harry as he took slow steps towards him.

"Be nice." Harry whispered as he moved forward to kiss him on the cheek. Blaise shot him an innocent look because he was being nice. "She's trying; you're only making her even more nervous than she already is."

"Am I?" Blaise asked, amused by that. "I didn't think I was the intimidating type."

"Well, you are," He turned his head to the side when Blaise tried to steal a kiss and grinned when he pecked his cheek instead. "She's terrified right now."

Blaise looked over Harry's shoulder silently to where Astoria sat, her back rigged and her head down staring at her lap. He could see from here that she was trembling and obviously jumpy.

"It's not me you should be worry about," Blaise sighed as Draco began to throw crumbs at the poor woman who stayed stock still. "You forgot we have two brats in this house."

Harry groaned as he turned to Draco and growled, "Draco, stop that!" Draco lowered his hand like a chastised child. "...Astoria, I am truly sorry-my husband decided that he wanted to be two instead of twenty-two today."

"No, its fine...Draco…" She let out a shuddering breath, "He has every right to be mad at me."

"You did nothing wrong," Harry said, ignoring Draco's snort at his words. "Draco just needs to be checked in the St Mungo's insanity ward next to Lockhart."

She cracked a smile at that and he returned it fully before he turned his attention back to Blaise.

"She has every right to be here." Harry said, simply.

"Why is she here?" Blaise asked, softly, giving the woman another fleeting look as Harry cooed at Scorpius who babbled back at him.

"Like I said, she wants to see Scorpius." Harry gave him a meaningful look before he took a step back. "She just wants to see him." Blaise nodded, silently.

"We should get a hippogriff," Draco piped in, happily, causing them to turn to him in confusion. "Tie him near the fireplace and make everyone that comes through bow to him and if the little shit finds them unworthy," Harry covered his mouth to stifle his laugh as Draco slammed his hand down on the table and caused Astoria to jump in her seat. "Attack!"

"That isn't how hippogriffs work, Draco." Blaise sighed, shaking his head.

Scorpius giggled, clearly amused by the idea as waved his arms in the air, "Attack, attack, Daddy!"

Draco's eyes softened and nodded, "That's right, mini me."
"Because that worked well for you, I suppose." Harry snorted, moving back to the stove as Draco scowled at him.

"That bloody chicken was untamed and rabid." Draco said, lifting his chin up in defiance. "It didn't even give me a chance."

"Right, Draco," Harry said, nodding in agreement. "…because you didn't provoke Buckbeak in any way with your dashing personality."

"Of course not," He looked affronted by the accusation. "I was an angel."

"We are not getting a Hippogriff, Draco."

"He can sleep with me."

"You sleep with us."

"Exactly."

"Hello, Astoria, it's good to see you," Blaise said, ignoring his husband's in favor of the uninvited guest. "Though, I am not surprised to see you've come."

"I'm sorry for intruding," she spoke softly, almost hesitant. "I just thought...Draco said that…"

Blaise felt sympathy for the woman; he could only imagine what she was going through. To learn that she had a son that was biologically hers but she hadn't carried. It must have been mindboggling.

"I...well...I just wanted..." She hesitated, jumbling her words as her wide eyes looked at Scorpius, who was looking shyly back at her. "He's just so perfect."

"Of course he is, he's my son," Draco scoffed into his tea.

Blaise gave her a smile before he said, "Scorp, this is Astoria. Astoria, this is Scorpius Malfoy."

"Hi." The blond toddler mumbled softly, peeking from where he had buried his head in Blaise's shoulder to look at the woman. "I'm Scropy."

Astoria teared up, her blue eyes shining and her lips trembling, "You can call me Tori."

Draco gave her a weird look but didn't comment on it as he sipped on his tea. His gray eyes narrowed and watched Astoria's every move.

"Be nice." Blaise whispered in his ear, the same words that Harry not too long ago told him as he bent down to give him a kiss.

"I am being nice," He gave him an innocent smile; "I'm being so nice that I'm shitting rainbows out of my arse right now."

"I'm sure you are," Blaise muttered under his breath, making sure Astoria didn't hear their conversation, "But just give the woman a tiny little break...she's as confused as you are...she doesn't need your antics right now."

Draco mumbled something under his breath, disgruntled as Blaise gave him another pointed look before he placed Scorpius in his chair.

"Would you like to stay for breakfast?" Harry asked, gently, as he turned to the woman.
Astoria nodded, letting out a shaky breath, "Yes...yes, I would like that."

"Bellatrix is off the map." Neville said, placing a piece of parchment on Harry's desk. Draco peered over his shoulder in interest. "She hasn't been spotted for a month, now."

"I don't know if that is a good thing or a bad thing." Harry said, sighing.

"We aren't sure as well." Neville grimaced, "Bellatrix being so quiet is never a good sign."

"Calm before the storm." Harry acknowledged.

"Do you think she's finally given up?" Draco asked a deep frown on his face.

"No, the opposite, we think she's planning something big," Neville looked at the both of them nervously. "We think she is planning to attack your family."

Draco's eyes widened and Harry merely nodded, grimly, accepting the fact a while ago. "We expected that...we have something she wants."

Neville gives him a confused look but didn't question him, "Shacklebolt is ordering Aurors around the clock at your home and the Prime Minister has protection, as well."

Draco and Harry shared an uneasy glance, they didn't like that not one bit but they knew from Rookwood that Bellatrix had a strange obsession with them.

"Do we know her motives?" Harry asked after a moment, looking over the parchment that Neville had laid on his desk. "Anything at all?"

"This report details the last place she was spotted, not too far from Wiltshire." Neville pointed out and Harry nodded. "We haven't gotten anything else from Rookwood since we last administered Veritaserum."

Harry nodded, "Try again, I know he knows something and he isn't going to speak until we give him a reason too."

"I'll speak with Shacklebolt about it," Neville said, he shifted, "Harry...there are rumors that Shacklebolt is considering making you a full-fledged Auror after this..."

Harry slammed the parchment down on his desk with a loud bang, "All I care about right now is making sure Black gets what she deserves and protecting my family. Everything else can wait."

Neville nodded, quickly. "Of course."

Draco leaned closer and whispered, apprehensively, "Did he say anything about me?"

"Draco." Harry warned, rolling his eyes.

"Kidding, love," Draco said, innocently. He leaned over Harry's shoulder once more to read over the parchment. "You say she was seen in Wiltshire...odd."

"Odd?" Neville repeated, looking confused.

"Yes, odd, because the Malfoy Manor is located around there." Draco frowned, "You don't think my parents..."
Harry stayed silent; not wanting to accuse his now parents-in-law with dealing with Death Eaters again though he wouldn't put it past Lucius to do that very thing.

"We'll go investigate it if what you say is true," Neville looked concerned, "They may be hiding her."

"No," Draco said, firmly, "Ask Shacklebolt if we can go instead...they won't reveal anything if it's anyone else."

"Alright..." Neville still looked unsure, "I will try, at least." He added before he turned and headed towards Shacklebolt's office to do just that.

Draco heaved a deep sigh and leaned heavily against Harry, a rage silently brewing inside of him. "I can't believe this..."

"Hey, everything will be fine." Harry tried to soothe him but even he had his doubts, Lucius never was trustworthy.

"I can't believe this."

"We're going to figure this out." Harry said, his eyes filled with worry as his gut twisted and a sense of foreboding washing over him—that was never a good sign.

"I can't believe this."

Harry stayed silent this time, unsure what words he could say to comfort Draco that wasn't a blatant lie.

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"Draco," Narcissa exclaimed in surprise as she walked into the parlor where the house elves had invited them to sit. "What a surprise, your father is away currently I am afraid but I am delighted to see you. What brings you here?"

"Oh, yes, I almost have forgotten," Harry muttered, bitterly, as he crossed his arms. "I don't exist in this household."

"Actually, we are here for business, Mother." Draco said, ignoring Harry's words.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Well, Mother, I need the truth," He sighed before he looked her straight in the eye. "Has Bellatrix Black visited you recently?"

"That is nonsense, Draco." Narcissa snapped, suddenly angered as she looked at her son sternly. "You know as well as I do that Bellatrix and I haven't been in contact in years. That is highly personal and inappropriate."

"I apologize for the personal question, Mother but..." He tensed his lips thin as he nodded at Harry. "Harry."

"What is the meaning of this?" Narcissa looked startled and panicked as Harry pulled out his wand and muttered something under his breath. "Draco, answer me this instant."

"It's nothing, really, Mother..." Draco said, "If you are truly innocent then, he will not find anything."
"Find anything?" Narcissa echoed, faintly. "What is he searching for, exactly?"

"A magical signature." Draco replied, promptly. "Specifically, Bellatrix's signature if you must know."

"Draco, this is insane," Narcissa screeched, standing to her feet. "I will not allow this and when your father here of this…"

"My father will do nothing if he doesn't want to be sent to Azkaban," Draco's voice was thunderous as Harry's spell finished, a deep, blood red light glowing in faint images of footprints and fingerprints everywhere in the living room.

"I can't believe this," Draco muttered in shock, he buried his head into his hands as he shook. "I can't believe this...your own grandchild...I...Mother, how could you!"

Narcissa froze, her eyes widened and her hands trembled and that is all the answer Harry needed. He pointed his wand towards her and said, "Narcissa Malfoy, you are hereby under arrest for conspiring with a known criminal against the Ministry. Please hand over your wand and come quietly."

"This is a mistake..." Narcissa said, faintly, as she crumpled to the ground. "I...Draco, tell him this is a mistake!"

"There is no mistake about it, Mrs Malfoy," Harry said, grimly, trying to keep his professional tone intact. "Look around you, Bellatrix Black's magical signature is all around this very parlor. How can you continue to deny this?"

"She wasn't here, I swear to you!" Narcissa snarled, losing her composure. "I would never betray my family!"

"I am sorry, Mrs Malfoy," His voice turned gentle because despite this woman's hatred for him, she truly did love her son and grandson. "I still need to bring you in for questioning; just the mere fact that Bellatrix was here shows that you have contact with her as I am sure your ward would never allow her to enter without your consent."

"I need to...I need to go to Scorpius..." Draco gasped out; he couldn't even look at his Mother who was sobbing as Harry put magical binds around her wrist. "She could...I..."

"Go." Harry urged softly, "I'll contact Shacklebolt and stay with your mother."

Draco nodded, standing on shaky legs and made his way past his mother not looking at her once. He felt sick, his mind still wrapping the thought that his mother had helped this insane woman.

"Draco," She rasped out, and Draco closed his eyes in pain. "Please..."

"I have nothing to say to you." He said before he apparated, his ears ringing with his mother's sob as the squeezing sensation of apparition overcame him.

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"Luna?" He called out, fearfully when he apparated to a silent and darkened house. "Luna? Scorpius?" They should be here, he knew this but the silence raged on his emotions and he was becoming increasingly distraught.

"No..." He whispered as he checked inside the kitchen, only to find a small bowl of oatmeal sitting at the table, cold. "No." He ran into the living room but it showed no sign of life.
He was gasping for breath as he shouted out, "This isn't funny, guys!" Still no one answered his panicked cries and the worst scenario crept up from his mind, he ferociously pushed them to the depths of his mind.

He ran out of the living room and up the stairs, his heart beating furiously as he took the stairs by twos, ignoring the burning sensation of his lungs as he opened door after door, trying to find his friend and son.

"Please, Merlin, no…" He choked out as he opened the last door to find nothing. "No, no, no, no, no…" His words blurred together as he spun around in confusion, unsure what he was to do. They weren't here that thought alone raged in his mind and left a ringing in his ear.

He went back downstairs, trying to calm his frantic heart, so he could think clearly and it was then he heard it.

A tiny cry and his heart leapt up in his throat as he scrambled to the living room, on more than one occasion tripping over his own feet.

"Scorpi…!" The words died out in his throat and ice shot threw his vein as his eyes widened in horror. There a woman sat on the floor, crossed legged as she stroked his son's hair as he sat in her lap. Luna lay unconscious next to her feet, her arms protectively covering her pregnant belly and her usual serene face distorted in pain.

"Daddy." Scorpius whimpered his ocean blue eyes wide with fear and pain as the woman tightened her hold on him.

"Itty, bitty Draco has come to play…" Bellatrix Black let out a soft cackle, her eyes wild and her lips drawn into a crazed smile.

"You…" Draco stepped forward, rage rather than fear urging him forward once he saw how scared his son was. He stopped when Bellatrix tutted and pointed a wand tip at Scorpius' temple.

"Come play with me, blondie."
There was such a flurry of chaos as he stepped into the Auror's Department; Harry had to pause momentarily to catch his bearings. He reinforced his hold on Narcissa as he weaved through the shouting and bustling crowd of Auror's and he momentarily wondered if his father, for once, was in his office.

He would love to see him once more before he goes off to find Draco, he isn't stupid; he knows that Bellatrix must have gotten through Luna's wards because Draco would had sent him a Patronus if he and Scorpius was fine by now. It only made him want to apparate at the sight and rush to his husband's aid.

But he couldn't, not until he fulfilled his duties as an Auror. His mind raced at the information Narcissa had given him after Draco left; he felt sick at what he had been told but he understood, now, it all made sense. He knew how to finish Bellatrix and he knew he couldn't go through this without a decent plan.

He never thought it hurt this much, his heart clenched painfully each time he thought over what he was supposed to do and he tried to convince him that it was the best way and it had to be him.

It was always him.

He ignored Narcissa's sobbing as he dragged her through the mass of Auror's, some pausing momentarily to stare at her while others pretended they didn't see her at all.

"Stop it," He muttered to her as he pushes her towards the holding cells. "Stop your crying."

"Draco...Draco..." She sobbed, tears running fervently down her cheeks, her face blotched with snot and tears and Harry never thought she looked more humane than at this very moment. "I didn't...I—"

"Stop it, now." He said, sternly. He understood she must've felt frightened, confused, and regretful but causing a scene would do her, or Harry's headache, any good.

"Draco...Draco..." She drew in a shuddering breath and let it out with a soft, whining noise. "I'm
"Sorry, I'm so, so sorry...my family..."

"Jesus." Harry muttered.

"Draco, Draco..." She sobbed.

"Mrs Malfoy...Narcissa," He paused in his walking, stopping right there in the middle of all the chaos, multiple people bumping into him as he turned to her. "Listen to me; I won't let anything happen to you, okay? You're just here for questioning."

It seemed she wasn't listening to him as she continued to wail, her mantra of "Draco, Draco," louder than ever. Aurors around them shot Harry and her annoyed looks as they passed them and Harry sighed as he felt a headache form, he dragged her rest of the way. Uncaring of the way she let out a painful whine each time she tripped over her feet.

He sighed in relief when they finally arrived to the interrogation room. He turned to her, "Remember, I won't let them do anything like send you to Azkaban because despite you hating me, you're still my mother-in-law and Draco would not be happy with me if I did."

He rolled his eyes as she replied, "Draco...Draco..."

He opened the door to the interrogation room to find Blaise, his father, Sirius, and Kingsley there already. They looked up as he entered the room.

"Draco...Draco..." Harry frowned at her, seriously, debating whether he should put a silencing charm on her.

"Harry!" James rushed forward to him first, his Auror's robe billowing around him as he went to his son. Harry forgot about Narcissa and her mumbling as he was embraced by his father and he hung desperately to him, hoping the tears that threatened to fall wouldn't.

"We were so worried for you." Sirius said, coming up from behind James. He gave him a shaky smile and a pat on the back. "Lily is a terror when she panics over you."

"That she is." James agreed, fondly, as he pulled away.

"Sorry," Harry murmured, reluctantly pulling away from his father to turn to look at Narcissa. "We only managed to get her and Draco went to Luna's, I don't know where Lucius is but—"

"Draco...Draco..."

"I think all of this excitement made her a bit insane." Harry said with grimace, his eyes met with Blaise who gave him a slight smile. "Draco won't be happy with that."

"You did good, Potter." Kingsley said, softly, his face kind. "Do you know where Bellatrix is?"

"Yeah, I have inkling." Harry nodded.

"Do you need backup?"

Harry swallowed thickly, "No, I'll be fine." He croaked his throat suddenly dry.

"I'm so proud of you, son." James whispered and Harry had to stop himself from breaking down right at that moment.

"Thank you, Dad," Harry said, his voice thick with emotions. "Tell Mum that I'm fine and I love
James looked confused at that but nodded, nonetheless. "Okay, we're going to interrogate Narcissa in the next room, I think someone wants to speak with you." he winked at him and nodded his head towards where Blaise sat.

Harry nodded, watching them all file out with a still sobbing, rambling Narcissa and as the steel door slid shut, his shoulders sagged and he turned to Blaise, only to find him standing in front of him already.

"Rough day?" He whispered, softly.

"You can say that." Harry chuckled, though it came out forced.

"So, you're going after her?" Blaise didn't sound angry or sad but resigned, as if he accepted long ago exactly who he married.

"Yes."

"I see."

He didn't say anything—unsure if Blaise even wanted an answer to that, instead, trying to memorize everything he loved about the man in front of him, from his chocolate, brown eyes to his pink, full lips. He stepped forward.

"You're as gorgeous as when I first saw you in the bathroom, freaking out," Harry laughed, tearfully, wiping away at his eyes, embarrassed. "I don't know why I'm crying."

"Harry." Blaise whispered he stepped closer to him.

"I need to go to Draco but I'm happy I saw you," Harry went on, he let out a soft breath and he went forward and wrapped his arms around Blaise's waist, laying his head on the crook of his neck. "I'm so happy. You both made me so happy."

"Harry..." Blaise repeated his voice sounded pained as he placed a hand on his head.

"I love you so much," Harry said, the tears finally running down his cheeks. He wished his heart didn't twist so painfully as Blaise ran a hand through his hair. "I'm the happiest when I'm with you both."

"Harry." He said it, reverently, this time and Harry looked up at him, placing a kiss on jaw, his lips feeling the scratchiness of his stubbles. He chuckled as he remembered just this morning how much Draco was complaining how much he hated it.

"Draco hates your stubble, you should shave for him." Harry whispered but the words felt empty, as if they were unfinished.

"But you love it." Blaise pointed out, softly.

"It doesn't matter what I love, now," He buried his head in neck again and breathed in deeply. Blaise always smelt nice, like expensive cologne and home. "Make him happy."

"I'll make you happy, too."

"Are you happy you met me?" Harry whispered, changing the subject abruptly. "Do you love me?"
"I love the man that I see in front of me, right now," Blaise replied, softly. "Every little thing about Harry James Potter, I love."

That's all Harry needed to know.

"I'm going to Draco, now." Harry whispered, reluctantly, he didn't want to leave but he had to. He reached up to trace a hand over Blaise's face. "When—If— just take care of him." He finally said and Blaise closed his eyes as if he was in pain.

"Don't say that." His whispered words sounded strangled and choked.

"I love you."

He knows what he has to do.

"Come back to me."

He looked away and apparated without a word because he couldn't bear to lie to Blaise again.

. . . .

"What do you want with Scorpius?" Draco asked, evenly. He tried to hold his composure as he held his wand tightly in his hand. His heart was pounding heavily, so loudly he heard it in his ears.

"My little baby," She cooed, flattening Scorpius's blond's hair down on his forehead and it filled Draco with rage to see her touch the boy. "He will be valuable to my cause."

"Don't touch him!" Draco hissed, taking a step forward but stopped when Bellatrix raised her wand again.

"He doesn't need to be sane to be valuable." She cackled and it makes Draco feel sick.

"How did you manage to get him?" Draco asked, trying to keep his voice. "I know he isn't from this world."

She gives him an insane smile, "You mean that weak child from the other world? It couldn't even get past the veil before it died. So, I needed an alternative."

Draco staggered back at the revelation, paling. "You mean—"

She giggled, "Oh, yes, Blondie. Scorpius…" She stroked the toddlers head again, "…is entirely yours."

"That's impossible, I never slept with a woman." He protested, panic rising inside him.

"You don't just need essentials to create a child, you fool. " Bellatrix smirked "You were not needed besides the obvious."

"How?" He choked out; he wasn't sure how his knees hadn't buckled under the weight of the revelation. "How!"

"Temper, temper, child." She said in a sing-song voice, her wild, crazy hair shaking as she laughed. Scorpius shivered in her embrace.

"Tell me." His voice was quiet, barely there.
"My dear sister is very valuable when she is Imperiused," She giggled, childishly, "All I needed was your essence and she retrieved it while you were none the wiser," She sang in triumph, "I created such a perfect, powerful son for myself right under your nose."

"No…” He couldn't breathe; he felt nothing but violated as he stumbled back. "No!"

"It was quite simple once I had both yours and Greengrass essence, I implanted the egg and semen into your mother as a surrogate and nine months later, she had given birth to her grandson without her knowledge." She went on.

"No," Draco looked at her in horror.

"Don't look so disturbed, young Malfoy—my Scorpius only holds your genetics as well as Greengrass', my sister is a mere holder of essence," She giggled, deranged. "I raised him until the little brat escaped a few months ago." She pinched Scorpius' side and the boy whimpered in pain.

Draco had never felt more betrayed as he did in that moment. It was irrational since his mother was under the Imperius curse but he couldn't help but hate her for not fighting against it, if not for Draco but for Scorpius.

"You're sick," his hands trembled and he wanted to vomit. "You're fucking sick!"

"Are you mad?" She smirked at him, her eyes hooded.

"What do you want from him?" Draco found his voice after a moment and he was furious. "What do you plan to succeed?"

"He is the seed for the new generation of Death Eaters," She smiled, lovingly, down at Scorpius, "He will lead them all with the magic of Malfoys and Greengrass in his veins."

"Daddy…” Scorpius whimpered, his wide, blue eyes looked at him with such fear that he lurched forward without another thought; that cry meant more now than it ever did before.

"If you move one more muscle, I will attack," Bellatrix warned, she tilted her head to the side. Her eyes wide and crazed.

"Not if I fucking kill you first!" He snarled, he pointed his wand at her. "Avada—"

"Crucio!" She screeched and Scorpius lurched from her grip and onto the floor, writhing in pain, his tiny arms and legs thrashing in the air at the excruciating pain. His pain-filled screams went straight to Draco's heart.

"No!" Draco screamed in horror, running to where Scorpius was screaming and crying in pain. Big, fat tear ran down his chubby cheeks, his tiny body wracked with shocks of pain as he wailed. He scooped him in his arms, trying to not let his anguished screams haunt him. He held him tightly even as the toddler shuddered and thrashed in pain. "Please, please, stop! Stop! He's a fucking child!"

"Scream! Scream! Crucio! Crucio!" Bellatrix chanted, she skipped around them, clapping her hands in glee as Scorpius' screams grew louder. She threw her head back and let out a loud cackle.

"Stop…” Draco couldn't think, couldn't even remember that his wand was in his hand and Bellatrix was close enough to attack. None of that matter to him. His wide eyes were solely for his child that was in pain, Scorpius let out another torturous scream that tore his throat, leaving him gasping for breath and his blue eyes glassy and unseeing. Draco never felt so useless.
He willed his body to move, to do something. But he sat there, his eyes watching as his child was tortured under the curse. He was too shocked to do anything but watch.

"It's okay, baby, it's okay." Draco clenched his eyes shut as Scorpius let out an inhuman scream and he shuddered, he couldn't take it anymore, "Stop! I'll do anything, just stop! He's a baby! Stop! Torture me, instead! Torture me! Leave him alone!"

Scorpius gurgled, choking, as blood spat from his mouth, splattering Draco's face with sticky, red blood but he never released his hold on the writhing boy. The blond sobbed, his eyes shut tightly and his tiny face clenched in pain. Bellatrix laughed shrilly.

Draco felt numb.

"Stop." He whimpered.

Then, he heard a pop, shattered wood and Scorpius grew slack in his hold, his muscles twitching and shivering as he whimpered. Someone was shouting and there were flashes of light but Draco didn't care, he couldn't find it in himself to care for anything.

"Scorpius?" Draco whispered, whimpering when his baby boy didn't even move. "Why aren't you moving, baby? Please, let Daddy see those pretty, blue eyes. Come on, baby. Don't do this to Daddy." He raised a shaking hand to brush Scorpius' fringe from his face, noticing how pale and clammy his child was.

"No, no, no, no, no," He muttered, his words blurring into each other as his heart broke into tiny pieces and he succumbed to his grief. Heart wrenching sobs wracked his frame as he pleaded for Scorpius to open his eyes, his baby boy was too still, too lifeless.

"Draco!" A voice distorted and far away called him but it seemed so far, so insignificant. Nothing mattered.

"Baby, wake up!" He pleaded, desperately, a sob slipped from his mouth and his vision blurred with tears. "Wake up, Scorpy."

"Draco, you have to move, love." He shook his head, he wouldn't move. His baby, his baby…

"Scorpius, don't do this… I just got you, baby. I love you. I love you." Draco sobbed; he cradled his child's form in his arms, not bearing to be far from it. "Please, Scorp, open your eyes."

"Shit, Reducto! Draco, move!" The voice roared as something broke but he only rocked, singing softly to his child's limp form.

"Lookie here, ickle Potter, your Blondie has lost the will to fight," A voice cackled, but he didn't care. It didn't matter. "Don't worry, Blondie, I will end your misery."

"No!" He heard a large explosion before footsteps.

He didn't care.

Numb.

Scorpius.

He felt arms wrap around him and he looked up, his eyes wide as he looked into green eyes. "Harry?" He whispered in confusion, as if he didn't remember him ever arriving.
"Draco." Harry smiled, softly—lovingly. "This is the only way. You and Scorpius are going to be okay." He whispered, reassuringly, as he brushed a hand through Scorpius' sweaty hair.

"Harry?"

"Oh, this is even better!" Bellatrix cackled in glee, "I will finally fulfill my Lord's wishes. Yes, killing you, Potter, will be so much fun!" She pulled herself from the debris that Harry had blasted her into and walked towards them in a predatory stalk.

"Your mother told me that Bellatrix performed a ritual on herself, similar to Voldemort's Horcruxes, to make herself immortal," Harry explained, softly, as Bellatrix drew closer slowly, singing softly.

"Itty bitty Potter has come to play…"

"The only way to break it is with an act of love." Harry whispered, everything was silent for a fraction of a moment as he wrapped his arms around Draco tighter. "Like my mother did for me."

"No," Draco whispered, his eyes wide as he realized what Harry was about to do. He gripped onto Scorpius tighter as he tried to push Harry away but the raven-haired didn't relent. "No, Harry!"

"I love you," Harry choked out, tears leaking out of his eyes as his grip on Draco grew stronger, trying to remember his warmth as he let out a breath and Draco trembled in shock under him. "I'm in love with you."

He laughed, tearfully, at the irony of Fate, he had died in own world protecting the world. Now, he would die nearly identical to the first time. But this time, it felt more fitting. This—protecting his family—was a more fitting end to him. He wouldn't betray fear this time, he wouldn't run, he would

"Avada Kedavra!"

Everything went black.

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Chapter Summary

"Love is the only rational act."
-Mitch Albom

Chapter Notes

Ahh, final chapter! I am so sad to see this fic go but I had a blast writing it and I'm so happy so many of you enjoyed it! There will be an epilogue after this but this is it! Also, someone had asked me for an outtake on a scene so I'll be working on that as an extra, if anyone else wants to see a scene done then PM me! I also am working on a few extras of my own, as well.

Blaise apparated to Luna's house, searching around frantically. He couldn't wait at the Auror's Department, helplessly, not after he heard there was two casualties. His heart felt a bit empty as if it had been ripped in two and it probably has as he looks around, his body freezing as he entered the living room to find Draco on the floor, crying over the limp form of Harry and Scorpius.

He felt as if he couldn't breathe, his eyes pricked as he took a shaky step forward, it felt like he would collapse if he tried to walk too fast. His head was spinning and all he could see was his family being torn apart.

The room felt suffocating.

Neville was trying to get his attention, he could hear him next to him with a concerned look on his face but he just stood there, frozen in time.

"Blaise? Blaise, you need to move." Neville's gentle voice said but it felt as if he was hearing it in underwater; muffled and distant. Blaise didn't want to move. "Please, Blaise. It's going to be okay."

"How can you say that?" Blaise choked out, still not moving. "When my son and husband are lying dead on the ground?"

Neville looked away, guilty.

"Everybody move!" Shacklebolt shouted as soon as he entered the living room. Auror's scrambled in every direction, taking pictures and notes of Bellatrix Black's corpse. "This is a crime scene; I want evidence in my hand in an hour!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Collins, call in St Mungo's, I need Healers here, hurry!"

"Yes, sir."
"McLaren, get a stretcher for Lovegood and bring the poor woman to the hospital. She and her baby will be fine as long as you pick up your fucking feet, man!"

"Sorry, sir."

"Zabini, if you don't get out of my scene, I will have you removed." Shacklebolt turned to him with a frown.

"No," Blaise gasped, "Draco needs me—"

"You can't be here—"

"I don't care," He wretched his arms from his grip.

"You're not authorized!"

He stumbled forward, anyways, ignoring Shacklebolt's calls for him to come back as he pushed away the people that were in his way. Tears were forming in his eyes already as he fell to his knees next to Draco's shaking form; it took every fiber in his body to not break down at the sight of his son's pale face and Harry's still form.

He needed to be strong, for Draco.

His breath hitched, "Draco…"

"I...I couldn't do anything..." Draco's eyes looked wide and lost, as if he wasn't sure where exactly he was. "I-I couldn't save either of them."

Blaise looked down at the pale body of Harry, his eyes closed and a pleased smile on his face. "No." His vision blurred and he quickly looked away.

His treasure. His Harry. Dead.

"Blaise, I—" Draco breath quickened and Blaise traced a trembling finger over Scorpius' pale skin.

He wanted to cry, curl up in a ball and shout his anguish to the world—he couldn't bear to watch as his family was torn from him.

"Don't leave, Blaise..." Draco pleaded his crying getting louder. Blaise wrapped his arms around him. "You're all I have left."

"Everything will be okay." Blaise whispered, brokenly, he tried to be strong but tears fell rapidly down his cheek, his whole form trembling as he held on to Draco like a lifeline. Even he didn't believe his own words. "We'll be okay."

At least, he hoped so.

Harry took a sharp breath in and snapped his eyes open, white filling his vision as he realized he was in the void again. His mind whirred as he tried to remember what had happened, he felt numb as if he wasn't in his own body.

"Just like last time," He muttered as he sat up, he wore white robes this time. "I guess I'm dead if I'm wearing this."
It felt odd—surreal, even—as he realized it, this time it felt truly real. He had truly died this time and there was nothing he could do about it.

He rose to his feet, slowly, wondering where Aida was if he was here, a million thoughts scrambled through his mind as he looked around, there was nothing but endless space as he walked, it was strange and he felt uncomfortable.

"Where is she?" He wondered aloud as he walked further though he really felt he wasn't moving at all. He paused when he heard a tiny voice and he went forward, hoping he would find something in the direction he was going.

"Is anyone out there?" He shouted, his voice echoing in the void as he ran to where he heard the voice. "Hello?"

His heart stuttered to a stop as he ran to where a little figure on the ground became clearer. The child was wearing white robes just as he was but the white space the child was now filled with color around them. It was a child, playing with blocks as they hummed a tiny tune under their breath. "S-Scorpius?"

The child looked up with large, blue eyes and gasped, "Papa!" He jumped up to his feet and ran straight into his arms.

Harry gathered him in his arms and peppered his face with kisses, his heart filling with joy at the sight of his son. "Oh, baby, what are you doing here?"

Scorpius merely tilted his head to the side and smiled at him, innocently. Harry chuckled before hugging him closer. "I don't know how but—"

"I saved him."

Harry reeled around to find Aida standing there, a smile on her face and her hands folded in front of her, neatly.

"I didn't cut his string so he's been brought here instead." She explained, softly. Scorpius looked at her shyly before hiding his head into the crook of Harry's neck.

Harry covered Scorpius' ears and said, "You're a bitch."

Aida chuckled, "I get that a lot, actually."

"You gave me a year to stay in that world but, yet, I die prematurely." Harry said, sourly.

"It was your choice, Harry Potter," Aida pointed out, softly, "You could have easily apparaeted to a hospital and save Scorpius Malfoy from internal bleeding."

Harry tightened his hold on Scorpius as he realized his son was dead, as well, "I couldn't let her get away."

Aida tilted her head forward in a nod, "Yes, letting Bellatrix Black go would allow plenty of useless murders."

"So, you knew I would do this?"

"I did." She said, simply. "You are truly selfless, Harry Potter."

Harry didn't acknowledge her words, instead, looking at his son who looked back at him with wide
eyes. "Home, Papa?"

"Soon, baby boy," Harry whispered, Aida watched them silently, "So, that's it? I'm dead."

"Not quite," She waved her hand and two red strings formed on Harry's left pinky. "Your strings are still visible, as long as that is true, you have a chance."

"A chance?"

"A decision." Aida amended.

"A decision, huh? So, what now?"

"Indeed, what now." Aida repeated before she raised her left hand, an image appeared behind her at her movement.

Harry squinted his eyes before he widened them in shock, he stumbled back. "Is that…?"

"Yes, Harry Potter." Aida turned to the image of Narcissa Malfoy walking slowly to the still form of Harry, Voldemort looking gleeful behind her. "This is your world right after your death; Narcissa Malfoy is just about to confirm your death and this…"

She raised her right hand and another image came to life, Harry breath caught in his throat and his heart tightened painfully. There huddled around his body and Scorpius was Draco and Blaise, crying in each other's arms.

"Daddy? Fafa?" Scorpius whispered in confusion, he looked upset. "Why sad?"

"It's okay, baby." Harry comforted him, running his hand through his hair as he kissed his forehead. "They are fine."

"You have two choices, Harry Potter. You return to your world and this whole experience is reversed," She paused before, "Or you decide to go back to this world, leaving your own behind, and be happy."

"This isn't fair," Harry said, thickly, his grip on Scorpius tight. "You gave me a year!"

"Your decision are your own, you chose to end it at that time. You died knowing what you were doing." Aida looked displeased and a bit annoyed. "Now, it is time to choose."

Harry looked between the two images; it went against every fiber of his body to be selfish and turn away from his world, where he is sure with his death, Voldemort would reign for centuries to come but his heart was telling him he deserved this, that he sacrificed so much that he deserved to be happy.

"I don't know what to do." He said, tearfully. His mind was saying his world but his heart was saying the other.

"Harry Potter," Aida said, softly, "You should be grateful, you have gained mercy from the Fates. You have lived one more life than any other being in this universe. You have seen what happiness is and what tragedy is, it is only up to you for what you prefer."

"What about Scorpius?" Harry said, his head spun a bit at her words. "What if I decide to go back?"

Aida frowned, disapprovingly. "He will die. As I said, if you return to your world, the last few months will not have happened; I cannot guarantee that he will be born again. If you stay, however,
your two half souls will merge and become one, thus receiving your memories from this world, as well as keeping your old ones, too."

"So, I'll remember both." Harry asked, softly, "But if I leave then Draco and Blaise would have their Harry again."

"That is true," Aida said, slowly. "But is that what you truly want?"

And no, he didn't want that, he realized with a jolt. He wanted them to remember these months, the happiness and sadness as well; he wanted them to remember how much Scorpius meant to them all, he wanted them to remember him.

"Does this make me a bad person, if I want to stay with them?" Harry asked, quietly.

"No, Harry Potter, it doesn't. It only makes you human." Aida replied, quietly.

"Why is this so hard?" Harry asked in despair, he looked down at Scorpius who looked up at him, innocently. "Why can't I just choose what I know I want...what I need?"

"Because you are a good man, Harry," Aida said, smiling. Harry looked at her in shock when she said his first name. "You do not wish for any world to suffer. But this isn't about the worlds; this is about what you want. What you've wanted all along, this is an act of selfishness for the entire selfless act you've done in your life."

"Papa, home?" Scorpius asked again, looking up at him. "Papa, Scorpy, go home?"

Harry's heart twisted at that, he wanted to say yes, they were going home. He wanted that with every fiber of his being but then, he glanced at his own world and how much they depended on him to defend them.

"I can't leave them like that," He said, his eyes trained to his world. "They need me."

"Your family will need you, as well," Aida said, neutrally.

"I-I can't...I can't—" Harry said, sadly, he looked away and tears fell from his eyes. "I'm so sorry..."

"So, have you decided?" Aida asked, her eyes sad.

Harry took a deep breath and looked at his own world; Narcissa was knelt next to his body now, her face close to his own. He steeled himself, his decision resolute. "Yes, I have."

. . . .

"You," said Voldemort, and there was a bang and a small shriek of pain. "Examine him. Tell me whether he is dead."

Narcissa nodded shakily, her footsteps measured and slow as she knelt next to the boy, her heart thudded loudly against her ribcage as she let out a steady breath. She touched the boy's skin, it was cold and his lips were turning blue. Her heart skipped a beat as she lifted a eyelid to see glassy, unseeing green eyes, she checked for a pulse. She closed her eyes in despair as she felt none.

All was lost.

"He is dead, my Lord." She whispered, she rose to her feet shakily as thoughts of her son ran through her head. What now? What now?
Bellatrix cackled in glee. The Dark Lord smiled. A resounding roar from the Death Eaters split the heavens as victory was won.

Harry let out a shuddering breath as he felt himself slam into his body, his head pounded as memories after memories of his childhood with his parents, of Hogwarts and his friends, of Draco and Blaise, of sorrow, terror and happiness filled his very soul. He felt complete.

He remembered his old life but he remembered this new one, as well. It was then he heard shouting voices above him, his face felt wet with sweat and his muscles trembled in pain.

"No!"

"Sir, please, we need to take away the corpses."

"They are not corpses, you idiot! They are my son and husband!"

"They are dead! We need to take them away!"

"Over my dead body!"

"Draco, calm down."

"I won't calm down, Blaise, t-they want to take them away from me."

"Draco, look!"

"What the—!"

"Oh, merlin, both of them are—!"

He could hear tiny coughs coming from his side and he turned his head to see Scorpius, coughing and shaking in Draco's arms. Good. Aida kept her promise.

His eyes lifted up to find Draco's body shaking, freshly new tears forming his eyes as he looked at them both with unfiltered happiness and relief. Blaise looked at him as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing and he was sad to note that they both had red-rimmed eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Er...hey." He said, an unsure smile on his lips, he sat up and wincing as his whole body protested at the movement. "Sorry, I kept you waiting."

"Harry?" Blaise spoke, his voice raspy and rough so unlike his usual sultry, smooth tenor. "You're alive—"

"Yeah, I came back to you." Harry said with a wry smile. "You demanded that of me, right?"

Blaise merely lunged at him, gathering him in his arms and Harry never wanted him to let go again. These two men were his soul mates and he would never take that for granted. He clutched to him tightly, taking in his scent and relishing in the feel of his arms.

"I remember everything—our first date, our first fight," Harry whispered into his chest and Blaise tightened his grip on him. "We merged, both Harrys...I'm just Harry now." He let out a small laugh as he fingered his left pinky finger, and even though they were invisible, he could feel the presence of the red strings attached to it.
"Idiot," Blaise laughed, tearfully. He stroked his hair. "I don't care about that, I love you. The kind, gentle, selfless soul you are."

"I love you, too."

Draco seemed to not hear their little conversation as he hugged and peppered kisses on the crying toddler who must've still be feeling the aftereffects of the Crucius curse.

"Sir, we must see the child, please!" The Healer said, in desperation. "We will bring him to St Mungo's for evaluation, please; you may visit him in the pediatric ward."

"Okay, okay." Draco said, kissing Scorpius on the cheek again before reluctantly relinquishing his hold. He watched worriedly for a moment as the Healer pulled out his wand and apparated before he turned to Harry.

"Harry…” Draco whispered with tears welling up in his eyes.

"Talk about delayed reaction," Harry muttered, rolling his eyes. Blaise smiled, fondly. "I've been alive for a minute already and you haven't shown me any affection—"

Draco shut him up with a hit on the head.

"Ow, Draco!"

"You idiot!" Draco shrilled, tears in his eyes. "Don't you ever die on me again, do you know how much I cried for you, you piece of shit! If you ever pull that stunt again I will un-Kedavra you and Kedavra you myself!" He sniffled, the tears finally pouring out in frustration and pain. "You stupid, heroic, attention-whore, sexy man."

Harry chuckled pulling him into his arms and kissing him, soundly. "I love you, too.” He leaned down and kissed him again, conveying his love and passion for this man.

"Don't ever leave me—us again." Draco whispered against his lips. "I can't bear it—I need you, Harry." He buried his head in Harry's chest, letting out his relief in cries and sobs and Harry simply held him. It felt perfect, holding him like this, Harry didn't regret anything. Harry didn't know how long they stayed like that but soon enough Draco was pulling away, his eyes puffy and red.

"Don't leave me." He said, again, softly.

"I don't plan to." Harry said, softly, before he kissed him so hard that Draco's toes curled in pleasure.

Draco moaned, pulling away breathless. "But Merlin, that was hot," He tugged at Harry's shirt until it ripped open causing Harry to yelp. "I need you in me, now, Harry. Let's have sex."

"What? Where did that come from?" Harry said, as he tried to push Draco away from him.

"Just seeing you come back made me all hot and bothered," Draco glared at him, "Don't deny me! I'm never letting you out of my sight again!"

"Draco, stop it! Blaise!" He whined as Draco kissed down his chest.

"I see no problem with this." Blaise said, smirking.

"No, Draco!" Harry yelped as he pushed him away, a few Auror's giving them a curious look. Some horrified. "There are people watching!"
"Let them watch," Draco growled, sexily, his gray eyes dark with lust as he climbed onto his lap. "The way you died and came back like a fucking **bad ass**, Merlin that was hot."

"No, it wasn't," Harry protested, slapping Draco's hand away. "I'm sweaty and dirty."

"Merlin, you're fucking gorgeous, I want to ravish you." Draco said, kissing at his neck. "The way you threw yourself over me to take a death curse for me is the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"Draco," Harry laughed at how ridiculous it all sounded, pushing Draco's hands away from his fly. "You're joking, right? You can't really think we're having sex in Luna's bloody living room."

Draco rocked his hips forward, moaning. "I have never been so turned on in my life. I want to make sure you never have a reason to die ever again!"

"Shit," Harry muttered as Draco attacked his neck, intent on giving him a hickey. He turned to Blaise, pulling him towards him gently. "We're going home."

"Yes, I believe we are."
Chapter Summary

"Invest in the human family. Invest in people.

Build a little community of those you love and who love you."

— Mitch Albom

Chapter Notes

Okay, guys, here's the Epi. I promised. I meant for it to be vague so the readers can take from it what they wanted. Just to remind everyone, this story was meant not for Harry to return to his own world but to be sent to a world where he feels the happiest and stay there. Aida (Fate) only gave him the option to return once she saw that Harry was have second thoughts. But his wish was always to be sent to a world that he would be the happiest. Just wanted to clear that up! Once again, thank you all for the support! Enjoy!

Three years later…

Harry flicked on the small lamp on the dresser and just stood there for a moment, taking in the sight of his sweet, one and half year old son.

James Sirius Potter II, they had adopted the toddler a year after Scorpius entered their lives and they had all fell in love with the bright eyed, happy baby with his adorable freckles and red hair. Draco was adamant they had adopted a Weasley if it wasn't for the boy's bright green eyes.

He smiled down at the curled form of the toddler; it soothed him to see him - to reinforce his decision to stay in this world especially after a nightmare.

There were days in the last three year that the guilt of leaving his world physically debilitated him but those days had become fewer and fewer as the years went by. He was happy. Simple as that and though he did wonder what he condemned his old world to, he didn't regret his decision. He didn't regret choosing family, his friends, and his lovers.

And if that made him selfish, then, so be it.

"No, Teddy, we can't go inside." Harry snapped out of his thoughts and paused as he listened in on his godson and eldest son's muffled conversation behind the closed door.

"But, why not, Scorp?" He heard Teddy whine and he stifled a smile, those two were inseparable. One couldn't be found without the other.

"Because...Papa said we couldn't go see Jamie if we didn't have superfission. He's too little."

"But Scorpius, we'll be extra careful! I wanna see Uncle Harry, too!"
Harry stepped to the door, not wanting Jamie to be startled awake, he turned the knob and opened the door, smiling down at the two blond heads that greeted him, "What are you rascals up to?" Two small heads shot up to look at him and he put on his best stern look.

"Papa!"

"Uncle Harry!"

Harry chuckled, "Good morning, Teddy and baby boy."

Scorpius huffed at the nicknamed and crossed his arms in a scary imitation of his father, "I am not a baby, Papa. I'm five"

Even while he said that, he tapped his cheek, silently asking for a kiss and Harry shook his head in amusement; that was one thing that Scorpius had grown to love was affection such as kisses, hugs and cuddles as he grew more comfortable with them. Harry bent down and kissed him on the cheek.

"You'll always be my baby, Scorpy." Harry teased, lightly, and Teddy giggled, his hair changing from a platinum blond to jet black.

"Uncle Harry, Jamie can't sleep in on Christmas, y'know!"

"I was just about to wake him, Teddy bear." Harry soothed the little boy's worries.

"Papa!" Scorpius tugged at his pants, "Can we help?"

Harry nodded, leading them into the room where they ran over to the crib.

"Look, Teddy, it's my little brother!" Scorpius proclaimed in a voice so proud that it made Harry's heart melt.

Teddy frowned, "I want a little brother."

"But you have Uncle Remy and Siri."

"Daddy and Papa aren't little brothers!"

"Maybe, you should ask them for one," Scorpius advised, sincerely, and Harry covered his mouth to hide his amusement. "That's what I did, right, Papa?"

"You were a deciding factor, Scorpius." Harry agreed as he picks up James from his crib, the toddler's mouth twisting at the movement before he settled in Harry's arms. He moved to the changing table and carefully placed him there.

"Do you think that can work?" Teddy gasped out as he comes up to stand next to Harry. His eyes switch from blue to green, mimicking Harry's face perfectly.

"It can," Harry smiled down at Jamie as he opened his green eyes blearily. "Good morning, little one."

Jamie brightens at the sight of him giving him a gummy smile as Harry changed his diaper. "Mama!"

"No, Jamie," Scorpius chastised, trying to climb up the changing table. "That's Papa! Mama is Mama Tori!"

"You used to call your Father, Mummy." Harry reminded him, softly, with a fond smile.
Scorpius looked mortified at the memory, hiding his face in James' hair. "That was a long time ago, Papa!"

Harry chuckled as James coos, clutching at Scorpius' hair who winced when the toddler pulls at it.

"Uncle Harry," Teddy pulled at his pants before he said, "Uncle Dray said that he wants you to come down soon!"

"Then, we shouldn't keep him waiting, yeah?" Harry said, just as he pulled a red jumper over Jamie's head. "Okay, Jamie, all done."

He picked up the baby and settled him on his hip before he feels Scorpius' hands slipping into his left and Teddy already top toeing to open the door.

Harry smiled, his heart felt warm and content as he led the kids downstairs and walked into the living room where Draco was grumbling in a tangled mess of colored lights and tinsels. Harry bit his bottom lip to stop himself from laughing.

Draco looked up and glared at him, "Not a word, Potter."

Harry donned an innocent smile, "I wouldn't dare."

"Daddy, are you the Christmas tree this year?" Scorpius asked, tilting his head to the side, innocently.

"No, mini me, I'm not," Draco laughed, "It's a thankless job."

"Aw, don't be like that, love." Harry bent down to put James on the carpet and walked towards Draco, kneeling next to him. He whispered, "You would look sexy in Christmas lights."

"You kinky bastard," Draco retorted, bumping his shoulder against Harry's.

"Only for you," Harry said, brightly, pecking his lips. "I love you."

"Love you too. Happy Christmas."

"Happy Christmas, everyone!" A voice startled them apart as the Floo flared and someone walked out.

"Oh, the snow seems a bit frightful." James sings off tune, Harry grinned up at him just as Remus, Lily, and Sirius stepped out.

Draco groaned, "Tell me why again you taught your father such dreadful muggle Christmas songs."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time." Harry said, shrugging.

"Daddy, Papa!" Teddy exclaimed, flinging himself at Remus and Sirius.

"Hey, there kiddo," Sirius caught him midair and swung him around. "Had fun?"

"Yeah!" Teddy said, enthusiastically, before he looked at him seriously. "We need to talk."

Sirius chanced a glance at Remus who shrugged, clueless. "Talk about what?"

Teddy took in a deep breath, aware of his aunt and uncles stares before he looks at Scorpius who gives him a decisive nod. "I want a brother."
James chokes back a chuckle just as Remus pales.

"What was that, baby?" Remus choked out.

"I want a baby brother like Scorpy has." Teddy said, slowly, "I'm seven, I'm long overdue for a brother!"

"Er...well..." Sirius fumbled, unsure of what to say. Remus came up from behind him looking at his son with a strange expression.

"Who wants Christmas cookies?" Blaise intervened, coming from the kitchen with a tiny smirk.

Sirius sagged against Remus in relief as Teddy forgot what they were talking about and ran to Blaise along with Scorpius who held Jamie's hand.

"Thank you," Sirius mouthed to Blaise who rolled his eyes at him.

James laughed wholeheartedly before he began his Christmas carols up again much to Draco's chagrin.

"You saved Sirius' ass back there." Harry whispered to Blaise as he grabbed one of the colorful cookies.

"It was disgusting to watch him splutter so much." Blaise said, leaning forward to kiss him. "Happy Christmas."

"Happy Christmas."

"What the hell is Draco doing?" Blaise asked as he looked past him to where Draco is struggling with a tangle of lights. "Why isn't he using magic?"

"It's a dare between him and Hermione." Harry said, laughing. "Hermione told him he depended too much on magic and he said he could decorate the tree without magic. So far Hermione is winning."

"I can see that." Blaise said, smirking. He moved towards Draco and bent on one knee to offer Draco a cookie.

"Thank you, love. That's why you're my favorite husband." Draco said, loudly, looking past Blaise to glare at Harry.

Harry laughed, "I have no qualms with that babe, and Blaise is my favorite."

Draco gasped in mock hurt, "I'm your favorite!"

"Deck the halls with calls of parry, falalala -"

"Happy Christmas, baby." Harry turned to see his mother smiling at him warmly.

"Happy Christmas, mum." He said, pulling her in for a hug, happily.

"Your father is in the Christmas mood as well," Lily said, rolling her eyes in amusement.

"Yeah, I'm feeling a bit Christmassy, too." Harry said, smiling.

"I'm glad, baby." Lily said softly, stroking his cheek. "You're already twenty-three with a career, two kids and two husbands." Lily laughs, tears forming in her eyes. "You've grown so much. I'm so
proud of you."

"Aw, mum, don't cry." Harry pulled her in, again, burying his face in her red hair that reminded him of warmth and home and love. "I love you."

"I love you too, Harry."

"Oh, silent night, the wizards are-a sleeping-"

"James, will you quit it already!" Lily pulled away to shout at her husband, "That isn't how it goes, anyways."

Harry shook his head, picking up Jamie as he crashed into his leg. "Mama!"

"Hello, baby, enjoying your Christmas?" Harry asked, nuzzling his cheek.

He sighed as the Floo flared again and Severus and Hermione stepped out with their arms full with presents.

"Look, Scorpius, Aunt Mione and Uncle Sevvie brought the presents!" Teddy announced, shooting to his feet.

"I would tell you to put them near the tree but..." Harry nodded towards the tangled mess that was Draco.

Hermione let out a laugh once she caught sight of him, "Oh, just admit defeat, Draco."

"Never!" Draco hissed.

"Go Daddy!" Scorpius cheered as he wrapped his arms around Blaise's leg.

"Dada!" Jamie repeated, happily.

Harry laughed just as he heard a sharp pop and Luna appeared a cane in her right hand, along with her twins, Lorcan and Lysander. Harry gave her a bright smile before he moved forward to pull her in for a hug "Hello, Luna, great to see you."

"Hi, Uncle Harry," the twins said, simultaneously. For three years old, they were more mature than they seemed. Harry grinned as the twins pushed away a bit of blond hair from their eyes before they added, "Can we go play with Scorpius and Teddy?"

"Hello, Lorcan and Lysander, and, yes, you can."

"I'm glad you could come," Harry said, watching as the twins ran to where the children were gathered around Draco, cheering him on as he tried to finish the tree. "Rolf at another conference?"

"Even the Nargles over your head wouldn't keep me away." She smiled at him, airily. "And yes, he is."

"How is the leg?"

"It's bearable most days," Luna said, "I don't mind it."

"That's great to hear, Luna," Draco called out, "You wouldn't mind helping me, would you?"

"No outside help," Hermione shouted to him.
"This is getting a bit chaotic," Blaise muttered as he placed the plate of cookies on the coffee table. "You wouldn't mind going upstairs for some quiet, would you?"

"Very funny," Harry grinned as he wrapped his arms around his waist, "But I love it like this."

Blaise turned to him with a smirk, "You do?"

"Yeah," Harry pulls him in for a kiss, "It brings me joy."

"As much joy as it brings me to see Draco tangled in Christmas lights?" Blaise asked, smirking as he looked towards his other husband.

"Okay, my minions!" Draco shouted over the chatter as the children stood in a line in front of him. "Jamie, you take the blue lights that way and Scorpius, you pull out the whites while Lorc and Ly can get the green. Teddy, give me a cookie!"

Harry laughed, "Pretty much."

"But Daddy," Scorpius whined, tugging the white lights from Draco's body. "I want to cuddle and eat cookies!"

"I want to open presents!" Teddy said, as he ran to the coffee table to get Draco's cookie.

"Presents!" The twins shouted, happily.

"Not yet," Hermione said, "Not until Draco finishes the tree."

"You're horrible." Draco grumbled.

"Dada!" Jamie squealed, tugging at Draco's hair instead of the lights.

"After you pull the whites out, baby, we can cuddle," Draco said, patiently, "We need to show Aunt Mione that we can survive without magic right?"

"Yeah!" Scorpius said, enthusiastically, he dropped his lights to run to James' side. "I'll help Jamie!"

"Jamie, baby, let go of Daddy's hair," Draco said, wincing when Jamie pulls harshly at his hair. "It's not lights."

Jamie blinks up at him, confusedly, tugging at his hair. "Lights?"

"No, it's not lights!" Draco groaned as there was another tug at his hair and he flopped to his side, dramatically, "Jamie, you're fired."

Scorpius gasped, horrified. "Daddy, that's mean! You can't fire Jamie!" Scorpius jumped on Draco, causing the man to grunt before he looked at him with wide, blue eyes, "Can I have my cuddle, now?"

"Ugh, with all these lights on me?" Draco asked, a smile on his face as Scorpius shrugged before he crawled under his arms and tangled himself in the lights to get to Draco. "I like cuddling with you, Daddy."

"This tree will never be finished at this rate," Hermione said, laughing along with Lily as they watched the kids climbed onto Draco.

"This is truly embarrassing." Severus said, sighing.
"I want to cuddle!" Teddy exclaimed, jumping into the pile of Draco, Scorpius and lights.

"Cuddles! Cuddles!" The twins chanted.

"Silent night, holy bright, all is calm and all is light," James and Sirius began a solemn tune, swaying hand in hand near the fireplace.

"Honestly," Lily muttered, rolling her eyes.

"You are all fired!" Draco wheezed as Lysander and Lorcan jumped on him as well. James giggled before he joined the pile of screaming and laughing children.

"O, holy night, Lily was sleeping and I -"

"Enough with the carols!" Draco groaned in pain as Scorpius accidentally pressed his heel into his ribs.

Scorpius grinned up at him and said, "This is the best Christmas ever, Daddy."

Draco looked down at him, as James tied lights to his hair. "You always say that, mini me, but I'm glad you think so. It's a disaster, to be honest."

"It's a traditional disaster, Draco." Harry smiled, pulling Blaise along as he made his way to Draco, "And you love it."

"I'll love it more if you get down here." Draco said as he pulled at his pants, roughly, causing him to fall on top of him and the children. Harry laughed before Draco is pushing up to capture his lips in a kiss.

"Kisses for Papa!" Scorpius exclaimed, happily, before he planted a kiss on Harry's cheek.

"Kissy!" Jamie cheered, happily before he dropped his own wet kiss on Harry's scar.

He savored the moment as the rest of the children reach for him to land kisses on his cheek and forehead. It was everything he could wish for - his father's and Sirius' singing was awful and the children giggled, incessantly, under him as he kissed Draco while the loud chatter of his friends and family filled the air.

And even if the tree fell when Blaise joined the cuddle, it was perfect.

It was Fate.

Fin

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