Dracones Flexuris in Lumine

Begins after the killing of Voldemort. Once harry defeats Voldemort he passes out. Ron is overrun with grief, Hermione is focused on her studies and Ginny is about to leave for her final year at Hogwarts. Harry can't remember killing Voldemort, will he get his memory back? What will happen when Harry realizes he has a soulmate? Will his soulmate accept him or will he run away?
What happened?

Harry woke up in the infirmary. He felt the familiar itch of the sheets below him. It seemed something large had happened but what was it?

The last thing he remembered was entering the fight on Hogwarts ground. The rest was a blur…

Were Hermione and Ron okay? What happened to the Dark Lord? He couldn’t remember.

He heard bickering outside and Madam Pomfrey’s distinct voice. Before he could try to listen in further the curtain around his bed was flung open.

“Harry!” Hermione launched at his chest and started sobbing.

“Mione, what’s going on?”

She pulled back to look into his eyes. “You can’t remember Harry?” She looked perplexed.

“Mate, you killed Voldemort!” Ron spoke for the first time.

Harry didn’t believe him for a second. If Voldemort were dead, he should be as well. Hermione seemed to be giving Ron a death glare.

“Pomfrey told us not to tell him anything he didn’t remember Ronald!”

“Mione, he killed Voldemort! He has to remember that!”

“He doesn’t seem to!”

“I would have to agree with Ms. Granger, Mr. Weasley.” Everyone turned to look at Pomfrey as she entered the room. “Harry, what’s the last thing you remember?”

“I remember arriving at Hogwarts and being greeted by Neville, then we met up with the DA.” Harry paused trying to recall further. “Voldemort called to me, he knew I was there. We had to get the diadem before I went out to face him. There was fire and…Did I save Malfoy?” Harry shook his head trying to get beyond that point. “Did Fred die!?” Harry couldn’t remember anything after that so he stopped trying as his head was starting to hurt.

“Well Mr. Potter, it seems that spell affected you more than we thought. You’ll have to remember on your own. Mr. Weasley, no more information passed what Mr. Potter remembers.” Ron nodded reluctantly and Hermione was staring at Pomfrey.

“Madame Pomfrey, when do you think he’ll remember?”

“I don’t know. Nothing like this has happened in Wizarding history Ms. Granger. We’ll have to wait and see.”

Hermione looked displeased with that.

“Don’t worry Mione, strange things tend to happen to me. I’m sure I’ll be fine.” She looked slightly more pleased with that answer. “Ron, I’m sorry about Fred.”

Ron nodded mutely. It seemed he hadn’t gotten passed the shock.
A few days later, Harry returned with Ron to the Burrow. Weeks passed and he had recovered none of his memories of the Battle of Hogwarts. So against Mrs. Weasley’s and his friend’s wishes he returned to Grimmauld Place.

Harry looked around the desolate place that he would now call home, and wondered if he had made the right decision. Hermione and Mrs. Weasley had gotten on his last nerve, they coddled him. And Ron wasn’t himself, he was trying to help George at the store and had yet to work through his grief for Fred. If that wasn’t bad enough Ginny had come to talk with him. He remembered that talk well.

“Hey Harry” Ginny looked decidedly tired.

“Ginny, how are you?”

“Not great, thought we needed to talk.” Harry nodded minutely.

“Harry…while you were off finding horcruxes something happened. We were all staying in the room of requirement, even the slytherins. I became friends with Zabini. I don’t know if you know him?” Harry shook his head no.

“Well, he’s quite nice. His family didn’t really pick a side. He’s also good friends with Malfoy. Not that it will help your opinion of him. Malfoy wasn’t himself all year, seemed gaunt and…” Ginny looked up to see Harry did not seem at all interested in hearing about Malfoy. She was babbling anyway. “Well, we hit it off. I really want to give it a shot with him. I came to realize that while I loved you, I loved you as The Harry Potter, not Harry Potter. Harry Potter I loved as a brother.”

Harry was slightly annoyed at this. But he was also surprised to note that he felt the same way. Ginny was like a sister to him.

“I’m happy for you Gin.” She looked dubious at that statement. “Really Gin I am, I love you like a sister. You deserve someone that makes you happy, and that’s not me. Just know I will stand with your brothers when they threaten him if he hurts you.” Ginny laughed.

“I hope we’ll stay close Harry.”

“Of course we will Gin. We’re family.”

While he was sure that was the way he felt about Ginny now, it also meant he had to start dating again. And everyone would see him as The Harry Potter now. Not to mention he wasn’t particularly good with women, the only one he had been able to understand was Hermione, she told him almost everything. While he thought Hermione was grand. He also thought of her as a sister. Not to mention that Ron would likely skin him if he tried to go after her, although they had seemed distant the past couple of weeks. He made a mental note to speak with Hermione about that.

He decided that he would fix Grimmauld up. It would help him clear his mind, and maybe he would remember things better. Plus he was pretty sure he didn’t want to be an Auror anymore. He was tired of fighting.
After a few weeks at Grimmauld fixing the place up Harry felt he had made little progress. Both with the house as well as his mental state. He hadn’t had contact with many people, he mostly spoke with Ginny and Hermione. Hermione had relayed that Ron was not over Fred’s death and that’s what was keeping him.

He couldn’t’ remember much and his dreams were haunted.

He had woken many times from nightmares involving brooms and fiendfire. Not that he wasn’t used to nightmares but more than once he had woken up sweaty and with an erection, which he couldn’t seem to work out. He hadn’t ever really had a healthy sexual drive. With malnourishment in his childhood, plus being worried over the Dark Lord he had only had time to kiss two girls and that really never got further than a quick snog, and he hadn’t wanted it to.

Ginny was the one to tell him that he had Malfoy’s wand. He had asked her to send it to him with Pidwidgeon. Malfoy and his mother had been cleared of all charges, he couldn’t tell you why but Hagrid had testified. Hagrid said something about it being the right thing to do, and if Harry remembered he would have done it himself. Hagrid kept saying Harry wouldn’t have forgiven him if he had let them go to Azkaban.

He hadn’t felt like getting another owl after Hedwig, but with all the post he was receiving would likely need to get one soon. He didn’t like that idea.

Harry hadn’t really ventured out of the house either. While he had been taking down wallpaper and doing repairs he hadn’t actually shopped for anything and was starting to doubt that he could do the renovation himself. He had no real style.

He was shaken out of his thoughts with the knock at the door. He wondered who it could be, he wasn’t expecting anyone.

“Hey Harry!”

“Hey Gin, didn’t know you were stopping by.”

“I just wanted to check on you, hadn’t seen you in a couple of days” Ginny tended to drop in like this. She worried, he knew that. He didn’t really have a purpose and Ron not communicating with him was taking a toll. Not to mention Hermione being wrapped up in taking the NEWTs so that she could start her career.

“It’s good to see you, want a cuppa?”

“Yes please”

They made their way to the kitchen. Harry put on a pot of water and made up the cups.

“So how’s Blaise?”

“He’s good. He’s studying almost as hard as Hermione. Wants a career in the Ministry.”

“Didn’t know that, you’ll have to bring him over sometime.” Ginny was assessing him. She tended to do that too. She felt he didn’t eat enough or something.
“You don’t look well Harry.”

“I’m fine.” She gave him a glare that could rival Molly’s. “Really I am.” Other than the fact that I’m having nightmares from which I wake up from with an erection. But he couldn’t tell Ginny that could he.

“No, you’re not. But you don’t have to tell me. Just tell someone okay.” Ginny was accepting, and she had really been there for him. She would be leaving for her final year of Hogwarts soon and he was going to miss her.

He spent a few minutes debating whether or not to tell her while the kettle boiled. He poured the tea and gave Ginny her cup.

“I haven’t worked it out myself Gin.”

“Harry, I know you have trouble asking for help but I’m here for you.”

“Promise not to tell anyone?”

“Of course Harry!” He relayed the odd nightmares he had been having, and what happened when he woke up. Ginny seemed to contemplate this for a minute.

“Harry, have you ever contemplated your sexuality?”

“What does that mean?”

“Well most people just assume they’re straight as that’s the most socially acceptable. But some people are bi, gay, or pan. Have you ever thought it over?”

“Not really.”

“Well I suggest you do that, I think it may help you figure out those dreams of yours.”

“Okay. I’ll try.”

“Well, I have to go now. Need to get my schoolbooks for next year. Wonder who they’ll have replace DADA? I’ve also heard a rumor that Slughorn may not come back.”

Harry walked her to the door.

He would think about his sexuality. Really he would. But tomorrow. Tomorrow would be better for that. He went to bed early and didn’t eat any dinner.
What are soul mates?

Harry woke up to the sun shining in his face. He remembered his conversation with Ginny but figured he’d put it off until after breakfast.

While he continued to strip the walls of the ghastly wall paper he wondered how he could fix the black family tree. Sirius would have been helpful to have right now. Hell anyone would have been helpful, even Snape.

Was he gay? He tried to think of blokes he found attractive but came up short. Was he straight? He had found two girls attractive in his lifetime. Was he bi? Well if he couldn’t answer the other two questions he certainly couldn’t answer that one.

Let’s go about this in a different fashion, eh, Harry? He thought of the times he had become aroused. Shockingly the only times that came to mind were the times he fought with Malfoy. That didn’t seem right. There should be other times right? Like when he thought of Ginny or Cho? But there weren’t. What did this mean?

He needed Ginny, so he fire called her. She stepped through the floo a moment later.

“Hey Harry!” She hugged him.

“Hey Gin, I need your help.”

“Of course, where should I start?” She was talking about helping with the renovation, which was not what he needed.

“Not with the renovation Gin.”

“What do you need help with then?” He looked at her and willed her to remember their conversation yesterday afternoon. Understanding dawned on her face. “Oh, have you thought that over then.”

“Yes but I’m having trouble working it out.”

“Okay well tell me what you have so far.” He relayed what he had thought of Malfoy, and surprisingly didn’t blush as often as one might think.

“So you were aroused by the fighting, or by Malfoy?”

“Does it really matter?” so much for not blushing that much.

“Yes actually.”

“I don’t know. I’ve never fought with anyone like I’ve fought with Malfoy before.”

Ginny seemed to think on this for a second. “No, you haven’t. I should have seen this sooner Harry!” She seemed excited now. She was looking at him curiously. “How did you feel this year without him?”

“Well I didn’t really think about it. And we saw him at the Manor.”

“What did you feel when you saw him?”

“Relief for not ratting me out.”
“Are you sure?”

“Yes Ginny I’m sure I felt relief.”

“Yes. But for not ratting you out?”

Harry thought on this a moment. Yes he had felt relief but when did that relief come? It seemed he had felt relief as soon as he had laid eyes on Malfoy. But that couldn’t be right.

“Well…?”

“I think I was relieved to see him.”

“I think we need Hermione.”

“Why?” Ginny ignored him and proceeded to floo call Hermione, who was not amused to be interrupted in her studies.

She stepped through the floo moments later and looked annoyed at Ginny.

“Hey Mione.” She looked at Harry and a worried look came over her face.

“Hi Harry, how are you?”

“I’m good, and you?”

“Fine” She came over and hugged him and could feel his bones. He had lost weight and looked exhausted. “You must eat more Harry. Let me go make you something.”

“No Hermione. We needed you for your knowledge right now” Ginny and Hermione shared a look.

“What did you need to know?”

“What do you know of soulmates?”

“Well in the muggle world soulmates are a person ideally suited for you, but it has no scientific backing”

“What about in the Wizarding world?”

“In the wizarding world soulmates are a proven phenomenon. One perfect soul split in half put into two bodies. Soul mates can’t be whole without one another. It’s very rare and the soul mates tend to have extraordinary magical power because without it they wouldn’t be able to survive.”

“Why does this sound like a messed up version of horcruxes?” Harry asked.

“Soul mates are light Magic Harry, honestly.” Hermione sounded exasperated. “The first noted pairing of soul mates was Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff.”

“Wait the female founders were soul mates?”

“Yes. But honestly, Ginny, why do you want to know all of this.”

“Well… You may have noticed that Harry is underweight and slightly depressed.” Again the two girls shared a look. “I thought it was residual from your time searching for horcruxes but I think I may be wrong. He still seems to be losing weight.”
“And soulmates come in where?” Harry interrupted. The girls both glared at him.

“You may remember that Harry wasn’t that upset about us not getting back together, or me being with Zabini. I found that odd. Harry has confided in me with some things that I will not relay, but I have a theory.” Ginny paused for dramatic effect, she liked to do that.

“And…” Hermione was tapping her toe with impatience.

“I think him and Malfoy are soul mates.”

Both of their jaws dropped.

“That’s not possible” Harry said as Hermione screamed “What!”
Is this a Joke?

Ginny gave Hermione and Harry a look. Hermione’s jaw was on the floor and Harry was looking suspiciously at Ginny.

“That’s not funny Ginny.” Hermione said.

“I’m not trying to be funny” Ginny held her chin high and stared at her smartest friend, daring her to contradict what she just announced.

“Hermione, honestly I don’t know who that is, but it’s not Ginny. Someone must have polyjuiced into her.” Harry replied.

Hermione looked contemplative. “What did Harry have in 6th year that you got rid of, and where?”

“The Half Blood Prince’s potion book, I put it in the room of requirement”

“Well Harry, it’s definitely Ginny, but that doesn’t mean she’s not under Imperious”

“I am not under Imperious!”

“Well, we can’t know that can we?” Hermione stuck her nose in the air.

“Whatever, even if I am, I’m telling the truth. Give me Verisatum and I’ll prove it.”

“You know that we can’t get Verisatum just anywhere.”

“Well then, guess you’ll have to take a leap of faith.”

Hermione looked ready to argue but finally grit out “Fine, explain your reasoning.”

“Well like you said, Soul mates are one perfect soul split in half put into two bodies. Slytherin and Griffindor are polar opposites, put them together and you get a perfect person yes?” She paused seemingly to collect her thoughts. “Also very powerful magic, that’s obviously Harry he defeated Voldemort, and Malfyoy has mastered Occlumency, that’s rare right?”

Hermione nodded.

“Then you take into account that they can’t be whole without each other. Can you explain that a little more Hermione?” Ginny’s voice was innocent but her eyes had a light behind them.

“Well they tend to seek each other out. Even though they’re extremely powerful on their own, like I said they’re not complete without each other. So once they meet the souls have a kind of magnetic reaction to each other. The mates have trouble being apart for extended periods of time.”

Ginny smirked, “So what you’re saying is that soul mates can’t stay away from one another?”

Hermione nodded.

“Like Harry and Draco continually fighting each year even though they could have easily let go of the grudge? Especially since Harry always had something else going on each year.”

Hermione looked shocked.
“Not to mention that Malfoy gave Harry…” Hermione was frantically waving her hands back and forth and making a 'cut it' motion across her neck.

“Oh right, he forgot about that. Never mind I’m sure it’ll come back to you Harry.”

Harry was red and looked…angry? Embarrassed? Ginny and Hermione couldn’t quite make out what he was thinking.

“It’s not possible” he practically hissed, “I could never be soulmates with Malfoy. The git hates me. Not to mention him being on the side of the dark lord during the war.”

“But, Harry think about it. When was the last time you felt whole, not sad or lost?” Ginny asked.

“I’m fine!” he gritted out.

“Harry, you’re not fine. You must have lost some weight, not to mention you don’t know what to do with your life. And you’ve hardly gone out in public since the end of the war!” Hermione added not so helpfully.

Harry definitely was angry now. “Get out, both of you” he yelled.

“But Harry we’re just trying to help” Ginny said.

“You’re not helping, I said get out!” he wouldn’t meet either of their eyes.

The two girls shared a look and Ginny stepped forward to touch Harry.

“No!” Harry flinched away. Then he looked up and there was green fire in his eyes. He stepped forward, grabbed both Hermione and Ginny and apparated to the Burrow, then was gone. Both girls tried to apparate back to Grimmauld but the wards wouldn’t let them back in. Harry must have erected new wards, and quickly.
Enlisting Black Blood

Three weeks later both girls were decidedly worried. Ron had yet to come out of his slump about Fred, and Harry had yet to forgive them for telling him that Malfoy was his soul mate. They hadn’t been able to get back into Grimmauld and none of their owls were going through. They decided that Harry must be going out for groceries at least, but to their dismay it looked as though Harry had called Kreacher back from Hogwarts and was having him get the necessities.

The girls tried to corner Kreacher but house elves were amazing creatures and he managed to get away. It seemed he wasn’t going to talk to anyone but Harry.

They were at a loss.

“Honestly Ginny I don’t know what to do! We don’t even know if he’s okay. Kreacher may be getting him groceries but that doesn’t mean he’s eating anything.”

“We need a plan. We have to get in there.”

“We can’t Harry has erected new wards. Only Kreacher and him can get in and out.”

Ginny sat there looking dejected then sprang up “That’s it!”

“What?”

“Kreacher can get passed the wards. We just have to get someone he’ll take.”

“He’ll only take someone of Black blood or the master of the house, which is Harry. And Sirius is no longer with us.”

Ginny looked sad again. “Too bad Sirius was the last of the Blacks.”

Hermione’s eyes widened comically “Sirius wasn’t the last of the Blacks. Narcissa. Narcissa Black Malfoy! Ginny you’re a genius!”

Ginny smirked.

“But how do we get Narcissa to contact Kreacher?” Hermione contemplated.

“Tell her about the soul mate bond? Malfoy must be in just as bad of shape as Harry right? And she lied to the dark lord to save him. I’m sure she’d help us if it helped him.” Ginny suggested.

“No way to know unless we ask right?”

Hermione immediately owled Nacissa

Mrs. Malfoy

Apologies for the disturbance. Ginerva Weasley and I have some important information about Draco that we feel you need to know. Would you be willing to meet us for tea?

Sincerely
Hermione Granger

Hermione tied the note to Pidwidgeon and the girls went to make some afternoon tea.
It was six-o-clock when they received a reply

*Ms. Granger*

*I don’t know how you would know more about my son than myself, but I will agree to meet you both. Please come promptly tomorrow at 10am for morning tea.*

*Narcissa Malfoy.*

“Well, it could have been worse I suppose” Hermione muttered.

“Yes, she didn’t call you a mudblood. And her inviting us over is the closest thing that I believe we’ll see to worry” Ginny added.

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The next day the girls Apparated right outside of the gates to Malfoy Manor. After the trials, with Draco being let off due to Hagrid’s testimony he inherited the manor. Lucius had nothing left to his name, and the public still did not trust the Malfoys, but Hagrid was a strict defender for the light and everyone figured that once Harry got his memory back, the reason for Narcissa’s and Draco’s pardons would be revealed.

They walked slowly up the path together and reached the grand doors. Hermione started to shake.

“Are you alright Hermione?”

“Yes of course.”

“No something’s wrong. Tell me.” Hermione’s lips were pressed tightly together. Realization dawned on Ginny. “Oh Hermione, I’m so sorry. I forgot all about it.” Hermione nodded minutely.

“Do you want to go?”

“No, we have to do this for Harry.”

“Okay, but tell me if you need to leave.” Again she gave a small nod.

The doors opened and a small elf appeared in front of them. “Tilly will bes taking yous to the tea room”

Hermione had a gleam in her eye. She still firmly believed in SPEW, but she followed obediently. They walked into a light gray room with white furniture and tea cups on the wall.

“Ms. Granger, Ms. Weasley.” Narcissa walked in from a door to the right. “Tilly bring us the tea now.”

“Yes Mistress” Tilly apparated away.

The three women sat down at the table, Ginny and Hermione awkwardly and Narcissa with the usual Malfoy grace although she looked tired.

There was silence for a moment before Narcissa spoke again. “So, what information do you believe you have on my son that I don’t already know?”

The girls shared a look before Ginny spoke, they believed she would be better received, even if the war was over. “We think that your son has an unusual trait in common with Harry.” She paused to see if Narcissa was listening, “We believe they share a soulmate bond.”
Narcissa’s face showed no emotion, “And why would you believe that?” if she was curious her tone didn’t show it.

Hermione cleared her suddenly dry throat “They couldn’t stay away from each other in school. Last year when they were apart they both became restless and lost weight, not to mention they are both powerful wizards in their own right.” Hermione went out on a limb here, that’s the information Ginny had relayed to her but she wasn’t sure if it was correct

Narcissa looked slightly pleased with the last statement. She paused for a moment before indecision flickered over her features, but was lost a moment later. “My son.” She paused, “has not been well since the final battle. He doesn’t eat much and…his plan to become a potions master, well he seems to no longer be interested.” Narcissa raised a critical eye over the girls again.

They shared a look. “Harry hasn’t been well either. He has lost weight…he didn’t react well to our theory and no one but Kreacher has seen him for the past few weeks.” Hermione added tentatively.

“So, why did you wish to speak to me about this and not Draco?”

“We felt we would not be well received with Draco. Plus you are of Black blood, Kreacher has to obey you right? Draco may have Black blood but he will always be a Malfoy.”

Narcissa seemed to nod at this, although it was almost imperceptible. “So you wish me to contact Kreacher and then what?”

“See if you can get him to take you to Harry. Someone needs to check on him.” Ginny said.

“What about the soul mate bond?”

“That will come after we make sure Harry is okay. If he’s not” Hermione paused and glanced at Ginny, “if he’s not okay…the soul mate bond will not matter.” All three girls seemed to understand that okay meant alive.

“So how do we do this?” Ginny asked

“I shall call Kreacher and see if he’ll take me to Grimmauld” Narcissa said.

“Kreacher!”
The distinct pop of apparition echoed through the room.

Kreacher appeared in front of the table “Kreacher is here for Mistress Narcissa” the permanent scowl was still on the elf’s face.

“Kreacher, would you take me to Grimmauld Place?” Kreacher looked thoughtful at this.

“Mistress Narcissa is no longer the Mistress of Grimmauld Place.” Kreacher answered

“But you can bring me there right? Harry’s friends are worried about him.”

“Master Harry is not being himself. He is no longer speaking to his friends.” Kreacher paused as if this answered all of their questions.

“Do you know why Kreacher?” Hermione piped up.

“Kreacher is not to be telling Harry’s friends nothing. Harry is not being happy with them.”

“Can you at least tell us if he is alright?” Kreacher looked sad as Ginny said this, which was strange for the elf, since it seemed as though he didn’t like anyone.

“Master Harry is not being well. Master has not eaten in weeks. Master is still kind to Kreacher though.” Ginny and Hermione raised their eyebrows at this. Kreacher hadn’t ever had anything nice to say about anyone before.

“Have you been taking care of him Kreacher?” Narcissa spoke again.

“Kreacher is trying to get Master to eat but Master refuses. Kreacher is going shopping every week but master will eat nothing…even treacle tart.” Kreacher looked really forlorn at this.

“Kreacher. I know I am no longer Mistress but he may listen to me. And I can still get passed the wards right?” She paused “Harry will die without eating Kreacher.” Her voice was stern at this last statement.

Kreacher looked conflicted “Kreacher is being taking care of Master. Master will not listen to Mistress Narcissa…but master never forbade Kreacher from bringing Narcissa to Grimmauld. And Mistress should still be able to get through the wards.” Kreacher looked determined “Mistress Narcissa will make sure Master Harry eats if I take her to master?”

Narcissa nodded. “Kreacher is taking Mistress Narcissa to Grimmauld.” With that he grabbed her arm and the sound of apparition once again echoed through the room. Ginny and Hermione were at a loss at whether to leave or not, but they figured they should stay until Mrs. Malfoy returned.

Narcissa and Kreacher arrived in the dining room of Grimmauld Place. Narcissa looked around with distaste. The room was run down and smelled of must. They walked out into the hall and it looked slightly better in there.

The old greyed wallpaper had been stripped off of the walls and the wooden floors seemed to have just been cleaned.

“Kreacher, the floors look beautiful, are you renovating?”
“Kreacher is not doing the renovation Mistress. Master Harry insists on doing the renovation, but sometimes Master lets Kreacher help with the trash.” Narcissa raised her eyebrows at this.

“Mr. Potter won’t let you help with the renovation?” Kreacher’s scowl grew. “Why won’t he let you help with this, surely he’s not used to this manual labor?”

“Master Harry is very used to manual labor Mistress” Kreacher hissed. “When Master Harry lived with the muggles master was made to do all of the housework.”

Narcissa was thoroughly confused at this statement. Harry Potter, The Harry Potter, lived with Muggles and grew up doing housework for them? That did not fit the image she had of the boy. “Will you take me to him?”

“Master is in the first bedroom on the second floor.” Narcissa knew where that was and immediately began to make her way there. Kreacher didn’t follow.

Narcissa knocked on the door lightly, after all this was not her home, hopefully the boy was decent. She didn’t hear a reply so she opened the door quietly. The room was a mess. There were clothes all over the floor, but under those it seemed as though it had been recently cleaned as the floors were polished and the windows were clean. The bedroom was done in Gryffindor colors and she shuddered at the obnoxious red and gold.

There was a four poster bed, obviously an heirloom, and it seemed as though it had not been made in a couple of days. But where was the boy? She walked over to the bed and began scanning the room for signs of him. When she reached the bed she saw a distinct black mop on top of gold sheets. She gently pulled back the covers. She barely held in a gasp.

The boy was skin and bones. He seemed to be sleeping, but it was fitful. He had large bags under his eyes, she looked closer and saw scars on the boy. It looked as though a dog had attacked him at some point. There seemed to be a mark on his neck, it was roundish and looked haphazardly healed. But those were for another day. For now Narcissa had to get Harry to a healer, or a healer to him, as it looked as though he shouldn’t be moved.

“Kreacher.” She whispered.

“Mistress called for Kreacher.”

“I need you to make a broth for Harry. I don’t think that we can take him to a healer, he’s not in good enough shape to move. Can we bring a healer here?”

“Kreacher is getting the broth. Master reset the wards, but forgot about the blood wards, only those of Black blood can get through the wards.” He popped out and was back in a minute with a bowl of hot broth.

“We’ll have to make do with what we have then.” Narcissa muttered more to herself than Kreacher.

“Harry” She whispered softly. She repeated his name and touched his head. He started to stir.

“Kreacher, go away.” He said sleepily.

“This is Narcissa Malfoy. Harry, you need to wake up.” Harry seemed not to hear her, then he jumped up clutching the sheet to his bare chest.

“Mrs. Malfoy. What are you doing here? How did you get in?”
“You forgot that blood wards cannot be reset Mr. Potter. Kreacher came to fetch me, you are not in good shape.” She had gone back to her formal icy exterior.

Harry looked decidedly awkward. “Kreacher.”

“Master is mad at Kreacher” Kreacher said as he popped back in.

Harry let out an exasperated sigh. “I’m not mad at you Kreacher. But you shouldn’t have brought Mrs. Malfoy here. Will you please escort her back to where she came from?”

Kreacher immediately disapparated to avoid the order. Harry hadn’t said anything about when he should take her back, so he didn't have to do it immediately, unless Harry amended his order.

“Mr. Potter. You are going to eat this soup, and then you are going to take a shower and dress in fresh clothes” Harry looked ready to protest “Do not make me invoke the life debt you owe me.” She glared at him.

Harry harrumphed and then began to eat the soup slowly. When he was done he glared at Narcissa again before getting out of bed grabbing clothes and heading to the shower.

Narcissa began writing a note and by the time Harry returned she had a cup of tea in her hand and there was another one for him on the nightstand.

“Mr. Potter, I’m sure you realize the only reason you’re alive is because your magical core is so strong.” He shrugged. “You should be dead with the amount of manual labor you’ve been doing and the little food you've been eating. But it seems your magic saved your life.”

He shrugged again. “Do you wish to keep living Mr. Potter?”

He seemed to contemplate this for a second. “Don’t know. I don’t have anything to live for, do I?”

“You’re the savior of the wizarding world, of course you have something to live for! And your friends, don’t you want to live for them?” Narcissa was shocked but her tone did not indicate this.

Harry looked slightly cowed at this but not nearly enough.

“Why are you doing this to yourself Harry?” Narcissa loathed to admit it but the youth had gotten under her skin already.

“Don’t know.” He wouldn’t make eye contact but he seemed slightly shocked by the use of his first name.

“Is this about what Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley believe to be true?”

He glared at her.

“Just because they believe it to be true doesn’t mean it is.” Narcissa had trouble saying this. She wasn’t lying but she believed they were correct in their assumptions. But comparing Harry and Draco it was clear who was worse off. She would need to bring him back to a healthier state before broaching the subject again, or he would wither away.

Harry looked pleased with that statement. “How is your son?”

“Adjusting to life without Voldemort” telling half-truths seemed to be the right choice here.

Harry seemed to take this as Malfoy was fine, so the soul mate bond couldn’t possibly be real,
because he would be feeling the effects as well.

“Mr. Potter, I would appreciate it if you would let me come here in the mornings. You are not well physically, likely due to the last battle. You need someone to look over you and I’m sure you would appreciate someone who didn’t speak of what clearly set this whole thing off.”

“You don’t need to do that Mrs. Malfoy, I can take care of myself and Kreacher can help me.”

“Call me Narcissa. And I will not be taking no for an answer. You need human company. You can choose Ms. Granger or Ms. Weasley if you would like. But one of us is coming here every day.”

The expression she held said there was no room for argument.

“Fine.”

“Then I shall see you tomorrow Mr. Potter.”

“Narcissa, if I am to call you that, you must call me Harry.”

She gave a slight nod then Kreacher apparated her out.
The Dragons Den

Narcissa arrived back at the manor with enough time to change for dinner with her son. She had insisted they eat breakfast and dinner together to regain a sense of normalcy, at least that’s what she told Draco. She honestly just wanted to make sure her son ate. He had lost weight the past year under the Dark Lord’s reign of the Manor and while she couldn’t do anything then, she could try and make up for it now.

When she arrived in the dining room Draco was already seated. “Hello my Dragon” she greeted him, they were closer when he was younger but she rather liked her nickname for him.

“Hello Mother. How was your day?” he asked as he stood up to greet her, always the gentlemen.

“It was fine. How was yours?”

“Good, although when I came home I was a little perturbed.”

“Hmm…”

“Tilly told me that the Mudblood and the Weaslette were here for tea.”

Narcissa gripped her fork tightly. “Draco, you mustn’t call them that.

“Why not?”

“They are good friends with the Savior of the Wizarding world. We must not get on their bad sides.” Narcissa had honestly liked Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley. They were just trying to help a friend, and she was impressed with their bravery.

“And that matters to me because?”

“Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley are nearly family to Mr. Potter. You must get over your silly rivalry and see that a connection with them would be beneficial to the Malfoy name.”

Draco sneered at this. “Blood traitors and Mudbloods could never be beneficial to the Malfoy name Mother.”

“Use that word one more time Draco.” She sent him a stern look. “You must get rid of your father’s ideals and figure out what is really best for the wizarding world, Dragon.”

Draco looked at his plate, brows furrowed. “So why invite them for tea today then mother?”

“It seemed a good day for it.” She hoped he didn’t probe further. She hadn’t had time to think of a better reason for them to be there.

“Allright mother. Where did you go after that? You weren’t here when I got home.”

“Oh, I went to visit an old friend. We must get reacquainted with the wizarding world. A lot has changed” she said sweetly.

“Which friend?”

“Oh Draco dear, I forgot to ask, did you look over the details of the Aspen property?” Apparently she wasn’t as sly as she used to be.
“Yes mother. Seems Father let the Dark Lord hold some meetings there before coming to the Manor. It’s quite destroyed, we will need to renovate.”

“That’s upsetting. Although the décor was slightly outdated, I shall take that over if you don’t mind? That will give me something to do. It might take me away each day though.” She couldn’t believe the perfect excuse to be out of the house landed in her lap.

“Of course Mother. You have a great eye for decorating.”

That was the end of the conversation for the night. Draco was friendly enough at dinner, although nowhere near where she knew he could be. He had become more silent as the years went on, trying to live up to his Father’s potential. She knew this from the time Lucius had spent in Azkaban, after her son’s fifth year. He had become closer with her, more independent and shared with her his love of potions. When her husband had escaped the boy had been taken under the Dark Lords reign and had not returned to that lovely state since.

Like she had said to the two girls who had visited earlier, Draco had given up on his dreams of being a potions master. He instead opted to take over the business of managing properties. She told him that she could handle it, but he didn’t seem to care.

She retired to her chambers early, while she knew she couldn’t bring the soulmate subject up with Harry she needed to share it with Draco. She would have to plan this carefully or he would react just as negatively as Harry had.

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The next morning Narcissa awoke early and formulated a plan. She went to the library and brought out a book on bonds. There was a small section on soulmate bonds, she left the book open to that page and brought it to the tea room.

She relaxed in a chair pretending to read the book when her son came in.

“Good morning Mother.” Draco came over and kissed her on the check.

“Good morning dragon.” She laid the book on the table next to the chair she was sitting in and moved over to the round table in the center of the room. It was a little known fact that Narcissa loved books, the sorting hat had almost put her in Ravenclaw due to her love of them, but she had threatened the blasted thing with death. She was not prepared to break the family tradition of being sorted into slytherin. So it was not unusual for her to be reading a book before breakfast.

“Will you be visiting the Aspen property today mother?”

“I believe I will be. I must see the damage and then decide the style to redo the property in.”

“Alright, I will see you at dinner then?”

“Yes of course my dear. It may take the whole day to assess the damage though, so expect me just in time to change.”

“Alright mother.”

After finishing her breakfast Narcissa left the room. She had instructed Kreacher to meet her in her chambers at 10am. That gave her an hour to get to Aspen and back so that she could accurately recap what she had seen to her son at dinner.
Draco watched his mother leave, then glanced over to the book. It looked old which was odd, he knew for a fact his mother had read the entirety of the family library well before he was born. Curiosity got the best of him so he walked over to the still open book and read the page it was open to.

SOUL MATE BONDS

Soul mate bonds are rare in the wizarding world. A soul mate bond is when one perfect soul is split into two bodies. It takes two very strong wizards to survive past childhood without meeting their soulmate. Once the two soul mates meet they will feel an immediate attraction to the other. They are not able to stay away from each other for long. Due to the rarity of soul mate bonds not much is known about how the two discover the bond. It is believed that if soul mates are of the same sex they are able to conceive a child.

The first soul mate bond on record is that of Rowena Ravenclaw and Helga Hufflepuff, two of the founders of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. There have been five recorded instances of soul mate bonds since then. Soul mate bonds are required to be filed at the Ministry of magic as there are laws that pertain to their existence.

Why was his mother reading of soulmate bonds? She had never said that Lucius and herself were soul mates, and that would be something his Father would have bragged about. Their marriage was arranged, maybe she had a soulmate that the marriage kept her from? He would have to further investigate the laws on soul mate bonding if that were the case.

Draco went to work for the day slightly confused, but he didn’t broach the subject with his mother at dinner. Or the next day at breakfast. However, Narcissa knew her son well and could tell he was working something through in his head.
Harry does his own research

Harry found that he enjoyed his time with Narcissa. She reminded him to eat, and watched him while he did so, nodding with approval when he finished. But that was pretty much as obtrusive as she would get.

Normally she would come and sit with him while he ate his breakfast. The portion got slightly bigger each day. Then she would go through books with paint colors, wall papers, and designs. When he had inquired about what they were for she relayed that the Malfoy’s property in Aspen had been destroyed and her son was letting her take over the redesign.

She always referred to Malfoy as ‘her son’ around him. He suspected to make him more comfortable with her. And true to her word, never mentioned the soul mate bond that his friends were stuck on.

She had inquired as to how he had learned to clean. Which had lead to a nine too pleasant conversation about his childhood at the Dursleys. But other than the speculative glances for the rest of that day she hadn’t mentioned or eluded to that topic again.

While his physical health continued to improve, his mental health wasn’t doing as well. He also felt a strange pull in his chest that he chalked up as anxiety. He tried to keep his thoughts off of the soul mate bond, it was depressing. So he instead threw himself into the renovation of Grimmauld. He would usually tire his body out so much that after Narcissa monitored his dinner he would fall into bed, dead to the world.

But Narcissa couldn’t come on Sundays, so he was left to his own devices. And sometimes his body ached so much from the week before that he would decide to take the day off. His thoughts would stray to his future and he couldn’t help but think of a life partner, and then children and then the blasted soul mate bond that he supposedly held.

While Narcissa wasn’t there, he went through the library but could only find one mention of soul mate bonds in all of the books. He had memorized the paragraph.

Soul mate bonds are exceedingly rare. Children don’t tend to make it passed the age of two if they have a soulmate, especially if they are muggle. SIDS, known to the muggles as Sudden Infant Death Syndrome is better known in the wizarding world as Soulmate Interference of Drastic Scope. Those wizards powerful enough to make it through infancy are believed to die violently before reaching their twenties if the soul mate bond had not been secured. The soul mate bond is impossible to monitor and therefore there is not much information on the unsuccessful pairings.

This unnerved Harry more than he cared to admit. He was eighteen at this point, if Malfoy was his soulmate and he refused it, he could die within the next two years. Harry knew that there were a couple of known instances of soulmate bondings and took it upon himself to find records of them. Surprisingly he found the answers somewhere he didn’t expect, fairy tales.

Obviously he already knew the pairing of Helga and Rowena. Hufflepuff/Ravenclaw

The next was from The Snow Queen, Kay and Gerda. Slytherin/Gryffendor

Another from Possession, Randolph and Christabel. Houses unknown.


The little mermaid, Ariel and Eric. Houses unknown.
By far Harry found the pairing of Ariel and Eric to be the most amusing. The wizarding world thought mermaids beneath them, and had translated the story incorrectly so that they could include a wizard as the prince. But it seemed that both were merpeople, how they got record of the soulmate bond was beyond him.

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Nearly a month had passed, Ginny was back at school, Ron had yet to check in and Hermione sent letters daily, although Harry never replied. He knew he was being stubborn, and he knew that he was wrong to kick Hermione out. And now that he had done it he didn’t know how to reconnect.

So when Narcissa handed him a letter and stood there waiting for him to open it, he was a little dismayed.

Harry

I know you’ve been getting my letters. I’m sorry for what Ginny and I have done, but I love you and only wanted to see you well. Professor McGonagall let me take the NEWTs a week ago, along with some others who had missed them last year. I have not received my scores back but I wanted you to know that I had taken them, and I won’t be bothering you with my studying anymore.

I miss you. Will you please allow me to come visit? Now that Ginny has gone back to school, I don’t have anyone to talk to. Ron is still not the same, I don’t know if he ever will be.

Please let me see you.

Love,

Hermione

Harry was confused when something splashed on the letter. It seemed as though he had started to cry halfway through. He looked up at Narcissa. She had taken a seat and was reading a book. He quickly wiped away the tears and started to pen a letter.

Hermione,

I miss you too. Please come over tomorrow morning for breakfast if you’re free.

Love,

Harry

He silently handed the note to Narcissa and walked up to his room.
Hermione had engulfed herself in her studies after that fateful day at the manor. She still had the letter addressed to herself and Ginny

Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley,

Kreacher was able to get me into Grimmauld. It seems as though Mr. Potter has been doing a lot of manual labor and has not been eating enough. I was able to successfully get him to eat some broth and have ordered him to take a shower.

I will insist that one of us come to visit each day. I believe he will choose me as he is still upset at the notion of my son being his soulmate. I will use my life debt if he does not agree.

He is not in good shape physically. We must get him healthy again before broaching the subject.

I advise you to leave the manor before my son returns. It will be hard to come up with an excuse for you being there.

Narcissa Malfoy

It had been nearly a month. She wrote letters every night when she finished her work, but she never heard back. She had taken to studying for the NEWTs but that ended a week ago now. Ginny had departed for school on September first as it was her final year.

Ginny had been her only reprieve from the guilt and depression that came from failing Harry. Ron was a mess and offered her no support. She had tried to connect with him after Fred, but he wasn’t open to it.

It was with a heavy heart that she had sent her last letter. She had given it to Narcissa as a last resort, hoping Harry would be more receptive if the note came from someone he thought of as a friend now. She was actually quite surprised when she received a reply, and in that reply an invitation to Grimmauld. Narcissa had advised her not to bring up the bond, which she had researched in the past week with little progress.

So the next morning at precisely eight in the morning Hermione flooed to Grimmauld Place. It accepted her and she was relieved.

“Harry?” she called out uncertainly.

“Mione, is that you?” she heard his voice coming from the upstairs landing.

“Yes, where are you?”

“I’m coming to you, don’t worry Mione” she heard Harry as he bounced down the stairs. He stopped short in front of her, hesitating for a second. Then his arms were around her and she was sobbing into his neck. “I’m sorry Mione” he sounded so dejected.

“It’s okay Harry, you’ve been through a lot.”

“No. It’s not. You’re my best friend and you needed me. So please accept my apology.”

“Of course Harry. Just, please don’t ever do that again.” She looked up into his green eyes. They were pretty much the same height, although she suspected if Harry had grown up with the right
nutrients he would have been taller.

“I promise. Now, would you like some tea?”

“Yes please!” She followed Harry into the kitchen. It seemed a lot of progress had been made on the inside of Grimmauld place. Harry even seemed to have been able to take down the portrait of Walburga Black. “Where’s Walburga?”

“Oh. I managed to convince her that she would have a better time in the Black Family vault with her husband Orion and Regulus. Did you know that she had a portrait of Regulas made?”

Hermione shook her head no. She studied her friend as he readied the tea. The bags were still there but were less prominent. He had put on weight not enough but he didn’t look as though he would collapse anymore. His eyes had regained some of their fire, they were still dull but not lifeless. And he had gained some muscle back, likely from the renovation.

“You look well Harry.”

“Thanks. Narcissa helped with that. I’m ashamed to say that I wasn’t really eating before she came.” He blushed lightly.

There was silence for a moment as they both sipped their tea, not uncomfortable but it seemed as though Harry had something on his mind.

“Hermione” he began “I’m going to show you something because you’re the brightest witch I know” he paused. “But please don’t read too much into it.” His eyes were pleading with her.

“Alright Harry.” What could be troubling him so?

He brought a book forward as well as a parchment containing his distinct chicken scratch handwriting. She read the paragraph quickly and then looked at the list of people.

“What do you think of this Harry?”

He ran his hand through his mop of hair “I don’t know Hermione, but I’m willing to bet that you didn’t give up on the subject when I told you to.”

It was her turn to blush. “I haven’t found much more than I already told you. And the part about not reaching your twenties is disturbing to me. I haven’t seen that anywhere else.”

He seemed to contemplate this for a second. “Mione. Did you know that I thought I would die in the final battle?” She had, but had never voiced it. “I don’t really have a point to living Mione, that’s why I started this renovation. I don’t know what I want in life.” She looked about to interrupt him. He held up his hand “But I do know now, after spending time with Narcissa, that I don’t want to die. So I better take this soul mate bonding thing seriously right?”

Hermione nodded, slightly teary and most definitely chocked up. “If anyone deserves to have a soul mate, it’s you Harry.” She said with conviction.

He looked doubtful but nodded and hugged her again.

Both failed to notice Narcissa standing in the doorway with suspiciously shiny eyes.
The Dragon bares his teeth

Narcissa returned from Grimmauld feeling better than she had in years. Harry was willing to accept the bond, now she just had to get her son on the same page.

She had been so wrapped up in Harry’s well-being that she had failed to notice her son’s discontent over the past month.

“Mother” he greeted her as she stepped out of the floo.

“Draco darling, what are you still doing home?”

“I needed to speak to you. I was going to follow you to see where you were going each day but I couldn’t make out what you said when you went through the floo.” His face showed no emotion.

“Dragon, you could have asked I would have told you I was visiting a friend.” She lied through her teeth.

“Yes mother, what friend would that be?” His eyes were cold.

“Oh you know.”

“No I don’t know!”

“Tilly!” Tilly popped in “Would you please get us some tea, we’ll take it in the garden.”

Draco and Narcissa walked through the long halls of the Manor, Narcissa held his arm lightly as he escorted her out to the table in the garden. They sat down in an uncomfortable silence for a few minutes and when Tilly brought the tea Narcissa began busying herself with making the two cups.

Draco knew he would get nothing further on his mother’s “friend” so he tried something else “Why were you reading about soulmates the other week?”

Her hand stilled for a moment in her stirring, enough for Draco to notice. “You know I like to read darling.”

“Yes, but you don’t just leave books laying around mother. You purposefully left it there for me to see.”

“I did no such thing.”

He rolled his eyes.

“I believe I know a pair of soulmates, alright?”

“No, not alright! They’re exceedingly rare, who are they?”

“Draco, I’m sure you wouldn’t be interested in such a thing.”

“Oh so that’s why you left the book open! Because I wouldn’t be interested in such a thing? Two powerful witches or wizards, of which there are only five pairings documented! I wouldn’t be interested in something like that mother?”

If she was affected by his tone she didn’t show it. “Draco…”
“Don’t ‘Draco’ me mother. I want to know who the pairing is!” She stayed silent. “It must be Potter if you’re staying silent, and the Weaslette correct? Or not correct. Blaise said he and the Weaslette were dating, maybe he lied. Did he lie mother?”

Again she was silent. “I know its Potter and someone. Just tell me who it is mother before I lose my temper!”

“Yes the paring does include Harry, darling.”

“Since when have you called Potter ‘Harry’ mother?” he said with a sneer.

She debated keeping the information to herself longer, but really, her son had her husband’s temper. He would be mad for weeks if she kept this from him. Then again he would be mad for months if she told the truth. But what was the best for Harry? Draco had to know, the sooner the better, hopefully he would take the news better than she expected.

“Harry hasn’t been well my dragon. He was weak after destroying Voldemort. Everyone assumed it was a simple power drain, nothing a little rest couldn’t help. He was slightly underweight due to that year in the forest.”

“You’re stalling mother.”

“No Draco, if you want to hear this you must hear it from the beginning.” She pierced him with a glare and he tipped his head in acknowledgement. “Like I said, he was underweight due to the year in the forest. He doesn’t remember the final battle. Last thing he remembers is basically saving you from the fiend fire.” Draco looked shocked at this.

“His friends informed him of the soulmate bond when they saw he wasn’t getting better. Let’s just say he was less than pleased. He kicked them out, changed the wards. Blocked the floo. After three weeks of not being able to check on him Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley asked for my help.” Draco looked completely confused at this point, he opened his mouth to ask questions. “Questions at the end dear.” She knew he would likely storm out with the last statement she made but that was alright, she had to get him thinking about it.

“They thought, since I had Black blood, I may still be able to get into Grimmauld place. And they were correct. Harry’s house elf Kreacher reluctantly took me there to help Harry.” She paused remembering what she had arrived to. “Harry had been working on renovation, doing all the work himself. This surprised me, though not so much after he told me of his childhood. I found him in bed, he was skin and bones and his skin was marred with scars.” Draco felt irked at this but he couldn’t fathom why.

“I managed to get him up and fed. Got him to take a shower. For the past month I’ve been visiting him daily, making sure he eats and doesn’t exert himself too much. Today he finally let Ms. Granger back into his house. She hadn’t seen him for nearly two months. He’s realized the bond may risk his live should he choose to ignore it, so he’s stated that he will try his best to accept the bonding.”

Narcissa seemed to be done so Draco decided to start with his questions. “What do you mean it didn’t surprise you so much after you learned about his childhood? You mean the time he spent in the Potter mansion with servants giving into his every will? And you’ve still yet to tell me who his mate is.”

“I don’t know if it’s my place to tell you of his childhood Draco.”

“You’ve told me nearly everything else. Tell me of his childhood now, it’s not like anyone will
believe a Malfoy about a Potter if I go to the press.”

She seemed conflicted, but she also knew that he was correct. She took a deep and hopefully calming breath.

“Mr. Potter grew up with his mother’s sister, a muggle who lived in Little Whinging. He grew up without knowing of his importance or heritage. The muggles he lived with, well they weren’t good people. They made him do the housework from the time he could walk. His first Hogwarts letter… yes Draco he got hundreds, was addressed to ‘The Cupboard under the stairs’ they kept him in there when they didn’t want to see his face.”

“Hagrid finally took him to Diagon alley, where you met him. You know all about his school years. Other than fighting Voldemort and the death eaters pretty much every year at the school. But his summers were spent with the muggles, they abused him verbally and sometimes physically, I believe, though he was reluctant to share that. He did say he was attacked by dogs. Anyway, he did not grow up as privileged as you may think.”

Draco was having trouble grasping the concept that Potter wasn’t doted on when he went home for the summers. And he definitely didn’t know that he had been fighting Voldemort since first year. Seemed the boy had no peace, at home or school. This was also troubling to him in a way that he didn’t want to think of.

“You still haven’t told me who his mate is.”

Narcissa looked at her son, hoping he could handle this information. “Well Draco…it’s you.”
The Dragon finds his treasure

His mother was crazy, she must have broken when Father went to Azkaban. He would have to get her a room at Saint Mungos. Yes. That’s what he would do.

I mean it was bad enough that she tried to claim that Harry Potter grew up with muggles, but for him to be Harry Potter’s soul mate. There was no way!

I mean sure, he’d had a crush on the boy since they met in Madam Maulkins. He had known he was gay since reading his first book on the great Harry Potter. But that didn’t mean that the savior of the wizarding world was as well.

And even if Harry was, there was no way he would get together with a former death eater, and arch nemesis.

Not to mention, he would marry a pureblood not a half-blood. And it would most definitely be a woman, because he needed an heir.

Yes his mother was crazy. She wasn’t going to see Harry Potter every day that was insane. So he’d just have to follow her tomorrow to see where the delusions started.

So no, he definitely did not have a soul mate. And it definitely wasn’t Harry Potter. Maybe Potter did have a soul mate, but he doubted that. His mother likely never saw him. He couldn’t’ explain why Granger and the Weaslette were there the other day, other than what his mother had originally said. They were good friends with the Golden Boy, so a friendship with them would be beneficial to the Malfoy name.

The next morning Draco told his mother he was working from home because he had to visit Gringotts and check the accounts.

Instead of going to his office he went to the floo room and put himself under a disillusionment charm. Luckily he only had to wait a few minutes for his mother to come in and step into the floo.

She very clearly called out “Twelve Grimmauld Place”

The name was familiar to him, maybe they owned that property? Hopefully, he really didn’t want to be thrown back to the manor by getting blocked out by the wards of some unknown place.

“Twelve Grimmauld Place” he called out as he stepped into the green flames.

He ended up in a room that was on the smaller side. The walls were painted in a light blue. There was an armchair with a lamp next to it that looked well used. Maybe his mother sat there and read by the fire. Next to that was a couch that was overstuffed in a light grey. The pillows were a slightly darker grey with a white abstract pattern over them. The floors were a rich oak and looked to be recently polished.

He could hear voices coming from somewhere else in the house. Wasn’t his mother supposed to be alone?

He slowly made his way down a hallway that was painted in a light grey, it had bead boarding on the lower half in a crisp white. There were pictures on the wall but he didn’t pay them any mind as
he made his way towards the voices. He could start to hear the conversation.  

“Here’s your tea Narcissa”  

“Thank you dear, how are you today?”  

“I’m fine.”  

“Now don’t lie to me Harry.” What??! Harry? There was a pause in the conversation and Draco was about to step in to see if he could see who was talking with his mother, and how they got so close to Potter’s voice.  

“Fine. I’m freaking out. I mean I’ve talked it over with Hermione and not taking this whole soulmate thing seriously could end in my death.” Again, what!?!  

“Did she have anything else helpful to say?”  

“No, there are so few pairings that there’s not much information at all. It’s funny, I actually managed to get more information that Mione in my research. I think that’s the first and only time that will ever happen.”  

His mother laughed! She actually laughed! Draco had not heard his mother’s laugh since he was a child.  

“So, Draco and I talked yesterday. I overheard you say that you were going to take the bonding seriously. I would say I was sorry for eavesdropping but I’m not.” Yep that was something his mother would do.  

“Oh?” Only Potter would react that way, or whoever had polyjuiced into Potter in this case.  

“I don’t think he believed me. He stormed out of the room after I told him that he was your soulmate. He thought it would be Ginny.”  

He hear the man’s laughter, “Guess he was as clueless about my sexuality as I was.”  

Okay so someone had definitely polyjuiced into Potter to fool his mother. But why? And who? Pansy? Theo? He would have to wait the hour to see who it was when it wore off. But he couldn’t tell if the imposter was taking the potion again because he couldn’t see them. And how were they getting Potter’s hair? He vaguely remembered reading in the Prophet that the Golden Boy hadn’t been seen in weeks.  

Had someone kidnapped Potter and kept him to take his hair for the polyjuice? And why fool his mother? While his mind had wandered off it seemed as though the conversation had continued.  

“We’ll just have to get him to talk to me I guess.”  

“Hmmm.”  

“He’ll probably punch me and ask about polyjuice.”  

“You can’t handle a physical assault right now Harry. Your body is still healing after the damage you did last year. And since you didn’t grow up in a great environment I’m willing to bet that if you broke anything it would take a while to heal.”  

Draco scoffed. Unfortunately for him the inhabitants seemed to hear it.
“Kreacher!” Draco heard the pop of apparition. “Is there someone in the house besides Narcissa and myself?”

Draco didn’t wait to hear the answer. He started to run back towards the floo but wasn’t fast enough and an ancient house elf appeared in front of him with a scowl. The nasty elf grabbed his trousers and apparated him to the kitchen.

“Draco?” that was his mother. “What are you doing here?”

He grabbed her and pulled her away from the imposter. “Mother, I don’t know who this is but it’s not Potter. We have to go now.”

His mother pulled away from him. “Dear, this is Harry. I promise you.” Draco looked incredulous.

“If it would make you feel better Malfoy, I’ll sit in a chair for an hour and a minute and you can see if I transform into someone else?”

Draco narrowed his eyes. “Fine, but I’m not leaving you until that hour is up.”

“Well, might as well move somewhere more comfortable then.”

The three unlikely companions walked down the hall to another sitting room. Draco saw some weird black box on the wall but preferred to keep his mother shielded by his body and his wand aimed at the imposters back.

The man, if it was a man, sat down in an arm chair which left a loveseat for Draco and his mother to sit on.

There was some tense silence before his mother decided to jump in. “So Harry, it seems my son did not believe me when I told him your story.”

“What do you mean Narcissa?”

“Well I may have told him about your life with the Dursleys.” Not-Potter looked upset at this. “I am sorry dear, I thought it would help him accept things better.”

Not-Potter sighed. “Well he’s not going to believe me, is he? He thinks I’ve polyjuiced into myself.”

“You can still tell him about it, then when nothing happens in an hour he’ll have to believe you.”

Not-Potter seemed to contemplate this for a second. “Well Malfoy, what’s your opinion on the matter?”

“Whatever you say is a lie. You’re holding Potter hostage somewhere, I don’t know how my mother fits into this plan but I’m going to find out.”

Not-Potter laughed, and Draco hated to admit that did something to his traitorous body. It was strange, his body seemed to be a lot more relaxed than before he had arrived at twelve Grimmauld Place. He supposed this was due to the fact that he was able to protect his mother from the maniac that was in front of them.

“Well, you can still ask me about my childhood. It would make a great story to tell your pureblooded children right Malfoy?” Not-Potter gave him a winning smile.

“Fine, start at the beginning. Otherwise we’ll just be sitting here in silence.”
Potter went on to relay the events that his mother had already told him. He did have a few new things to say though. Like fighting Professor Quirrell/Voldemort his first year. And Tom Riddle’s diary second year. He’d never quite figured out what happened that year. His cousins escape from Azkaban and Buckbeak being alive. That damn Hippogriph! The Tri-wizard tournament and how a death eater had entered the school polyjuiced as Professor Moody and entered Harry into the tournament. He always thought the stupid git had entered himself. He never knew how, because of the age line, but if anyone could do it, it would be Potter. Umbridge’s detentions with a blood quill and the DA. At that story he had taken a look at Not-Potter’s hand and saw the scarring, that made him angry. He also heard about Harry being present at Dumbledore’s death.

Narcissa interrupted after this. “It’s been three hours dears, how about we get something to eat?”

Draco cast a tempus quickly, it had been three hours. Not-Potter was still Potter. What?

Potter gave him a smirk before he walked up and out of the room. Narcissa patted Draco’s shoulder lightly and gave him a small smile. He sat there dumbfounded for a couple of minutes.

Not-Potter must have cheated. He somehow got polyjuice into him while distracting Draco with made up stories.

He tried desperately to think of a moment that only Potter would know in order to show his mother that she was wrong and this was not Harry Potter.

It took him a few minutes before remembering their detention together in first year.

He dashed into the kitchen “Hey” he yelled. Not-Potter looked amused, and he was cooking? Didn’t he have a house elf?

“When and where did we meet Firenze for the first time?”

“The Forbidden forest. I passed out due to my mental connection with Voldemort when we saw him drinking unicorn blood. He offered me a ride back to school.” He paused. “By the way, that connection was due to the fact that Voldemort had accidentally made me a horcrux when he cast that killing curse on me as a child.”

Well. Draco couldn’t deny it any further. The only other person that knew about that was Firenze, and Firenze had no reason to pretend to be Harry Potter. Plus, Draco didn’t know if Centaurs could even take Polyjuice, how would that work? But that didn’t mean they were soul mates.

Potter seemed to sense what he was thinking. “Look Malfoy. I know this is odd but honestly we have to get passed this. I don’t know about you, but I’ve been feeling better than I have since you lied to Bellatrix for me. Apparently that’s part of the bond, being near each other eases the tension.”

“Then you should’ve been feeling better during the final battle when you took my wand right?”

Potter blushed. He actually blushed! “Malfoy, I can’t remember anything passed saving you from the fiendfire, and I can’t really remember how I felt then because I was trying to save your arse. Sorry Narcissa.”

“No apologies needed, it was the correct word choice.” Draco was very weirded out with how friendly his mother and Potter seemed to be.

“Anything more you know about the battle keep to yourself. I’m supposed to remember on my own time. But it’s been over three months and nothing, so I don’t know if it’ll ever come back.”
“You mean you don’t remember the defeat of Voldemort?”

“Nope.” Another cheeky grin, how could the boy show his emotions so openly?
Draco suddenly remembered something that was said earlier. “Wait, what did you mean earlier about the soul mate bond and death?”

Harry’s smile faded slightly. “Well, there’s not much on soul mate bonds as I’m sure you’ve found. But one passage I found said and I quote ‘Children don’t tend to make it passed the age of two if they have a soulmate, especially if they are muggle. SIDS, known to the muggles as Sudden Infant Death Syndrome is better known in the wizarding world as Soulmate Interference of Drastic Scope. Those wizards powerful enough to make it through infancy are believed to die violently before reaching their twenties if the soul mate bond had not been secured’”

“Show me.” Potter went off to fetch the book. He handed it to Draco and Draco read over the passage quickly. Draco looked at Potter. “We’re eighteen.” Potter nodded. Draco didn’t particularly like the idea of dying a violent death. But he was supposed to marry a pureblood who could carry an heir.

Potter seemed to read his mind. “I know you want an heir Malfoy. And maybe I’m not a part of the sacred 28, but same sex couples with soul mate bonds are supposedly able to conceive.”

Draco lifted his nose at this statement. “I don’t believe you. And even so, how would that happen.”

“Like I said there’s not much information on that. I’ve given you pretty much all of the information that I have.”

Draco then made a sound not befitting of a Malfoy.

“I’ll just leave you two boys to talk it out then.” Narcissa proceed to walk out of the room and presumably flooed back to the manor.

Draco glared after his mother’s form.

“We’re going to need to do something about securing the bond soon.” Potter voiced.

“And how do you suggest we do that?” Draco drawled.

“Well…um…” Potter was bright red. “I think we’re supposed to…have…sex” he whispered the last word.

“Sorry Potter I didn’t quite catch that.” Draco had heard exactly what Harry had said but he blushed so beautifully when he was embarrassed.

“Sex. We’re supposed to have sex Malfoy.” Harry’s green eyes met silver.

Draco contemplated this for a minute. His heart was beating uncomfortably fast. He couldn’t deny
that he had fantasized many times about the boy in front of him. And to be able to brag about bedding the Golden Boy, that would be great. He still didn’t think they had a soulmate bond, but he could pretend to get into bed with the raven haired beauty.

Draco went up and stood dangerously close to Harry, yes he was calling him Harry in his mind now. “Sex?” He quirked an eyebrow. Harry’s green eyes darkened with lust.

Harry cleared his throat. “Yes.”

“And how do you suggest we go about doing that?” Draco breathed against his lips.

Harry looked away from the silver eyes. He looked even more uncomfortable now. “Well, I wouldn’t know would I?”

“You’ve never had sex with a man before Harry?”

Draco hear Harry’s breath hitch. Harry licked his lips. Draco wanted to kiss those lips.

“No.”

“And what about Ginevra” He forcibly made himself say the horrid name so as not to offend the other boy. He did still want to get into his bed after all.

Harry shook his head no.

“Are you a virgin Harry?”

Harry nodded his head yes.

“I’ll make it good for you lover.” Draco purred. Some innate part of him was pleased to be Harry’s first.

Harry ducked his head and took Draco’s hand into his. He began to lead them upstairs to his bedroom. Luckily Narcissa had forced him to keep a cleaner room when he was still too weak to venture far from his bed. And he’d stuck with it as he got better.

When they got to the bedroom Draco let himself scoff at the colors for a second before spinning Harry around and bringing their lips together.

He ravaged the shorter boy’s mouth. When Harry tried to pull away he grabbed the boy’s hair forcibly and pulled him back. The boy let out a gasp and Draco took the opportunity to slip his tongue inside his mouth.

Finally he pulled away to breathe and could hear Harry panting for breath. He saw the bruise kissed lips and smirked. The boy would be marked when he was done.

Draco started to back Harry into the offensively colored bed. When he got there he saw that the sheets were silk, which mollified him slightly. He pushed Harry onto the bed, and the boy looked beautiful in the middle of the golden sheets. They actually made his green eyes stand out more.

Draco quickly laid himself over Harry and started to bite and suck at his neck while trying to rid the boy of his jumper. He had to pull away for a second to pull it over the boys head and release his arms. He took a second to look at the boy’s lithe form. To his dismay there were scars along Harry’s body.

Harry knew why he stopped. “I told you about my childhood. I still have some lasting effects.”
Draco didn’t like that answer. He ran his fingers across the scars lightly. And then he saw a mark on the boy’s neck that he definitely hadn’t put there.

He touched it “Where’s this from?” His grey eyes burned silver with anger.

“My uncle, he tried to strangle me back in fifth year I think. His wedding ring cut into my skin. No one really noticed, they were too busy trying to get the lug off of me. By the time I realized I was bleeding I didn’t want to bother anyone with it because it had already scabbed over.”

Draco was displeased with that answer but it was healed now and there was nothing he could do about it. He kissed the boy again and began to trail kisses down his stomach. He unbuttoned and unzipped Harry’s jeans and pulled them off of him before divesting the boy of his socks. He then began to undress himself.

Harry watched with lust filled eyes as Draco removed his robes, and then his underwear. His nine inch cock jutted out rock hard and suddenly Harry felt quite inadequate. As Draco stalked towards him, he tried to back up but was stopped with hands on his ankles. Draco pulled down his briefs before he could complain.

Harry’s cock was average size at five inches. Draco smirked knowing that this was one area where he was better than Harry. Draco dropped to his knees beside the bed and swallowed the organ without preamble. Harry let out a moan. Draco had plenty of practice with his dorm mate Theo Nott, and Nott was better endowed than Harry.

Embarrassingly soon Harry came down Draco’s throat. He swallowed. Harry lay in the middle of the bed seemingly blissed out.

Draco smirked and positioned himself above the brunette again. He kissed him thoroughly and Harry started to respond thrusting his tongue in rhythm with Draco’s. “Ready for more lover?”

Harry’s wide eyes met his. “Yes” he said breathily.

Draco never knew that the golden boy would be so submissive. He cast a lubrication spell on his fingers and thrust the middle one in slowly. Working the digit back and forth, getting Harry used to the intrusion. When Harry started to push back he added another finger and started to scissor them trying to stretch the virgin hole so that it would accommodate his cock. He added a third finger before looking for that special spot that would make Harry scream.

“OH MY GOD” Draco smirked, he found it. He started to rub back and forth against it and Harry’s cock began leaking pre-come.

“Draco. Please. More.”

Draco took this to mean that Harry was ready for his cock. He pulled his fingers out and smiled when Harry huffed his displeasure and tried to clench to keep the digits inside him.

“Don’t worry lover, you’ll be filled soon.”

Draco wasn’t usually a patient lover. But since Harry was a virgin he took some time in preparing him. But he had used up the last of his patience with that. So he muttered another lubrication charm and then thrust his whole cock into the unsuspecting hole.

Harry cried out in pain. It was too big. That was not meant to be inside of him.

Draco stayed still, savoring the tight hole clenching around his member. He then began to thrust
slowly. Wouldn’t do to hurt himself fucking the boy. Harry’s eyes were leaking tears from the pain, but then Draco hit that spot and he cried out in pleasure.

The look on Harry’s face when Draco hit his prostate did something to him and for once he thought about his partner’s pleasure in the act. He began to thrust against the nub relentlessly. Harry’s head was thrown back in pleasure and they were both sweating with the exertion and heat coming from their bodies. Harry’s ass suddenly clenched around him and he called out “Draco” as his come splashed across his stomach.

That nearly did it for Draco and three thrusts later he grunted out something with his release.

Harry had passed out from the pleasure and would probably be out for the night. Draco hesitated for a moment before casting a quick scourgify and tucking Harry beneath the covers. He dressed himself and without looking back flooed back to the manor. Maybe the golden boy was a decent fuck, but they would never be a couple. Draco needed to provide the Malfoy line with an heir. Maybe Potter would agree to have sex on the side when he was married. He highly doubted it though, Gryffindors tended to be prudes.
A Pissed of Potter

Harry awoke later that night in his bed, he rolled off his stomach and realized he was alone.

“Kreacher.”

“Yes Master.”

“Where’s Draco?”

“Draco left earlier today master.”

Harry’s eyes burned with a spectacular fire. “Fuck you too Malfoy.” He had to make a decision quickly. “Close off the floo Kreacher. And I forbid you from bringing anyone into Grimmauld besides Hermione Jean Granger.” He made sure to say her full name so that there were not any loopholes. “I expressly forbid you from bringing either Draco Lucius Malfoy or Narcissa Malfoy nee Black to Grimmauld.”

Kreacher nodded, however looked slightly upset. “I is doing as Master asks.”

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Two months later and the only person allowed into Grimmauld besides himself was still Hermione. Only the letters addressed to Hermione made it through the wards. Any addressed to Harry promptly set on fire and the owls had taken to dropping them after the first few times it happened. Hermione had broken up with Ron after finding out that he had cheated on her with Pansy Parkinson.

She had been living at the Burrow in Ginny’s room. She never went to find her parents after the obliviation in seventh year and so she promptly moved into Grimmauld after the breakup.

She was worried about her friend, he had been sick every morning for the past two weeks. He never complained about it, and kept insisting it was something he ate. He told her about the encounter with Malfoy but refused to discuss much further than “they had been intimate.” So when she was woken up at 4am on a Saturday morning to the sound of Harry retching she promptly went into the bathroom with a cold washcloth and wiped down his face when he was through.

“I’m going to have to insist you see a mediwitch Harry.”

“I’m fine Mione, I told you it was something I ate.”

“No Harry. You’ve been throwing up for weeks. Its more that something you ate.” Honestly she suspected something much more serious than food poisoning, and she hoped it was just his dinner.

“Fine Mione, but they have to come here. And I want it to be Poppy. She’s the only one I trust.”

“I’ll floo call McGonagall and see if she can spare Poppy for an hour. We’ll have to open the floo for both though.”

“Fine” Harry looked displeased with this but allowed it grudgingly because he loved Hermione as a sister, and she would pester him until she got her way.

Two hours later and Poppy Pomfrey was standing in the kitchen having a cup of tea before her exam of Harry.
“Alright Harry. Time to do the exam”

Harry reluctantly lay on the couch in the floo room. They had closed it off again right after Poppy arrived to make sure no one else came in.

Poppy cast a few diagnostic spells before pursing her lips. She then recast the same spells. She looked decidedly confused then.

“What is it Madam Pomfrey?” Hermione asked worried.

“Well. I have to say this is strange. There must be something wrong with my wand.”

“Why would you think that?” Harry asked.

“Well, the spells are saying you’re pregnant, but that can’t possibly be true. You’re a man!”

Harry blanched as Hermione looked at him worriedly.

“Madam Pomfrey…” Hermione started.

“Please call me Poppy Ms. Granger.”

“Poppy, have you heard of soul mates?” she nodded yes. “Have you heard that soul mate bonds allow couples of the same sex to conceive?”

Poppy looked confused at this. “Really?”

“Yes.”

“So Harry has a soulmate?” Hermione nodded. “Congratulations Harry! I’m so happy for you, you certainly--” she stopped short at the look on Harry’s face.

“FUCKING MALFOY!” Harry screamed as he stormed out of the room.

“Malfoy?” Poppy asked Hermione.

“Draco Malfoy is Harry’s soulmate. He tried to deny it after they…well after they…were intimate… Said he was…ahem… ‘just a fuck’…Guess there’s no denying it now though if he’s pregnant.” Hermione replied and Poppy raised an eyebrow.

Harry stormed back into the room. “How far along?”

“Two months Harry.”

“Well fuck.” Harry sat down on the couch, rested his elbows on his knees and his head in his hand in a posture of defeat.

“Don’t worry Harry. You’ve always wanted a family, and you have me.” Hermione said quickly.

He looked up into her brown eyes “Thanks Mione. That means a lot.” He looked conflicted. “I can’t keep this from him can I? I mean he deserves it…the bastard…but I can’t keep a child from their parent.”

Hermione’s eyes were suspiciously wet. “I suppose not.” She really did not like Malfoy right now.

“Harry. I’d like to stay with you through the pregnancy if that’s alright.” Poppy said.
“I wouldn’t want anyone else Poppy. Do you think it will take the normal nine months?”

“Harry, this is unprecedented. I’ll have to read up on soul mate pregnancies but I’ve never heard of a male getting pregnant. Do you know anything more?”

“Well I think in the case of LeFou his pregnancy was 7 months but the baby grew rapidly. He also died during childbirth…and…his soulmate passed as well due to the nature of the bond.” Hermione added, her voice sounded scratchy.

Both Poppy and Harry looked at Hermione with wide eyes.

“Well, let’s assume seven months with rapid growth then Harry, alright?”

Harry nodded mutely.

“We’ll do weekly checkups, I’ll get permission from McGonagall.”

“Poppy?” She raised her eyebrow. “Keep this between you and McGonagall please? I can’t imagine what will happen when the press catches wind of this.” Harry said.

She nodded “I promise, and Harry.” He looked so small right now. “We’ll make sure you’re here to raise your baby.” He nodded, but didn’t look convinced.

Hermione saw Poppy out and when she came back Harry was sitting in the same position she left him in.

“I promise it will be fine Harry.” She said as she hugged him to her side.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

“You better be damn sure, Harry Potter that I’m not losing my best friend.” She said this so fiercely that Harry believed her.
Narcissa arrived back at the manor fully expecting to have Draco follow her back immediately. So she was surprised when she heard the floo a couple of hours later signifying Draco arriving home. She walked out to the hall to see a smug smirk on his face but he didn’t stop to talk to her.

Something must have happened but she figured she’d see Harry in the morning and she shouldn’t worry too much about it.

Imagine her surprise the next morning when she called out “Twelve Grimmauld Place” just to arrive right back in her floo room at the manor.

‘Strange’ she thought as her heart sped up. “Kreacher!”

“Mistress Narcissa called Kreacher.”

“Kreacher, Harry seems to have closed off the floo. Please take me to him.”

“Kreacher cannot be taking Mistress Narcissa to Grimmauld. Master Harry specifically forbade it.”

“What!”

“Kreacher must be getting back to master now.” She watched the elf disapparate and immediately went searching for her son.

Luckily for her he hadn’t left for work yet.

“Draco Lucius Malfoy. WHAT DID YOU DO TO HARRY POTTER?” She screamed. Draco flinched, his mother had never yelled at him.

“Nothing mother.”

“Don’t ‘nothing’ me. He’s blocked me from entering the house!”

Draco said nothing and continued to work on the paperwork needed for the bank. Narcissa stood there fuming and a moment later wrenched the papers off his desk and incinerated them.

“Why would you do that mother?”

“Tell me what you did to Harry!”

“I bedded him and left”

“You what!?”

“I just told you mother.”

Narcissa was so mad you could practically see the smoke coming from her ears.

“Well. I will be staying with Andromeda until you apologize to Harry.”

“What?”

“Apologize to him or lose your mother.”
Narcissa left the manor to go stay with Andromeda and her great nephew Theodore. Each day she stepped up to the floo and attempted to floo to Grimmauld. It would always spit her back out where she started, but she had to do something. She sent letters to Harry every day apologizing for her son’s behavior and begging for his forgiveness but never received a reply. The pattern continued for two months before she was suddenly accepted into Grimmauld about two months later. ‘What had changed?’ She thought.

Draco steadfastly ignored that his mother had left. He felt better the day she left than he had in years and used the opportunity to go flying on the quidditch pitch behind the manor.

Unfortunately the next day his body started protesting even harder than before he slept with Harry. His joints were sore, ‘likely from quidditch’ he told himself. His heart had a strange tightness around it, he couldn’t figure that one out. Each day it got worse and he dreaded to say that when he wasn’t working he was thinking of the raven haired beauty that he had left in bed.

After a month Draco wasn’t able to focus on work anymore, he felt something was really wrong but he would not go back to check on Harry.

Two months passed and the house elf’s had to bring him his food in his room. He felt as though he couldn’t breath and was starting to think only seeing a certain Gryffindor would relieve the pain. But that wasn’t possible. Harry would hate him now. He thought over this often. The boy haunted his dreams. Draco chided himself on giving into his fantasy two months prior. He should never have done that. But he held hope that at least if they were soul mates they had technically “bonded” by having sex. Or at least that’s what he told himself while he wallowed in self-pity and tried to keep himself from running to the floo room.

Honestly though. If Harry wouldn’t let his mother in, there was no chance that he would be let in.

Narcissa saw the two Gryffindors embracing on the couch and didn’t know what to think of the scene.

Hermione and Harry both had tears running down their faces, although it seemed for different reasons. They were looking at her confusedly.

“Harry. I think I forgot to close the floo when Poppy left.”

Harry was glaring at Narcissa now but she paid him no mind “Why was Poppy here? Are you alright dear? I’ve been trying to get in here for the past two months but it always spit me right back out.”

“I’m sure Malfoy got a kick out of that.” He said bitterly.

“He wouldn’t know. I moved to my sister’s house after he told me what happened. I sent you a bunch of letters about it...Please tell me what’s wrong.” Narcissa pleaded.

Harry and Hermione shared a look. Then Hermione shrugged and said “it’s your news to share.”

Harry looked into Narcissa’s light blue eyes and saw no malice, she was the child’s only living grandmother after all. “Narcissa, I’m pregnant.”

The woman blinked, and blinked again. “I’m sorry what.”
The elegant woman being speechless made Harry smile. “You’re going to be a grandmother Narcissa.”

A smile lit up the elder Malfoy’s face “You’re pregnant?” a nod from Harry. “With my grandchild?” another nod. She reached for Harry’s flat stomach before stopping short, the smile fading.

“I am sorry about my son Harry.”

“I know…Feel free to touch, you can’t feel anything yet though.”

She smiled again and started to talk to the baby “You’ll be a Potter heir, child. Be nice to your Daddy, he’s already been through a lot.”

Hermione and Harry both smiled at Narcissa’s antics. Harry knew that she could be kind, but he didn’t realize how soft she could be. She would be a great grandmother.

“Now who’s taking care of you Harry? We must get the best mediwitch money can buy. And the nursery, where is that going? You may want to move out of Grimmauld, it’s not clean enough for someone who’s pregnant and-”

“Narcissa. Calm down. Poppy Pomfrey, from Hogwarts, will be overseeing the pregnancy. I’ll have Kreacher help with more of the renovations now. Don’t want to do anything that can hurt the baby. And Hermione’s staying here with me so I’ll always have someone with me.”

“Do you think…maybe…I can stay here as well Harry? I’ve missed your company.”

Hermione pierced Harry with a look.

“Of course Narcissa, you can decorate any room you want as your own. I’m sorry I took my frustration out on you but I couldn’t really think straight after what he did.”

Hermione nodded at the apology, her arm was still wrapped firmly around Harry’s shoulders.

Narcissa looked decidedly sad. Her hands resting on Harry’s knees. “Harry, I understand. But please, you’re my son now and you’re carrying my grandchild. Don’t ever doubt that.”

Harry started to cry again, he blamed it on the hormones. Both women shared a look, they knew Harry had precious little love in his life so they weren’t going to say anything else.

The next day the girls ate breakfast together. Narcissa had immediately gotten her stuff from Andromeda the night before and immediately flooed back. It was nearly lunchtime when they both started to worry about Harry.

They decided to go upstairs and check on him, as well as bring him some food. He was eating for two now, after all. Hermione knocked quietly on the door. There was no response. She looked up at Narcissa who took the lead by grabbing the doorknob and opening the door softly.

She had a flashback to the day she had come here with Kreavher nearly three months prior. The only thing that was different was that the room was decidedly cleaner.

She walked over to the bed and wasn’t all that surprised to see that Harry looked to be in about the same state she had first found him in. Maybe he had kept on some of the weight but not much.

“Hermione, have you made sure he’s been eating?”
“Honestly, I’m not here when he takes meals most of the time. I go off to the ministry in the morning before he gets up and usually get home after dinner. He always eats on the weekends with me though.”

Narcissi wanted to be mad at the girl, she really did. But she had a life outside of Harry and couldn’t be blamed.

“We have to bring Draco here.” Hermione looked scandalized. “Honestly, we need to fix the bond before Harry gets worse. The only way to fix the bond enough to get Harry healthy again is to have Draco apologize. They hadn’t completed the bond when I nursed him back to health last time, and I don’t think it will work the same now that they’ve been….intimate.”

Hermione contemplated this for a minute. “Alright, but I’m hexing the git when he gets here. Don’t look at me like that Narcissa, he deserves it!”

Narcissa honestly couldn’t argue with that. Her son had been idiotic, it would have to be done.

She stepped up to the floo and called out “Malfoy Manor”

When she arrived ‘home’ she immediately went to Draco’s office. He would either be in there or at work. She was halfway down the hall when a house elf apparated in front of her.

“Mistress is home. Goodness thanks. Mistress is much needed. Mistress must come with Petra. Petra will be taking Mistress to where she’s needed.”

Narcissa was confused, the house elf was acting strange but she followed after him because arguing would waste precious time.

They arrived outside of her sons rooms and by now she was extremely confused. “Why did you bring me here?”

“Mistress must go in. Mistress is needed.”

Narcissa honestly didn’t have time to deal with the house elf so she knocked lightly on the door to her son’s chambers. She didn’t hear anything so she walked in, assuming the house elf was delusional, but she would check the bedroom quickly.

She was not prepared for the sight that met her. Draco was in nearly as bad shape as Harry, he had bags under his eyes and had lost too much weight.

“Draco. Draco darling, wake up.” He grumbled and rolled away. “Draco, wake up now.”

He opened bleary eyes and saw Narcissa knelt by the side of the bed.

“Mother” he began to wipe his eyes “What are you doing here?”

“I came to fetch you Draco. But you’re not in good shape. What happened?”

“Nothing” she pierced him with a glare. “Fine, I haven’t been feeling well lately.”

“For how long?”

Draco mumbled something into the pillow.

“Draco, don’t mutter I can’t understand you.”
Draco took in a deep breath and looked into his mother’s eyes “I said since the day after I left Potter.”

Narcissa didn’t know whether to be angry or relieved at this statement. She decided to put off her feelings until she could get both her boys together.

“Come with me.”

“What! No!”

“Get out of that bed right now. Take a shower and brush your teeth. Then you’re coming with me.”

Draco muttered something else but went to do what his mother said, it was never good to deny her for too long.

When he got out of the shower and went back to his room his mother had gotten a house elf to pack a bag. He didn’t know where they were going but he didn’t have the energy to protest so he followed her to the floo room.

She pushed him into the floo. “Call out twelve Grimmauld place.” He looked at her like she was joking. “Just do it.”

“Twelve Grimmauld Place” He tumbled out of the floo with none of his usual grace. He hadn’t the energy for it. A moment later his mother stepped out with his shrunken bag.

“This way.” He followed her warily upstairs to a door. She knocked.

“Come in.” A female voice called from within the room.

His mother opened the door quietly.
The door opened to reveal the room that haunted Draco’s dreams. He saw Granger sitting on the bed with a book in her lap. What was she doing here? She looked up and glared at him.

“The only reason I’m not hexing you right now Malfoy is because I think it will disturb Harry.” She whispered harshly. He nodded, slightly confused. Harry didn’t seem to be in the room so what was she going on about?

His mother walked over to the chair that was set beside the bed, sat down and began to talk softly and rub something on the bed.

He didn’t really want to know what it was, or at least he told himself that. But he found himself making his way towards the bed without any prodding.

What he saw there made him gasp. Harry was lying there and he had lost a considerable amount of weight. His body didn’t seem to register that anyone was there.

“What happened?” Draco asked, just barely stopping himself from reaching out and touching the boy.

“He was fine yesterday but didn’t get up this morning. Your mother thought it best to bring you here and see if it helped.” Granger supplied, not looking up from her book.

“Why would me being here help?”

“Because of the bond dear,” his mother said softly.

“Oh you two can’t still be going on about that!”

They both glared at him. “Don’t wake him!” Hermione whispered harshly.

“The bond isn’t real. Otherwise we’d both be dying without each other.” Draco whispered back.

Hermione scanned his body, “Seems like you’re both dying to me.” She said and to his horror his mother nodded. She didn’t take her gaze away from the sleeping boy though.

“I’m fine.” He gritted through his teeth.

His mother and Granger shared a look. “He’s not going to believe unless we tell him the truth.” Granger said.

“It’s not ours to share.” His mother said quietly.

Instead of continuing the conversation Granger walked out of the room. She came back with a book in hand and opened it to a page that was bookmarked. He raised one eyebrow.

“I found this book a couple of weeks ago. I relayed the information to Harry.”

Love and Bonds- He read the title. What was this a potions book?

He flipped to the table of contents

1. True love
2. Love potions
3. Marriage bonds
4. Blood bonds
5. Paternal Bonds
6. Maternal Bonds
7. Follower Bonds
8. Rumored Bonds

Weird book… He opened it to the page that was marked

**Soul mate bonds**

*Soul mate bonds are rumored to be in existence the primary example being two founders of the school “Hogwarts School of witchcraft and wizardry.” Despite these rumors this bond seems to be purely fictional. Along the rumored traits of the bonded are:*
- Magnetic pull towards the bonded
- Death at the age of twenty if the bond is not secured
- Same sex pairings have the ability to conceive
- Rare anigmus forms
- The ability to communicate telepathically
- Wandless magic
- Death from infidelity
- Death from refusing the bond
- Immortality

He looked at Hermione again, this seemed like a load of shite.

“I know some of the claims are ridiculous—”

“Ridiculous? Telepathic communication, death from infidelity and immortality don’t seem even the least bit ridiculous.” Draco drawled sarcastically. “Not to mention wandless magic, and the real kicker ‘same sex pairings have the ability to conceive’” he snorted, but would vehemently deny it later.

Hermione and Narcissa shared another look. “Stop doing that, it’s getting on my nerves!” He said.

“Fine. I’m going to tell you that one of the rumored traits you said allowed is most definitely no longer rumored.”

Draco huffed. No need to be cryptic. “He can do wandless magic can’t he? The Boy-who-lived to be more powerful than everyone else.”

“No…Well yes, but he was able to do that long before the bond. But that’s not the one that’s important right now.”

“Well I know it’s not telepathic communication” They stayed silent. “He’s not dead is he? Did he sleep with someone else!” How could Potter sleep around on him? Why did that thought annoy him? They weren’t even together.

“No that’s not it, he’s still breathing prat!” Hermione said “barely” she added quietly, he assumed she didn’t want him to hear that part.

“That only leaves immortality. The bloke’s immortal?”

“That’s not the only one left dear.”
“What else did I say?”

“Malfoy!” Granger was upset. “You said and I quote ‘the real kicker ‘same sex pairings have the ability to conceive’”

Draco blanched. “What?”

“Harry’s pregnant you dunce!” She yelled and Harry stirred. He opened his bright green eyes and a small smile was on his face when they landed on Narcissa.

“Narcissa, what are you doing here?” Harry murmured.

“You didn’t come down to breakfast so Hermione and I came up here to wake you.”

“Thought I hear Hermione saying something about a dunce.” Harry started to lift his head and his eyes landed on Draco. “What the hell are you doing here?” He spat.

Draco couldn’t think of an answer fast enough. “Get out! Get out right now!” Harry screamed.

“Harry. Calm down. He needs to be here. I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t have woken up if he wasn’t here. We tried yelling at you before.”

Harry shot Hermione a glare as fierce as an AK to the heart.

“Stop looking at me like that. You’re the one that said the bastard deserved to know. At least he’s here now.”

“Fine. I’m pregnant Malfoy. Now get out!”

“Harry!” Hermione admonished.

Draco was firmly rooted to the spot he was standing.

“Harry,” Narcissa began softly “I found him in almost as bad shape as you. You two need each other. I know it. Hermione knows it. And if it takes us locking the two of you in this house together for the next year for you to figure it out, then that’s what we’re going to do.”

Harry looked incensed, then he saw that Hermione and Narcissa meant business. He really didn’t want to be stuck alone with the git. But he really didn’t want him there with the both of them either. Maybe he could hide away at Hogwarts, McGonagall would certainly let him stay there right? He’d be closer to Poppy then…but, he wouldn’t have Hermione. He honestly couldn’t see getting through this without her. Plus she’d probably bring Malfoy to him wherever he went. He also didn’t want to think about how he was feeling. He loathed to admit it but since he saw Malfoy the pull on his heart wasn’t really there anymore and the residual tension had left his shoulders. He was angry, yes, but not tense.

“Fine.”

“I think you two should stay as close to each other as possible, so maybe we can add a bed to this room.” Hermione added her two cents.

Harry really didn’t want to share a room with Malfoy.

“I refuse to stay in a room with Gryffindor colors” Malfoy drawled.

Harry hid a smile. Malfoy would throw a fit and he may not have to stay with him. To his dismay
Hermione lifted her wand and changed the colors of the room to silver and green. Slytherin colors. “HERMIONE! This is MY room. MINE!”

“Don’t pretend you didn’t almost get sorted into Slytherin Harry.” Narcissa and Draco’s eyes both widened comically as Harry glared at his friend.

Harry began grumbling under his breath and Draco though he could hear “should’ve been a Ravenclaw” and “stupid bright best friends.”

Narcissa got up and began to leave the room “We’ll leave you boys to it then.” Hermione began to leave as well.

“Aren’t you going to add another bed?” Harry called after them.

“You’re a wizard Harry. Honestly” Hermione scoffed as she left. Draco heard the door bolt behind him and panicked. He turned around to find there was no longer a knob on the door. If he were alone he would’ve kicked it.

He turned back around and saw that Harry was looking resolutely away. He looked sad, and small.

“Kreacher!” Harry called out.

“Master called Kreacher.”

“Take me out of this room, Kreacher”

Kreacher pursed his lips. Again Harry hadn’t been specific enough in his order. Harry threw himself back onto the bed. “Kreacher will be getting Master and his guest something to eat.”

“Fine Kreacher get us some dinner.”

Kreacher disapparated.

“Your house elf certainly knows who his master is” Draco earned himself a glare. “You said us”

“Well I can’t very well have a starving cranky git in my room can I? You’re terrible when you’re hungry” Harry blushed, he had admitted something that he didn’t want to.

“Been watching me Potter?” Another glare. He didn’t know how to be nice, honestly. He always got his way with everyone but Harry. But the look on Potters face was making his heart feel weird so he had to say something. “I guess an apology is in order.” He said softly.

Potter must’ve gotten whiplash his head spun around so quickly. “A Malfoy, apologizing? Have I died?”

“Well. Don’t expect it to happen again Potter.” Another glare. “I’m going to tell you something but you’d better not ever repeat it.” No reaction. “I’m serious Potter. You need to promise.”

“Why would I promise you anything Malfoy?”

Draco was getting frustrated. He didn’t know how to act around the snarky brunette. Usually he would start to use his fists. But right now he had the strangest urge to take Harry into his arms, better get rid of that quickly. “Fine. I’ll tell you even if you won’t promise. Not like you can do much to my reputation now. I’ve already knocked someone up before we were married.”

That earned him a small laugh that Potter tried to cover with a cough. “I’ve thought you were the
most stunning thing since I first saw you in Madam Maulkins. Then you refused my hand and I hated you for it…I couldn’t believe you’d want me the other day. You have some sort of weird power over me to get me to feel things.”

This time Potter laughed without reserve.

“It’s not funny. Malfoys are always supposed to be composed.”

“It is funny Malfoy.”

“Well, now you know why I kept seeking you out. No one made me feel before you.”

“Guess you want something personal in return?”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to that.”

“I was almost sorted into slytherin, but I asked not to be because of you. The hat said I could be great should I go into that house.”

“Of course you could, it’s the best house.” A snort from Harry. “I’d say you did pretty well, for a Gryffindor.” Another snort. Kreacher popped back in and the boys both tucked into their meals. It was pretty quiet until it came time for bed.

Harry managed to transfigure a chair into a bed for Malfoy and they both went to sleep more easily than either had in the past few years. Around midnight Draco woke up. He didn’t know why, nothing happened. And then he heard it. Harry was whimpering. He walked over to the bed and shook his arm gently.

Harry grabbed his arm in a death grip.

“Harry it’s just me.”

“Sorry Draco.”

“You alright?”

“Yeah”

“Okay I’m going back to sleep.”

“Can you…never mind”

“What is it?”

“Can you stay with me?”

Draco understood that Harry was asking him to sleep with him. “Course” he said as he climbed in beside Harry. Draco couldn’t say why he got into another blokes bed without protest, but the reaction Harry had when waking up was violent and scared him. So he chalked it up to sleep deprivation and promptly closed his eyes.
Narcissa and Hermione had waited patiently, or at least 8am seemed patient to them, for the boys to realize the door was no longer locked and they could leave. The locking spell had worn off at midnight.

So they went up to the bedroom and leaned their ears against the door. They didn’t hear anything. Hermione gently knocked before opening the door. She stood there shell-shocked and Narcissa pushed her out of the way to get into the room.

What she saw shocked her. The boys were spooning on the bed!

They both stood there for a few minutes before realizing they were intruding and so they closed the door gently and walked silently to the library.

“Well…that was easier than expected.” Hermione said.

Narcissa nodded mutely.

“Think it’s too much to expect for them to wake up and still be fine with each other?”

“I don’t know anymore. After seeing that…” Narcissa shook her head as if trying to clear it.

“Are we sure we weren’t hallucinating?”

Before Narcissa could answer they heard the floo activate and they both looked confused as they walked to the fireplace.

“Harry!” a male voice called out and Hermione froze.

“What is it Hermione?” Narcissa asked as she continued to walk. Hermione didn’t have the chance to speak as a redhead walked out of the floo room and stopped short in front of Narcissa.

“Ronald” Hermione greeted.

“Hermione.” Ron nodded at her. “What’s Mrs. Malfoy doing here? Oh it doesn’t matter! I have to ask Harry something.” He said as he walked by both stunned women. Then they both realized where he was going and tried to catch up to him but were a couple of seconds too late.

“Harry” Ron said as he opened the bedroom door and stopped.

“Harry?” He walked over to the bed.

“Harry!” Ron said as he pulled Harry out of bed and onto the floor as he aimed his wand at the blond in his friend’s bed. Harry landed in a head on the floor, his stomach taking the brunt of the fall.

“What the bloody hell is going on here? Why is your room green and silver? And why is Malfoy in your bed?”

Harry was shocked to see his friend after so long.

“Someone better bloody tell me what’s going on right now!” Ron said, wand still aimed at Draco who was now glaring at the redhead.
“Ron. Calm down.” Harry said. “Why are you here?”

“I needed to talk to you.”

“About what?”

“Don’t try to change the subject! I want to know why you have a bloke in your bed. And why that bloke is Malfoy!”

Harry picked himself up off the floor and winced, then looked horrified at his stomach. Hermione saw the movement and pulled him out of the room and into the bathroom down the hall, locking the door after her.

This left Ron in the room with two Malfoys and he was not happy about that. So he went to the bathroom and tried to get in. Realizing it was locked he started to bang on the door demanding them to let him in.

“Harry, are you alright?”

“I don’t know. Do you know a diagnostic spell Mione?”

“Yes. But I’d be more comfortable if we called Poppy.”

“Ron can’t know about this yet Mione. You saw him. We can’t get Poppy here without raising suspicions.”

“Understood.” Hermione quickly cast a diagnostic on Harry. “You’re fine. The baby too. Just undernourished, but we knew that already, and your left hipbone is bruised.”

“Okay. We’d better let Ron in then.” Hermione’s lips tightened into a line but she nodded.

“What the bloody hell are you doing in here?” Ron asked, face red.

“What the bloody hell are you doing in here?” Ron asked, face red.

“Nothing that you need to know about Ronanld.” Hermione spat out.

Harry was conflicted. Ron was his first friend, but he’d also hurt Hermione. “What did you need Ron?” Harry asked as he leaned against the bathroom sink.

“Oh right mate!” Ron began, as though he hadn’t ignored Harry for the past four months. Ron spared a glance at Hermione. “Well, Pansy wanted to meet you. Plus she has this friend Millicent who’s interest in you. So you’re coming out with us tonight!”

Harry nearly sneered at him and watched as Hermione left the room. “Ron, mate. I have to tell you some things that you’ve missed in the past couple of months. First, I’m gay. Second, I’m pregnant. Third, I’m in a soulmate bond and if I cheat on the person I’m likely to die. Last, you can’t pretend that you haven’t been ignoring me for the past four months. FOUR months Ron. Not to mention you hurt Hermione, who’s just as much family to me as you are, if not more so after the shite you’ve pulled.” Harry winced, he let his feelings get the best of him, again.

“You’re gay!” Ron yelled. “But you went out with Ginny!”

“I like that that’s the only thing you got out of that conversation.” Harry said dispassionately.

“Wait, you’re joking. You said you were pregnant. Men can’t get pregnant. Good one mate.” Ron said as he slapped Harry’s shoulder.
“No, I’m most definitely pregnant Ron.”

Ron stood there mouth gaping like a fish. Draco seemed to decide that was a good time to interrupt the two. He came into the bathroom and kissed Harry on the cheek, more to piss Ron off than anything else, although he could see himself getting used to that. Harry blushed.

Draco wrapped his arm around Harry’s waist, again more to annoy the redhead than anything else “Weasel” Her acknowledgment.

Ron went red in anger and drew his wand. “Malfoy!” he yelled “You’ve given Harry a love potion!” like that was the only reasonable explanation.

“I’ve done no such thing Weasel. Hermione is clearly fine with me being here, what do you think I gave her?”

“She’s…under imperious or something! You’ve done something to my best friends!”

“Oh I’d hardly call them--” Draco began but Harry cut him off.

“Draco, calm down. Ron, Hermione and I are not under imperious, a love potion or anything else. You’d know more if you hadn’t pulled away after the battle.”

“I lost my brother!” Ron yelled.

“I know. Hermione tried to be there for you, but what did you do? You bedded Parkinson. And me, well I wasn’t really in my right mind! Which you would also know if you talked to Ginny at all!”

Ron started to get even redder, before anyone could say anything more he snatched Harry away from Draco and disapparated.

“What the hell was that?” Hermione said as she came running into the bathroom, her eyes were slightly red and puffy. “Where’s Harry?” she asked Draco.

Draco stood there stunned, then he was slightly angry, and the pull on his heart was back again. “The Weasel took him.”

“What!”

“One second Harry was next to me, the next the Weasel had grabbed him and disapparrated.” He said.

“I will kill him!” Hermione was seething with anger. Then she paled. “Narcissa!” She started to run towards the bedroom where Narcissa had decided to stay, away from the drama. “Narcissa, are you allowed to apparate while pregnant?” Hermione asked her voice laced with worry.

“You’re not supposed to, why? Where’s Harry?” Her patented Malfoy mask was in place but Draco could see the worry in her eyes.

“Ron just side-along apparated Harry out of here.” Draco said.

“We have to find them and get Harry to Saint Mungos. He could lose the baby.”

“I’ll check the Burrow.” Hermione said as she made her way to the floo.

“Where else could they have gone?” Draco asked his voice wavering slightly.
“I have a few ideas, but I’ll have to take you there. I’ll check the Burrow first though.” Draco went to follow here. “Might be best if you don’t come Malfoy. Molly is like a mother to Harry and quite dislikes your family.”

“Be quick.” She nodded.

“The Burrow” she called out and disappeared in green flames.
Kidnapped

Hermione arrived at the Burrow and immediately went to the kitchen. “Molly!” She called out.

“Hermione, dear. What are you doing here? It’s lovely to see you!” she said as she caught the girl in a tight hug.

“Is Ronald here?” She asked.

“No dear, haven’t seen him since this morning. He said something about visiting Harry and setting him up with one of Pansy’s friends.” She wrinkled her nose. “Never thought he’d end up with a former death eater.”

“Yes, he came over to Grimmauld but left before we could talk.” Hermione didn’t want to divulge more information than necessary.

“Oh dear, I’m sure he’ll be back soon. Maybe he went to work?”

“Good idea Molly. Will you let me know if he comes back? I really need to talk to him.”

“Of course dear.” She smiled lightly as Hermione went to floo back to Grimmauld.

She arrived back at Grimmauld to a pacing Draco and Narcissa trying to pretend to be calm as she ‘read’ the paper. “He’s not there. Molly suggested the joke shop, but I doubt that he’d take Harry there. Someone best check though while I go to the spots we stayed last year.”

“I’ll check Diagon alley, you take Draco wherever else you suspect he might be. I’ll go find Poppy and McGonagall after to see if they have any ideas.” Narcissa announced. She stepped into the floo and called out “Diagon Alley” before either one could protest.

“Ron, Harry and I stayed in some strange places while searching for the horcruxes, I’m assuming he took Harry to one of those places. I’ll have to side-along you since you don’t know where we’re going.”

“Just get us there Granger.” Draco said. He looked paler than normal.

Hermione first apparated them to the Forest of Dean. It was close to Harry’s childhood home and there was a slim chance that Ron had taken him there.

She made her way out of the forest after finding nothing and went to see if maybe they were in Godrics Hollow. She entered the building with a shudder, remembering Nagini. “Harry! Ron!” She called out. There was no answer.

“There’s no one here Granger” Draco said “We need to move on”

She nodded. She took them to a couple more places along the countryside to no avail. They even checked Shell cottage, and the search was starting to get desperate. Hermione paced back and forth near Dobby’s grave while Draco leant down to see the inscription “Here lies Dobby, a free elf” His old house elf? He raised an eyebrow to Granger.

“Dobby saved our lives. Harry managed to free him in second year.” She said as though that explained everything. He wanted to ask more, just to distract himself from the panic he felt rising in his stomach.
“Where have Ron and Harry gone? Have they gone anywhere without me? Where haven’t we checked? The shrieking shack…no? Where…the forbidden forest? The quidditch world cup where we camped? Hogwarts…?” She was muttering to herself trying to figure out where they could’ve gone.

“Malfoy! Where does the Hogwarts express go when the students aren’t using it?”

“I don’t know Granger. It’s likely at the station, right?”

“That’s where they became friends. I think it’s our best bet.”

“Well then, let’s go!”

Hermione pictured the train in her head and promptly diapparated. Draco followed. They ended up in different compartments. “Malfoy?” Hermione whispered harshly.

“I’m here Granger!” He called out.

“Come on. Our first year compartment is closer to the front.”

Draco followed obediently. They heard something as they made their way to the compartment.

“It’s for your own good Harry. You’ll see after you’ve taken the antidote for whatever Malfoy gave you.”

“He didn’t give me anything” Harry was panting. They burst into the compartment, wands drawn.

“Let him go Ronald!” Hermione yelled.

“I have to make the antidote Mione, you’ll see. We’ll figure out what’s wrong with you too, after I’ve fixed Harry.”

“Mione there’s something wrong” Harry’s face was screwed up in pain but he didn’t make any noise other than the harsh panting.

“I know Harry. It’s going to be alright.” He nodded at her.

“Weasel. You need to release Harry now before you do more harm.”

“No! I need to fix him.” Ron’s wand was pointed at Harry’s belly and Draco was more fearful than he had been when Voldemort was living with him.

Harry was panting harder now. Ron seemed to be ready to send a spell his way when Draco hit him with a stunner. Hermione stood shocked for a moment before casting Incarcerous.

“Harry, come on we need to get you to Saint Mungos.”

“No…Poppy…Please…Poppy!”

Hermione and Draco shared a look before Draco nodded. “Kreacher!”

“Hermione, couldn’t he do more damage?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know, but house elf magic is different. It’s worth the risk to get you there faster.”

Kreacher popped in and saw Harry then pierced Draco with a glare. “Kreacher, take him to the
infirmary.” Hermione said quickly and Kreacher immediately disapparated with Harry. Draco and
Hermione quickly followed but they had to apparate outside of the Hogwarts gates, the wards
wouldn’t let them in.

They walked quickly up to the door where they were met by McGonagall. “Kreacher and Harry just
arrived. I’ll take you through the castle. Narcissa’s already with him.” They briskly walked through
the halls. Draco wanted to take off running towards the infirmary but the kids were already staring at
them, and the less attention the better.

He was slightly surprised when the Weaslette stepped into stride with them.

“What happened” she asked Hermione.

“Ronald.” Hermione answered. The Weaslette looked like she wanted to ask more but they had
arrived at the infirmary.

“I feel I need to remind you that Poppy needs quiet to work.” McGonagall said before she opened
the doors.

Harry was lying in his usual bed. Draco noticed there was a plaque on it but didn’t have time to read
it before he stepped over and took Harry’s hand.

“I had to knock him out. He hides the pain well. Must be left over from the Dursley’s. There’s a lot
of damage. I’m not sure I’ll be able to save them both.”

Everyone in the room paled, except for Ginny who asked “Both?”

“We were going to send you a letter this morning Gin, but then Ron came. Harry’s pregnant. It’s part
of the soul mate bond. Ron apparated them to the Hogwarts Express, and we didn’t find him until
just now.”

“How long were you looking for him?” Poppy asked.

“What time is it?” Hermione cast a tempus “Five hours” she paled. “Please Poppy, I can’t lose him. I
promised him nothing would happen.” Hermione was crying now.

“He’ll be fine” Draco said with conviction. “He has to be.” She was surprised by this admission.

Poppy kept working in earnest. She didn’t make any of them leave, knowing that the protesting
would take too much time. They all had fear in their eyes, including Kreacher who only left to get
the guests food making them eat insisting “Master Potter would want you to eat” and so they did, not
tasting anything, because they knew what Kreacher said was true.

Three hours later and Ginny couldn’t stand the silence anymore. “Hermione, have you seen the
plaque?”

“No. What does it say?”

“Harry Potter’s bed: The boy-who-lived to get injured and annoy Madam Pomfrey. Times stayed:
103”

“Guess they’ll have to update the number” Hermione said. Draco couldn’t help the snort that came
out.

“I guess I will Ms. Granger” Poppy said, it seemed she had finally finished.
“How is he?” Hermione asked.

“He’s stable. The child as well. But we’ll have to wait until tomorrow to see if it’s all okay. There was a lot of damage. It seems as though Ronald was not in his right mind.”

Draco sneered while the girls nodded mutely, their faces visibly paler than usual.

“I’m going to have to ask most of you to leave. I’m sure Harry doesn’t want more press and the more people here the more chance of that Skeeter woman hearing of it and showing up.”

“I’m staying” Draco announced. Ginny looked slightly affronted, while Hermione and Narcissa just nodded.

“Floo us when he wakes up Dragon” Narcissa said as she grabbed Hermione’s arm lightly and began to lead them to the Headmistress’ office.

Ginny was conflicted. She had potions but one of her good friends, who she hadn’t seen for months was in the hospital wing. Plus he was pregnant? Then Hermione walked back in and grabbed her by the arm, leading her out into the hallway.

“We can’t just leave him in there with Malfoy!”

“We can and we will. Plus Promfrey is in there as well.”

“What happened?”

“Well like I said Ron...”

“No! Harry’s pregnant? The last letter I got from you said that they hadn’t made up.”

“It’s complicated Ginny.”

“Well make it uncomplicated!”

“I can’t. It’s been a stressful day and I need Harry’s help with this.”

“Fine. You tell me the second he wakes up.”

Hermione nodded and caught up to Narcissa who was just down the hallway waiting for her to leave.
Draco stayed holding Harry’s hand all night in the Hogwarts Infirmary. He had fallen asleep on top of Harry’s hand and was surprised to feel it move. He was slightly disoriented when he looked up and saw Harry’s bright eyes.

“What happened?”

“Ron apparated you.” Harry nodded.

“Did Kreacher get me here?” He asked.

“Yes, after we found you we called Kreacher to have him take you to Pomfrey who was able to heal you. You don’t remember?” Harry shook his head no. “Let me go get her.”

“Draco?” Harry said as he tightened his hold on the blonde’s hand. “The baby?”

“They’re fine.” Draco said as he walked over to Pomfrey’s office.

“What is it Mr. Malfoy?”

“He’s awake, can I use your floo? I need to call my mother and Hermione.”

“Floo call McGonagall, she’ll be awake. Only her floo is connected to the network the others are only connected to the ones in Hogwarts.” He nodded and did as she said.

She went to check on her patient.

When he got to the Headmistress’ office he called Grimmauld. The women stepped through immediately, almost as though they had slept in the floo room.

“We have to get Ginny” Hermione said quickly before she connected to the Gryffindor common room. Ginny also seemed to have slept by the fire, or she was up early.

The four flooed back to Pomfrey’s office and arrived back in the while Pomfrey was still casting diagnostic spells on Harry.

They all stood around the bed worriedly. Pomfrey seemed to block them out.

“Harry. You’re very lucky. Seems that wild magic has saved you again. Your body seems to have cast a barrier around the womb. Your body is still in bad shape though. By casting that you weren’t able to spare yourself from some serious splinching. It seems as though Mr. Weasley is not very good at side-along apparations. You should also know that pregnant people aren’t supposed to apparate, you should have never gone with your friend.”

Draco was getting ready to yell at the woman when Harry spoke up “Ron apparated me from my home without my permission, Poppy. I know enough not to apparate while pregnant. Not to mention that I hate the feeling on a good day.”

Poppy pursed her lips at that. “He could be charged with endangering you and your child Harry.”
“I’m not sure I want to go to that length. Ron is still like a brother to me.”

Everyone stayed quiet at that, except for Ginny. “Harry, you need to tell me what’s going on. Then we can decide if my idiot brother needs to be charged with anything.”

Harry looked ready to protest but Ginny sent him a look that looked very similar to that of her mother.

“Fine.” He spared a glance to Hermione and Draco before diving in.

“Narcissa was spending time with me. Trying to get me back up to a suitable weight but you already knew about that. Anyway Draco thought she had gone crazy so he followed her to my house, then… well… we were intimate. Anyway then he left so I locked him out, and everyone else for that matter. Hermione moved in pretty much right after that because she caught Ron cheating with Parkinson.”


“Anyways, I was sick in the mornings and Hermione put her foot down so we called Poppy. Turns out that I got pregnant my first time. Isn’t that great?” He said sarcastically “We forgot to close the floo after she left and Narcissa got in. She moved in and apparently the next morning couldn’t wake me up so Narcissa went to go get Draco. The two of them decided to lock us in a room together. They changed my room from Gryffindor colors to Slytherin Ginny!”

“Well you were almost sorted into Slytherin” Ginny said. He shot her a look that said she wasn’t helpful.

“Anyway Malfoy apologized. Never thought that would happen in my lifetime. I had a nightmare and Malfoy climbed into bed with me so that I could sleep. That’s how Ron found us, he was trying to set me up with Bulstrode and didn’t take the news that I was gay well. So he apparated us to the Hogwarts Express, and yeah…now I’m back in the infirmary, again. Think that’s about it.”

Ginny blinked, then frowned. “How close was Harry to death Madam Pomfrey?” she asked.

Pomfrey glanced at each member in the room before meeting Ginny’s eyes “Very. Two minutes more and I probably wouldn’t have been able to save him.”

Draco’s grip on Harry’s hand increased. “He needs to be charged then.” Ginny said matter of factly. “He hasn’t been the same since Fred. Obviously.”

Harry looked ready to protest “Harry, he could try this again.” Hermione said quietly.

“If you don’t do it I will Potter. I will not stand for you to be in danger!” Harry looked wide eyed at the blond and then nodded. Everyone else in the room stayed quiet, Draco had pretty much admitted how much he cared for Harry, at least for a Malfoy.

“I’ll contact the Aurors. But this will likely get to the press. I’m sorry Harry.”

“Can we go back to Grimmauld?” He asked.

“I’d prefer for you to stay another night. Your body is still recovering.”

Harry groaned.

“Don’t complain Potter.” Draco pierced him with a glare and the rest of the occupants looked on in amusement at Harry seemed to do as Draco asked.
“Maybe it’s a part of the bond?” Hermione whispered to Narcissa.

“Well, we better be going. Seems we’re drawing an audience.” Just as soon as she said that Luna skipped in.

“Harry! I was afraid the nargles had gotten to you!” She said as she skipped and hugged Harry. Ignoring the irate blond holding his hand. “Oh Draco, seems as though you’ve finally gotten rid of the Wrackspurts!”

Harry laughed. “Hi Luna, how’s your year going?”

“Oh it’s splendid. Although Neville and I didn’t work out. But that’s to be expected. He and Hannah bonded when they sat for the NEWTs. And I’ve been in contact with Rolfy, he’s quite nice and is helping me learn more about Flitterby migrations!”

“I’m glad you’re happy Luna. Who’s Rolfy?” He asked.

“Rolfy Scamandar, silly.”

“You’re in contact with Rolf Scamandar? Grandson of Newt Scamandar? How’d that happen?” Draco asked incredulously.

“Oh Hagrid met him during the tournament. He didn’t want the dragons brought here. Hagrid asked him if it would be okay for me to write him when I decided to become a Magizoologist!”

“Good for you Luna!” Harry said.

“Will you be staying here tonight Harry?” Luna asked.

“Yes.”

“I’ll sit with you for dinner.” Luna said. Draco narrowed his eyes at her. Everyone else had stayed to watch the scene play out.

“I’ll stay too” Ginny added as she sat on the other side of Harry. Draco groaned.

“You can go home with Narcissa and Mione” Harry supplied. Draco glared at him.

“Not going to happen Potter.”

“If we’re having a child together you’re going to have to start calling me Harry.”

“Oh so that’s what this is” Luna said as she gently rested her hand on Harry’s stomach “Don’t worry little one your Daddies will take care of you. I’ll make sure they paint your room yellow, little Hufflepuff.”

Draco looked extremely insulted. “My boy will not be a Hufflepuff!” Ginny was trying her best not to laugh.

“Draco!” Harry admonished. “Our girl, or boy can be in whichever house they fit in best.”

“Actually Harry, Draco was correct. You are having a boy, definitely a Hufflepuff” Draco looked angry “Don’t worry, I’m sure the next one will be in one of their parents houses.” Luna said. Draco looked smug at that.

“I don’t plan on this happening again Luna” Harry said quickly.
“No matter. Fate is fate.” She began going into detail about how glad she was that the wrackspurts had finally given Draco a clear head. Harry shook his head, he didn’t doubt Luna, and despite what everyone thought, he believed she was brilliant.

When they left Draco climbed into the bed with him. “Draco?”

“Get used to it Po-Harry, I’m going to court you, but we’ll also be sleeping in the same bed until you agree to marriage.”

Harry shut up at that. Draco’s body soothed him, he didn’t want to admit it. Plus the idea of having a child alone scared the shite out of him. He could’ve seen them getting together before Draco had left him like a two-galleon whore, but he didn’t know what he thought now. True Draco was being possessive, which was extremely hot. But he had also betrayed his trust, and he wasn’t sure he was open to that kind of pain again. He always felt better when the taller boy was around but did that make up for the fact that he had hurt him so often in the past?

Chapter End Notes

You might think "They're fine" means more than one child. That's not true. I just didn't want to refer to the child as an "it" and "they" is gender neutral.
Madam Pomfrey let Harry and Draco leave to go home the next morning after breakfast. Draco and Harry walked up to McGonagall's office.

When they got home Harry immediately went upstairs to rest, Madam Pomfrey told him to take it easy for the next week. He woke up at lunch time when Narcissa and Hermione entered the room to eat with him. They both were going to watch him now, which made him happy and annoyed him at the same time.

“How are you feeling Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Better. I’m on bedrest for the week, don’t know if Draco told you or not.”

“He did.” Narcissa answered. “He’ll be back as soon as he can. He had to grab some things from the office as well as talk with the house elves about us both leaving the manor for a while.”

Harry nodded. “What’s going on in that brain of yours Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Nothing.”

“How many times do I have to tell you that I know you too well for that?” Hermione asked.

Harry blushed. “He mentioned courting me….and….marriage”

“Oh” Hermione said “Do you want that?”

“I don’t know. It might have been okay before he fucked me and left” Harry looked up and saw Narcissa “Sorry Narcissa.”

“Harry, I’ve heard worse. The Dark Lord lived with us for Merlin’s sake.”

“Do you think you can forgive him?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve been hurt so many times in my life Mione. I don’t know if I can subject my son to it as well.”

“Son?” Narcissa asked.

“Yes, Luna told me the baby is a boy” he laughed at both women’s expressions of confusion “and a hufflepuff”

“Stop telling people my son is a Hufflepuff Potter!” Draco yelled as he walked in and all three of the people in the room burst into laughter.

“So you believe Luna that it’s a boy, but not that he’s a Hufflepuff?” Hermione said.

“No, he’s a boy because he’s the Malfoy heir.” Draco said stubbornly and Hermione and Harry broke into giggles.

“Hufflepuff always gets put down. They’re actually quite a Nobel house” Hermione said.
“I don’t know much about the other houses Mione, I only found out about them on the train to Hogwarts our first year, and I think I adopted some bias from the other Gryffindor’s. Tonks was in Hufflepuff, so it can’t be that bad. Do you know more about them? I want to know what to expect from my son” Harry said.

Draco glared at him. “For the last time, stop calling my son a Hufflepuff. No Malfoy has ever been a Hufflepuff.”

“Stop spewing your biases Malfoy, or else” Harry’s stare held something that made Malfoy physically step back.

“Okay well, Helga, the founder accepts all wizards and witches into her house. They tend to be gifted in Herbology due to their connection with nature. The sorting hat sings ‘You might belong in Hufflepuff, where they are just and loyal, those patient Hufflepuffs are true, and unafraid of toil.”’

“Thanks Hermione. I never paid attention to that stupid hat.”

“Yes I know Harry.” Hermione said with a slight smile.

Alright, everyone out. Harry needs to rest.” Draco said, Harry didn’t correct him as he was tired.

The three visitors left the room and went down to sit in the parlor.

“Malfoy, you hurt him and I’ll kill you.” Hermione said.

“I don’t plan on hurting him. I plan on courting him, and then getting him to agree to marriage. But how does one court The Harry Potter?” Draco asked.

“First off, don’t ever call him The Harry Potter again, he hates the fame” Hermione began. “Second, you have to earn his trust. Harry is fiercely loyal, you hurt him when you left. It will take a while for him to trust you again.” Draco nodded mutely. “Lastly, don’t treat him as you would a girl, I think he’d be offended at that.”

“Anything else Granger?” Draco drawled, although he really needed the advice.

“We probably should get on a first name basis. Being called by my surname reminds me of school.” Draco nodded again.

“What about an owl, he doesn’t have one does he?”

“No.” Hermione’s eyes were downcast “Hedwig, Harry’s old owl, was his first real friend. She died protecting him. He doesn’t want another one.”

“Well, does he like any other animals?” Draco asked. Hermione wasn’t saying more. “Wait! He’s a parslemouth right? I can get him a snake.”

“It might remind him of Nagini.” Hermione said and Draco flinched

“I’ll just make sure to get one that isn’t psychotic.” Hermione looked doubtful but Draco felt this was his best option so he ran to the floo room and called out “Diagon Alley.”

Draco walked to the Magical Menagerie and opened the door. He immediately sought out the snakes. There wasn’t anyone here really as it was the middle of the school week and all of the adult Wizards were at work.

His eyes were drawn to the boomslang section. Their skins were coveted for potions, same with their
venom. The owner came over to speak with him. “What can I do for you today Sir?”

“I’m looking for a snake.”

“Do you know what kind?” he paused “Looks like you’ve taken an interest in our boomslangs, they’re quiet venomous.”

“Yes I know.” Draco said as he perused the aisle. Finally a small brown snake in a tank of other small snakes, caught his eye. “What are these” he said as he pointed to the tank.

“Oh that’s our baby boomslang collection.” The shop owner said with relish “All the snakes in there are under 3 months old.”

“What about that tan one in the corner?” Draco pointed out.

“That one’s a fighter. Doesn’t hurt that the biggest male in there seems to have taken a shining to her.” The owner pointed out a mostly black snake with blue and green mixed in. “Snakes don’t mate for life, but you wouldn’t know it with those two.” He said in amusement.

Draco thought it over, he had only planned to get one, but Harry wouldn’t like it if he split the two up, and the female was beautiful. “I’ll take them both, and a tank large enough for two of them along with a cage of mice.” The shop owner nodded and went to grab what Draco had asked for.

Draco knew Harry didn’t want an owl, but Bubo, his owl, didn’t tend to like other people. He decided to go over to Eeylops Owl Emporium just in case. “Hey.” He called to the owner. “I’ll be right back for those.” The owner nodded, struggling to get the two snakes out.

Draco walked into the Emporium and all of the owls were asleep. He walked around quickly. This was a bad idea, Harry didn’t even want an owl. He stopped in front of a cage that held the ugliest owl he had ever seen. The thing looked like it had been drenched with water, its large yellow eyes were nearly on the sides of its head, and its beak made it look like it was frowning. That’s where the assistant found him. “One ugly bird, am I right?”

“What the bloody hell is it?”

“It’s called a Potoo, pretty common. Hard to catch though, no one seems to want the ugly bugger. We tried to let him go but the idiot just flew right back to the shop.”

“How hard to catch?” Draco asked. He was skeptical of the bird, but Harry had a fondness for strange things like Luna, and he had a fondness for anything that no one else had.

“We’ve only ever held three Potoos, this guy and his two parents. They died pretty soon after he was born, don’t take to captivity too well. But this one, he doesn’t know anything else. He’s a year old.” The assistant explained.

“I’ll take him, and a cage, and everything else he needs.”

The assistant nodded, quickly rang up the bill and before he knew it Draco was walking out of the store with the ugliest being he had ever seen. He back to pick up the snakes and found himself in the Floo of Grimmauld place before he knew it. That’s when he started to doubt his purchases, maybe he should bring them back. But the owl might have read his thoughts and made a hooting noise.

“Draco?” Hermione called out. She walked into the floo room and her eyes went wide. “Harry’s not going to like this.”
There's a hyperlink to an image of a Potoo if you guys are curious.
Draco grimaced. His mother was right behind Hermione and her eyes widened slightly when she saw everything Draco had. “I guess we’ll need to make a room for those.”

Draco nodded. The three of them made their way up to the attic, this would be where the ugly bird would stay. He left it and its cage there. Draco found a small room on the first floor off of the kitchen and figured that would be a good place for the snakes so he left them and their stuff there.

He figured it was time to break the news to Harry. Funny how it went from a present to “news” so quickly. He knocked on the door to their bedroom.

“Come in” he heard Harry call out. When he walked in Harry seemed to have just gotten out of the shower. “Hi, Draco” he said as he began pulling a shirt over his bare torso.

Draco cleared his throat, but he couldn’t look away. “Um…I got something for you.”

“Oh. What is it?”

“Well, there’s a couple of things. Come, I’ll show you.” He figured he’d better start with the snakes. He led Harry down to the room and opened the door. Harry walked in.

“A boomslang?” Draco was surprised Harry knew what it was. “Two boomslangs” Harry said with his eyebrows raised.

“Yes. I figured you’d want a companion that didn’t lecture you” Harry laughed at that “it seems these two had a bond or something, the shopkeeper thought it was strange but I didn’t think you would want them split up.” Harry contemplated it for a second.

“No I wouldn’t have. Thank you Draco.” He said, then he began to speak with the snakes.

_Hello._ He hissed.

_Hello human._ The brown snake answered.

_What’s your name?_

_Name?_

_Yes, it’s what you’re called. Mine is Harry._

_I don’t have a name then. But my friend does._ She hissed indicating to the corner of the tank where the darker snake was.

_Well, what’s his name then?_

_Tenebris._ The dark snake finally hissed.

_Latin?_ Harry asked.

_Yes._ The snake responded. He was quite standoffish, similar to the blond who bought him.

_Would you like a name?_ Harry turned his attention back to the female.
She inclined her head to the left. *I don’t know any good names.*

*What about Clara?*

*What does it mean?*

*Bright in latin.*

*Hmmm. I like it. Thank you Harry.*

*You’re welcome Clara, this is Draco.* Harry said pointing towards Draco. *He can’t speak with you though.*

*Alright. It’s time for us to sleep Harry.*

*I’ll see you later then.*

*Yes.* Clara hissed as Harry left the room.

Draco was enormously glad that he was wearing robes. Apparently parseltongue was erotic. “Do you like them?” He asked Harry.

“Yes.”

“What were you talking about?”

“We were just introducing ourselves. Their names are Clara, and Tenebris. Clara is the more talkative of the two. She didn’t have a name yet but she seemed to like Clara enough.”

“I have something else for you.” Harry raised an eyebrow. “I didn’t mean to get him, but… well you might understand when you see him and hear his story.” Harry looked confused but followed Draco up to the attic, he had meant to repair it after Buckbeak left, but hadn’t gotten around to it. Draco led him over to a corner. “Here he is.”

“I don’t see anything Draco.” Draco stuck his finger out and pointed at something “Ouch. The bugger bit me.”

Harry looked closer and could just make out the yellow eyes of something. He slowly reached his hand forward and felt talons wrap around his wrist. He slowly pulled a small brown… bird? Back towards him. “And who are you?” He asked while reaching up to pet the… bird? He looked to Draco for help.

“The assistant said he’s a Potoo. They tend to blend in with their surroundings” Draco hesitated “He’s an owl. No one wanted him because they’re hard to catch and… well… he’s quite ugly.”

“Don’t call him ugly again Draco.” Harry said in warning.

“You are unusual looking, a Potoo? Never heard of it. What should we call you?” Harry was stoking the ugly owl and Draco thought it was preening.

“How about Pessima?”

“I told you not to call him ugly Draco!”

“I didn’t call him ugly I called him Pessima, which is the latin equivalent of ugly.” Draco said smugly.
“We’re not calling him that.” Harry’s face took on an evil smile. “We’re going to call you Voldy.”

“What?”

“Think about it. What would Voldemort say if one of the world’s most…well…strange looking birds was named after him and was delivering mail for Harry Potter?”

“You’re sick Potter.” Draco said with a laugh.

“Well Voldy. Let me get you a treat.” Harry said. “So…Do I have to get you a present now?”

“No I’m courting you, not the other way around. But I do love presents.” Harry laughed.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Harry said as he placed Voldy back on his perch.

“Would you like to accompany me to dinner Mr. Potter?” Draco drawled.

Harry blushed. “Sure Mr. Malfoy. But you’re not getting into my pants.”

“Wouldn’t dream of trying that tonight dear.” Draco said as he led them to the floo room.

“Where are we going?”

“Malfoy Manor. I want to have dinner alone with you.” Draco said, heat behind his stare. He should be taking things slower with Harry, but he also knew the Gryffindor wasn’t the type to plan things out.

Dinner was a silent affair, not quite awkward but not quite comfortable. Draco had to admit that having dinner with the women might have made things better. When they arrived back at Grimmauld they found the two women in the library.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked.

“Looking for more information on the soulmate bond. I got a couple of books in Knockturn alley.” Hermione replied.

“Anything useful?” Harry asked.

“Not yet.”

“Did you see my snakes?” Harry moved on.

“When they came in, yes.”

“Their names are Clara and Tenebris.” He said. “Oh and you can use Voldy for post if you’d like Mione.” Harry said as he began to make his way towards the kitchen.

“Voldy?” She asked as she followed him.

“My Potoo.”

“Wait, you got an owl? When did this happen?”

“Draco got him when he got Clara and Tenebris.”

“I didn’t even see an owl.”
“Apparently Potoos are quite good at camouflage Mione.”

“Why’d you name him Voldy?”

“Because it would upset Tom to know that his only namesake is a Potoo who delivers post for Harry Potter.” Hermione smiled at that.

“What are you doing Harry, you just got back from dinner.”

“Yes, but I want some potatoes and gravy. Kreacher?” Kreacher popped in from who knows where, likely his room. Harry had given him his own space about a week into living at Grimmauld. “Will you get me some potatoes and gravy?” Kreacher nodded.

Hermione watched in gross fascination as her friend wolfed down his potatoes and gravy, and to her horror when the potatoes were gone he took the gravy boat and started to drink from it. “Harry!” She admonished. “You can’t drink that, it’s terrible for you.”

“But it tasted so good Mione!”

“No.” She said pulling the boat away from him. “Enough, go to bed you need some sleep.”

Harry grudgingly made his way up to his room and found he couldn’t fall asleep so he went back downstairs and grabbed Clara.

Would you mind sleeping with me? He asked

Of course not, but we should take Ten as well. He’ll get cranky if I’m not here when he wakes up.

Harry nodded and grabbed ‘Ten’ as well who woke up just enough to curl himself around Harry’s wrist.

Harry lay back down in his bed with Ten around his wrist and Clara curled up on his stomach. That’s how Draco found them.
The pattern went much the same for the next three months. Harry would have breakfast with Narcissa, Draco and Mione. Draco and Mione would then head off to work. He would have lunch with Narcissa take a nap in the afternoon and get up around three, when he would read a book. Draco would then escort him to Malfoy Manor for dinner, and their conversations were getting less stilted as time went on. They would go back to Grimmauld and Harry would spend some time with Voldy before grabbing Clara and Ten for bed.

The only noticeable change was the size of Harry’s belly and the growth of the two boomslangs.

Harry had filed charges against Ron. But by the time the Aurors went after him he was long gone. So they set up measures around Grimmauld and the Manor so that he couldn’t get in.

There was one hiccup in the life that Harry had. It wasn’t even Malfoy, he loved the bloke. He hadn’t told him that yet, but he did. No the problem was the name of his son. Draco desperately wanted to name the poor boy Scorpius, and there was no way in hell Harry was going to let that happen. But he also didn’t have any other ideas. He had pondered the names James, Sirius, Severus, Remus, and Albus but felt strange naming his son after some great Wizard. He wanted his son to have his own name.

So when Draco was at work, and Narcissa believed he was napping Harry had taken to reading Astronomy books. After all it was a Malfoy tradition. The Potter’s didn’t have any traditions that he knew of, and he wanted traditions for his new family. He’d found a few names that he wrote down for further thought.

Orion, Corvus, and Pavo.

He didn’t really love any of them. So he had taken to looking into stars. He had found a name that he quite liked too, Aldibain, Al for short. He had even written the whole name down, but he hadn’t shown it to anyone.

*Aldibain Arrakis Malfoy.*

He had originally thought Thuban would make a nice middle name but he remembered Draco had an affinity for his monogram and he did not want his child to have the monogram ATM. He hadn’t told Draco that his son would bear the Malfoy name.

Harry had thought a lot about it, the Malfoy’s were a well-known family. Draco absolutely loved his name and Harry knew he would not change it. He had pondered the idea of a hyphen before realizing that he didn’t want his child to have to be The Harry Potter’s son. He wanted him to stand on his own merit. Since the Malfoy’s had fallen out of favor with the wizarding world, and were no longer part of the sacred 28 (at least if Harry married into the family) there wouldn’t be much to live up to.
So yes his son would bear the Malfoy name, but he also would not be named Scorpius. The boomslangs had taken a liking to Al’s name and always greeted Harry with *Hello Harry* a nod to his stomach *Aldibain*. He was glad no one else understood parseltongue or his secret would be found out.

One day Narcissa had gone to visit the Parkinsons. Pansy was a mess when Ron had originally left, it seemed she had actually loved the boy. Or at least the idea of being with one of the golden trio. Everyone had thought that strange but Ron was a pureblood after all. Hermione was at work, and Draco was visiting Gringotts, he was going to start staying home soon as Harry was barely mobile with his size. He had grown quickly, looking about seven months pregnant while he was actually five.

So Harry thought he’d take the morning and visit a muggle baby store. He’d had to floo to the ministry and then take a cab, but he thought it was worth it when he walked into the small shop.

He found everything he needed there, Narcissa had wanted to buy things for the Baby but Harry had refused until now. He knew he would get an earful when he got home. Poppy was finally able to confirm Luna’s statement last week at their checkup and Draco was ecstatic. So Harry thought it high time to get Al some furniture to go in his room. He smiled as he thought of Draco’s face when he had seen the light yellow Harry had Kreacher put on the walls. He did not want a Hufflepuff son, but he had held his tongue much to everyone’s amusement.

Harry had picked out a bassinette, crib, changing table, some bottles, blankets and a few other toys for his son all in soft greys, whites, and yellows when he finally walked up to the counter and started to pay. He had to spell his midsection to make it look like it wasn’t pregnant, this was muggle London after all.

“Your wife must be so happy that you’ve taken such an interest in your little one” the cashier said.

“Actually. My husband and I are adopting.” He didn’t want to get into a debate over his marital status, he and Draco weren’t married yet, but like the blond had said he would agree to it. Harry would’ve asked Draco months ago if he hadn’t thought that Draco would whine about it for the rest of their lives. So he was waiting for Draco to ask him.

“Oh that’s lovely. Do you know the sex?”

“Yes, a boy.” Harry half-registered the bell on the door going off.

“That’s lovely!” She exclaimed. “Here, write down where you’d like these delivered, they’ll be there tomorrow afternoon.” Harry smiled and filled out the form before handing it back. “Have a lovely day sir.

“You as well!” He called out before leaving the store. He started to make his way out to the street to call a cab. He was knackered after being on his feet for so long.

He’d nearly forgotten he’d taken Tenebris with him until the snake coiled tighter around his arm as he walked outside into the cold. Tenebris had grown quite a lot, but it was nothing compared to the weight of his stomach, and he usually forgot when he was carrying the boomslang around. Ten still fit under the oversized jumper Harry had taken to wearing, mostly because Draco always got a look of disgust on his face when he pulled it on. He still loved to annoy the prat.

It was nearly December. Harry had already mail-ordered the presents for his family using Voldy. He chuckled at that thought. He wondered if the Weasleys would come over to Grimmauld, he had invited them but Molly hadn’t taken well to the news of Harry’s pregnancy and most of the clan
followed suit. Though Arthur occasionally sent him letters, and Ginny outright ignored her mother’s protests, she and Blaise were going to join them. Greg too, he had turned out to be quiet smart.

It seemed the large slytherin and his counterpart pretended to be dumb because that’s what their fathers asked. They couldn't do much for the dark lord except use their “muscle” and they had to pretend with everyone but each other. That kept them out of a lot of danger, most of the time. Harry clearly remembered the night Greg had apologized for his behavior, and he and Hermione had found out that Greg was nearly as smart as her. Which surprised them both to no end.

Mione and Greg had taken to studying details of the bond together whenever they could and Harry had a suspicion that Greg held a torch for her, but he was too nervous to do anything about it. He’d have to get Ginny to do something about that. Mione deserved happiness.

Harry was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t even hear the footsteps approaching him from behind and before he knew it he was being apparated against his will, again. He felt a painful tear in his stomach and prayed to Merlin to protect Al. It wasn’t long before he passed out from the pain.
Old friends

Harry was having a nightmare. He was running through the battlefield, then Voldemort struck him down. He had yelled “expelliarmus” but it was too late and he remembered a white train station and Dumbledore telling him he was a horcrux that had to die, but he had already known that. Narcissa was above him, she declared him dead. Hagrid was carrying him, Neville killed Nagini. Harry woke up to a strange hissing sound and looked around. ‘That was a strange dream’ he thought, quite realistic. He was in a basement somewhere. The hissing turned out to be Tenebris.

Harry

Ten, what happened?

I don’t know, I’ve never felt that type of magic before

It took a second for Harry to remember that he had been apparated again. It’s called apparition Ten, you haven’t felt it before because it’s bad for Al. Did you see who took us?

Yes, some redhead man. He came in a while ago to check on you, you were still asleep.

Does he know you’re here?

I’m not sure.

Harry tried to think. It had to be Ron. He was so stupid! He shouldn’t have gone out alone. Now how was he going to get out? He could apparate, that part of the book was true the wandless magic. As he got closer to Draco his power had grown and although he had never done it he was sure that he could. But that would risk hurting Al even more and he didn’t want to do that. They were still two months away from the birth and from what he could understand Al’s lungs hadn’t formed yet.

So how else could he get out of here? “Kreacher” he called out. Kreacher could get him. House elf magic was more stable than wizarding magic, the damage likely wouldn’t get worse if Kreacher took him, or so he hoped. Unfortunately it seemed the house elf couldn’t hear him which was strange. And even more unfortunate, it seemed his captor had heard him.

“Strong wards those” Ron said as he descended the stairs “I managed to erect ones that even House elves couldn’t get passed. And we thought Hermione was the smart one” he smirked.

“What do you want Ron?” Harry asked, trying to keep the tremor from his voice.

“I just wanted to spend some time with my mate. I’ve missed you, ya know. And after all that shite with the ministry, figured I’d need to get you alone to make you see sense” Ron said with conviction.

Did he still think Harry was under some sort of love potion? He and Draco had announced their relationship and child when Harry had reached month three of his pregnancy. The news had been in the Prophet and the Quibbler. And Hermione had announced the book she was writing about soul mate bonds, inspired by none other than Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. Surely Ron had seen that? He couldn’t doubt their bond now?

“You don’t leave the house much mate. It’s not healthy. Don’t worry though, once we get rid of that love spell we’ll get it sorted.” Ron was going to get rid of the love spell? What would he do to Al?

Harry looked down at his stomach in concern, then flipped out because it was flat! Holy shit, where
the bloody hell was Al? He felt Tenebris tighten around his arm slightly before reaching his tail to touch his belly. His tail reminded Harry that he had put a concealment charm on himself. It was still in place. Al was fine, for now, until the charm wore off…

Harry decided to play along. Draco would find him, he had to.

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Narcissa had come home from her lunch with Mrs. Parkinson and looked for Harry where he usually was, in the library reading. When she didn’t find him there she figured he was taking an extra-long nap, he had been getting more tired as his pregnancy progressed. And she remembered her time with Draco. It was a tough pregnancy and in the sixth month she was put on bedrest. So she went and sat in her usual chair and picked up the book she had started that morning.

Hermione arrived home around six “Hello Narcissa. How was Mrs. Parkinson?”

“Fine dear, thanks for asking.”

“Where’s Harry?”

“I think he’s still taking a nap, he wasn’t up when I got home.”

“We should probably wake him before Draco gets here. He’s quite impatient to get him alone at the Manor.”

“Yes, I suppose he has slept long enough.”

The two made their way up to the boys’ room and knocked quietly on the door. Hermione entered and walked over to the bed softly saying “Harry, love it’s time to get up. It’s almost time for your dinner at the Manor.” When she got to the bed she started to pull back the covers and then gasped. “He’s not here!”

“What?”

“Harry’s not here!”

“Calm down Hermione. He must be with the boomslangs or Voldy.”

Hermione nodded. “I’ll check the attic, you check the snakes.” They parted to find the animals.

They met back up in the kitchen. “He’s not with Voldy.” Hermione said.

“Only Clara is in the cage, I can’t find Tenebris. Harry must have him with him.”

“What do we do?” Hermione was panicking.

“What do we do about what?” Draco drawled as he walked into the kitchen. “I heard you two going on in here and figured I should see what the fuss was about.”

“Draco” Hermione began “We can’t find Harry.”

“What do you mean you can’t find Harry?”

“I mean he’s not in the house.”

Draco immediately ran upstairs to their bedroom and found it devoid of a certain raven haired beauty.
He then tore his way through the rest of the house, even stopping to look in his mother’s and Hermione’s bedrooms before checking the attic, library, parlor, dining room, basement, and finally the snake room before stepping back to the kitchen.

“Where are the snakes?” He asked his hair disheveled and he was slightly out of breath.

“Clara was in the tank, but Tenebris was gone.” Narcissa spoke up.

“We have to report this to the ministry” Draco said.

Three hours later found the three of them back where they started with assurances from the ministry that they “were doing everything in their power to find Harry.” They had tried to claim that Harry had probably come to his senses and left a known death eater before being cursed out by an irate Hermione. Which would have been amusing had the circumstances been different.

The three made their way to their respective bedrooms, Draco made a detour to collect Clara. He had gotten used to the snakes presence in his bed after the third night, and they seemed to calm Harry. Though he knew tonight he wouldn’t be getting any sleep. He began to root around his room, looking for any sign of where Harry could have gone. He even looked under the bed which is where he found a slip of paper with Harry’s chicken scratch on it.

Aldibain Arrakis Malfoy.

Tears came to his eyes at that. Harry had picked out a name for their son. He had used the stars. Silent tears made their way down his face and his hand made its way to his pocket. He pulled out a box and opened it.

Inside the box were two fede gimmel rings. One gold and one silver. He had planned to ask Harry to marry him with these rings.
The two women found Draco asleep on the floor the next morning. One hand held a slip of paper, the other a blue velvet box. Narcissa approached her son and shook his shoulder lightly.

“Harry” he said as his grey eyes opened.

“No dragon, it’s just me” Narcissa said, a lump forming in her throat. “Here give me those” she said as she started to help her son up and reached for the items in his hands.

“NO!” Draco snatched his hands away and promptly fell on his arse.

“I was just trying to help dragon” Narcissa said as she backed away.

“I’m sorry mother.” Draco whispered as he got up off of the floor. “Here” he handed over the box.

“They’re beautiful” she said when she opened it.

“Shouldn’t they match?” Hermione asked.

Draco grabbed the box back and took out each ring. He turned around and did something the girls couldn’t see before he turned back to them and presented them the rings. Each ring had a silver and gold hand, they were complementary of each other.

“Oh” tears welled in Hermione’s eyes “They are beautiful” she said as she held the ring with her fingertips, as if it would break if she held it any tighter.

Draco didn’t say anything to that. The girls handed the rings back and he put each one back to its original form.

Draco and Hermione couldn’t make themselves go into the office that day, so instead the three of them sat in the library reading, pretending nothing was wrong.

It was around one when the doorbell rang and everyone looked up. Draco tore through the house to get to the door “Harry!” he said as he swung it open. It was a delivery person, what?

“Um. Hello” Draco tried to regain his composure.

“Hi. I have a delivery for Mr. Potter here. Can I drop it off?”

“Yes of course.”

“It says here to go to the yellow bedroom, would you mind showing me where that is before I bring my guys in?”

“I’ll show you.” Hermione said as she walked passed the blonde who seemed to have lost his voice.

An hour later and the three of them stood in the baby’s room which was now fully furnished. Draco held the receipt tightly in his hand. “Right. We’re going there.” He said as he pointed to the receipt.

Neither woman argued. So Hermione led the way to a muggle baby store. She walked up to the counter. “Um. Hello.”

“Hi” The sales woman said.
“It seems my friend made a purchase here yesterday” she took the receipt from a reluctant Draco and handed it to the sales lady.

“Oh. I remember him. Said he and his husband were adopting a boy!” She said. Draco choked.

“Um. Yes. Well he never came home yesterday you see, so we were wondering if you saw him leave.” Hermione said.

“Oh yes. He was walking to get a cab I think when some redhead followed him out of the store. I looked away for a second to deal with a customer and then they were gone. Thought that might be his husband, but he would have come in with him right? The man had entered just after I wrung your friend up then followed him out. So it must’ve just been a friend.” The woman said.

“Thank you, you’ve been very helpful.” Narcissa said, as Hermione was now fuming and Draco was nearly in tears. She led them out of the shop.

“So obviously Ron took him again. Let’s just hope he didn’t apparate them.” Hermione said.

“Let’s get the Aurors here.”

The Aurors found nothing new and Draco started to get angry. Really angry. Everyone could feel the angry magic rolling off of him. And then something amazing happening. Draco transformed into an anigmus. He transformed into an Antipodean Opaleye. Everyone stepped back. Draco’s anigma seemed to catch a scent on the air and soon the dragon had taken off in flight. Hermione took out a book and checked off an item. Narcissa looked over to see a journal with the rumored bond traits list in it and couldn’t help but feel amusement.

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Harry was sitting with Ron, drinking tea, playing chess, biding his time until Draco found him. Because he knew Draco would find him. He had cast a few spells on his stomach, than Merlin for Hermione teaching him those. She had insisted that he learn a few basic healing spells when Ron had escaped. Though he didn’t think she saw this coming. He would have to thank her later. Like last time there was a field of magic around the baby. Ron had managed to splinch his stomach and unfortunately Harry couldn’t heal it, and there was no way he would let Ron that close to him.

He heard an inhuman roar, it sounded strangely familiar and he was brought back to the triwizard tournament. But Ron had moved his King, so he figured he was hearing things.

Three moves were made before he heard the noise again, and this time Ron heard it too. “That sounds like a bloody dragon” Ron said as he got up and made his way upstairs.

Yes, Harry was playing along. Not enough for Ron to trust him above ground yet. He was still staying in the basement, Harry had cast a tempus and realized that it was only twenty-seven hours after he had been taken. Ron had provided him with a cot and some blankets, and there was a bathroom down there as well.

He heard Ron scream and run back down to the basement. “There’s a bloody Antipodean Opaleye heading straight for us!” He said as he began to bar the door.

Before he could start moving furniture there was a crash, Harry was pretty sure the Dragon was attacking the house. But for some strange reason he didn’t feel fear, and he trusted his gut. A pale snout moved through the door and let out a roar, but no fire.

Harry it’s me.

What the fuck is that? Why am I hearing Draco’s voice in my head?

Draco’s laughter ran through his head. It’s me you idiot, the dragon. Guess we can check two things off of Hermione’s list.

What?

Telepathy and rare anigmi.

Wait, Draco, are you the dragon?

Draco’s laughter rang out again.

Yes you dunce. I’m going to back up and then I want you to jump on my back.

Harry nodded before he realized that Draco couldn’t see him. But the Dragon backed up and he quickly ran to make his way onto his back. The dragon let out a breath of fire, and Harry could hear Ron’s screams. Hopefully it hurt like hell.

Draco flew them over London back to where he had last seen the Aurors. They were still there. A lot of obliviation would be needed today. Harry climbed off his back and Draco turned back to his human form and engulfed the smaller man in a hug. “Don’t you ever do that to me again Potter.”

Harry didn’t say anything he just hugged Draco tighter and rested his face against his neck. The women were still there as well and moved in behind Harry to engulf him in a four way hug.

“Let’s go home” Hermione said. The others nodded and followed her to get into a cab. Draco didn’t let go of Harry for one second. When they reached the Ministry he had to let go to let Harry floo. So he stepped in first and caught the green eyed man as he stumbled out of the floo, some things never change.
That night, when they got home Draco immediately led Harry up to their bedroom. It was then that Draco proposed. Harry uses the word ‘proposed’ lightly because all Draco really did was take out the box with the rings in it and put the gold one on Harry’s left hand. He then handed the silver one to Harry for him to repeat the action. Hermione had taken this as a proposal though.

Harry had relayed his dream to his housemates and they told him that that’s pretty much what happened. He had gotten his memory back. He also made sure to tell McGonagall to thank Hagrid, he wouldn’t have forgiven him if he had let Narcissa and Draco rot in Azkaban. He even remembered the incident with Draco’s wand, which had felt strange in his hands. And the slight relief he felt seeing the boy in what he thought were going to be his final moments.

December found the odd family in Grimmauld Place. On Christmas morning Harry was the first to wake up and he immediately brought a treat up to Voldy.

Kreacher made him breakfast and he was reading near the tree that had put up when Hermione got up.

“Happy Christmad Harry!”

“Happy Chistmas Mione.” Hermione knelt down next to Harry and reached out to his belly, everyone was rather fond of doing that.

“Happy Christmas Aldiban” She whispered to his belly as she rubbed it.

Krecher popped in with a cup of cocoa and some cookies for Hermione.

It was another hour before Narcissa work up. A half hour after that a grumpy Draco joined them.

“Why didn’t anyone wake me?” he asked.

“Happy Christmas to you too Draco.” Harry said.

Draco’s eyes softened and he walked over to the chair Harry was sitting in before kissing the top of his head. “Happy Christmas Harry” he leaned down and placed a kiss to Harry’s stomach. “Aldibain.”

“Well. Now that everyone’s up lets have some breakfast!” Narcissa said.

They sat down and were all in a pretty good mood while they ate breakfast.

“Time for presents!” Narcissa said and they all followed her to the ‘floo room.’

She handed out her presents to each of them. For Hermione she had gotten a book on House elf history. For Draco she had given him the Malfoy family ring, it had taken a while to find. For Harry
she gave him an ornament, it held two men, and two women. One of the men was pregnant and they were spelled to have a snowball fight inside of the bulb. Tears appeared in his eyes “Thank you Narcissa” he got up and hugged her. Hermione was already reading her new book.

Draco then handed out his presents. He had a pair of earrings made for Hermione out of a couple of scales that had fallen off of his anigmus form, she didn’t have many nice things and she seemed to appreciate them. For his mother he had found the family photo albums, Lucius hadn’t liked photos and when he realized Narcissa was keeping one told her that he had burned it, but he had just hidden it in a drawer in his study. For Harry he got a blanket for their son, with his monogram on a corner in a light yellow. He had also gotten a book on wizarding history, Harry seemed to be more interested in it now that he wasn’t required to take it in school.

Hermione was next. She had gotten Harry a series of on dragons. There was one book for each type known. For Draco she got a pair of cuff links made from some of the scales of his dragon form, he had gifted them to her when she said she was going to make a present for Harry from them. He raised his eyebrows at that, but they were quite pretty. For Narcissa she had gotten two books, one with muggle fairy tales and one with wizarding ones. “I figured you could read them to Aldibain.” Narcissa smiled, slightly teary.

Harry was last. For Hermione he had gotten a set of formal wizarding robes in a royal blue. She would need them for events at the Ministry and would never buy something so nice for herself. For Draco he had gotten their son a blanket with the Malfoy crest. He had also gotten him a pair of dragonhide boots, Antipodean Opaleye of course. She had passed away after another Dragon attacked her. He would never buy dragon hide made from a living dragon killed for its hide again.

For Narcissa’s gift he led them to the black tapestry. “I hope you like it” He said. He had spent a lot of time looking up restoration spells for the family tapestry and had finally been able to restore it to its former glory.

“I love it. Thank you Harry!” Narcissa said, looking in awe around the room.

There were also a bunch of baby things that Draco and Harry had yet to open. Jumpers, onesies, toys, diapers, and other things that Harry hadn’t picked up yet. All in the colors he had originally wanted, greys whites and yellows. Except for some stuffed animals, which were in their realistic respective colors.

The rest of the day passed in peaceful silence as each of them read books. Hermione read the one from Draco, Narcissa read the muggle fairy tales. Draco and Harry had each chosen a book on Dragons, Draco was reading about the Hebridean Black and Harry chose to read about the Antipodean Opaleye.
It was January 2nd and the women, aka Hermione and Narcissa had planned the wedding before Al’s birth. Since it was the winter they spelled a circle of space in the garden of Malfoy manor warm. They forwent flowers and had a circle of white chairs around a center podium where the grooms would stand.

The weeping willows added the necessary sparkles with their ice crystals and the sunrise continued as Harry walked towards Draco.

The ceremony flew by and soon it was time to exchange rings. Draco took his hand and gently pulled his ring off his finger, Harry didn’t know what he was doing. And then, he broke it! He broke the bloody ring! Harry was outraged to see his ring broken, the two hands lying apart in his palm. Then Draco took his ring and did the same thing! What the bloody fuck was the idiot doing? Then Draco took one half of his ring and pushed it together with his, he repeated the action.

He slid the new ring onto Harry’s finger and Harry looked down to find a right gold hand entwined with a silver left hand. That’s when the tears that had been forming in his eyes broke free. He took the other ring from Draco and slipped it onto Draco’s finger realizing that Draco had a right silver hand and a gold left hand. He found himself remembering when he had refused Draco’s hand years ago and wondered if this was his husband’s way of forgiving him.

They kissed and the small audience clapped. Harry hadn’t wanted a large affair, the press could hear about it later. So the people there were basically family. Obviously Narcissa was in attendance, Hermione and Greg, Ginny and Blaise, Luna, ‘Rolfy’ couldn’t make it, and Neville, Hannah had to be at the pub. And of course Kreacher, although he refused to sit.

They made their way inside and cut the small cake that Harry insisted Kreacher make. Draco looked unbelievably happy and Harry couldn’t ever remember seeing that look on his face.

That night, they had flooed to the Malfoy home in Paris. Harry had just wanted to stay at the Manor but Draco insisted and he found he didn’t mind.

Draco led him up to the master bedroom. The room was done in a light grey and the accents were a deep blue. The bed was king sized and had white sheets. There must be house elves because there were candles lit around the room.

Draco pushed Harry onto the bed and quickly spelled their clothes away.

“On your hands and knees Harry” Harry flips over, on his hands and knees like Draco asked.

“Merlin your ass is beautiful” Draco said.

“Fuck, Draco. Please!”

Draco ignored him “Mmm.” Draco slid a hand up Harry's calf. “Lovely.”
“Fuck!”

Draco continues to stare at Harry’s ass.

Harry settled himself into the duvet. Draco was reminded of what he was supposed to do.

Draco slipped a knee into the space between his calves. He rested his hands on the backs of Harry’s legs. Raked his nails up his thighs.

Harry shivered.

Draco slid his knee further between Harry’s thighs, keeping his legs open so he could see the swell of his bollocks, full and flushed, resting between them.

“Yes,” He breathes, “that’s good. Your ass, it’s...I want to see it. I’m going to open you, Harry. I want to see your hole.”

Harry whined.

Draco was rock hard.

“Merlin, I want to taste you.” Draco started licking a line from Harry’s bollocks and then gently over his hole. A small moan escaped Harry’s mouth. Draco started to tongue the rosebud in earnest

Harry started pushing back making “Unh. Unh. Unh” sounds. “Fuck...Draco...Please, More!”

Harry’s gasped when the tip of Draco’s tongue pushed against him, and again when he moaned causing delicious vibrations against his hole.

A smile curled on Draco’s lips. “Your ass, Harry. I want it.”


Draco added a finger alongside his tongue, readying Harry for his cock.

“Fuck Draco, so good. More please.”

Draco slowly worked the finger into Harry’s ass. This was going to be better than the first time.

“Draco!” Harry calls out as Draco hits his prostate.

“God! Please! Draco!” He calls out as Draco continues to work his ass with one finger. Draco was going to make Harry come multiple times tonight. He worked the bud with a purpose and Harry shouted “Draco!” as he came on the duvet beneath him. “Merlin” he pants out of breath.

Draco slipped another finger in alongside the first. Harry’s ass clenched around the digit. Then Draco beings to scissor them.

“Fuck Harry, you don’t know how hot you are.” Draco pulled his fingers away before flipping Harry over. “I’m not going to last if I don’t come now.” Draco reinserted his fingers as he began to rut against Harry’s rapidly filling cock.

Harry was chanting “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

Draco was whispering “Harry” underneath his breath as he rutted against his lovers smaller cock. Harry’s eyes lit up every time Draco hit his prostate and Draco can tell his lover is about to come
again.

“Fuck me with your fingers Draco.”

Draco lets out an inhuman grunt as he comes all over Harry’s chest, he continues to rut against the boy and ram his fingers into his ass until Harry shouts out again and his release is spilled over their stomachs.

“Just one more finger, then you can have my cock” Harry nods.

Draco added another finger and Harry eagerly pushes back on it. Harry whispers a lubrication spell and soon Draco’s fingers are ramming into him with no resistance. Draco groans.

“Now, Draco.”

Draco lined his cock up at the entrance to Harry’s ass. He started pushing in slowly and is soon bottoming out. He’s glad he took the time to prepare Harry. Draco starts to thrust looking to Harry’s face trying to find the boy’s prostate.

Suddenly Harry screams out and he knows he’s hit it. He starts pounding the spot relentlessly.

“Merlin Draco!” Harry screams and pants harshly through his mouth. He starts hissing in parseltongue and that’s Draco’s undoing. He thrusts once more and explodes within Harry. Harry’s hard cock is still resting against his stomach and Draco leans down to take the tip into his mouth. As he does this his limp cock falls out of Harry’s arse and he whimpers. As soon as his lips wrap around the tip of Harry’s cock Harry arches off the bed and comes for the third time that night.

This time, when Harry passed out Draco cleaned him and climbed in behind him.

“I love you Harry.”

Harry mumbles something sleepily and Draco’s pretty sure it was “I love you Draco.”
Aldibain Arrakis Malfoy

They had been back from their honeymoon for about three weeks when Harry went into labor.

He had decided months prior that the birth would be at Grimmauld, with Madam Pomfrey as the main doctor. Unfortunately Winter Break was over for Hogwarts and she had trouble getting away. So when she finally arrived Harry had been having contractions for over 2 hours.

He was panting in exhaustion and pain when Poppy ordered everyone out of the room and pulled Draco aside.

“We hadn’t discussed this. I think we all assumed that Harry’s body would create a birthing canal for the baby to come out of.” Poppy looked worried. “But it doesn’t seem like that’s happened, so we’re going to need to do a cesarean. You may not want to stay for this. It’s not going to be pretty.”

“I’m staying Pomfrey.”

“Alright, stay out of my way.”

Poppy gave Harry a potion, which he took without question and passed out. “Needed to knock him out, it’s going to be painful.” She said to Draco’s questioning eyebrow.

She carefully cut a line down his stomach and reached into the space. Continuing to cut carefully down through each layer Poppy started to separate the abdominal muscles to expose the uterus. Leaving the womb intact she pulled out the baby. Then quickly severed the umbilical cord before casting a scourgify wrapping the baby in a light yellow blanket and handing him to Draco.

He was so small. “He’s a little underweight, only six pounds, but it’s likely due to the shorter pregnancy period.” Poppy said as she continued to work on Harry. “We’re not out of the woods yet. He’s bleeding, but I don’t know where it’s coming from.”

The boy opened his eyes, they were an exact copy of his Daddy’s. His head had a light dusting of hair that Draco was sure would be the patented Malfoy Blond. “Hi love.” Draco said. Then a bright light emitted from his son and suddenly the cut in Harry’s stomach was closed, there wasn’t even a scar.

Pomfrey stepped back. “How did that happen?”

“I don’t know” Draco said. There was a light knock on the door, then it opened slightly.

“Draco darling, I’m sorry but Luna’s here and she insists on coming in.”

“Draco! Oh Aldibain you did so well” Luna cooed at the baby while she inspected Harry’s stomach.

“What are you talking about Lovegood?” Draco asked.

“Your son just healed his Daddy, he’s going to be even more powerful than Harry.” She said. Draco was confused. Then Harry started to come to and he rushed over to be next to him again.

“What—” Harry started

“Shh. Harry. We’re not quite sure what happened but you’re okay and so is Aldibain” Pomfrey said.

“Silly.” Luna said at the mediwitch.
“Luna?” Harry questioned.

“Oh Harry. Your son is so powerful. He healed you!” She said grabbing Harry’s hand.

“He did magic?” She nodded. “Can I hold him?” He looked at Draco who handed him their son. “He’s beautiful.”

“You can’t honestly believe that he did magic at this age Luna” Draco chided.

“I believe her. Luna has sight.” Harry said, not looking away from his son.

“What are you talking about?” Draco asked.

“She has sight Draco. I’ve learned to never doubt what she says.” Harry said with conviction. “Can you bring in Mione and Narcissa, I’m sure they’re worried.” Draco hesitated. “Now Draco.” Draco rushed off to do what his husband said.

“Thank you little one” Harry said to Aldibain. “And thank you Luna” Harry said as he looked up towards her. She just smiled a serene smile.

Draco walked back in with the two women. “Narcissa, I’d like you to meet your grandson. Aldibain Arrakis Malfoy. Mione, meet your Godson.” He held Al up slightly so the two women could see.

“He’s got Draco’s hair” Hermione said.

“And Harry’s eyes” Draco added.

“What?” Harry, Hermione and Narcissa said in unison.

“He has your eyes, he opened them for a second and they were green.”

“That can’t be. Baby’s eyes don’t change for a couple of months.” Hermione said.

“Maybe it’s another part of the bond” Harry shrugged.

“Doesn’t really matter does it?” Draco said “As long as he takes after both of us. Harry nodded.
11 years later

Draco and Harry were at Platform 9 and ¾ seeing of their eldest child. Both had no doubt which house he would be sorted into, and the boy seemed excited to join his cousin, Teddy, at school. Teddy had been sorted into the same house the year before, and Al was excited to join him.

They stood there with the Malfoy brood as well as the Goyle children. Harry remembered their years with their eldest son.

Harry and Draco had another son, Thuban who was definitely going into Slytherin. They also had two daughters, the most difficult pregnancy for Harry, Draco had been scared he wasn’t going to make it through. After the twins Pomfrey said that it would be a risk to Harry’s health if they tried to get pregnant again. So the two 9 year olds were their last. Eltanin, the older twin by a minute, only because she had been closer to Pomfrey when the cesarean was performed, was very obviously a Gryffindor. Tyl Abell was a Ravenclaw through and through.

Draco had originally been dismayed to learn that each of his children were in different houses, not to mention the eldest Malfoy was a Hufflepuff. Then he realized that theirs was the only family in wizarding Britain that this had ever happened to, having a child in each house. So he was absolutely proud of his four children who perfectly complemented each other. And he never missed a chance to brag about his perfect family that would dominate the entire school when they were there at the same time. Harry let him have his fun, and hoped the children would take after the Marauders.

Greg and Mione had gotten married, as Harry predicted. They had twins as well, Rose and Amaryllis Goyle. Greg’s parents had been reluctant to let a muggleborn into the family until they realized the status they would get from their son marrying one of the golden trio. Rose and Amaryllis were the same age as Tyl Abell and Eltanin and the four girls were exceedingly good friends. Especially since Greg had purchased 10 Grimmauld Place so the families could stay close.

They said goodbye to Al, Tyl Abell holding onto him for slightly longer than the others. The two had a stronger connection than their other children, but the same could be said about Thuban and Eltanin. And of course the twin girls were close, but Tyl Abell and Aldibain had a connection that no one could quite figure out. Except Luna, who refused to share what it was.

Draco had been offered the potions master position at Hogwarts when the twins were born, but he had opted to become a potions master and start his own shop in Diagon Alley. Harry had been offered the DADA position the same year, but had wanted to be home with his kids. After the twins left for Hogwarts he was planning on starting a school for muggleborns starting at the age of 8 so that they could learn wizarding customs, after all that’s what caused the rift in the wizarding world before. He hoped he could change that.

Mrs. Weasley finally forgave Harry once Ginny was married to Blaise, they weren’t present at the station because Ginny was 8 months pregnant with their second child.

Victoire, Bill’s daughter, was also in Hufflepuff, although Al wasn’t as close with her as he was with Teddy.
Harry had also found out something pretty cool once the twins had been born. His anigmus was discovered about two months after their birth. It had been a nice day and Draco and Harry had decided to go for a walk in the forbidden forest, they had special permission from the headmistress. Not to mention Firenze liked it when they visited, and his tribe had taken to the pair once they had learned of the soulmate bond.

The Acromantulas had come out of hiding and were advancing quickly. They had a special carriage which held all four of the children, the two girls lying down in the back, the boys sitting up front.

A stream of sunlight shone on Harry and Draco though the trees. Draco quickly transformed into his dragon form, the light glittering off his scales. Then he noticed Harry changing, his form became darker, larger, and soon was transformed into a unique Hebridean Black, for his eyes retained their green color, instead of the purple that the breed was known for.

The Acromantulas quickly fled in the face of two dragons. Draco’s Silver form wrapped around the slightly smaller black dragon. The four babies’ attention were focused solely on the Dragons entwined in light.

Harry came out of his memory to see the train leaving the station, while his heart hurt slightly from the separation of his oldest child he was excited for him to begin his time at Hogwarts. Harry’s first real home. Eltanin took his right hand, while Tyl Abell took his left. Tyl Abell already held Draco’s left in her right, and Thuban refused public displays of affection so he walked in front of them. Harry smiled. Maybe this wasn’t the family he had imagined, but this one was way better. He glanced at his husband, who as usual wore his patented Malfoy mask in public but Tyl Abell was swinging their entwined hands back and forth and his husband’s eyes held a glint that was barely discernable to anyone but Harry. They were happy.

-Fin-

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys. Thanks for sticking with me through this story. I know the sex scenes kind of sucked, and some of the plot (anigmus forms coming so easily and being magical which is not how JKR wrote it) was a little farfetched. I could have easily expanded over the different births, but I kind of liked the last chapter before the epilogue. I hope you guys enjoyed it. I had a ton of fun writing it. I may be persuaded to write about the children’s lives at Hogwarts, but I’m not sure yet, let me know your thoughts. For now I’m working on a series, I don’t really want to post it until it’s completely written because one of the things I hate most is when an author starts a great story and doesn’t finish it.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!