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<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
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**Champion Veela**

by CaptainSuperWizardWolfMind

**Summary**

Harry is abused and adopted by the Malfoy's. Snape is an Alpha Veela, and Harry is his submissive mate. Competing in the Tri-Wizard Tournament marks him as an adult, and he gets his creature inheritance much sooner than normal. Snape tries to avoid his mate at first. Abused, innocent, sweet Harry (OOC). Non-canon.

**Notes**

Cross-posted on my fanfiction account: HotchnerReidFangirl
Set at the beginning of 4th year. In this story, Severus Snape is an alpha veela. Him and Lucius are both spies for the Order, and the Malfoy’s are good. This doesn’t mean that Draco isn’t a little snooty brat. The Order knows about Sirius’s innocence, and Narcissa and Sirius are very close. Sirius and Remus are mates, and they live at Hogwarts. So do Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy. Remus is now the History of Magic teacher, and Lucius is the new Defense teacher. Sirius is still in hiding, so outside of their quarters he has to be Padfoot. He goes
everywhere with Remus, and the students love him because he is such a little (big!) ham. Harry is small and feminine due to his Veela and malnourishment. He is a little (or a lot) out of character as he will be sweet, innocent, and cuddly. :) Who doesn’t love a cuddly Harry?!
Chapter 1

Great Hall:
Severus Snape was sitting at the Great Hall scowling at the students as they were coming into the hall preparing for the sorting ceremony and the opening feast. He rolled his eyes at the vacant seat to his right. Lucius was going to sit there, but he wanted a big dramatic entrance after Albus announces that he will be the new Defense professor. The seats on either side of him were vacant actually, no doubt he had scared away his fellow professors with his attitude. He spent the entire summer traveling in the hopes that he might actually find his mate. No such luck. He made eye contact with nearly every person he passed during the vacation, and he didn’t get even an inkling of a flutter or anything. He was beginning to think that his mate was killed in the first Wizarding war. He was nearly 33 years old, and he hoped that his mate wasn’t still underage. He couldn’t imagine mating with one of his dunderheaded students. He was brought out of his thoughts by the presence of his once enemy, Remus Lupin, sitting in one of the chairs next to him. The mongrel, Sirius Black, was with him in his animagus form, Padfoot. He hated to admit it, but the large black dog was beautiful and intimidating at the same time.

“Good evening, Severus. Ready for another wonderful year? As you can see, I’ve brought my new familiar, Padfoot, with me.” Remus said.

Sirius sneered at them and replied, “Lupin. That beast of yours better not cause any problems this year. I won’t hesitate to have it neutered.”

Padfoot growled, and Remus chuckled and responded, “No, Severus. Padfoot will be behaved. There won’t be any problems on his end. I hope that you can say the same.” He gave Padfoot a look that said ‘don’t make me regret this’.

Severus just sneered back at them and turned his attention back to the students filing into the hall. He looked up just in time to see the Golden Trio waltz in like they owned the place. The idiot Weasley boy walked a little ahead of Potter and the Know-It-All who walked side by side. Hmm. Peculiar. The Weasley Twins seemed to be standing guard on either side of the Potter and Granger. He looked closer at the group.

The youngest Weasley boy had grown over the summer. No doubt from stuffing his face full of food from that incessantly nagging mother of theirs. The Granger girl seemed to have grown a little as well. More like she seemed to grow into herself. Her teeth weren’t as bucktoothed, and her hair wasn’t as frizzy. If he didn’t know any better, he would have never guessed she was a muggleborn by the way she held herself. The twins too looked like they had added more height. He would never tell anyone, but he secretly found the twins amusing.

He frowned when he looked closer at the Potter Brat. He didn’t grow at all. If anything, he looked smaller, frail. Even Granger had passed him in height by a few inches. He was very thin. His robes looked to be about two sizes too big, and you could tell by looking at them that they were the same robes from last year. He looked up at the boy’s face. His glasses were broken, and was that a bruise over his left eye? He wanted to accuse the boy of fighting in the train, but deep down he knew that wasn’t right. That bruise was days old, and you didn’t lose that much weight over the course of a few hours. He heard a low growl coming from the werewolf next to him, and then he heard the scraping of chair legs.

Before he knew what he was doing, he grabbed Lupin by the wrist and forced him back to his seat. No doubt he wanted to go check on his precious Godchild. He told him, “Now is not the time. After the feast, take him to the infirmary. Don’t make a big deal out this right now. Don’t draw anymore
Lupin seemed to think about it, and settled in his chair. He penned a letter and then called a house elf to give it to Potter. Severus couldn’t believe he was protecting the brat from Lupin making a spectacle about his appearance. No, he thought. He wasn’t protecting the brat. He was just thinking of his own memories and how he didn’t want anyone to know about how he was abused. The Boy-Who-Lived would probably like all of the attention he thought evilly.

He continued to watch the little group until they sat at the Gryffindor table. The Weasley boy and Granger sat across from Potter, and the twins sat on either side of him like guards. He told himself that he would watch to see how this unfolded. He may not like the boy, but his Veela side was an Alpha, a dominant. It was in his instincts to protect weaker beings. Everything in him was screaming that this boy needed protection.

At the Gryffindor table, Harry was surrounded by his friends. They all seemed angry when they saw him. He knew their reactions were going to be bad. This was a terrible summer for him. The Dursley’s were extra vindictive after Harry blew up Aunt Marge last summer. He had daily beatings from Vernon, and there was a lot of Harry Hunting. His chore list was the longest it had ever been. His aunt started lending him out to the neighbors to clean their houses for a charge. Then she would take all of the money that he earned, to help pay for the trouble of housing him she had said. They were still talking about the Quidditch World Cup that they had all gone to. Harry was invited, but Uncle Vernon refused to let him go.

He was tired and filthy. He hadn’t had a decent shower all summer. He was only allotted a few minutes in the bathroom twice per week. He was moved back into his cupboard, and he was starved. The most food he got was when he was cleaning for neighbors. He really hadn’t minded doing that. The elderly women gave him proper tea and biscuits. He got to get out of the house and eat something. He suspected that his aunt knew he was having tea with the neighbors twice a week because she didn’t feed him anything on those days.

He couldn’t wait to shower and then get in his bed. He spent the summer sleeping on the crib mattress on the floor of his cupboard. He sighed when he thought about he communal showers in the tower. Everyone would see his body. They would see the bruises and the cuts from the belt. Suddenly, he didn’t want to shower anymore. He sank down lower in his seat and tried to ignore the worried looks that his friend gave him.

He nearly fell asleep during the sorting ceremony. Fred nudged his shoulder when the last student was sorted into Ravenclaw. Dumbledore stood at his podium and welcomed everyone back.

“Good evening, students. Welcome back for another marvelous year. We have some exciting things in store for you this year. I will come to that later. For now, let me announce some changes to our teaching staff and introduce the newest member. As you can all see, Professor Lupin has returned this year—“

A loud applause rang through the students, and then Dumbledore continued, “As I was saying, Professor Lupin has returned, but he will not be teaching Defense Against The Dark Arts. Instead he will be teaching History of Magic as Professor Binns crossed over during the summer.” This time, even a lot of the Slytherin students cheered. It seems that no one enjoyed the ghost teaching that class.

Dumbledore laughed and then continued, “The position for Defense Against the Dark Arts will be filled by Professor Lucius Malfoy.”

At the mention of his name, the blonde aristocrat stepped into the Great Hall and made his way to his
seat next to Severus at the staff table. Mild clapping was heard from the Ravenclaws, Hufflepuffs, and some of the Gryffindors, while loud cheering was heard from the Slytherin table.

Harry looked green. He couldn’t believe that Dumbledore would hire a snake like Lucius Malfoy. Merlin’s beard! The man was a known death eater, and Harry just knew that he was going to favor the Slytherin’s just like Snape. He looked across the hall at Draco and saw the smuggest look on the ponce’s face. He signed and resigned himself to another year with a bad defense professor. At least he wasn’t stuck in his cupboard.

Ron sputtered across from him, “Another Malfoy!? We aren’t going to survive this year. The Malfoy’s and Weasley’s have had a big family feud for a very long time. I’ll be lucky to pass Defense this year.”

Hermione scoffed, “Come on, Ron. Professor Malfoy will not grade you poorly because of your last name. He will have to remain impartial to all of his students.”

Georged chuckled dryly, “Just like Snape, right Herm?”

Fred added his own two cents sarcastically, “Yea. Snape treats all of his students the same. He wouldn’t dream of favoring the Slytherins.”

Hermione didn’t have anything else to say, so she just sat quietly. They had made a good point. Professor Snape favored his own house. She had to hope that maybe Professor Malfoy would be a little more fair.

The food appeared on the table, and Ron immediately started piling it onto his plate as he kept talking, “Man! Malfoy is going to be an even bigger prat this year now that dear ol’ Daddy is on staff. No doubt the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. I’m sure Malfoy is just a chip off of the old block.”

Harry didn’t contribute to the conversation. He just stared at the food on the table. He hadn’t eaten much of anything in months, and he didn’t think he would be able to keep any of this down. He was starving though, so he reached for a small piece of brisket and a roll. He noticed Hermione’s frown about what he put on his plate, but she didn’t comment, so neither did he. He nibbled on the food during dinner and counted the time until he could get into his bed.

Finally, Dumbledore stood up and made the announcement that Hogwarts would be hosting the Tri-Wizard Tournament. Many of the students were excited about the announcement, but Harry didn’t care about anything right now. He was tired and dirty, and now his stomach was uncomfortably full. He regretted eating that roll.

Suddenly, a house elf appeared and handed Harry a note. He read it, “Harry, meet me and Padfoot at the infirmary after dinner. –RL”

Harry closed his eyes and sighed. Many students were starting to leave the great hall, so Harry stood up and told his friends that was going to meet with Remus and Padfoot before heading up to the tower. Harry followed a throng of students leaving.

The 7th year Gryffindor prefects were calling all of the first years to follow them, and they tried to herd Harry along with them. Harry planted his feet and looked at the prefects like they were crazy. He couldn’t believe they had mistaken him for a first year! He wasn’t THAT small. Then he noticed some of the first years he was standing near. Some of them were larger than him.

Frustrated, he made his way to the infirmary. He wanted to see Remus and Sirius, but he wanted to
get this over with quickly. They were not going to be happy when they saw him.

As expected, Remus and Padfoot were waiting for him in the infirmary when he pushed the doors open. Unexpectedly, Professor Snape was also in the infirmary with them. Why was he here?

Before he could think on that any longer, Madam Pomfrey addressed him, “Good evening, Mister Potter. Welcome back. Come in and have a seat on your bed. In my hospital on the first night back? Should I just place a reserved sign over your usual bed?”

Harry had the grace to blush, and then made his way over to sit on the bed he usually used on his many trips to the infirmary. On the way to the bed, Remus stopped him to wrap him up in a large hug. Padfoot didn’t want to be left out of the hug, so he came loping over and jumped up onto Harry. He wasn’t expecting the boy to be so fragile or weak, so he accidently tackled him to the ground.

Harry let out a pained yelp as soon as his back touched the floor, and he instantly regretted it. He could usually handle pain. He was just caught off guard. He hoped the adults in the room didn’t notice, but he knew that was doubtful. His godfathers were a werewolf and a dog animagus. They had excellent hearing, and Professor Snape wasn’t called the dungeon bat for no reason.

Padfoot jumped off of him and whimpered. Harry hadn’t moved yet. His whole body hurt. Before he knew what was happening, he was being levitated onto a bed, and his clothes were being spelled off!

“Hey! Don’t do that! I don’t want to be starkers in front of you lot.” He shouted.

Madam Pomfrey erected a privacy screen around Harry’s bed. The only problem was that they were all within it. They could all still see him, but he was shielded from the rest of the infirmary ward. His clothes continued to disappear from his body, so he grabbed the sheet from the bed and wrapped it around himself.

Madam Pomfrey gave him a dose of calming draught and explained that they needed to dull a full physical exam and scan on him. He complied and laid back onto the bed. He was shaking with nerves, and he had silent tears running down the sides of his face. Padfoot came and licked the tears away and tried to cheer him up. He heard a growl as the sheet was lowered revealing his front half.

He knew he would be beet red if he could see himself right now.

Madam Pomfrey called a house elf to retrieve the headmaster, and then she asked him to roll over, “Mr. Pot- Harry, dear, will you roll over onto your stomach for us.”

He didn’t want to. He knew his backside was worse than his front. Uncle Vernon liked beating him with the metal side of his belt or with the cane. He knew his back was a large mottle bruise in various stages of healing and lacerations.

“It’s ok, Harry. You can turn over. We won’t judge you.” Remus said.

Harry let out a shaky breath and complied. He rolled over to expose his back, his bum, and his thighs. He heard another angry growl, and two gasps. He just knew that Professor Snape would be enjoying this. He probably thought that Harry had finally gotten what he deserved. He didn’t want to look at the man’s face, but he had to. The man looked sick, like the sight of Harry made him angry. Huh? That didn’t make any sense. Professor Snape hated Harry.

Severus noticed that Potter was staring at him with a confused expression. No one else was making any movements. He saw the tears spilling from the boys eyes, and the pained expression on his face. Taking pity, he summoned a high level pain relieving potion and had the boy drink it.
“Drink this, Potter. It’s for your pain. You will be able to sleep well tonight, and then we can start trying to get you better tomorrow.”

Harry didn’t dare argue while he was in such an exposed and vulnerable position. Hogwarts allowed corporal punishment, and he didn’t want to be on the receiving end of any for a long time. He took the potion, and immediately passed out.

Severus nearly kicked himself. “I’m sorry, Poppy. I think I gave him too much pain reliever. I gave him the dose that a 14 year old should take, but I didn’t take into consideration his body condition. You will need to monitor him for any adverse effects, and he will most likely sleep until tomorrow evening.”

Poppy sighed, “It might be for best. Sleep will take away the pain he has and it will allow him to heal some. In the mean time, I can spell nutrition potions and healing potions into his stomach. The scan shows that he has multiple broke ribs, and many of his internal organs are bruised. Look at him. I’ve never seen a boy so thin. You can outline every bone in his body.!”

About that time, Dumbledore came into the infirmary. Harry was still uncovered and laying with his back exposed. He faltered at seeing the small boy on the bed and then addressed Severus, “Merlin! Another one, Severus? The poor lad. It’s a good thing he has you for a head of house. I will make arrangements to see about having him removed from his family. Which of your slytherin’s is this, Severus?”

Severus was too shocked to answer. Albus thought this was one of his young snakes. He didn’t even recognize his golden boy? It was Remus who answered, “This isn’t one of the first year Slytherin’s, Albus. This is Harry!”

Dumbledore had to sit down from the shock of that revelation. As if on cue, McGonagall walked into he infirmary and around the screen to talk to Poppy. When she saw the young student on the bed, she was furious. When she realized that student was Harry Potter, she sent multiple hexes at Dumbledore and cursed at him.

“Dammit, Albus! I told you those were the worst kind of muggles. I told you that I suspected Harry was mistreated, but you just ignored me! Those bloody wards, you said! What good are blood wards for protection if they don’t protect him from the monsters within them? At this rate, his own family will murder him.”

Sirius couldn’t stand it anymore. Risk be damned. He transformed back into his human form and yelled at the headmaster, “I don’t care what you have to do. Harry will not be going back to Privet Drive next summer. I’m his Godfather, and I won’t allow it. He can stay at the castle with Remus and I, or we can stay at Grimmauld Place. If he isn’t alright after all of this, you can bet that I will make you look something similar very soon.”

Then he morphed back into his animagus form and crawled onto the bed next to the small, hurt boy.

Madam Pomfrey spelled the proper potions into his stomach and then forced everyone but Padfoot from the infirmary. They all needed to rest in order to teach tomorrow, and she knew there was no point in trying to get rid of the dog. Remus placed a gentle kiss to Harry’s forehead before heading up to his quarters. Minerva called for a house elf to inform Hermione and Ron of Harry’s situation, and then she retired for the night as well. Tomorrow was going to be a long day.
Chapter 2

Harry woke late in the evening the next night. His friends had come by if the sight of the cards next to his bed told him anything. When he woke up, he felt a heavy weight on his side. When he looked down, he saw that it was Padfoot. He smiled down at his dogfather. Padfoot moved up higher on the bed and allowed Harry to wrap him in a hug. Harry heard a lot of noise coming from the door to the infirmary and saw Fred and George come through a moment later. They walked right over to his bed and sat on either side at the foot. Madam Pomfrey came and brought him some food.

“Now, Harry, I know that you aren’t able to eat much right now. I want you to eat small frequent meals of something light. Eat this piece of toast and a small cup of soup for now, and I will bring you some more in a few hours. For the foreseeable future, you will be taking a nutrition potion daily. Professor Snape is brewing you a supply for the next month. You will need to thank him.” She said.

Harry blushed as he remembered that Snape was one of the people who saw him naked yesterday. He was never going to live that down. He didn’t want to upset Madam Pomfrey though, so he responded, “Yes, ma’am. I will thank him tomorrow in class.”

Harry was looking much better the next day. He had eaten three small meals of soup, and Madam Pomfrey had given him bruise balm, pain potions, and healing potions. She said that today would probably be the last day of the pain potion, but he needed to continue the bruise balm until all of the bruising was gone. Harry was so ready to get out of the hospital wing that he didn’t tell her that the pain potion made him tired.

He left the infirmary, and made his way to his first class of the day…Potions with the Slytherins. He walked into the classroom and noticed that he was the first to arrive. He wasn’t sure where his friends would sit, so he chose a workbench with three chairs near the back of the classroom. As he was sitting down, Snape came out of his supply closet and noticed Potter sitting down near the back.

He spoke to the boy, “Not so fast Potter. I have arranged seats this year. You are partnered with Mr. Malfoy, and you are sitting front and center. Please move to the appropriate table.”

Harry was sure that he had heard wrong. Why would Snape partner him with Malfoy?

Severus saw the boys confusion and reluctance so he added, “I guarantee you, Mr. Potter, that it was not my choice. Narcissa and Sirius were adamant that you two learn to get along…for the sake of the family or some other nonsense. I am just smart enough to know that you do not mess with Narcissa Malfoy. Draco has been threatened to behave himself, and I expect the same from you.”

Harry quickly moved to the desk that he had indicated and sat down. He gathered up his courage and thanked his professor for the bruise balm. His professor just nodded his head and then responded that he was glad to see him doing better. The rest of the class started coming in, and Harry tried to act busy to make his blush go away.

Draco came and sat next to him, “Look, Potter, I don’t want to be your partner any more than you want to be mine, but Mother and Uncle Siri are adamant that we get along. They don’t want the next generation of Blacks growing up hating each other like the last ones.”

Harry looked confused, “What are you talking about, Malfoy? We aren’t Blacks. You’re a Malfoy, and I’m a Potter.”

Draco rolled his eyes, and sneered, “Don’t be so literal, you nitwit. My mother is a Black. Therefore
I am a Black as well. You are Sirius’s heir, and therefore you will be Lord Black one day. We are both Blacks.”

Harry conceded, “Fine. I guess that makes us like cousins? I propose a truce at least for this class. We can see about everything else later.”

Draco countered, “Works for me. By Christmas we should be able to at least fool the adults into thinking we get along well. Otherwise, the Christmas break will be a nightmare.”

Harry tried not to look too hopeful, “What do you mean? Are we going to be spending Christmas together?”

Draco gave him a ‘duh’ look and said, “Of course, Potter. What else would I mean? I’m sorry if my family’s mansion isn’t up to your usual standard holiday tradition, but you will have to make do. Mother intends to have you, Uncle Siri, and Uncle Moony over for the entire hols.”

Harry was ecstatic! He was going to have a real Christmas this year. He tried to tamper down his enthusiasm. He didn’t want Malfoy to think he was being ridiculous. He was a little jealous that Malfoy called his Godfather’s uncle. Why did he have to share his only family (his godfathers) with the Slytherin Prince who already had everything? It wasn’t fair!

Harry needed time to process these thoughts. He thought over the next week. Malfoy had been pretty manageable so far. They were partnered up in Defense Against the Dark Arts as well. Harry was very surprised that he actually liked that class. Professor Malfoy might even be better than Remus was…of course he would never tell Remus that!

Today was Friday, and he was supposed to have tea with Sirius, Malfoy, and his mother tomorrow. Harry was nervous. He didn’t know what he was going to wear. All of his clothes were hand-me-downs from his whale of a cousin, and they were in terrible shape after his extended chores this summer. He was pretty sure that he was supposed to dress nicely to tea, but the only nice thing he owned was his uniform. He didn’t want to look like a ponce and wear that on a Saturday. Malfoy would never let him live it down.

Harry decided that he would just wear his best hand-me-downs under his school robe. Then he would just leave his robe on. He fretted over his clothes nearly all night. He wanted to make a good impression on Draco’s mother. She was Sirius’s cousin, and she wanted to spend Christmas with Sirius. Harry was afraid that she wouldn’t like him. Then he would be stuck at the castle for Christmas while Sirius was at Malfoy Manor with Remus. He finally fell asleep as the sun was rising. He woke up what seemed like two seconds later. He went down to breakfast with Ron at 7:45, and then they decided to go out to the quidditch pitch until lunch.

Harry felt a little better. He was going to fly off some of the anxiety. He loved flying. As they got to the pitch, they saw that the Slytherins were just about to have a practice. Harry groaned. He knew they would be using it until lunchtime. Now what was he going to do?! He sat down pitifully on a large rock near the quidditch pitch and pouted. He knew he was acting like a child, but he didn’t care. Stupid Slytherins! Always ruining his plans! Stupid Malfoy and his stupid perfect family!

Fred and George were walking around the grounds, and they caught sight of Harry sitting dejectedly on a boulder. They decided to try and cheer him up. It was nearly 9:30, and they knew that Harry was supposed to eat something every two hours, so they pulled out some prank toys to mess with for 15 minutes before they walked Harry to the kitchens for his morning snack at 10.

Harry smiled a little when the twins bombarded him. He really didn’t want to be alone anyway. They showed him their latest inventions, and then they headed up to the kitchens. Dobby was very happy
to see them. He tried to serve them a three-course meal, and Harry was too polite to turn him down. George stepped in and reminded him, “That’s ok, Dobby. We really just need a light snack. Like some fruit salad. Remember Harry’s been real sick, and he can’t eat very much right now.”

Dobby looked crestfallen and ashamed that he forgot Harry couldn’t eat much. Fred took pity on him, “Yes, Dobby. You’re a real good friend to our little Harry here. You take such good care of him. Just remember, something healthy and light on his stomach.”

Dobby beamed at being called Harry Potter’s friend, then he brought them sliced up bananas and apples. Once their snack was done, they decided to bring Harry to the infirmary to make sure everything was fine. Harry complained the entire way there and was adamant that he didn’t need to see Madam Pomfrey, but the twins outruled him. Fred simple picked him up and carried him piggy-back style all the way to the infirmary.

Madam Pomfrey was pleased to see that Harry had come for a quick check-up, and she praised the twins for thinking about him. She informed Harry that the lacerations were healed, but he needed to keep using the bruise and scar cream. She also said that he had gained two pounds this week. Harry flushed under the attention.

The twins took him back to the common room where they played exploding snap and wizard’s chess until lunch. Harry thought this day would never be over. He just wanted his afternoon tea to be done.

Finally, it was 2:45. Tea was scheduled for 3:00 in Sirius and Remus’s quarters across the castle, so Harry made his trek to the destination. He arrived just before 3PM, and walked into his Godfather’s quarters.

He was surprised to see Draco’s father in there as well. He should have known the man would be there. Why wouldn’t he be there with the rest of the family? He was completely thrown off by the presence of his potions professor though. Why is he here?

Remus beamed at him and beckoned him into the sitting room, “Ah, Harry. Right on time. Come in.”

Harry immediately noticed the slim, beautiful blonde woman sitting next to Draco’s father. She smiled a very elegant and warm smile at him, and Harry felt his stomach drop. Of course perfect Malfoy would have a perfect, nice mother.

Professor Malfoy quickly made introductions, “Mr. Potter, this is my wife, Narcissa.”

Harry tried to remember proper etiquette, “Hello, Lady Malfoy. It’s a pleasure to meet you, ma’am.”

Narcissa had other plans. She immediately stood up and engulfed Harry in a hug, “None of this Lady Malfoy nonsense, child. You can call me Aunt Cissa. I’m so excited to finally meet you. Siri speaks of you non-stop.” Harry blushed again and lowered him head. She gave him a little squeeze and frowned, “You are much too thin. Let’s sit down and have some tea. You need to eat as much as you can, dear.”

Overwhelmed, Harry just nodded and replied, “Yes ma’am.”

Sirius pulled him towards himself. Harry noticed that there was no room on the couch as Sirius, Remus, and Professor Snap were all sitting on it. Harry frowned briefly wondering where he was supposed to sit. A quick panic went through his mind that maybe he wasn’t supposed to sit. Maybe he was supposed to serve. He was just about to grab the tray and start serving everyone when Sirius pulled him right into his lap.

Harry was shocked! He had never been in anyone’s lap before. He blushed again and squirmed a
little. Sirius just pulled the small body back against his chest and wrapped his arms around the boy. Harry was finally coming out of his shock and embarrassment at enjoying being held like a child when he remembered the other adults in the room.

He spoke quickly, "I’m sorry. Where are my manners? Hello, Professor Snape, Professor Malfoy, and Remus. How are all of you today?"

Sirius squawked indignantly and poked Harry in the side causing him to giggle. He enjoyed the sound so much, that he continued tickling him in the side. "What am I, chopped liver? You didn’t greet me either! I’m only your favorite godfather!!"

Harry’s laughter rang out through the room, and all of the adults, even Severus were enjoying the sounds of his happiness. Harry panted, giggled, and squealed, "I’m sorry, Siri! No!!! Hahaha! How are you doing?! I didn’t think I had to greet you because I was already in your lap!"

Sirius decided to have mercy on him and stopped tickling. Harry calmed down and noticed the other adults smirking at him. Draco was giving him look that he couldn’t read. He couldn’t decide if Draco was jealous or if he was making fun of him.

Harry settled back against Sirius’s chest and the other adults returned his greeting. Professor Malfoy’s response surprised him. "Mr. Pot-Harry. We are family now. When we are not in class, you can call me Uncle Lucius."

Harry smiled brightly at him. He had just gained an aunt and an uncle. Today was shaping out to be better than he expected. Why was he so worried?

Tea was served. Harry ate a little tea sandwich and had a biscuit. As they sat and talked, Harry felt full and tired. His lack of sleep was started to catch up to him. Without realizing it, he fell asleep on Sirius’s lap. After a few minutes, he had rearranged himself in his sleep so that his face was buried in Sirius’s neck, and his arms were wrapped around him.

Narcissa cooed at him. Remus placed a little privacy bubble around Harry so that their conversations would not bother him. About 45 minutes later, the adults were still all in conversation. Draco was bored. He had kind of hoped to spend time with Potter. They were supposed to be cousins now, and the first week of classes hadn’t been terrible with the brat.

He looked across at the small boy. Seeing him asleep like that, it was hard remember that they were the same age. He looked so much smaller. Draco frowned as he caught a glance at the clothes his cousin/rival/Potter/Harry (he really needed to start calling the boy by something other than Potter) was wearing.

Draco interrupted the conversation, “Uncle Siri, why does Po-Harry dress like that? Those clothes could fit an elephant.”

The adults stopped and studied the boy. They vanished his school robe. Harry gave a little shiver and snuggled deeper in Sirius, but he otherwise didn’t wake. Sure enough, the ratty clothes he wore were at least four sizes too big and covered in holes and stains. Sirius looked at Remus and they frowned down at their charge. Narcissa was the first to speak up, “Isn’t it obvious? We already know he was severely abused. Is it so difficult to imagine that his family didn’t provide him with decent clothing as well? Just look at him. His size alone shows chronic neglect. He’s about he size of your average ten year old. I’m ashamed that none of you noticed sooner. We could have adopted him and given him the life he deserved.”

Draco looked at his mother. Was she serious? Was Potter abused? It made sense when she laid it out
like that. Would his parents really have adopted him? Would he even want a little brother?

Draco looked back at the boy he had teased and taunted for the last three years, and he felt immense guilt. He wanted to think of a way to make this right.

His mother was still talking, “It’s evident that he isn’t accustomed to praise, positive attention, or gentle touches. He blushes at the slightest compliment, and he nearly fainted when you first put him in your lap, Siri. The boy needs constant reassurance and love. He may act a little younger once he gets used to all of the attention, but it will only be because he has never received such attention before. He will eat it all up.”

Draco waited until she was done on her rant, and then asked, “Mother, why is he with his relatives if they abuse him? Why can’t he stay with Uncle Siri and Uncle Moony?”

Lucius spoke up, “Think, Dragon. Sirius is a wanted convict, and Remus is a werewolf. Legally, they can’t take custody of Harry.”

Draco thought, “What about Uncle sev?”

Severus nearly choked on his tea, “No, Draco. That would not be a good idea. I’m a single man. I can’t provide Harry with all of the attention he needs. The boy deserves two parents. Besides, the Ministry would never approve me as his guardian.”

Draco was thinking out loud now, “I guess that also rules out Auntie Min and Grandpa Albus. I don’t think any of the other professors would be good either. Aunt Andromeda already has her hands full with Nymphadora……..Mother! Could we adopt him? You and father have plenty of money, and there is lots of room at the Manor. I’ve always wanted a little brother.”

Narcissa smiled sweetly down at her son. Lucius cleared his throat, “Dragon. You know what I do for the order, right? If we adopted Harry, it would expose my true allegiance when I refused to bring him to the Dark Lord. I don’t think it would work.”

Severus spoke up, “Lucius, I’m sure we could speak to Albus about retiring your spy status. I’m sure that his little Golden boy is more important than having two spies. He will still have me to spy.”

Narcissa taking this as permission called for a house elf to summon the headmaster right away. Lucius couldn’t believe this was all happening so quickly. He reminded her, “Cissy, we haven’t even spoken to the boy yet. What if he doesn’t want to be adopted by us?”

The house elf popped back into the room with the Headmaster attached. The headmaster was befuddled for about 5 seconds before he spotted the tea and biscuits. He conjured himself a chair, and then helped himself to a plate of biscuits. Then he waited to see why he was summoned. He looked over and Harry sleeping on Sirius’s lap, and his eyes twinkled.

Narcissa was the first to speak. She reamed Dumbledore for Harry’s health, and then she demanded to know what plans the headmaster had for him concerning the future. Dumbledore was honest that he didn’t have any plans yet, and Narcissa smiled predatorily.

She said sweetly, “Perfect. If he will have us, we would like to adopt him. But we want to adopt him properly. He will be a Malfoy and a Black by blood. We want a blood adoption.”

Dumbledore smiled back at her. Severus scowled. He knew that look. They were all just played. This was exactly what the old fool had wanted to happen. He made his displeasure known, “Merlin, Albus! If this is what you wanted to happen, then why didn’t you just ask in the first place?! You don’t always have to play these mind games”
Albus looked at Draco, and responded, “I had to be sure that Draco would accept him. It all came down to you, Draco. I knew that if you didn’t want Harry around, then he wouldn’t be happy as a Malfoy.” Then he twinkled at his adopted grandson, “I’m so proud of you, Draco!”

Draco flushed a little, and then asked, “How soon can all of this happen?”

His mother responded, “We don’t even know if he will accept us yet, Dragon. How about we take him to Diagon Alley tomorrow for a whole new wardrobe, and then we broach the subject with him over lunch?”

Draco beamed, “He won’t say no. I can feel it. I’m finally going to have a little brother.”

Lucius chuckled at his son’s enthusiasm, “He isn’t that much younger than you, Dragon, only about 9 months.”

Draco just shrugged, “I know, but he looks so much younger. He looks like he needs a big brother. I can protect him. I’ll never been mean to him again!”

Sirius laughed outright at that statement, “Ok, Draco. I will remind you of that statement in a few years when he is driving you crazy. Trust me, little brothers tend to do that.”

Sirius’s laughing woke Harry up. He rubbed at his eyes and peeked at the rest of the room. He noticed that Dumbledore had joined them, and he smiled sleepily at him, “-lo fessor Dumbldre.”

Dumbledore twinkled back at him and returned his greeting, “Hello, sleepy head. Have a good nap?”

“Yes sir. It’s just cold in here.”

Sirius frowned down at him. It wasn’t the least bit chilly in here. Remus summoned a blanket to put over Harry and the boy snuggled down into it. He didn’t go back to sleep though. He felt silly being babied in front of all of these people. He tried to get off of Sirius’s lap, but Sirius just held him tight.

Narcissa spoke up, “Harry, I would like to take you and Draco to Diagon Alley tomorrow for some new clothes.” Seeing that he was about to say something, she continued, “No. I don’t want to hear whatever it is. I won’t take no for an answer. I will have the house elves get rid of those abominations, and I am getting you a whole new wardrobe.”

Harry considered telling her that he didn’t need any new clothes, but the look on her face was a little scary. Instead, he just told her that his school robes were perfectly fine.

“When did you get those robes, Harry? That cloak looks well worn.” She asked.

Harry dropped his head down and answered her, “Just before my first year, ma’am.”

She smiled at him and told him that he needed new school robes as well. All of the men in the room just smiled. Harry would learn quickly just to do as Narcissa said.

The next morning, Narcissa took Harry into Draco’s room in their quarters and spelled some of his clothes to fit the small boy. It was disconcerting that even Draco’s clothes swallowed up the half-pint.

Lucius, Narcissa, Draco, and Harry went to Diagon Alley. They immediately went to Madam Malkin’s and instructed her that Harry needed a whole new wardrobe by the end of the day,
including new school robes. Madam Malkin measured Harry, and then sent them on their way with promises that the entire order would be ready by 4PM.

Next they took the boys to the quidditch store. They browse in there, and Draco just had to have a new pair of seeker gloves. Lucius relented and bought a pair for Harry as well. Harry beamed at him and thanked him exuberantly. Next they went to the candy store, but they were warned not to eat any until after lunch.

They ate in the alley at a nice restaurant. Harry was very glad that he was wearing Draco’s clothing spelled to fit him. He was surprised at how great the Malfoy’s were being, and even more surprised that Draco wanted to hang out with him.

While waiting on their food to arrive, Lucius decided now was as good a time as any to bring up the subject of adoption. “Harry, we brought you here today to spend a little time with you to get to know you better. We know about your current relatives and home life. We would like to propose something to you. You are already family, as I said yesterday, but we’d like to make you a more permanent member.”

Narcissa sighed at her husband’s political speak, and interrupted, “Do you understand what Lucius is saying, sweetheart? No? We’d like to adopt you, Harry. We want you to be our son.”
Chapter 3

Harry was flabbergasted. The Malfoy’s wanted to adopt him? Why would they want him when his own family didn’t want him? They called him a stupid, useless, freaky boy. He didn’t have anything to offer the Malfoy’s. He looked at Narcissa and her hopeful face, and then he saw Draco had on the same face. He looked at Professor Malfoy, and he couldn’t read his face, but he looked worried.

Harry was very overwhelmed, and he started to panic a little. He didn’t want to insult this family by doing the right thing and turning down their offer. He didn’t even want to turn them down. He wanted to accept. He wanted Narcissa to be his mom and Draco to be his brother. He even thought he might like to have the scary blonde professor as a dad. He knew they would regret their decision though. He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn’t realize he was crying.

Narcissa nudged her husband. They had spoken last night about Harry’s needs. He was a physically and emotionally abused little boy. He wouldn’t fit the usual Malfoy persona of aloofness. He would need love and cuddles. Narcissa needed to be sure that Lucius was up for providing physical comfort before they offered adoption to the boy. She wanted Harry to have what he needed.

Lucius hesitated, and then stood from his seat. He kneeled down to eye level with Harry and forced the child to look into his eyes and then asked, “What is it, child? Do you want a family? We could help find you another family if you don’t want us.”

Harry just cried harder and shook his head. Lucius looked up to his wife and she gave him a pointed look to comfort the boy. Lucius didn’t know how else to comfort a crying child, so he resorted to what he used to do when Draco was younger. He left money on the table for his wife and told her that he and Harry would meet them in an hour in front of the ice cream shop. Then lifted Harry from his chair and set him on his hip, and he carried Harry from the building to walk around in the back alley where there was less of a crowd.

He thought back to when Draco was younger, and he remembered Draco loved being held like this while Lucius rubbed his back and walked around with him. He was trying to calm Harry down by repeating what he used to do with Draco. It seemed to be working. The boy was holding on tightly to him, face buried in Lucius’s neck and arms wrapped tightly around him.

Lucius walked back and forth in secluded part of the alley. After about ten minutes, he noticed that his charge was quiet except for the occasional sniffle. He moved to look down at the boy and saw that he had cried himself to sleep. Lucius cursed his luck and decided to find a bench to be more comfortable while he let the boy rest for a little while. He still had 45 minutes before he needed to meet his family at the ice cream shop.

Many people gave him strange looks in the alley. No doubt they were wondering who this child was that he was holding. Twenty five minutes later, Lucius gently woke Harry up.

Harry blushed when realized his predicament. Lucius smiled at him. He loved that adorable blush.

“Harry? Do you want to tell me what all that was about?” He asked.

Harry tried to look down, but Lucius reached and tipped his chin up so that the boy was making eye contact.

“None of that, son. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I want to know what you are thinking. We would love to adopt you. Draco has always wanted a little brother, but Narcissa and I could never
conceive another. We would be honored to add you to our family.”

Harry shook his head and said, “You don’t mean it. I’m just a freak. Why would you want me if my own family doesn’t? I don’t want to be a burden, and I don’t think I can handle the rejection when you change your minds about me.”

Lucius seemed angry for a second, “You are not a freak. You’re relatives were wrong. They just weren’t equipped to handle a wizard child….or any child. We will never get tired of you, child. You would be our son, just like Draco.”

Harry looked at him with hope in his eyes, and he asked, “Do you really mean it? You’d keep me?” Then he quickly added, “I’m really good at housework, and I can cook. I can do all types of yardwork, and I can learn anything else you might want from me.”

Lucius didn’t know whether to laugh, yell, or squeeze the child on his lap, so he kind of did all three, “Yes. We’d keep you forever. That’s the other part, once you are a Malfoy there is no turning back. You are stuck with us forever, so I want you to think about this clearly. Also, there will not be any type of labor or work for you. We have house elves for all of that. Your only job would be to do well at school, learn wizarding etiquette and politics, and enjoy your childhood. Do you think you could do that?”

Fresh tears leaked down from Harry’s eyes as he nodded his head yes. He hugged his professor tightly until the man started to pull away. “Come, Harry. Let’s go tell Narcissa and Draco the news over ice cream! Then we can talk about specifics.”

They met up with the other two at Fortescue’s. Harry didn’t know what flavor to get, so he got the same as Lucius. Narcissa smiled at her husband and looked at him questioningly. He gave a slight nod of his head that neither of the boys noticed, and she tried to contain her excitement. She was finally getting another baby. She knew that technically Harry was the same age as Draco, but he acted so much younger and she was looking forward to mothering him to death. Draco complained when she mothered him too much, and she knew that Harry would enjoy that attention.

The little family sat in a corner booth and discussed the adoption. Lucius explained, “We want to blood adopt you, Harry. That means that it would be just like Narcissa and I had you ourselves. You will have Malfoy and Black blood running through your veins. You appearance will change as well, but there is no way to tell what you will look like. Do you understand everything so far?”

Harry looked hopeful, “Yes, sir. Do you think that I might be taller?! I want to be taller.”

Draco laughed at him, and Narcissa replied gently, “It’s possible, love, but I wouldn’t expect your height to change too much. I think your body size is from being chronically malnourished. Changing your DNA won’t fix that.”

Harry was little sad, but he understood the reasoning, “Will I change my name?”

Lucius answered this time, “Yes. You will be a Malfoy. You can be whatever name you want as long as Malfoy is your last name.”

Harry smiled, “Ok. Will it hurt?”

Lucius spoke honestly, “I don’t know. No one has performed a blood adoption ritual in a long time. I can’t promise that it won’t be painful.”

Harry looked nervous, “I’m sure I’ve had worse. I only have one more question. If I become a Malfoy, do I have to stop being friends with Ron and the Twins?”
Draco nodded his head yes, but Lucius slapped him on the back of the head and responded seriously, “No, Harry. The Malfoy and Weasley Feud has gone on too long as it is. There is no reason to lose your best friends in order to gain a family.”

Harry let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding, and then asked, “How soon can we do the ritual?”

Lucius answered that Severus could have the potions ready tomorrow. That would give Harry a little more time to think about it and talk it over with his friends or godfathers.

That night in the great hall, Harry told his friends about getting adopted tomorrow…he just didn’t say by whom he was being adopted. They were all very happy for him. Ron wanted to know all about the family. Harry hesitated, and then told them he was going to be a Malfoy. His friends reacted about like he thought they would. Ron blew his top. Hermione was cautious but still supportive if this was what Harry really wanted, and the Twins just joked that ‘Harry would be the shining light in a dark family’. They were happy for him regardless.

The twins looked past the surface and light/dark. They could see how happy Harry was, and they knew the Malfoy’s would take care of him once he was one of their own. Tonight they would just have to go on a little recon mission to track down a certain Slytherin Prince and find out his true intentions with their adopted baby brother.

Ron was still ranting at the table about how the Malfoy’s were evil and how could Harry do this to him. He was causing a big scene at the table, and Harry was getting embarrassed. He decided to leave the great hall. As he stood up and started walking to the door, Ron stood and yelled at him loud enough for the whole room to hear, “I can’t believe you, Harry! How could you choose them over me?! If you go through with this, I will never speak to you again!”

Harry was visibly upset. Ron was supposed to be his best friend. How could he force Harry to decide between a family and a friend? Harry turned and fled from the hall quickly. He didn’t want the whole castle to see his tears.

Across the room, Draco was too shocked to move. How dare that Weasel threaten his new brother! He would take care of the Weasel later. He needed to find Harry. He didn’t notice that the twins had left right after Harry did.

From the staff table, the majority of the staff was speechless. Narcissa wanted to slap the rude boy for threatening Harry like that. Lucius was angry. Severus knew the youngest Weasley boy was an idiot, but he didn’t think he was that stupid. The adults were relieved to see the twins follow the upset boy out. Narcissa was itching to go find him and comfort him, but Lucius reminded her that this was supposed to be Harry’s chance to back out if he wanted to.

The staff table continued watching the Gryffindor table, and they were pleased to see that Hermione Granger also left Ron sitting alone to go find Harry. Severus smirked and thought that the idiot boy had just made his life more difficult by publicly shunning his friends.

In the hall:
The twins knew where Harry was headed, to his room in Sirius and Remus’s quarters. He wanted to be alone, but the twins didn’t think they counted in that. Draco didn’t see Harry in the hall, but he saw a flash of red hair turn a corner so he ran to catch up. He didn’t consider that they were setting up a trap for him. As he turned the corner, the red-headed pranksters ambushed him.

“What are you real intentions with our baby brother, Malfoy?” Fred asked.
Draco scoffed, “please, like I want anything to do with that idiot weasel.”

George laughed, and clarified, “No. We don’t mean ickle Ronniekins. What are your intentions with Harry? We consider him our baby brother. We watch out for him. We’d hate to have to resort to something drastic if someone were to hurt him.”

Draco puffed up, “Hurt him! If you want to do something drastic then I suggest you go look at that blaring Weasel in the great hall. Last I checked, he’s the one that hurt him. I’m just trying to find him so I can go comfort him.”

Fred and George looked at each having a silent conversation determining whether to trust Malfoy. Then George started, “Alright, Malfoy. You seem sincere, so”
“We’re going to extend-“
“our confidences to you.-“
“Don’t make use regret this, or”
“It will be the last thing you do-“
“He’s our little brother in all but blood,”
“If you’re adopting him, then I guess we”
“Are adopting you. You will be under our protection,”
“As long as Harry is healthy and happy.”
“Don’t make us regret this”

Draco gulped and then tried to act brave. He knew the twins were capable of wicked pranks, so he could only imagine what kind of evil they could accomplish if they tried. They all shook on it, and then they went in the direction of Remus and Sirius’s quarters.

Hermione followed close behind. She had heard nearly their entire conversation, and she was very happy with the results. They all walked in to find Harry sprawled out face down on the rug in front of the fire. He was quiet. Fred and George immediately went and laid next to him sandwiching him in the middle. Hermione sat one the floor a few feet away. Draco looked longingly at the furniture and then sat on the floor near Granger.

Nobody talked for thirty minutes. They all just sat in silence until Sirius and Remus came into their quarters. Draco thought that they didn’t look too surprised to see a room of kids sprawled in front of the fire. Remus just walked over to Harry and picked him up off the floor. He carried him into his and Sirius’s bedroom. Sirius thanked them all or being supportive with Harry and then he kindly kicked them all out. He told them that Harry would stay with them for the night, and they would take care of everything.

Draco knew that the Gryffindors didn’t know about his relationship with Sirius, so he made sure to ham it up a little. On his way out, he gave Sirius a big hug and said, “Goodnight, Uncle Siri. Please take care of Harry. I think I’ll stay in my parents quarters tonight if you need anything, you or Uncle Moony can floo me there.”

Sirius placed a quick kiss on his forehead and said, “Good night, Dragon. You will be good for Harry.”

Draco enjoyed the speechless reactions from the Gryffindors as he walked back to his parents rooms. He heard Granger say, “Uncle Siri? Uncle Moony? I thought he hated Professor Lupin last year.”

Draco silently laughed to himself and rolled his eyes. Silly Gryffindors were so gullible. They would be in for a big shock when they found out that Lucius wasn’t actually a deatheater.
Meanwhile, Harry was in a pair of Sirius’s pajamas, and he was cuddled close between his godfathers. He had his face in Remus’s chest and his back was flush against Sirius. He let their comforting presence wash over him a little before he finally spoke, “Is this the right thing to do? Should I become a Malfoy? Am I selfish for wanting a family of my own?”

Remus squeezed him tighter and answered, “It’s not selfish, Harry. You deserve a family to call your own. I wish Sirius and I could provide you with that. Whether the Malfoy’s are right for you or not is up to you. If you want a different family, then we can search for a different one.”

Harry shook his head, “No. This feels right. I want to be a Malfoy. I’m going to change my name too. I realize that my life will never be normal, but maybe if I’m not Harry Potter anymore, I can be a little more normal.”

Sirius hugged him tighter and told him, “Remus and I will support you in whatever you decide. We love you, pup.”

Harry awoke the next morning still between his godfathers. He tried to crawl over Sirius, but the man grabbed him and started tickling him. Harry squealed and kicked and begged for mercy. Remus woke up a smile on his face and watched their interactions. He longed for children of his own, but it wasn’t meant to be.

They all got dressed and ready and then headed into the great hall for breakfast. As soon as Harry sat down, the owls started bringing mail into the room.

On the front cover of the Daily Prophet was an article about him and Lucius. There were two photos. One photo showed Lucius walking with Harry in his arms trying to comfort him. The other photo was of Lucius sitting on a bench with Harry sleeping on him. Neither photo showed Harry’s face or had anything identifying who he was. There were a few people witnessed in the article that said Harry Potter was with the Malfoy family in Diagon Alley yesterday. The article provided gossip and speculation as to why Harry was with the Malfoy’s in Diagon and who the young (small) child Lucius was.

Harry released his breath. No one suspected that it was him, so he didn’t think he would have to deal with much backlash from this…..until Ron started telling everyone that it was Harry in the picture. The whole great hall seemed to have an opinion on this. Harry was sick to his stomach anyway, so he just went to his first class of the day a little early.

Today, he had Potion, History, and double Defense. Then he would be become a Malfoy! He didn’t know how he was going to pay attention in class today.

Potions was a disaster. He managed to explode his and Draco’s cauldron. After getting into trouble twice before in the same class period, that was the last straw. Professor Snape made him stand in the corner like a five year old. “Mr. Potter! That is it. You are even more dunderheaded than usual today. I can’t trust you near a cauldron. Remove yourself at once, and go stand in the corner behind my desk until class is over.”

Harry was mortified. The whole school already saw him being held and comforted by Lucius in the paper. Now they were going to see him stand in a corner like a toddler. He heard a lot snickers from both houses. Draco and Hermione seemed to be the only ones not gloating at him. While he was standing with his nose to the corner, he kept hearing Ron making scathing comments about traitors, fake friends, and slimy snake wanna be’s.

Those comments coupled with the humiliation of the situation, the newspaper article, and his nerves for tonight proved to be too much for him. Silent tears fell down his face. He could feel eyes on his
back, so he refused to move or make a sound.

Severus felt awful for putting the brat in the corner. He had been around the boy more than normal lately, and his appearance along with how young he acted made Severus forgot how old he was. He acted on instinct how he used to treat his godson. Corner time wasn’t really an appropriate punishment for a fourteen year old child in public. It was more suited in private where it wasn’t completely humiliating. Oh well. What’s done was done. He couldn’t go back on his punishment now. He kept watching the Potter boy out of the corner of his eye. He could feel the growing turmoil on the child, and he decided to send for someone more equipped to handle him, Sirius and Narcissa.

Finally, the class period ended. Padfoot and Narcissa didn’t wait for an invitation. As soon as the doors to the classroom opened, they made their way inside. The students were surprised to see them, but they didn’t stick around to see why, except for Draco.

Severus went to remove the boy from the corner. His veela couldn’t handle so much sorrow from such a tiny body. He wanted to comfort him, but he knew it would be better coming from the other adults present. When he turned the boy around, he saw the tear tracks, and the glistening emerald eyes, and his heart broke. He forgot that the boy was the son of James Potter, and only remembered that he was also the son of Lilly. He set a gentle hand on his shoulder and guided him to Narcissa.

The he placed a warding spell on his door to make sure they weren’t interrupted. Narcissa fussed over him, “Oh, Harry, sweetheart. What happened?”

There was no response except for him hugging her tightly. Draco came up to rub at his back, and Padfoot whimpered near him. Narcissa sat down and tugged the much too small boy into her lap. He didn’t argue or fight it. Padfoot licked at his tears. Draco gave his godfather a scathing look, and then proceeded to explain what happened in class, “Mother, Uncle Sev made him stand in the corner in front of everyone! He accidentally blew up a cauldron. He was already embarrassed, and then Sev made it worse. That idiot Weasel kept making rude comments to him while he was in the corner. He’s embarrassed about the paper this morning too.”

Severus felt the need to defend himself, “He didn’t accidentally blow up the cauldron. He carelessly blew up the cauldron because he wasn’t paying attention to what he was doing. It was the third time he got in trouble for not paying attention during the class period. I put him in the corner to protect him and everyone else in here. It’s obvious his mind is not with his schoolwork today. I needed to remove him from a dangerous situation. I will not apologize for my actions.”

Draco didn’t comment, but Narcissa did, “I know, Severus. It’s ok. I have always trusted your judgement with discipline. Will there be any ill effects from the explosion?”

Severus shook his head no, that there wouldn’t be any expected side effects. Narcissa got Harry talking about his emotions. He opened up and vented everything, and then he felt a little better.

“Oh, love, I’m so sorry this is all happening. I wish I could make it stop, but unfortunately, it’s probably going to get worse after we adopt you, at least for a little while. At least all of your classes today are with family. If you feel like you can’t go to class, then I’m sure Remus and Lucius could provide private tutelage to catch you up later.”

Harry pulled himself from her lap and shook his head, “No ma’am. I don’t want any special treatment. I just need to get through this day. I can’t wait until tonight. I want to be a Malfoy now.”

Narcissa hugged him tight and assured him, “Baby, you already are in spirit. Tonight will make it so in blood as well. I’m excited too. Run along and don’t let Remus give you any trouble for being late.”
For the rest of the day, Harry experienced a lot of teasing from the boys, and he also experienced a lot of cooing from the girls. The twins seemed to take up a stronger presence near him, and he was thankful. Lucius seemed worried about him when he arrived for Defense, but he didn’t make too much of a fuss. Harry envied his control.

Finally, dinner was over and the little family made their way to the Potion Master’s private lab where the ritual was to take place. They spoke briefly to make sure that this is what Harry wanted, and then they explained the ritual.

Dumbledore, Severus, Sirius, and Remus were also present. Severus was performing the ritual. Narcissa, Lucius, and Harry stepped into the center of the circle and waited. Severus lit some candles and then started casting. Next he took vows from each of the parents promising to protect and care for Harry forever. Then he took vows from Harry promising to love his new family and behave for them. He got a few drops of blood from each of them and combined them with a potion. Then he handed the potion to Harry to drink after saying the final incantation, “With this ritual and potion, I ask magic to transform me from Harry James Potter to Harrison Sirius Malfoy.”

They were all pleased to hear his new name for the first time. Then a blinding light encompassed the room. Harry gave a few screams, and then he collapsed. The family worried over him for the five minutes it took him to come to. He stood weakly and removed the ritual robe he was wearing to reveal his new identity. He still had his emerald green eyes, and his messy hair, but now his hair was the classic Malfoy platinum blonde. His skin was the perfect Malfoy alabaster, and he had slightly more pronounced cheek bones. He wasn’t very happy to see that he had actually shrunk an inch or two. He now stood at 4’5”.

He was beautiful child with slightly feminine and delicate features. The Malfoy’s knew immediately that he inherited their familial Veela trait, and that he was going to be a submissive. Lucius cursed quietly under his breath. There had never been a submissive Veela in the Malfoy family. They were all alphas. He would have to watch this child closely to make sure he wasn’t taken advantage of. This was going to be big deal when the boy came into his full Veela inheritance at 17. He had no doubt that he and Draco were going to overflowed with would be suitors for his beautiful new son.

After the ritual, the family retired to their quarters along with the witnesses to enjoy an evening tea and show Harry his new, shared bedroom with Draco. Narcissa had worked on the bedroom all day today setting up for both boys.

Harry loved the room. There was a bed in two corners. They each had a desk, a trunk, and a dresser. There was a large bookshelf filled with books and some toys. The beds were Slytherin green, but he didn’t mind. The room was accented with navy blue and silver. Above each bed was a painting of either boys first name. Harry was amazed that his said Harrison. How did she know that was going to be his name? Then he shrugged, must be magic.

Harry looked at his bed and noticed the stuffed grim on his pillow. It looked just like Padfoot, and he went to examine it further. Sirius smiled to see that Harry-Harrison enjoyed it, and he spoke, “That’s from me, Harrison. I know how much you like sleeping with Padfoot, so I got you a little Padfoot of your own to keep you company at night when I can’t.”

Harrison hugged the large stuffed grim to his chest and then hugged his godfather and thanked him. Sirius kissed him on the forehead and said, “It’s getting late, and I’m sure your tired. Let’s get you into some pajamas, and then we can have tea.”

Then Sirius stepped over to his wardrobe and found an emerald green set of silk pajamas that matched his eyes. His godfather started to help him undress, but Harrison protested, “I can do this myself, Sirius.”
Sirius looked sad and asked Harrison to, “please humor me. I didn’t get to do this when you were little. Now you have a new family, and I will never get to do it. This wasn’t how it was supposed to work out, but I’m happy that you have finally found what you were looking for.”

Harrison didn’t protest again. He let Sirius undress him from his robes, and then redress him in the fancy pajamas. Sirius then moved to carry him from the room on his hip, but he protested. Sirius faltered thinking that he taken the babying a little too far, but then he realized that Harrison just wanted to bring his new stuffed toy with him to tea. Sirius snatched up the stuffed dog and handed it to his godson. Harrison hugged the toy to himself and then laid his head down on his godfather’s shoulder.

All of the adults cooed (except for Snape) cooed at the precious site of the boy in his godfather’s arms holding a stuffed animal. Narcissa’s heart was nearly broken as she considered that Harrison was probably holding the only toy he had ever had. He looked enamored with it, she didn’t think he would ever let go. She didn’t think she would ever have the heart to separate him either. Lucius looked like he agreed with her. What was this innocent boy doing to them?

Lucius prided himself on being a very proper and private man, but he wanted to shelter his new son in whatever way he could. The boy would never again want for anything: toys, books, or affection. The daily prophet already had photos of him comforting and snuggling the boy in public, and he found that he didn’t really care about what people thought.

Lucius looked at the boy again. He had shrunk a little with the ritual. He wondered if the blood adoption would change his personality now that he had inherited the submissive veela trait. They were known for being a little needy. They always wanted affection and cuddles, and he heard rumors about them being a little childish or stunted emotionally. They would just have to wait and see.

Lucius looked over at his oldest friend and saw that Severus had a strange expression on his face. He would have to ask the man later what was wrong. He noticed that Harrison had fallen asleep on Sirius again, and he moved to grab his son from him to go tuck the boy in.

Lucius grabbed the small boy from Sirius’s arms and frowned. He felt quite a bit smaller than he had yesterday. He would bring the boy to Poppy tomorrow to have him checked out.

Narcissa followed him into the boys room and pulled back the covers on Harrison’s bed. Lucius set him down on the bed, and then tucked the covers around him. He hadn’t tucked Draco in since he was about six years old, and it felt so good to that again. He hoped that Harrison would let him tuck him in even when he was awake. They each whispered good nights and kissed the boy on the forehead before going out to the living room to discuss their new, unique situation.
After Lucius and Narcissa tucked Harrison in, they went back to the living room. Lucius started speaking, “I think Harrison got the Malfoy Veela gene. I don’t think he will be an alpha though. He’s too small. There hasn’t been a male submissive Veela in a long time. I don’t know what exactly this means for Harrison, but I know he will need to be monitored closely. I don’t want his innocence to be exploited. There will be many suitors coming after him, and I’m afraid they won’t wait until he is of age. We must all be vigilant with him.”

Severus agreed, “Yes. I think my Veela recognizes his as well. It’s as if his Veela calls out to mine. It’s the strangest sensation I’ve ever felt. I suppose it’s just because I’ve never met a male submissive before, and I already feel a little attached to the child. He has somehow wormed his little way past my barriers.”

Everyone grinned at him except for Remus. Remus smelled trouble. Something about Severus’s statement didn’t sit right with him, something about the ‘strange sensation’. He hoped it didn’t mean what he thought it meant. Harrison was entirely too young for a mate that was twice his age. On second thought, it might be a good thing. Remus knew that Severus would never do anything to jeopardize Harrison’s virtue until he was of age and ready. That may actually help to deter other potential, less trustworthy suitors. He would keep his thoughts to himself for now, and he would keep an eye out on them.

The next morning, Draco waked Harry up. He was used to being up before everyone in his dorm, so that was a strange experience for him. His new brother ripped the covers off of the bed in jest and started jumping on his bed. Harry wanted to groan, but ended just laughing in stead. He allowed Draco to haul him out of bed and into the shower. When he finished in the shower, he found that his bed had been made and his new school robes were laid out on his bed.

Draco attacked him from behind with a towel and started drying his hair and teasing, “Honestly, Harrison. If you’re going to be my little brother, then you are going to have to put a little effort into your appearance now.”

Harrison just let Draco fuss over him for a minute until the door opened to reveal Narcissa smiling brightly at them, “Good morning, boys. I trust you too slept well last night.”

She was met with Draco’s answering, “Good morning, mother” and Harry’s, “Yes ma’am. I slept great. How are you this morning.”

They made small talk until Draco deemed his hair dry enough, and then Harry moved towards his robes. He hesitated because Narcissa was in the room, but she just walked over to him and helped him get dressed. Draco smirked from across the room. He was glad Harrison was around. Now his mother could smother him with her affections and leave Draco alone a little more.

Harrison blushed a little, but didn’t complain otherwise. She reminded him that there was probably going to be an article in the prophet regarding the adoption, and she told him that he could sit with Draco this morning if he wanted to. Harrison turned hopeful eyes towards his new brother and smiled when Draco confirmed her statement.

Harrison loved the way his new robes felt. They were so much nicer than his old ones. They met Lucius in the living room and the man frowned down at him. Harrison was nervous that he had done
something wrong at first, but then he felt his clothes shrink a little. Now they fit perfectly! “Sorry, Harrison. I should have warned you first, but your school robes were too large. They were fitted for your old body, not your new one. That means we will have to spell all of your new clothes to fit as well.” He said.

Harrison hugged his new father around the waist, and spoke, “Thank you so much, Professor, for everything!”

Lucius returned the hug and gently scolded his new son, “Harrison, I’m your father now, and I don’t want to hear you calling me professor except in class. If you feel uncomfortable addressing me in such familial terms, then you may call me Lucius. That goes for your mother as well, understand?”

Harry nodded, “Yes, sir. I think it will just take me a little while. I’ve never had parents before.”

Then the family walked together to the great hall. Many people stopped and stared. No doubt, they wanted to know who the tiny blonde was the with Malfoy family. They didn’t think that Draco had a younger brother, but the proof was staring them in the face. The boy was wearing school robes, but he didn’t look old enough to be a student.

When they got to the great hall, Draco led Harrison over to the Slytherin table and introduced him to his yearmates, “Everyone, this is my brother, Harrison. Harrison, this is Blaise, Teddy, Daphne, Vincent, Greg, and Pansy.”

They all greeted him kindly. Draco had told them yesterday over dinner that they were adopting Harry Potter, and he threatened them to be nice to him. One look at the adorable, shy boy huddling to Draco’s side, and they were all smitten with him. They didn’t need Draco’s threats to play nice with him. They wanted to be nice to the boy just to see him smile.

Soon the owls were descending on the great hall with the daily mail. Harrison scooted a little closer to Draco and held his breath.

When Draco’s copy of the prophet came, he opened the paper and sighed at the front cover. There was a large photo of him smiling sweetly to his new mom. It was a very private photo of a special moment that the rest of the world had no right to see.

“BOY WHO LIVED TO BE ABUSED TURNED MALFOY BY RITA SKEETE

**AFTER HARRY POTTER DEFEATED THE DARK LORD AS AN INFANT, HE WAS SENT BY ALBUS DUMBLEDORE TO LIVE WITH HIS ONLY REMAINING BLOOD RELATIVES, MUGGLES, VERNON AND PETUNIA DURSLEY. THE HOUSE WAS PROTECTED BY BLOOD WARDS AS WELL AS SECRECY SPELLS, SO WHILE THE WIZARDING WORLD KNEW THAT DUMBLEDORE HAD SENT THEIR HERO OFF TO BE RAISED AS A MUGGLE, NO ONE KNEW WHERE THEY LIVED. IT SEEMS THAT HARRY POTTER WAS JUST DROPPED OFF AND NEVER CHECKED ON AGAIN. ARABELLA FIG, SQUIB, MOVED INTO A HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD WITH THE AID OF DUMBLEDORE SO THAT SHE COULD KEEP AN EYE ON THE CHILD. SHE CLAIMS THAT THE BOY WAS MISTREATED, STARVED, ABUSED, AND WORKED LIKE A HOUSE ELF FROM THE TIME THAT HE COULD WALK. SHE ALSO CLAIMS THAT SHE SENT MANY LETTERS TO DUMBLEDORE INFORMING HIM OF THE TERRIBLE CARE THAT HARRY RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF HIS FAMILY. “I CAN’T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I HAD TO DOCTOR THE BOY UP OVER THE YEARS. I WOULD SPIKE HIS TEA WITH NUTRIENT POTIONS, AND I ALWAYS SENT HIM HOME WITH EXTRA BISCUITS. THOSE TERRIBLE MUGGLES STARVED THE BOY. HE WAS ALWAYS SO THIN. I’M AFRAID THEY’VE STUNTED HIS GROWTH**
FROM CHRONIC MALNUTRITION. I KEPT WAITING FOR DUMBLEDORE TO DO SOMETHING, BUT HE NEVER CAME. I’M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT HARRY’S MOST RECENT EPISODE THAT LED TO HIM BEING REMOVED FROM THEIR CARE, BUT I’M SO HAPPY THAT HE WILL NEVER BE IN THAT HOUSE AGAIN. THOSE MUGGLES DESERVE THE WORST PUNISHMENT FROM THE MINISTRY FOR ABUSING THAT SWEET, HELPLESS CHILD.”

IT WAS CONFIRMED BY MANY CREDIBLE SOURCES THAT AT THE START OF THE TERM, HARRY POTTER SHOWED UP LOOKING WORSE THAN EVER. “HE HAD A HUGE BLACK EYE, AND HIS OLD ROBES WERE PRACTICALLY FALLING OFF OF HIM. HE LOOKED LIKE A GHOST, AND HE WAS SKIN AND BONES.”

SCHOOL RECORDS INDICATE THAT THE BOY SPENT THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE INFIRMARY BEING TREATED FOR BRUISES, CUTS, PAIN, AND MALNUTRITION. HE IS ON A STRICT DAILY NUTRIENT POTION REGIMEN.

YESTERDAY, THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC APPROVED A BLOOD ADOPTION OF ONE HARRY JAMES POTTER TO BECOME HARRISON SIRIUS MALFOY. MANY IN THE WIZARDING WORLD ARE OUTRAGED THAT THE BOY WHO LIVED (SAVIOR OF THE LIGHT) WAS ADOPTED BY A KNOWN DARK FAMILY AND SUSPECTED DEATH EATER, BUT MANY OTHERS ARE JUST RELIEVED TO SEE THAT THE BOY WILL NEVER HAVE TO RETURN TO THOSE HORRID MUGGLES.

MULTIPLE WITNESSES CONFIRM THAT THEY SAW THE MALFOY FAMILY OUT WITH HARRY POTTER YESTERDAY, AND IT HAS SINCE BEEN CONFIRMED THAT THE SMALL BOY LUCIUS WAS COMFORTING IN DIAGON ALLEY WAS IN FACT HARRY POTTER. THIS READER WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HOW SMALL THE BOY WAS. ONE WOULDN’T HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS EVEN SCHOOL AGE FROM HIS TINY SIZE.

AFTER SEEING THE CARE HE IS RECEIVING BY THE MALFOY FAMILY, THIS READER IS GLAD THAT HARRY, NOW HARRISON, HAS FINALLY FOUND A FAMILY. CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW MALFOY FAMILY, AND MAY THEY BE ETERNALLY HAPPY. THE PHOTO WITH THE ARTICLE IS THE SAME PHOTO THAT WAS SUBMITTED TO THE MINISTRY TO DOCUMENT HARRISON MALFOY’S NEW APPEARANCE. ISN’T HE JUST ADORABLE?”

Harrison could hear everyone in the great hall, and he felt like everyone had turned to stare at him. He scooted closer to his brother so that he was practically in his lap, and he buried his face in Draco’s side. Draco squeezed him tightly and kissed his forehead. Then Draco turned his attention on the rest of the great hall and tried to glare them all into submission to leave his brother alone.

Draco was so busy glaring at people that dared looked at him or his brother that he didn’t notice the Weasley twins come to sit on either side of him and Harrison. The Slytherins made to protest at the intrusion by the normally jolly Gryffindor’s but one look at the scary face the twins were sharing had them scooting over to make room them. The twins sat very close to the two younger Malfoys, and they had a very imposing presence. Not even the staff wanted to approach that are of the Slytherin table.

Lucius and Narcissa blinked, shocked, that Weasley’s would come to the defense of the Malfoy family, but they were grateful to those boys. Severus smirked and said, “I knew I always liked those trouble makers. Maybe I should reward them with a little one on one potions session to help with their brewing.”

Breakfast was over soon, and Draco noticed that Harrison hadn’t touched his plate. He sighed and tucked an apple away for his brother to eat after potions. His Uncle Sev could give him a stomach soothing potion, and then Harrison could probably eat after class.
The twins flanked Harrison and Draco on their way to potions, and very few students had the nerve to even look in their direction. Nobody knew how scary the twins could be.

When they arrived to the potions classroom, Ron was waiting ready to pounce. He waited until his older brothers left the Malfoy’s side to do anything. He wasn’t completely stupid. As soon as the twins were gone, he started in on his ex-best friend, “Hey Daddy’s Boy! Where’s your new Daddy? I’m surprised you can stand to be out of his presence long enough not to cry, you slimy snake. You’re going to be evil just like your new family.”

Harrison didn’t say anything back to Ron. He just walked with Draco to the front of the room and sat at their table. Draco turned and glared at the Weasel, but Ron didn’t catch the threatening gleam in his eyes.

“Ooohh, Malfoy. I’m so scared. Are you the little traitor’s guard dog now? Are you gonna go tell your Daddy on me? You and your new little brother are pathetic. Enjoy your little Daddy’s boy. I hope you don’t get too jealous when your parents like him more than you, you git.” Ron spit hatefully.

Draco just smiled coolly at him, “Is that jealousy I hear, Weasel? You’re right, Harrison is a Daddy’s boy. My father has plenty of time, affection, and money for him. He doesn’t have to play favorites and split up his attention between seven children. Harrison has never received any affection at the hands of his relatives before, so don’t begrudge him for taking advantage of what’s being offered now. If you were truly his friend, you would be happy for him. I suggest you take your idle threats, hatred, and self-pity somewhere else before I show you just how ‘dark and evil’ the Malfoy family can really be.”

Then Draco turned and sat down at his and Harrison’s desk. He knew that his classmates wouldn’t let the Weasel try anything, and Uncle Sev would be here soon.

Sure enough, Severus showed up as soon as Ron had drawn his wand. Severus had heard the entire conversation. He was listening from the shadows and giving Draco the chance to work it out himself. He was proud of his godson, and he was concerned for Harrison. It wasn’t like the boy to just remain silent, but then the boy wasn’t acting like how Severus thought he used to act at all lately. Maybe he had read the boy completely wrong.

He had to restrain his Veela from cursing the idiot Weasley boy, and settled on a tongue lashing, “Mr. Weasley. Put your wand away at once you idiot child. Then remove yourself from my classroom. The headmaster will be waiting for you. You also have two weeks of detention with Mr. Filch for daring to curse a classmate from behind. You are lucky you are not expelled. 50 points from Gryffindor for your atrocious behavior. If I don’t start seeing improvements in how you treat your classmates and more specifically your housemates, I will remove double those points for each infraction I witness.”

Ron was furious, and he yelled back without thinking, “That traitor’s no housemate of mine.”

Snape didn’t hesitate, “100 more points from Gryffindor, Mr. Weasley. Care to keep going? You are just securing Slytherin’s chances at winning the house cup this year. Now, if you are done, go see the headmaster!”

Ron fled from the potions classroom. All of the students were quiet. Snape had defended Gryffindor, and then a student dared to talk back to him. No one did that. Snape turned and started classes immediately.
Over the next few weeks, Harrison and the twins ate every meal at the Slytherin table with Draco. Harrison slept in his parents quarters every night because he didn’t feel safe sleeping in the tower with Ron. He had been threatened too many times. His parents fussed over him and they cuddled nearly every night on the couch.

One night when he came home, he was particularly upset. His parents weren’t in their quarters, but Severus and Draco were there in the living room. When Harrison realized that his parents weren’t there, he went straight to his bed and cuddled up with Pads (his stuffed Padfoot).

Draco and Severus debated checking on him, but they decided to give him some time. When they heard sobbing coming from the boys bedroom, they jumped up to investigate. Severus walked in to a heartbreaking sight. The small boy was curled into a tight ball wrapped in one of his father’s cloaks and clinging tightly to the stuffed dog. He was sobbing. Severus’s Veela was demanding him to comfort the boy, so he did.

He scooped the boy up off of the bed cloak and dog all, and he held him to his chest. He summoned a calming draught and transfigured a rocking chair from the boys desk chair. Then he helped Harrison to take the calming draught and sat down in the rocker. This was how he used to comfort Draco when he was younger. He realized that it might be too childish for Harrison, but he didn’t care right now. He held the distraught boy to his chest and rocked. He whispered meaningless comforting phrases to the boys ear and rubbed his back. The boy slowly started to calm down, and then fell asleep. He didn’t dare move for fear of waking boy and starting the process all over again. He smiled down at the child snuggled into him, and then he noticed that he had an audience in the doorway.

Apparently, Draco had sent a house elf to collect his parents. He didn’t know how long they had been standing there, but he didn’t like their smug faces. He knew they had seen too much. Lucius approached him, and reached down to pick up his soon. Severus had to fight back a growl that wanted to come out. Harrison whimpered and held tighter to Severus. He gave a growled little, “Mine!” Lucius immediately let go of the boy out of shock, and then he stared at his best friend and son.

Severus’s expression was also shocked. They had both heard the boy clearly, but the boy had no idea. He was fast asleep. Could it be? Severus didn’t want to be around his best friend right now. This could not be happening. Lucius was very possessive and protective of his things. His best friend was going to murder him. He lifted the child from himself and handed him over to his father. Then he fled from the chambers without another word.

Harrison whimpered at the loss of contact from Severus, but then Lucius pulled him closer and held him tight. Lucius didn’t want to let go of his son, so he sat in the rocking chair and took over where Severus left off. Is it possible that his new son, his baby was Severus’s mate? Severus was his brother in all but blood, but Harrison was his child. He didn’t know how he felt about this yet. Harrison was entirely too young to recognize such a bond.

Lucius looked down and his son and noticed for the first time that Harrison was wrapped in Lucius’s favorite cloak as if it was a blanket. The cloak easily swallowed the small boy because Lucius was two foot taller than him. He wasn’t mad that his son was wrapped in his cloak. He was glad that he sought him for comfort.

He brushed the boys cheek, and beautiful emerald eyes sparkled up at him. The boy smiled sweetly, and then his next words made Lucius soar. “-llo, Daddy.”

Lucius squeezed the boy tightly again, and said, “Hello, love. You don’t know how good it feels to hear you call me that.”
Harrison blushed then rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and sat up a little. Lucius helped him to sit up so that they were back to chest, and then he kept rocking. “Why don’t you tell me what had you so upset tonight, little one?”

He saw the tips of his sons ears turn red at that endearment, and he waited for an answer. Harrison turned in his lap a little so they could face each other. Lucius helped him sit so that Herrison was straddling his lap and they were making eye contact. His cloak was wrapped around Harrison’s neck and dragging the floor. He looked adorable.

“Well, Ron has been threatening me ever since I was adopted. That’s why I’ve been sleeping here. I don’t feel safe in the Tower. After our last class today, I was waiting for Draco or the twins to show up. Ron cornered me and shoved me down. Then he pulled out a petition signed by nearly everyone in Gryffindor to kick me out of the house. I knew Ron was mad at me, but I didn’t know everyone else was mad too. Does this mean I don’t have a school house anymore?” Harrison said sadly.

Lucius was sad for his son. He answered gently, “No, son. You will just be resorted. The hat won’t put you in Gryffindor again. You can continue to sleep here if you wish. Your mother and I enjoy your company.”

Harry sighed, “I guess I should have just let the hat put me in Slytherin when it wanted to in the first place.”

Lucius looked at his son, flabbergasted. The boy had talked the hat out of placing him in a certain house? That was unheard of. Then he thought about this special boy in his lap, and he remembered that his child was nothing ordinary.

The next morning, they had a special sorting ceremony just for him. Draco walked him up to the front of the great hall and Professor McGonagall very sadly put the hat on his head. She was sad to lose such a spectacular boy from her house, but she was happy for the chance he could fit in better somewhere else.

The sorting hat spoke aloud to the entire hall, “Ah. Mr. Malfoy! It seems you finally found your true identity. Are you ready to accept your proper house? This is where you should have been from the beginning.”

The great hall gave a collective gasp, and then the hat yelled, “Slytherin!”

The Slytherin’s cheered, but the rest of the hall was silent. Severus also didn’t cheer…out of sheer shock. The hat spoke aloud. Harrison should have been a Slytherin all along? Could this young boy truly be his mate? Severus watched the child with avid interest. How could the world be so cruel to make him wait so long for his mate, and then to dangle a child in front of him. He would have to wait years until the boy came of age before they could make their bond official. The boy doesn’t even know he’s a Veela, much less that he has a soulmate. He was brought out of his thoughts by excited shouting.

Harrison was so excited that he jumped off the stool and ran to his parents. “Momma! Daddy! You were right! Did you see?! I’m going to be with Draco and Sev!” He apparently forgot that he was in the great hall in front of the entire school because he was acting like he did in private, and he called his parents by their new familial terms. Narcissa beamed at hearing him call her ‘Momma’ for the first time, and she pulled him into a tight hug and whispered, “I know, baby. I’m so happy for you.”

Severus was shocked that the boy had called him Sev….in front of the entire school. The boy was
going to turn his hair gray prematurely if he didn’t stop shocking the potions master. The boy apparently had one more surprise in him because he left the embrace of his parents and ran straight to Severus and gave him a big hug too. Severus was too stunned to do anything but return the hug. Another collective gasp came from the great hall, but this time it was drowned out by a loud coo from the female population. In the first few minutes of the boy being in his house he had already ruined the man’s dungeon bat persona.

Over the next couple of weeks, the school seemed to finally accept Harry as Harrison Malfoy the Slytherin. There were still some students, like Ron, who wanted to hurt the little Slytherin, but many more of the students seemed willing to stand up for him. He never went anywhere without a bodyguard (Draco, one of the twins, Marcus Flint, or his yearmates in Slytherin). Draco was already called The Slytherin Prince, but now both boys were collectively referred to as the Slytherin Princes. If someone was just speaking of Harrison, they would call him ‘The Little Slytherin Prince’ or just ‘The Little Prince’. It had started as an insult from Ron, but the Slytherins turned it around into a cute nickname.

During that time, the castle was busy with anxious 7th year students submitting their names for the Tri-Wizard Tournament and a few younger students trying to fool the age line to submit their names. The Weasley twins had tried everything they could think of. They provided a lot of comedy for the school, but they never succeeded.

The twins spent a lot of time with Professor Snape, surprisingly. He found them to be extremely clever and exhausting. He was considering offering them a potions apprenticeship. It would get them away from their overbearing mother and the rest of the Weasley herd for the summer. The majority of the Weasley’s weren’t very happy about Harrison becoming a Malfoy. Arthur was too much of a pushover to stand up to his wife. The two oldest boys were happy for Harrison, but they lived far away. Molly, Percy, Ron, and Ginny were hateful towards the boy, and they were rude to the twins for supporting him. He didn’t like to see the sad expressions on their faces, so he offered them the use of his private lab and supplies as long they promised to run everything by him first and to not brew anything unless he was present. This perked them right up, and that was the start of a blooming relationship between the dour potions master and two surprising Gyffindors.

The day finally came that the other schools were due to arrive. They watched as the schools made dramatic entrances onto school grounds and into the great hall for dinner. The boys from Durmstrang marched loudly into the great hall in a military fashion, whereas the ladies from Beauxbatons flitted in elegantly.

Severus was amused by the responses from the Hogwarts students. The majority of the male population seemed smitten with one young blonde Veela, and the majority of the female population and avid quidditch fans were enamored by the presence of the quidditch scar, Victor Krum.

The Durmstrang students split up and sat between Slytherin and Ravenclaw, and the Beauxbatons students sat with Gryffindor and Hufflepuff.

Severus rolled his eyes as Krum sat near the Malfoy’s and the twins. He wasn’t able to sit next to Harrison because of the presence of his constant guards, but he sat across from him, Severus had to contain his growl at the adoring look on Harrison’s face, and Lucius chuckled at him from his side. The two had spoken in detail about the situation, and they decided that this wasn’t a bad thing if it turned out like they thought it might. Severus promised to only provide friendship and support until the boy was of age, and Lucius deemed his best friend trustworthy and good guardian.
Dumbledore stood and welcomed everyone. Dinner was served, and then the moment they were all waiting for was upon them. Dumbledore announced the start of the Tri-Wizard Tournament and explained the rules again. “A student from each house will be chosen as that school’s champion. Once a name is selected from the Goblet, that student will be obligated by magic to compete. Failure to compete will result in severe consequences. There will be a series of tasks that each of the champions will compete in. The champion left standing at the end with the most points will win the glory, the trophy, and 10,000 galleons. Now let’s see who are champions are!”

The Goblet came to life and spit out the first name. “From Beauxbaton’s, Fleur Delacur.”

There was a lot of cheering and swooning as the beautiful female Veela went up the front of the great hall. She and her headmistress were directed into the side chamber of the great hall.

The Goblet came to again. “The champion from Durmstrang is Victor Krum.”

There was even louder cheering than the Veela girl got. The new champion swaggered his way to the side room with his headmaster.

The third name came from the goblet. “Your Hogwarts Champion is Cedric Diggory.” The hall erupted into the loudest applause so far. Cedric was led into the sideroom with his head of house until the headmaster was done addressing the students. As he was speaking, the cup roared to life again. The entire hall turned to watch the goblet as another name was spit out.

Confused, Dumbledore read the name to the hall, “Harrison Malfoy”

The hall was silent except for small noises of pain coming from Harrison himself. As soon as his name was called, he hunched over and grabbed his stomach. He didn’t understand the immense pain he felt. The next thing he knew, he was in his father’s arms. He looked up into his family’s worried eyes.

Lucius knew exactly what had just happened. One had to be an adult to participate in the tournament, so Harrison’s name being called from the goblet made him legally of age. He had just come into his creature inheritance. Lucius sighed. He hadn’t even had a chance to tell Harrison that he was a Veela yet.

Dumbledore angrily called, “Harrison Malfoy” again.

Lucius knew his son had to go, so he carried him into the next room. He made eye contact with Severus and Dumbledore on his way to the side room. Dumbledore was furious! Severus was concerned. As he passed by his friend, he felt his son’s body tighten in his arms. He turned to look at Severus and saw by the look of his friend that their Veela’s had just bonded.

Severus knew exactly what was happening, but Harrison had no clue. Lucius made to bring his son into the side chamber, but Harrison whimpered as he was taken away from his Alpha. Lucius sighed and beckoned Severus to follow him.

Remus and Padfoot caught on to what was happening with their Godson, and they growled their unhappy response. They would be having serious words with those men later.

They left behind the angry shouts of “Traitor!” “He’s not old enough!” “He’s a cheat!” and many other hateful slurs. Once they entered the side chamber, the Veela girl raised her head immediately.

“No! He’s just a little boy. He can’t compete. He shouldn’t have to compete.” Fleur defended Harrison. She felt drawn to the young confused Veela. Why was he being held by his man when his alpha was right there. She had never seen a male submissive. Maybe they were different.
The other champions and headmaster/mistress also disputed that the boy shouldn’t be allowed to participate. Lucius could feel his son reacting to the hate being directed at him, so he growled back them all. “Harrison didn’t choose this. He is clearly underage. He is barely 14. There is foul play here. My son doesn’t deserve your ire. If you continue to berate him, I promise you will see just how protective my kind are when their young are threatened.”

That shut all of them up. It also cleared up a little confusion for Fleur. The man holding the young submissive was his father. Why did he have an alpha already at 14? He shouldn’t have been able to bond until he was 17.

The ministry liaison for the tournament spoke up, “Yes. Mr. Malfoy. Something is amuck. Unfortunately, your youngest must participate or suffer the consequences. The last time a champion refused to participate, they died.”

Lucius and Severus both growled, and Harrison whimpered loudly. He didn’t understand what was going on. He was hurting and scared, and he didn’t want to participate in the stupid tournament. He just wanted to be a kid like his dad promised. Now everyone, including Dumbledore, was mad at him. He just wanted to go home with his parents, and Sev for some reason.

The ministry liaison spoke again, he asked for each school to submit a mentor for the champion. The headmaster/mistress were the mentors for the foreign schools. Dumbledore was mentor for Cedric. When he asked young Harrison who his mentor would be, the boy didn’t know whether to say his dad or Sev.

Severus spoke up, “I will be the boy’s mentor.” When in reality he knew that Lucius would be involved with every decision as well.

The liaison spoke up again, “Very well. The first competition will be in a few weeks. I recommend you prepare for anything.” Then he dismissed them.

Lucius carried his whimpering son all the way back to their quarters with Severus not two step behind. As soon as they reached the living room, they were met with Narcissa, Draco, Sirius, Remus, and the twins. The adults were all furious, but the children were confused.

Lucius summoned his favorite cloak to place around his child, and Harry worldlessly and wandlessly summoned Pads (his stuffed dog). Narcissa summoned a calming draught. Nothing helped. Lucius was rocking his son in the chair, but he was still whimpering and inconsolable. He didn’t want to admit what needed to happen. Narcissa gave him a look that said she didn’t like it either, but it needed to be done.

Remus was growling under his breath, and Sirius was holding Draco in his lap trying to imagine it was Harrison. Draco protested at first, but his uncle was much stronger and adamant about holding him, so he relented. He didn’t understand all of the tension.

Severus was standing across the room silent. Remus finally just growled, “Lucius, you know what he needs. Only his Alpha can console him. You need to let Severus hold him. He needs to confirm the bond. They need skin contact.”

Lucius sighed and nodded his head. He stood and vanished his sons clothes except for his cloak and boxers. Harrison whimpered louder and looked confused. Finally, he called for Severus to remove his shirt and take his place on the rocking chair. When Severus was settled, he placed his son in his best friend’s lap and then covered his half naked body with his cloak.

The little Veela immediately snuggled into his Alpha and purred. Lucius needed comfort so he
grabbed his wife and held her firmly. Remus grabbed onto Sirius and Draco. They watched as Severus just held his young submissive mate and calmed him. The twins were sitting on the floor holding each other and very confused.

Eventually Harrison fell asleep.
Chapter 5

Severus couldn’t believe it. He was holding his mate. After 33 years, he finally had his mate, and he was a 14 year old boy. He may technically be of age, but Severus was not sexually interested in a child. Fate could be cruel sometimes. Oh well, he sighed. He had waited this long. What was another three years? In the mean time, he would be whatever his mate needed from him: friend, confidante, supporter, guardian, disciplinarian, etc.

That last role would be a difficult one: disciplinarian. The boy was always getting into trouble when he was Harry Potter. Why would Harrison Malfoy be any different? He had parents now. Maybe Severus wouldn’t ever have to discipline him after all. Who was he kidding? The kid had strict Lucius Malfoy wrapped around his little finger. Severus was doomed. He knew one thing for certain. There would be no more reckless Gryffindor stunts for his mate anymore.

He sat there shirtless holding his finally sleeping mate to his chest. This isn’t how he pictured fulfilling the claim to his mate, but this was his only option for now. He was surrounded by his boy’s family. He was both ecstatic and a little afraid of the other males in the room. Harrison surrounded himself with powerful wizards. Black, Lupin, and Lucius would all fight to the death to protect the tiny boy, and Severus didn’t want their ire directed at him. He wasn’t scared of them, but he’d rather not have to deal with too much animosity.

He cast a silencing charm over the boy so that the rest of the room could have their conversation. Then he spoke, “This cannot leave this room. No one is to know that I am Harrison’s alpha.”

There was a collective gasp from the twins. Severus had forgotten the twins were even still in the room. Fred asked, “You mean that Harrison is your submissive mate? How are you bonded already? He shouldn’t have been able to bond with you until he was of age.”

Lucius explained his theory of his entrance into the tournament making him of age sooner than 17 years of age. Everyone in the room agreed.

There were a lot of threats about how Severus should and should not treat the boy. Severus growled back them for even insinuating anything explicit between him and the child. The others seemed to think he was sincere.

They spoke a bit about the consequences of this happening and agreed that they needed to tighten down security with Harrison now that he was a full blown submissive Veela. Every alpha in the school would be gunning for him.

It was getting late, so Lucius decided to put his son to bed. He went to grab Harrison from Severus, but the boy whimpered at the loss of contact from Severus and cried, “Alpha!”

Severus couldn’t handle the distress of his mate so he followed Lucius to tuck the boy in to his bed. Severus pulled back the covers, and Lucius gently laid his sleeping son down. The boy’s face was scrunched up, and he his arms were wrapped tightly around himself. Lucius stared down at his new son. How could he be so attached and love someone so much after so little time? He thought about everything Harrison had gone through in his short life so far, and he wished that he could go back in time to get his son sooner.

He thought about the upcoming tournament that his son was forced to participate in. He and Severus would prepare Harrison themselves. He may only be 14 and pint-sized, but he was a Malfoy now. Malfoy’s never back down from a challenge.
Severus saw the boy’s stuffed dog on his bed, and he leaned forward to put the dog into his arms. Harrison immediately latched onto Pads and snuggled deeper into the bed. His face relaxed, and he seemed completely content.

Lucius chose this moment to speak, “Severus, you know that I would trust you with my own life, but this is my son. A part of him belongs to you now, but you can’t just have him. I just got him. He’s still mine. I might be able to share a little of him, but you can’t have him yet. He doesn’t know about what he is or why he feels drawn to you. How are we going to explain that to him?”

Severus figured that Lucius was just trying to get tonight’s events off of his chest, but he had some things to remind his friend too. He wanted to comfort his longest friend. “Luc, I don’t want to take Harrison from you. Yes, I love him. I’m designed to love, protect, and support him. I’ve been waiting all my life for this to happen. This isn’t exactly what I had in mind either. Until he is of the age to make mature, responsible adult decisions, I will just be a solid presence in his life. I will be whatever is needed of me. I can’t help that he is drawn to me. He may be a full Veela now, but he is not sexually mature. I can tell that about him. He isn’t ready for an intimate relationship, and I’m not a pedophile. I’m more worried about keeping other alpha’s away from him without revealing my status. I’m Albus’s only spy now. It would be disastrous if my position was revealed.”

The two adults didn’t notice the audience at the door. Sirius was walking into the room while Remus and Narcissa were standing in the doorway. Sirius spoke, “How can you even think about that right now? Isn’t Harrison your primary concern?”

Severus didn’t feel like arguing with the Gryffindor tonight, but he supposed he may as well make his views clear tonight, “I think about that because I have to. We know that the Dark Lord is not gone permanently. He will return, and when he does, The Order will need inside information. Harrison is the most important thing to me. I am doing this for him. If he is destined to fight the Dark Lord, don’t you think it would be helpful to have inside information? We can’t just be all Gryffindor bravado. Some of us need to have a little Slytherin cunning to think about the end game rather than immediate gratification.”

Sirius looked like he wanted to argue, but Remus stopped him, “He’s right, Siri. We need every advantage we can get, and Severus’s spying is a huge advantage.”

Sirius nodded his acceptance of that thought, but added sadly, “What happens when you get found out? What happens when you get killed and leave this precious boy without his soulmate, destined to never be as happy as he should have been….with you? He’s already been through so much. Would you risk putting him through that as well?” Then Sirius transformed into Padfoot and walked away.

Severus was stunned at Sirius’s response. He hadn’t thought of it that way. Narcissa agreed with Sirius, “No, Severus. Your spying days are over. You will not risk your life for some stupid war. You’ve done your time. Now someone else can take up that mantel. Your responsibility is to that little boy right there. I don’t care what Dumbledore says, as of this moment you are no longer a Death Eater.”

Severus didn’t know what to say to Narcissa to make her see how important his role was. He looked at his friend, “Lucius, you have to explain to her how important this is. My inside information could turn the tides of the war.”

Lucius looked torn. He agreed with both of them. The information from a spy was vital to the defense effort, but his wife was right. Someone else could fill that role now. He looked at Severus, “I’m sorry, Severus, but I agree with Narcissa. The information is important, but it doesn’t have to be you who gets it.”
Severus was close to yelling, “It will take too long for someone else to advance through the ranks to get the kind of information that I can already get. We don’t have that kind of time.”

Narcissa looked between Severus and Harrison with tears in her eyes, and then she spoke, “Severus, if you continue spying, I will forbid Harrison from having any contact with you, and I shall never forgive you.”

Lucius couldn’t believe his wife had just threatened Severus like that. It wouldn’t just hurt Severus. Forbidding any contact would hurt Harrison as well. Severus growled loudly at her, “How dare you make such a threat!”

Lucius was caught between defending his wife from Severus and agreeing with him. Narcissa was out of line with a threat like that. He didn’t have to think too much longer because a whimper was sounding from the bed.

All three adults turned to look at wide, scared green eyes barely peeking out from the blanket. Harrison had the strangest feeling that he wanted to go to his potions master and bare his neck. Why would he do that? He looked at his dad sitting on his bed, and he held his arms up in the universal sign that a child uses to be held. He knew he was acting childish, but he didn’t care. He just really wanted comfort.

Lucius picked up his son and held him to his chest. Harrison snuggled into the broad chest and wrapped his arms around Lucius’s neck. Harrison sensed the tension and argument in the room. He looked quickly at the other adults in the room, and then back at his father and said, “Daddy, please don’t fight. We’re all family. Good families shouldn’t fight. That’s what my old family did.”

Narcissa came and sat next to her husband and rubbed Harrison’s back and said, “No, baby, we aren’t fighting. We just had a little disagreement. We were just talking it out. That’s what families do. I’m sorry we woke you up.”

Harrison just shrugged his shoulder, “s’ok. I want to cuddle anyway.” His cheeks blushed a little when he admitted that. Then he yawned and fell right back to sleep. Lucius quietly chuckled. It was no wonder that this child had stolen all of their hearts, even Draco. He gently set his son back in the bed. The adults all took their turns wishing him goodnight and kissing him on the forehead or cheek. Then they all went back out to the living room.

Draco and the twins were still in the living room, and they were sipping on hot chocolate. Draco was showing them a book about Veela’s and explaining Severus and Harrison’s new relationship. Lucius knew the twins were discreet. They weren’t your average loud mouth Gryffindor’s or Weasley’s for that matter. They could probably be trusted with the Malfoy’s secret if Severus was considering taking them on as apprentices.

Lucius reminded the boys that it was near curfew and that this was all to be kept secret. They looked like they wanted to ask questions, but he ushered them back to the Gryffindor common room. He wanted to get a good night’s sleep so that he could deal with the inevitable drama that would come tomorrow and during the next weeks with the tournament.

When Lucius returned to his quarters, Severus was gone. He checked on his sons, and he found Draco sitting in desk chair next to Harrison’s bed, watching him sleep. He walked up and placed a kiss on Draco’s head and said, “Go to sleep, Dragon. Harrison is safe in these quarters. He will need us to be vigilant outside of these rooms. He doesn’t even know what he is. He won’t understand why people are giving him so much attention. We must protect him….and Severus. If anything happens to Harrison, it will kill your Godfather….or your Godfather would kill whoever hurt him.”
Draco stood up and looked his father in the eye with the most serious face he had and said, “I understand, Father. The twins and I won’t let anything happen to him, ever.”

Lucius rearranged the blankets over Harrison while Draco got into his bed. Then he walked across the room to his other son and proceeded to tuck him in. Draco protested that he was too old to be tucked in, but Lucius ignored him. Then he kissed Draco on the forehead and noxed the lights and left his boys to sleep.

Later that night:
Severus woke from dead sleep and cast a tempus. 3:15am. He felt the wards on his quarters alert him to the presence of someone entering. He quickly adorned his robe and slippers and then grabbed his wand to apprehend the trespasser. They surprised him by getting into his quarters without permission, but there was no way they’d be able to enter his bedroom.

When he ripped the door to his bedroom open, he was shocked to see Harrison laying there on the floor whimpering quietly. Severus took a minute make sure that no one else was present in his quarters, and then he checked over Harrison for any injuries. The boy seemed to be asleep with no awareness as to where he was. Severus listened to the whimpering a minute longer before he realized that this was the sound of calling out to an alpha, a low-pitched cry for acceptance. Had holding the boy earlier not been enough to satisfy the boy’s veela?

Severus gently moved Harrison’s hair out of his face and found that the boy nuzzled into his touch with a contented expression. Severus nearly fell over when he caught a glimpse of the boy’s face. He had changed throughout the night. He was breathtaking! Pouty, rosy lips on the fairest skin Severus had ever seen. Silky, platinum blonde hair stuck up in every direction only added to the boy’s unique beauty. The tips of his ears had elongated into little points.

Severus sighed. They thought it was going to be hard to keep people away from Harrison before, but now it would be impossible. There would be no keeping his Veela a secret now. Harrison looked like Veela royalty. Everyone would notice the abrupt changes in his mate.

Severus picked him up and cradled him to his chest. Then he made his way to the Malfoy’s quarters. When he arrived, Lucius was just opening the door. No doubt, he had felt the wards alert him that Harrison had left. The Malfoy Lord was fully dressed with a face mixed of determination and a little fear. Severus saw the immediate change in his face to relief when he saw the bundle Severus was carrying.

Lucius ushered them in and then led them to the living room. Severus told him what had happened, and they talked about Harrison’s change in appearance. It was almost 4AM, and they needed the couple more hours of sleep that they could still get. Severus went to tuck Harrison in to his bed, but Lucius stopped him. “His Veela was searching for his alpha. I don’t like it either, but I think you two need more time for satiate the bond. You may sleep on the couch with him. I don’t believe I need to threaten you to behave anymore?”

Severus released a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Then he shook his head. He didn’t need any more reminders to be patient with his mate. He gently lifted himself and the boy. He laid down on the couch and placed his small mate on top of his chest. He whispered, “Good night, little one.” Then he fell straight to sleep.

Harrison awoke feeling safe and warm, almost too warm. He could heart a loud thumping in his left
ear, and his bed seemed more lumpy than normal. That was strange. He finally opened his eyes only
to realize he was in his parents living room. He looked down and saw that he was sleeping on
Professor Snape! Why was he sleeping on his potions master, and better yet why did he have
butterflies in his stomach over that thought. All he wanted to do was cuddle into the man and forget
about everything else. Snape would never let him do that though. He may be more tolerant of
Harrison than he was Harry, but he was not someone who cuddled.

Saddened by that thought, Harrison gently extracted himself from the man and made his way to his
parent’s bedroom. Like Moony and Siri, they had always made him feel welcome with them. He
pushed open the door and quietly made his way to the bed. He crawled up into the small space
between his parents and then buried his face into his dad’s chest.

Hmm. His dad didn’t smell as good as Professor Snape did, but Harrison was happy when strong
arms encircled him and pulled him closer. He felt safe and loved. He let out a little giggle and
whispered, “Good morning, Daddy.”

Lucius pressed a kiss to Harrison’s forehead and returned his greeting in a rough morning voice,
“Too early, love. Let’s get a little more sleep before the alarm goes off.” That seemed to be the
alarm’s cue as it started beeping not even a minute later. Lucius groaned and hugged Harrison. Then
he opened his eyes and found his wife staring and watching them with a smile on her face. He knew
what that smirk was about. She loved seeing Lucius be affectionate with him. They both knew that
they probably babied Harrison a bit too much, but he soaked up any attention he got, so they were
disinclined to stop.

While Lucius was holding Harrison, Narcissa started to tickle him. He screamed and laughed
happily, “Good morning, momma! Stop! Hahaha! That tickles. Pleeeeeaasee!”

She took mercy on him and stopped. Then she smiled evilly and said, “Let’s go wake up that lazy
brother of yours!”

Lucius laughed and scooped Harrison up, carrying him to the boy’s bedroom. He peaked into the
living room on the way, and he noticed that Severus was still there, awake. The family snuck in and
stood next to Draco’s bed. Lucius plopped Harrison down onto the bed and the boy proceeded to
tickled his brother.

Draco wasn’t nearly as happy as Harrison was about being tickled awake. He was yelling to stop
through forced laughs, and he finally managed to shove the tickler off of him. He didn’t mean to
shove so harshly, and he wouldn’t have shoved at all if he had known it was his little brother. He had
forgotten that he slept in their bedroom last night. He assumed that a roommate was pranking him.

Harrison was thrown into the dresser with a loud crash, and a second later there was an admonished
shout of “Draco Lucius!” from his mother. That caused him to jump up from his bed with a wide-
eyed expression. He noticed the scene before him: his mother was helping Harrison up from the floor
and checking him over for injuries, Harrison was rubbing his head and he looked like he was trying
not to cry, his father was scowling at him, and his Uncle Sev came running into the room with a
crazed expression on his face.

Draco hunched back into himself immediately feeling guilty for hurting his little brother. He
apologized, but Harrison didn’t even look at him. As soon as Harrison saw that Severus had come
into the room, he ran and jumped into the man’s arms. Severus staggered at the sudden impact and
then held his mate to his chest. Harrison wrapped his legs around the man’s waist and his arms
around his neck. Then he buried his face into the man’s neck. Severus just held him and rubbed his
back. After a minute, he carried Harrison over to his bed and sat down.
He pried the boy away from him so that he could look into his eyes. As soon as they made eye contact, Harrison blushed and averted his gaze as if he had just realized whom he had run to for comfort. Severus chuckled and rolled his eyes playfully. The Malfoy’s all laughed, and Harrison turned impossibly redder.

Draco sat next to his godfather in Harrison’s line of sight, and he apologized to his little brother again. “Harrison, I’m so sorry. I didn’t realize it was you. I forgot that I slept here last night, and my first thought was that Blaise or Theo were pranking me. I would never intentionally hurt you….not anymore. Please believe me.”

Harrison, still sitting on his potion’s professor’s lap, smiled brightly at Draco and responded, “I know, Dray. You just startled me, and it really did hurt. I’m sorry I acted like such a baby.” He rubbed at his shoulder while he was speaking.

Draco frowned at him and spoke, “Dray? I don’t think so! You cannot call me that, green eyes!”

Harrison laughed and responded, “OK. Anything you say, Dray!” Then he ran out of the room with Draco hot on his tail.

The adults didn’t move from the room because they knew the boys would have to come back in here to get dressed. They listened to the siblings run and yell in their quarters. Normally, they wouldn’t allow such poor behavior, but none of them had the heart to end the fun. Draco was clearly letting his smaller brother get away because his long legs could have caught Harrison already if he wanted to.

They heard a loud squeal, and then saw Draco walking into the room with Harrison held over his head. They were both laughing, but Harrison’s face was beginning to turn red. Harrison turned puppy eyes onto the adults and begged, “Daddy! Alpha! Help!”

As soon as it was out of his mouth, he gasped, blushed, and clamped his hands over his mouth. Severus was across the room immediately to free him from his brother’s grasp. He took the boy from Draco and righted him and set him on the ground directly in front of himself. He watched as Harrison stood extremely still and quiet. It was a little unnerving to see him that way. He was already accustomed to the hyper, happy, and talkative way the boy had been since he became a Malfoy weeks ago.

He looked at Lucius, and they silently decided that now was as good a time as any to discuss what happened yesterday. Then he sat down on Harrison’s bed while Lucius and Draco sat on Draco’s bed, and Narcissa sat on a desk chair. Harrison still hadn’t moved or made a sound.

Narcissa sighed at the frightened, sad boy. She didn’t like seeing him like this. “Sweetheart, why don’t you go sit next to Severus so we can have a little talk?”

Harrison’s eyes widened and he shook his head slightly, but he didn’t make any other movements. Lucius knew that his son was nervous, but he didn’t like outright disobedience either. He added gently, “Harrison, please do as your mother says.”

Harrison turned slightly fearful and betrayed eyes onto his father. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but then he closed it again. He turned and looked at his potion’s master, and then he dragged his eyes back to his dad. He still didn’t move.

Draco was pleading with his eyes for his brother to listen. Severus held his hand out to beckon the boy towards himself. Narcissa made to stand to usher the boy towards his bed, but one look from Lucius had her sitting back down.
Lucius sighed. He couldn’t believe his son. He clamped down on his temper so that he didn’t frighten the child, and then he strode toward his child with determination. He turned his so to the side and landed two stinging swats and spoke with stern authority, “Harrison Sirius! You will do as you are told.”

Severus knew the punishment was deserved, but he still didn’t like the threat to his mate. He let out a little growl, and he immediately regretted it as Lucius turned vengeful eyes onto him telling him not to interfere with the discipline between him and his son.

As soon as Lucius let go of the boy, Harrison hurriedly ran and sat on his bed as far from Severus as he could manage. Lucius watched the silent tears slide down his son’s face, and he decided he couldn’t handle the heartache. He walked towards Harrison’s bed, and his heart sank when Harrison flinched away from him.

Lucius reached to lift the boy off of the bed so that he could set him in his lap, but Harrison threw himself to the floor, hunched into a small ball, shielding his face, and screamed, “No, Uncle! Please! Please don’t! I’ll be good! I promise!” He was hysterical.

Lucius fell to his knees at the sight of his son in a terrible flashback. Severus rushed to his little mate and picked him up. Then he carried him to the rocking chair and rocked and whispered to the boy until he calmed down. Narcissa was crying and had moved to hug Draco, who also had a scared expression on his face.

Finally the boy calmed down and realized that his potion’s professor was holding him again. He blushed. He was caught between embarrassment and feeling safe. He squirmed to be let down, but Professor Snape just held him tighter.

“Oh no. Not this time. We need to talk, all of us. You can participate in the conversation just fine from right here. We don’t have much more time this morning, so you need to calm down and listen.” Severus said with a little bit of his alpha authority.

The boy immediately stilled, bared his neck a little subconsciously, and said, “Yes, sir.”

Severus continued, “Harrison, I know that it is unusual for us to be friendly with each other, but that is going to change. You obviously feel that our dynamic has shifted. You ran to me for protection and allowed me to comfort you. You may not understand it yourself, but your veela does.”

Harrison looked at him like he was crazy, “My veela? Professor Snape, I’m not a veela. Besides, I’m only 14. Even if I was Veela, I’m too young to get my creature inheritance.”

Lucius spoke now, “Actually…” Then he explained how the tournament made him get his inheritance early.

Harrison sat there speechless. This wasn’t happening. He was a Veela, and Professor Snape was his mate. That made him think, “If I’m a Veela, how come I’m so small? No other male Veela’s are small. They’re all tall and strong.”

Lucius shared a look with Severus and then spoke gently, “Well, all other male Veela’s you’ve heard of were Alphas. You are a submissive Veela.”

He gasped, “Submissive!? How is that possible? I thought only females were submissive? Is that why I’m so small? I don’t want to be small forever! I was hoping for a growth spurt! Does that mean I have to do everything I’m told?! I’m not very good at following rules! Does-“

A loud laugh drew him out of his rant, and he looked at the source of the laugh, Professor Snape.
“That is an understatement, Harrison. You are not good at following the rules, but we will work on that. Being submissive doesn’t demand obedience. It’s not like that. Your behavior is a direct reflection on me as your alpha, but you will not be a slave. I expect you to be well-mannered and respectful. We are in a strange situation as you are technically still a minor. We will have a relationship, but it will not be a typical relationship until you are much older.”

Harrison blushed furiously and looked away, embarrassed. Severus loved that blush.

Lucius took mercy on his son and changed the subject, “I will get you a book on Veela, and I expect you to read it and do some research. For now, just know that I and Severus are dominant Veela. Severus is your alpha, but no one can know this. Technically, this makes him one of your guardians, but you will continue to live either with us or your dorm mates. Severus is a spy for Dumbledore, and revealing your relationship will be dangerous for both of you. You must not let anyone know.”

Harrison gulped, nervous, and Severus squeezed him to himself. Then he spoke, “Since we are soulmates, you may call me by my given name in private. You are not required to call me alpha. I am not one of those jerk alphas. I will continue to treat you the same in the classroom. Outside of the classroom, I will treat you however you want me to. From now on, you are the most important thing to me. I’ve waited my whole life for you.”

Harrison turned and snuggled into his alpha, blushing again.
Severus brought up one more problem that needed to be dealt with this morning, Harrison’s appearance. If he went into the castle looking like a full blown Veela, there would be mayhem. The rest of the school didn’t know he was a Veela, and they wanted to keep it that way. They decided on placing a glamour on him that would allow him to slowly change over time to his new Veela appearance (without the ears, of course). People wouldn’t notice the changes gradually. They would just think that Harrison was becoming more beautiful from hormones and puberty. It wasn’t an uncommon occurrence in the wizarding world for some wizards to become more feminine rather than more masculine.

The only problem with a glamour was that it would need to be repeated daily as it wore off while the wearer was unconscious. The wearer had to think about keeping the glamour in check.

Glamour in check, the family headed to leave the quarters. Severus stopped at the door and knelt down to speak to his little mate eye to eye, “Remember, no one must know that we have a connection aside from Professor-Student or possibly even a relationship similar to mine and Draco’s. We will both be in danger if anyone suspects. I will continue to berate you in class. It is not for real. It is only for show. I know it will be difficult with your new submissive Veela instincts, but try to reign in your emotions. When you are around me, you need to act more like Harry than Harrison. Do you understand?”

Harrison nodded his head, and Severus frowned at him, “Verbal response, please.”

“Yes, sir” he meekly said, and then Severus kissed his forehead and proceeded walking out of the Malfoy living quarters.

They made their way to the Great Hall, and the twins joined their ranks when they reached the ground level. They greeted the family, and then they fell in beside Harrison and Draco on either side like usual. Lucius smirked at the sight of the normally joking Weasley twins throwing death glares to anyone who stared too long at Harrison or Draco. Hmmm. He knew the twins were protective of Harrison, but he was extremely pleased to see their protection extended to both of his sons. He couldn’t help but wonder what the Weasley parents would say if they could see them now?

In the Great Hall, they separated: the adults to the staff table and the children to the Slytherin table. Narcissa gave Harrison a quick peck on the cheek as she departed, and his cheeks turned that tell-tale shade of pink.

On the way to the Slytherin table, Harrison noticed quite a few people (mostly older students) gawking at him as if they had never seen him before. He didn’t recognize any of them. He walked a little closer to Draco and tried to ignore everyone else.

At the table, Harrison felt eyes on him, and when he looked up at the staff table, he saw that Dumbledore was staring at him with a less than impressed expression. Harrison tried not to look upset. Dumbledore was the closest thing he had to family before this year. He was always very grandfatherly towards Harrison, but now he felt like the man was angry with him. He made a little mental note to go see the headmaster after classes today. He didn’t know the password, but that had never been a problem before. He was always just admitted entrance.

Harrison tried to block out the mutterings of the students from the other houses. No one in his house was mad at him being in the tournament, but it seemed like nearly everyone else was, headmaster included. He heard random hateful words, “traitor” “liar” “cheat” “slimy snake” “death eater”, etc.
Draco and the twins were doing their best to keep him distracted, but the words still hurt. At least now he was in every class with his brother, so he wouldn’t have to deal with the Gryffindor’s alone.

Halfway through breakfast, the mail started to arrive. When Draco’s copy of the Daily Prophet arrived, Harrison wanted to run and hide in his alpha’s billowing robes like a toddler. On the front page of the paper was an article about him:

“The Boy Who Lived to Be a Champion by Rita Skeeter

Hogwarts announced earlier this school year that it would be hosting the Tri-Wizard Tournament. Last night, the Champions from each school were selected. From Durmstrang, the young quidditch sensation, Victor Krum, was chosen. From Beauxbaton’s, a young beautiful veela girl (isn’t that redundant?), Fleur Delacour, was chosen. Now, only one champion was supposed to be chosen from each school, but it seems the goblet of fire had a different idea this year. From Hogwarts, two champions were chosen: Cedric Diggory and Harrison Malfoy.

For anyone who’s been living under a rock for the past month, Harrison Malfoy was born Harry Potter. He was adopted by Lucius Malfoy and his wife Narcissa (nee Black) about a month ago. It would seem that young Harrison’s fairy tale could only last so long. Somehow he became a champion in a very dangerous, life-threatening competition that was supposed to be only for wizards and witches of age. How many times will this poor, beautiful child have to defy the odds?

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Harrison stopped reading after that. It was a two page article that spoke about his history, defeating Voldemort, growing up with muggles, being abused, etc. He couldn’t stomach the thought of everyone knowing every single thing about him. The article was very thorough, and it didn’t seem to leave anything out.

Draco set the paper down and slipped an arm around his little brother. He stared down and Harrison’s plate and noticed that he had only eaten half an egg and a bite of bacon. He frowned and placed a banana in his cloak for later. He knew how important it was for Harrison to eat.

At the staff table, Remus was talking quietly to Padfoot. Of course, the dog couldn’t respond in this form verbally, but he could listen. They had noticed multiple 7th year students checking their godson out as he walked into the Great Hall, and they didn’t like the looks that some of them gave him. Remus asked Padfoot if he would be Harrison’s escort during the school day. It wouldn’t hurt to have the intimidating dog around, and no one would be stupid enough to mess with Harrison.

Padfoot nodded his head and then made his way happily to the Slytherin table, seemingly prancing with his tongue lolling to the side. Many students stopped eating long enough to give him its of food and praise as he passed. Remus laughed at his mate. Even in his animagus form, Sirius loved being the center of attention. He was such a ham.

He trotted up to Harrison and sat down onto his haunches. The boy immediately turned and smiled at him before giving the dog a big hug. Even sitting, the dog was almost taller than Harrison.

Soon, the boys finished their breakfast and made to leave the Great Hall. Harrison stopped when Padfoot followed them out, and he turned to the dog, “Go, Padfoot. Doesn’t Professor Lupin need you?”

The dog shook his head and continued following the boys. Draco smirked, catching on quickly. “I think Padfoot just became your personal body guard, right Padfoot?” The dog yipped to confirm.
The first class of the day was transfiguration with Hufflepuff, at least it wasn’t Gryffindor. Professor McGonagall didn’t even bat an eye at the presence of the big dog during class. One student made a comment about support Cedric as the ‘true Hogwarts champion’, but other than that the class went pretty smoothly.

Harrison didn’t have much hope for the next class, Potions with the Gryffindors. Harry thought about his schedule. He only had three classes with the Gryffindors, and two of them were with people who could protect him: Potions and Defense. His other class with them was Care of Magical Creatures, and Harrison wasn’t sure if Hagrid would still like him or not now that he was a Slytherin AND a Malfoy.

The twins weren’t able to meet with Harrison and Draco between classes this time, so the two Malfoy brothers walked with Padfoot towards the dungeons. When they reached a crowded part of the hallway, Harrison felt someone grope his behind. He turned to confront whoever it was, but the hallway was too crowded to tell. Maybe it was just an accident? A minute later, he felt someone groping his other cheek this time. He turned again, and there was a crowd of about six 7th year students walking behind him and Draco. They were deep in conversation and didn’t give any signs of guilt, so he ignored it again.

This happened over and over again until Draco finally asked him why he kept turning around. He told his brother that he thought he kept feeling someone grab his behind, and Draco turned around with murder in his eyes. He stared down the 7th year students and threatened them, “The next person who doesn’t keep their hands to themselves will find themselves missing said appendage, and probably another certain appendage. That’s just what Padfoot and I will do. I can guarantee that my father will do much worse.”

The 7th years paled at the threat of Professor Malfoy finding out about them harassing his son. They quickly turned down a different hallway to get away from the Malfoy brothers or the Slytherin Princes as people had been calling them. With the prestige and power of both the boy who lived and the Malfoy name, they were practically royalty.

Harrison adorably blushed again and thanked his brother, “But why were they doing that to me?”

Draco explained a little about how Harrison’s nature would attract strong personalities to him, and he reminded him to always have a chaperone with him. Padfoot barked to show he agreed with Draco, and Harrison rolled his eyes. “Dray, I’m 14. I don’t need a babysitter all of the time. I never had one before.”

Draco didn’t even comment on the use of the hated nickname. He just said seriously, “You weren’t a submissive Veela before.”

They could hear Ron shouting in the hallway, so they knew they were almost to the potions classroom. Harrison tried to just block out his ex-bestfriend. He was yelling obscenities about Harrison, and Padfoot was getting annoyed. Ron smirked at them and was about to come over to them when he saw Padfoot baring his teeth. He decided to back off a little. He wasn’t suicidal. He just wanted to get a rise out of the Slytherin Princes. So far all of his attempts were all for naught.

Harrison had butterflies in his stomach. It had only been a few hours since he had last seen his alpha, but he wanted nothing more than to hug him and breathe in his scent. It mad him feel safe and happy. He was nervous about this class. He knew that Severus wouldn’t be as cold to him now that he was his head of house, but he still had to act like he didn’t like him. Harrison wasn’t sure if he would be able to emotionally handle any rejection from the man. Their relationship was very new and fragile.

As he was imagining the worse, Professor Snape opened the door and beckoned them into the lab.
Harrison and Draco took their usual desk in the front row, and Padfoot sat next to Harrison on the floor. Severus used this as the first opportunity to show animosity towards the boy. He reminded himself that people must think he still hated the boy as he spoke coolly, “Animals are not allowed in the lab, Mr. Malfoy. You will have to dispose of your guard dog.”

Harrison looked back at him timidly, “I’m sorry, sir. I’ve tried to ditch him, but he just follows me around. He won’t leave me alone.”

Snape smirked, “Gained another admirer have we?”

Harrison blushed, and even Draco gave his godfather a warning look. Ron snorted and said loudly, “Good thing someone likes the git. These days he’s more a public terror than anything. Won’t be long before we start reading about the next dark lord Harrison Malfoy.”

Draco couldn’t help it. That comment was too far. He pulled his wand and leveled it at Weasley and fired a stinging hex. The redhead yelled as if he had been shot and then pulled his wand to curse Draco back. Severus disarmed them before it could escalate and spoke, “Mr. Weasley fifty points from Gryffindor for your blatant disrespect of another student and your poor taste in humor. It is never acceptable to joke about someone becoming a Dark Lord. You will serve a week’s detention with Mr. Filch. Mr. Malfoy, please stay behind after class.”

Ron was outraged, how dare the git not even punish Malfoy! “You can’t let Malfoy off! That’s not fair.”

Severus spun and stared at the boy, “Life is not fair, Mr. Weasley. One more outburst from you, and I will guarantee you are at least suspended for a week.”

Ron didn’t know when to quit. He pointed his wand at Snape and threatened him, “You can’t do that, you death eater!”

The entire class flinched back at the pure rage that fell across their potion’s professor’s face as he nonverbally and wandlessly disarmed and tied up Ron Weasley. He stepped up to the floo at the back of his classroom and called the headmaster’s office. Dumbledore came through immediately and saw Ron Weasley tied up and immobilized. He cancelled the charms with a flick of his wrist and led the boy through to his office.

Harrison couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened, and he managed to accidentally blow up his cauldron again. Professor Snape did not disappoint, “Mr. Malfoy! What happened the last time you blew up your cauldron?”

Severus was furious and worried. He seemed fine, just a little shaken up. He wanted to take the careless boy across his knee for a good spanking. He needed to learn to pay attention in his class. He couldn’t physically discipline the boy yet. They hadn’t talked about it. He would leave that to Lucius this time.

Harrison looked at him with wide eyes. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to answer or not. Severus didn’t say anything. He just stared at Harrison expectantly. Harrison spoke very quietly so that only Severus could hear him, “You gave me a time out, sir.”

Severus had to look away to keep from smiling at the adorable blush on his mate’s face. He hated embarrassing the boy like this, but he really had to learn to be more careful with potions. “I’m sorry. Could you repeat that a little louder. I couldn’t hear you.”
Harrison looked down and said loud enough for the class to hear, “You gave me a time out, sir.”

There was a lot of snickering from the Gryffindor’s. Severus turned back around to look at the boy, the definition of contrite. “Yes, I did. It appears that you didn’t learn, so this time you can spend the rest of the class in the corner, and then write a letter to your father describing how you managed to blow up another cauldron. Do you understand?”

Harrison looked terrified. His dad had given him two swats on his behind this morning that stung for about an hour. He couldn’t imagine what he would do if he got a real spanking. Doing well in school was one of the only expectations that his parents had for him. He was ashamed of himself. Why couldn’t he be as good as Draco? Professor Snape asked him a question, breaking him out of his inner ramblings.

Severus sighed at the boy. He still wasn’t paying attention. “I asked if you understood, Mr. Malfoy.”

“Oh. Yes, sir.” Then he went and placed his nose in the same corner as last time.

Severus could feel the anxiety rolling off of him for the remainder of the class, and he felt animosity coming from his Godson as well. This was not boding well for the rest of his day. Finally class was over, and he dismissed everyone but his Slytherin Princes. Yes, he heard what people were calling the boys, and he liked it.

After all of the students were gone, he locked and warded the door and then turned towards his wayward Princes. Draco didn’t give him a chance to say anything. He immediately yelled at him, “Uncle Sev! How could you do that to Harrison again!? You completely humiliated him in front of everyone. You’re his mate now. You’re supposed to take care of him, not-hmmp”

Severus had cast a silencing spell on his godson and leveled him with a glare. He got a grip on his anger and then spoke, “Do not tell me how to discipline my mate, Draco Lucius! You may be my godson, but I am still your superior. You will remember your place. I know that corner time is embarrassing, but I need Harrison to realize how important it is to pay attention. One of these days, he may not be as lucky with an exploded cauldron incident. How would you feel without a brother? How do you think I would feel without my mate?!”

Draco dropped his gaze and made to apologize but the silencing spell was still present. He just nodded his head at his godfather instead.

Severus continued his lecture to Draco, “I had planned on just giving you a warning for that stunt with Weasley, but I think I have changed my mind because of your attitude. I think you might need a little reminder about proper behavior.”

Draco paled and pleaded with his eyes. Severus cancelled the silencing spell. He wasn’t a bastard. He wouldn’t prevent his godson from pleading his case before a Spanking.

“Please, Uncle Sev. I don’t need a reminder. I’ll be good. I swear. Please don’t punish me.” Draco begged.

Harrison heard his brother pleading from his position with his nose in the corner. He was terrified now. He was thinking about how he used to beg Uncle Vernon. He wanted to turn around and check on his brother, but he was scared of further punishment. On one hand, his Veela told him to trust his alpha, but on the other hand, he came from an abusive family.

After listening to his brother plead a little longer, Harrison decided to take whatever the punishment would be for helping Draco right now. He left the corner and ran to stand in front of Draco and said,
“Professor Snape, please don’t punish Draco.”

Severus frowned at Harrison. He didn’t expect him to try and weasel his way out of a punishment. He thought his mate was braver than that. He had been sorted into Gryffindor at one point. He needed to make an example, “Harrison, you didn’t get permission to leave the corner. Please go back to the corner until I am done dealing with your brother.”

Harrison didn’t budge. He stood in front of Draco still. Draco tried to get him to listen to Severus, “Harrison, it’s ok. Do as your told. Go back to the corner. I’m alright. Just listen to Uncle Sev before you get into more trouble.”

Draco’s voice waivered a little. It wasn’t very confident. That just made Harrison want to stand his ground more. He was used to harsh punishments. This was the least he could do for his big brother after everything Draco did for him.

He looked up at Professor Snape defiantly, and he instantly regretted it. The eyes flashing back at him were the eyes of an angry alpha. It took everything in Harrison not to bare his neck and submit like his Veela wanted him to.

Severus turned angrily from the boys and penned a note to Lucius. This was taking far longer than he planned, and he didn’t want his friend to worry about why his son’s weren’t in the great hall for lunch. He asked him to come to his classroom as soon as possible. As much as his Veela wanted to punish Harrison, he had to let Lucius do it today. After today, the boy would understand that Severus wouldn’t hesitate to punish him in the future, but it wasn’t fair to throw that on him today. He called a house elf to deliver the note. Then he turned and stalked back towards the boys.

He could see the inner battle going inside Harrison’s mind between submitting to his alpha and siding with his brother. Harrison suddenly threw himself on the ground in front of Draco and pleaded, “Alpha! Please! Punish me, not Draco. Punish me instead. I can take it.”

That stopped Severus in his tracks. His demeanor changed in the blink of an eye. He was no longer angry about his mate trying to get out of punishment. He was speechless that the boy was trying to take Draco’s punishment for him. His mate was whimpering on the floor, and Draco was trying to comfort him. It seems, he couldn’t completely ignore his Veela instincts after all.

Severus came to his mate’s side and scooped him up. The boy whimpered incessantly. Severus held him tight to his chest and summoned a rocking chair. Wanting a little privacy, he directed Draco to the corner Harrison was in earlier. Draco looked like he wanted to protest on the infantile punishment, but one raised eyebrow from his godfather had him scurrying to obey.

Severus sat down in the rocking chair and held his mate. After a few minutes of rocking and whispering promises of love, affection, and protection, the boy had calmed down significantly. He was now mewling rather than whimpering. He bared his neck to his alpha. He purred when his alpha bit down, not hard enough to break skin, but enough to show that he was forgiven and still wanted. They continued rocking for a while before Severus spoke up, “Little one, do you want to tell me what all that was about?”

He used that nickname just to see his little mate blush, and it worked. He couldn’t get enough of Harrison’s rosy cheeks when he blushed. Harrison looked up shyly and shook his head. Severus laughed, “Alright. Let me rephrase that. Tell me what that was about.”

Harrison looked down, and Severus tilted the boy’s chin up so that they were making eye contact. Then he raised his eyebrows to signal that he was waiting for an answer.
Harrison explained, “When I heard Dray begging to not be punished, I just thought about all of the times I begged to not be punished. Then I thought about how terrible my beatings usually were, and I figured yours wouldn’t be as bad. I thought that I could take Dray’s place to help pay him back for all of the nice things he has done for me.”

Severus tightened his hold on the boy and spoke sweetly, “You innocent, selfless, loving, little boy. How could I have ever thought you to be arrogant? You never cease to amaze me, little one. I would never hurt you or Draco like your uncle did. Draco is a bit dramatic. He was just going to get a spanking. I would also never spank you in his place. He earned the punishment, and he will receive it. Understand?”

Harrison looked at him with hopeful eyes and responded, “Yes, sir.”

Severus was a little more serious now, “And Harrison? If you ever come out of the corner without permission or interfere in your brother’s punishment again, you will earn yourself a spanking by my hand. This is your only warning: I will not hesitate to spank you in the future should I decide that your behavior has earned a spanking. The only reason I’m not spanking you today for your carelessness in my class if because we have never discussed punishments. I will leave today’s punishment up to your Daddy, understand? And if you ever blow up a cauldron due to foolishness again, I will not hesitate to spank you in front of the class. I will do anything to keep you safe, and if a little embarrassment is the key to that, then that is what will happen.”

Harrison’s eyes widened, but he knew that Professor Snape never made idle threats. He nodded his head in understanding. He thought that this was an occasion to show extreme respect, so he quietly said, “Yes, alpha.”

Severus preened at his perfect mate. The boy was everything he could have wanted in a mate: sweet, innocent, brave, intelligent, selfless, and respectful. If only he wasn’t so young.

He stood up and gave Harrison one last hug before leading him to sit at his own desk with a sheet of parchment and a quill. He told him to start on the letter to Lucius explaining his actions in class, and then he cast a silencing bubble around him. He called Draco from the corner and transfigured the rocking chair into a straight back chair without arms.

He sat down in the chair and pulled Draco to stand between his knees. Draco was almost getting to tall for this kind of lecture. Severus had to look up to make eye contact. He lectured, “Dragon, I am disappointed in your behavior today. I understand that Weasley made you mad, but you must be more cunning. You cannot deliberately break the rules right in front of so many witnesses, especially a staff member. I had to chastise you. Then you decide to lecture me on how to discipline. I don’t know who you thought you were talking to, young man, but you will never speak to me like that again. Now remove your school robes, and take down your trousers.”

Draco looked down, ashamed, but obeyed his Godfather. He wanted to get this punishment over with. As soon as he had pulled his trousers down to his knees, he allowed his Godfather to guide him over his lap. His Uncle Sev always gave a little warm-up over the boxers before finishing up with many stinging swats on the bare.

Severus didn’t hesitate to pepper the backside across his lap as soon as he laid his Godson across it. After about twenty mild to moderate swats, Draco began squirming a little. Severus decided to proceed with the punishment. He reached his right hand into the waistband of Draco’s boxers and pulled them down to meet his trousers at his knees. The bottom was rosy pink. Severus started spanking again. After a minute or two of firm spanks, the boy was started to make little grunting noises.
Severus decided it was time to bring the lesson home. He accioed a ruler, and felt Draco flinch. He had never used a ruler on his Godson before, but the boy was getting older and bigger. He decided that he needed to up the stakes. This time as he spanked, he lectured, “Draco, why are you getting this spanking?”

He always asked that question to make sure the spankee knew why they were being punished. Draco answered through his tears, “for cursing the Weasel in front of everyone and for disrespecting you.”

“Good lad. Now here comes the end.” He tipped Draco forward and gave special attention to the curved area between his buttocks and thighs with rapid-fire blows until the boy had completely surrendered, sobbing over his lap. Once he felt his godson let go, he stopped. He dropped the ruler onto the floor and rubbed the young man’s back until he got his breathing under control.

When Draco was a little calmer he stood him up and allowed him to right his boxers and trousers before pulling him into his lap. Draco was definitely getting too big for this. He barely fit. He thought to how he was just holding his mate like this, and how much smaller Harrison was than Draco. It was crazy to remember that they were the same age. He secretly thanked Merlin that his mate was so little. He would always be able to spoil him and hold him like this.

He heard a chuckle and looked up to see Lucius and Sirius staring at him and Draco. He had forgotten that Sirius was in the room as Padfoot, and he didn’t know how long Lucius had been there. The two men strode towards them, and Draco quickly scrambled off of his lap. He held his head down as his father approached, but Lucius tutted and lifted his son’s chin, “Now, now, Dragon. You were thoroughly punished for your behavior. You have nothing to be ashamed of anymore. You know that you are forgiven, child.”

Then he did something truly unlike himself, at least unlike himself before Harrison. He drew Draco into a firm hug and kissed the top of his head. When he released Draco, Sirius pulled him into a hug as well, teasing, “Man, kiddo, that was some walloping. I thought Mr. Potter gave it to us good, but he had nothing on Severus.”

The comment made Draco and Severus both blush, and Sirius was pleased with himself if his smirk said anything. The entire time that Severus was fussing at the boys and then spanking Draco, Sirius was standing along the back wall of the room. He and Remus had promised to each other that they wouldn’t interfere with Severus’s punishments unless they were out of line. Sirius had to admit that he was very fair with his Princes. He was downright gentle with Harrison. Sirius had seen plenty of alphas that were abusive and expected complete obedience from their submissives. He thought that Harrison was pretty lucky. He could have done much worse.

He smirked as he looked at the small boy sitting at Severus’s desk. Severus truly cared for his Godson. He put Harrison at his own desk so that the boy would be comforted by his scent while he wrote the letter to his dad. The boy hadn’t looked up from his letter writing to see that his dad had arrived. He wondered if Lucius would punish the boy further or simply threaten for the next time.

Severus canceled his silencing bubble around Harrison and called him down to them. The boy looked up and caught sight of Lucius. He hesitantly picked up his letter and made his way down to his dad. He stood right in front of him, and then handed him the letter. Lucius raised an eyebrow, and asked, “What is this?”

Harrison looked down and mumbled an answer. Lucius raised his chin and chastised, “Little boy, when you are asked a direct question you do not look down, and you do not mumble. It is unbecoming of a gentleman and especially a Malfoy. You keep your head up and then speak clearly. Understand?”
Harrison took a deep breath and raised his head to make eye contact with his dad. He was just so used to Uncle Vernon’s rules. It would take a while to remember these new rules. He spoke clearly, “Yes, Daddy.”

Alright, so maybe he was trying to butter up his dad right now. He knew his dad loved being called that, so he was using everything to his advantage.

He remembered that his dad was waiting for an answer to his question, so he quickly added, “I got in trouble in Professor Snape’s class today, and I exploded another cauldron. Part of my punishment was to write a letter to you explaining my actions.”

Lucius frowned, “I see. I trust that you are ok as you are not in the infirmary right now. What was the rest of your punishment?”

Harrison blushed at the memory. “I had to spend the rest of the class period in the corner.”

Lucius raised his eyebrow and glanced at his friend. It wasn’t like him to assign such childish punishments, but he figured that the man had the right to punish his student and mate however he wished, within reason. Then he read the letter quickly.

After he read the letter, the incendio’ed it. He grabbed Harrison, and turned him sideways to deliver four solid smacks to his backside. Harrison had tears running down his face, and he gave little whimpers after the last two.

He reached back to rub the sting away, but his dad gave him another, lighter swat and told him that the sting was part of the punishment. He wasn’t allowed to rub it away. Harrison whimpered at that.

Harrison was a little embarrassed of his response. He had suffered actual beatings and abuse from his uncle without making a sound, but a few firm licks and disappointment from his dad had him in tears and nearly crying like a baby.

He gave his dad his best sad puppy eyes, and he waited for further instruction.

“The final part of your punishment will be to brew the potion with Severus tonight.” He said. Then he picked up his son and held him close. Harrison quickly wrapped himself around his dad and buried his face in his neck.

Lucius held him tight, and said, “You must be more careful. Potions can be dangerous. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

The worry and sincerity in his voice is what broke Harrison. He cried freely into his dad’s neck, and he sobbed, “I’m sorry. I will be better. I love you, Daddy.”
After their punishments were over, Lucius had food delivered to Severus’s office for their little rag tag family. Draco tried to insist on eating standing, but Severus reminded him that part of the punishment was feeling it for the rest of the day while they were sitting. Then he abruptly pulled his little mate into his lap. Harrison let out a little squeal at the sudden movement and Severus reveled in that sound of happiness. He needed to be sure that his mate was fine after his first official punishment from his father. Severus knew it wasn’t much, but he was still worried about his mate’s mental and physical well-being.

During lunch, the adults teased the boys to no end about being called Princes. Harrison purred and snuggled deeper into his alpha when he said that the term aptly described his little mate. He was eating up all of this attention. He was sad when lunch was over, and he had to leave Severus.

Severus gently placed a kiss on his forehead and handed him off to his father. Lucius squeezed his young, sad son tightly, and then carried him through the floo to the defense classroom. He too placed a kiss to his son’s forehead and then set him on the ground. It wouldn’t do well for his son to be seen acting so childishly in front of his classmates. At least not until the school knew about Harrison’s Veela dynamic. Then they would understand completely. It wasn’t childish. It was a submissive Veela thing. It’s partly why they were so tiny.

Harrison sat in his seat next to Draco and prepared for his double Defense class. This was the only class left for today. Then he could go and talk to Dumbledore. He missed the old man.

As soon as class started, Harrison was entertained. His father taught them how to duel properly, and they partnered up. At the end of class, they had a little dueling tournament. Harrison, Draco, and surprisingly Neville were the last three standing for the tournament. Neville had thrived this year in Defense under the tutelage of Professor Malfoy.

Harrison was climbing onto the stage to duel Neville when one of the Gryffindor’s a blasting curse at him. Taken off guard, Harrison couldn’t erect a shield fast enough. He was thrown across the room and into the stonewall. He was knocked unconscious on impact. Lucius quickly disarmed everyone in the room and ran to his son. “Harrison!”

He picked the boy up, and the class gasped in shock. Harrison’s glamour had come off when he was knocked unconscious. Lucius cursed silently to himself. He cast a scanning spell over his son to check for any damage. Finding none, he reanimated the small boy. He jumped into his arms and whimpered, “Daddy!”

Some people (Gryffindor’s) in the class laughed, but Lucius ignored them. He was worried about his son. Not even a minute later, Severus came storming into the classroom. He had felt Harrison’s pain and emotions. The Gryffindor’s immediately quieted at the sight of the irate potions master. He took one look at his whimpering mate in his full Veela form clinging to his father and hiding his face, then he demanded to know what happened from the students.

The Granger girl surprised him by being the first to speak, “Sir, Ron cast a blasting curse at Harrison while he wasn’t looking. Harrison was getting ready to duel Neville, and Ron caught him off guard. He flew across the room and hit the wall. He was unconscious, then he looked like that. He’s a veela, right sir? But why is he already showing traits? Why is he so small? Male Veela are usually large. He isn’t 17.”

Curse the intelligent girl. He fought back a deadly growl. The students already knew that Harrison
was a Veela. They couldn’t find out he was Veela too. Unlike submissives, alphas could make their ears look normal. He focused back on the girl, “Yes, Miss Granger. Young Mr. Malfoy is in fact a Veela. He is small because he is a submissive.” He then proceeded to answer all of her questions and explain about the tournament making him get his inheritance. He was just trying to attract attention away from Lucius and Harrison until Dumbledore arrived. He would make sure that blasted Weasley was expelled this time.

Dumbledore arrived and was confused as to what was going on and why Severus was here rather than his potions class. Was Harrison a Veela? How?

Severus dismissed the class and assigned a two foot paper on Veela and the differences between alpha’s and submissive’s. He wanted the students to understand more about his mate. Maybe if they understood Harrison’s nature, they wouldn’t tease him so badly.

Severus, Lucius, Draco, Harrison, Miss Granger, Mr. Weasley, and Dumbledore made their way up to the headmaster’s office. Madam Pomfrey arrived to make sure Harrison was ok. She resisted the temptation to coo at the sight of the beautiful child cuddling with his father.

Dumbledore took down statements from everybody present and then replayed Miss Granger’s memory in the pensieve. He flooed the Burrow, but neither of the parents were home. The oldest son, Bill, was home. Bill came as proxy for the youngest boy. He was explained the situation, and Bill agreed that aurors should be called and his brother questioned under veritaserum.

Ron looked betrayed by his oldest brother, but he didn’t dare argue when Bill threatened him to behave.

Lucius was surprised. It seemed that more than just the twins were good. He had no idea that Weasley’s could be anything but annoying.

Aurors arrived and Ron was interviewed. He admitted to teasing and targeting Harrison. He admitted his guilt for Defense class, and he said that he planned to continue harassing Harrison forever. He even sometimes thought about killing him.

Severus couldn’t help himself. He growled loudly at the boy and made to lunge at him. Dumbledore and Lucius were quick to intervene. Lucius made Severus sit back down. The aurors took Ron away quickly, and Dumbledore dismissed Miss Granger.

Lucius knew that the only thing that would calm down his friend at this point would be to reassure himself that his mate was ok, so he gently handed his son over to him. Severus latched onto the boy and held him close. He was so close to losing it, that his Veela features flashed back and forth.

While a submissive Veela’s features were meant to draw someone in, an alpha’s full features were extremely threatening and mean to ward people away. This was why an alpha could retract their features.

Bill Weasley and Dumbledore shared shocked expressions. This child was a full Veela at 14, and he was a submissive. And he was already claimed as the submissive to the dour potion’s master. Lucius spent the next few minutes explaining his theories again.

Both of the older wizards believed the theories. Bill apologized to the Malfoy’s and to Professor Snape regarding his youngest brother’s behavior, and he asked if there was anything he could do to make up for what his idiot brother did.

Lucius knew that Severus would want to talk to the eldest Weasley child when he was more himself,
so he asked the Bill to join them for dinner in their quarters. Bill agreed, and said that he wanted to find his siblings in the mean time. Lucius told him that he should bring the twins to dinner, and this time it was Bill’s turn to be shocked.

Bill left the Malfoy’s, Severus, and the headmaster in the office as he went to find his younger siblings. He thought about what he had just witnessed, and he considered the invitation for him and the twins to dinner with the Malfoy family. Were the twins more involved than he thought?

Back in the office, Severus was holding Harrison tightly in his lap. He had the small boy pressed firmly against his chest, and he was scenting his mate. Harrison enjoyed the attention and allowed himself to giggle a little when his mate’s hair tickled him. Severus loved hearing that sound and started trying earnestly to elicit giggles from the boy. Soon, he had Harrison laughing loudly and begging him for mercy. Severus nearly forgot that they weren’t alone.

Dumbledore interrupted, “My boys, I’m not sure how appropriate it is for you to behave in such a way. You wouldn’t want people to misinterpret your relationship.”

Lucius scoffed. Severus was angered, “What are you implying, Albus? I would never take advantage of Harrison. If people assume he is my mate, then they are right. We are soulmates. Anyone who knows anything about soulmates, knows that the bond doesn’t have to be sexual.”

This seemed to knock Albus off of his high horse. Harrison stilled and looked down. Was this something else that people were going to stare at him or tease him for? He looked at the headmaster with hopeful eyes. Professor Dumbledore didn’t look angry at him like he had been lately. Maybe they could spend some time together today. Harrison was planning on talking to him today anyway. Now he was already in the man’s office.

Harrison took a steadying breath and then asked with a touch of hope, “Professor Dumbledore? Are you still mad at me? I don’t know what I did to make you so angry.”

Lucius and Severus were still furious with the headmaster for reacting the way they had when Harrison’s name came from the Goblet of Fire. They could see how important the headmaster was to their boy, and they didn’t like seeing the man reject him.

Albus just stared at Harrison for a long time. Finally, he replied, “No, Harry, I’m not mad at you. It seems, now, that my anger was misplaced. I don’t know why I thought the worst of you without giving you chance to explain yourself. I’d like to make it up to you, but I can’t today.”

Harrison’s delighted expression vanished as soon as the old man implied that he couldn’t spend any time with him, but he tried not to show it, “Oh, ok. I understand, sir.”

Severus hugged his little mate, and then he dismissed Harrison and Draco. The adults needed to have a conversation about what had happened in the boy’s Defense class today. The entire school would know about Harrison’s dynamic by dinner.

Harrison stiffened in his arms at being dismissed, and he turned sad, pleading eyes to Severus, begging him to let him stay. Severus almost relented. Those green puppy eyes were going to be the death of him. Draco managed to save the day and convince his little brother to leave with him with the promise of flying. Severus was relieved to see the small spark of joy at the mention of riding his broom, and then he watched the boys leave. Lucius summoned a house elf to ask the twins to join his son’s at the pitch. There was safety in numbers after all.
Lucius started the conversation, “Harrison’s glamour fell when he was knocked unconscious, and everyone saw it. Thanks to that too clever girl, everyone knows about Harrison whether they realized his change or not. We had hoped to conceal his dynamic for much longer, but that option is gone now. Severus can no longer be your spy. He is in too much danger, and he is too important to Harrison. His danger also puts Harrison in danger. He-

“I agree,” Albus interrupted his ramblings. He was prepared to list many different reasons to make the stubborn headmaster see reason. He and Severus both sat still and silent, flummoxed. They hadn’t expected the old man to agree so easily.

Albus could see that neither man was going to speak, so he explained, “I was uncomfortable with the idea of either of you continuing spying anyway. It’s such a dangerous job, and I fear that I have grown to care for you too much. I consider you two like sons, and I would be devastated if anything happened to either of you. Under the new circumstances, I must not only agree that Severus stop spying, but I must demand it. The Dark Lord is not active right now. We can find another spy to step up when the time comes. For now, focus on your new bond. I know how long you’ve been searching.”

Severus and Lucius still just sat there trying to absorb everything the man had just said to them. He considered them sons. They knew that he doted on Draco like a Grandfather, but the man had never implied anything between themselves.

The men sat and talked for another hour about ideal candidates to replace them as spies and Harrison’s current situation. They discussed who could have planted his name in the cup, and they discussed how they would help the child. They also talked about setting up ways to protect the naïve, innocent boy from those who would wish him harm. It was nearly dinnertime when a patronus alerted them to make their way to the quidditch pitch. They all held their breath expecting the worst.

As Draco and Harrison left the headmaster’s office, Draco had dared his brother that he could fly faster. The two boys were playfully arguing with each other on the way to get their brooms when some older students bumped into them. Draco gently pushed Harrison behind him.

The older students laughed at the protective stance of the 4th year. They thought it ridiculous that a mere fourth year, regardless of his height or dark family name, thought he could take them on.

“It seems like the rumors are true, Johnson. The newest little Malfoy is a Veela.” One of them, a Ravenclaw, said.

Another one, another Ravenclaw, smiled evilly, “Yea. He’s bloody beautiful too. Imagine having someone like him with you.”

The first one continued, “The beauty and allure of a Veela combined with the money and prestige of the Malfoy name. A fantastic combination. Think of how far you could get in life with those things.”

The third one, a Hufflepuff, spoke now, “Too bad the brat comes with a lot of drama. He brings too much press wherever he goes. That’s not something I’m interested in. I don’t want anything permanent, but I wouldn’t mind a little taste to help get revenge from stealing Cedric’s thunder.”

Draco leveled the most frightening glare he could muster. The fourth boy, a Gryffindor, waivered a little and said, “Come on, guys. It’s not worth it. Malfoy looks as though he’s trying to actually become a Dragon. The Veela is mesmerizing, but I’m not about to take on the wrath of the Malfoy family. Have you forgotten how powerful and scary Professor Malfoy can be? Besides, I’m not into
pedophilia. The Veela may have gotten his inheritance, but he’s still practically a baby.”

The first one sneered back, “Come on, where’s your Gryffindor courage? He’s a submissive Veela. Imagine the possibilities.”

The Gryffindor coldly responded, “Everyone remembers being a Gryffindor is about bravery, but they always forget it’s also about honor. There’s no honor in rape or pedophilia. Besides, I spent three years with the boy as a housemate, and he never did anything to deserve this. Leave him be.”

The Hufflepuff waivered too, “Maybe he’s right. I don’t want to do anything drastic. We got what we came for. The rumors are true. Let’s just go now.”

Draco watched as the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tried to convince the Ravenclaw students to leave the Malfoy brother’s alone, but it didn’t seem to be working. Finally, the two opposing students just stalked off leaving them alone with the two Ravenclaw students.

Draco pulled his wand and aimed it at the two older students. He wasn’t going down without a fight. He shoved his little brother completely behind him and ordered him not to move. Harrison looked like he wanted to argue, but Draco looked furious. Harrison decided to obey his big brother right now. Harrison thought he saw a touch of Draco’s alpha Veela coming out, but that couldn’t be because Draco was underage.

Harrison whined his protest and pulled his wand, but he stayed secure behind his brother. He watched as Draco dueled the two older students. They dueled for 5 minutes, and Draco was holding his own, giving as good as he was getting.

He shielded curses and cast his own. They were all panting. Draco had just stupefied one of he Ravenclaws when someone else came around the corner. Draco was distracted by the presence of the beautiful Veela, Fleur, and he was hit with a blasting curse. The last thing he saw was his little brother’s worried green eyes before he was engulfed in black.

Fleur saw what happened and immediately noticed the young Veela. She quickly disarmed the older student while he was distracted, and then stupefied him. She checked on Draco, and then she made sure Harrison was alright.

“Harrison Malfoy, yes?” She asked. When Harrison nodded his head in the affirmative, she added, “What happened? Why were you alone with these boys? Where is your alpha?”

Harrison didn’t know what to say. How did Fleur know about him and Professor Snape?

Fleur saw the confusion on his face and continued, “I am half-Veela. I know what you are. I’ve never met a submissive male before, but it is clear to see that is what you are. I noticed it as soon as I saw you after the selection of names. You were being held and comforted by your father, another alpha, while your alpha watched on. I can tell that you’ve just gotten your inheritance. It’s unusual for young submissive Veela to be away from their Alpha’s at first. You don’t know how to control your allure yet, so subconsciously draw other potential mates to yourself.”

She frowned, “Didn’t your parents teach you all of this?”

Harrison blushed a little and explained his recent background. Fleur seemed to believe the story about why he was a Veela before 17. She even understood why he and his alpha were trying to keep their relationship secret, but she didn’t like it. “That’s stupid. You should just make your claim known. Less people would bother you if they knew that the scary potion’s master was your alpha. I’ve heard many terrifying things about him. People would not want to cross him.”
Harrison blushed even deeper and just shrugged, “People know how scary Daddy is, and that doesn’t seem to stop them.”

Fleur smiled at the young Veela, and she made a promise to herself to help take care of his beautiful soul. She asked him what he wanted to do about the older students that attacked him, and he said that he just wanted to get away from them. He didn’t want any more attention.

She tied them up with an incarcerous, and then turned to face the other blonde boy. She was puzzled by him. Her instincts screamed that he was an alpha Veela, but he wasn’t mature yet. She asked, “Who is this? How old is he?”

Harrison answered her questions, and she hummed quietly to herself before telling Harrison, “His Veela confuses me. He will no doubt be an alpha by his looks, but he shouldn’t be this mature yet. He seems as though he could get his alpha inheritance any day.”

She renervated the boy and decided to keep a close eye on him as well. She needed to write to her father to find out if he knew anything about younger Veela receiving inheritance early. She ran a diagnostics charm over Draco, and seeing that he would be fine she introduced herself and filled him in on what happened.

Draco explained that they were about to go flying and invited her to join, and she responded, “I don’t think you should fly in your condition. I will go along just to make sure you are not injured.”

The three of them made their way out to the quidditch pitch where they met up with the twins and Bill and played a mini game of quidditch. They had been flying for a few hours before Draco suddenly started falling from the sky. Bill, thinking quick, cast ‘arresto momentum’ and dove after the boy. He was screaming and thrashing. If Bill hadn’t known how old he was, he would have thought the boy was going through a creature inheritance. Not wanting to risk moving the boy, he cast a patronus to Lord Malfoy asking him to come to the quidditch pitch as quick as possible.

The other teenagers all landed and hovered around while Bill held tightly to the Malfoy Heir. Fleur watched in shock. She knew what was happening, but she didn’t know why. She held tightly to Harrison trying to comfort the terrified submissive as they watched Draco’s body convulse.

After what felt like hours, the headmaster, Severus and Lucius finally arrived to the pitch. They were expecting something with Harrison, not Draco. They watched astonished, as Draco stopped convulsing and lay still and quiet. Lucius couldn’t believe what he just saw. Both of his underage sons were now full Veela. He couldn’t explain it.
Chapter 8

Draco only knew one thing right now. Pain. Every part of his body ached. He felt as if he was run over by a herd of hippogriffs. What had happened? Why was everyone yelling? He slowly opened his eyes and immediately regretted it. It was too bright. He groaned, and then he heard his father yelling at him. He didn’t have to yell. He was standing right over him.

“Could you stop yelling, and turn down the lights. Are you trying to give me headache?” Draco asked.

He heard some chuckle. His godfather responded, “No one is yelling, Draco. You’ve just gotten your creature inheritance. Your senses are on overdrive now. You will get used to it. The sooner you open your eyes, the sooner you will adapt.”

Draco groaned again, and slowly opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was his little brother. He got up as fast as possible and ran over to Harrison to check him over. Harrison had a tear-streaked face, but he didn’t appear hurt. He was being held by Severus, but he let go of his alpha to go an hug his brother.

Draco hugged him, and then realized the major height difference. He had grown. Draco was now almost two foot taller than Harrison. He had gained some muscle mass as well. He had strong, lean muscles. He picked up Harrison like he had seen his father and godfather do many times, and he found that it didn’t even strain his newfound strength. He was strong, and his brother was tiny. Draco purred at the feeling of holding his brother. It felt right to be able to protect him like this.

Harrison held on tightly and spoke to him, “Dray, I was so scared. You just fell from the sky. Mr. Weasley managed to catch you, but then you started screaming and thrashing. I thought I was going to lose you.”

The twins cracked up laughing at hearing Harrison call Bill ‘Mr. Weasley’.

Draco held tighter to his little brother and promised, “You can’t get rid of me that easily, green eyes. I’m here til the end.”

Lucius came up and embraced both of his sons. Draco was only about two inches shorter than his father now, and he nearly had as much muscle as him. Lucius told his sons, “I’m glad you’re both ok. Now we need to go face your mother. She doesn’t know about this, so she’s going to be shocked.”

Harrison squirmed to be set down to walk back to their quarters, but Draco held him tight. Harrison gave a little whine, but Draco just hushed him and started walking. Lucius and Severus smirking knowingly. They remembered how strong the instinct to protect was when they first got their inheritance. Poor Harrison was never going to be out of his big brother’s sight any time soon.

Lucius called to the Weasley’s, “Just give us ten minutes to explain to Narcissa, then you can join us for dinner and conversation.”

Bill agreed. He wanted a little time to freshen up anyway.

On the way back to their quarters, the Malfoy’s received a lot of strange looks and stares. Harrison was embarrassed, but Draco didn’t even act like he noticed that everyone was gawking. Harrison
thought they were all staring at Draco holding him like a toddler, and his cheeks flushed. He whined just loud enough for his father to hear, “Daddy make Dray put me down. I can walk. People are staring.”

Lucius smiled sweetly at Harrison and said, “Sorry, little one, Draco just got his inheritance. His instincts are strong to protect like yours are strong to be comforted. You’re going to have to choose your battles. This isn’t one you will win. I suggest you enjoy the ride.”

Severus quietly laughed at his mate’s betrayed expression until Harrison turned those green puppy eyes onto him and pleaded silently. He audibly gulped. His Veela was begging to please it’s mate and take him from Draco, but Severus wasn’t ready for the school to know about their relationship. He couldn’t hold his mate like that in the castle in front of the students. He quickly stopped laughing and gave his mate a sad expression while saying, “I’m sorry, love, but I can’t hold you right now. You will be ok with your brother for a few more minutes.”

Harrison turned away from the adults and crossed his arms over his chest in an obvious pout. He looked adorable, and it only added to the illusion that Harrison was trying to avoid. No one dared tell him that though.

After what seemed like an eternity, they finally made it to their quarters. Draco reluctantly put his precious cargo down, and Harrison ran from them calling out, “Momma! We’re back. Did you miss us?”

Narcissa was sitting in the chaise lounge in the corner of the living room waiting for Harrison, and she set her book down as soon as she heard her baby. “Yes, sweetheart. I did miss you. How was y-“ She didn’t get to finish that question or even begin to snuggle with Harrison like their usual after school routine because she caught sight of her oldest.

She leapt up from her seat and ran to him. “Draco?” She gently touched his face and just stared at him. Then she turned towards the men and demanded to know what had happened.

Harrison answered for them, “We don’t know, Momma. Dray was just flying on his broom and then he was suddenly unconscious and falling fast. He was screaming and thrashing and-“

Lucius quickly interrupted his hyper son because he saw his wife turn ghostly white at the mention of her son falling out of the sky. He spoke clearly, “He is fine. Bill Weasley stopped his freefall and landed him gently. He got his creature inheritance. He is a full alpha Veela now. I can’t explain why or how. I just know that he is full Veela now.”

Narcissa pulled her now very tall son towards her and hugged him tight. He told her, “I’m alright, Mother. You don’t have to panic. You may need to take me shopping though, my clothes are incredibly too tight.”

Narcissa gave a pained little laugh at her son’s try at brevity. Then she pulled away and stated, “You can wear your father’s clothes for now. We can go into Diagon Alley after dinner. I will owl Madam Malkin right away and have her waiting for us. Now go with your father and find some clothes that fit.”

Draco gave her a brilliant smile and said, “Yes, mother.”

As they walked out of the room they could hear her gently scold Harrison for startling her like that before she added, “Now join me on the chaise lounge. I haven’t had any of my designated cuddling with my baby yet today. It’s long overdue. We can sit together while Daddy sorts out your brother.”
Harrison beamed at her and raced her to sit on the lounge. Narcissa summoned the book they had been reading, and he nestled down into as she found their spot. Severus sat on the couch and observed quietly. He briefly wondered if he and Harrison would be spending time together like this as well. Narcissa started to read aloud, and Severus allowed himself to fall into the story.

Soon, the house elf, Tinka, escorted the Weasley’s into the room. Harrison jumped up to greet them and he excitedly introduced his mother to ‘Mr. Weasley’.

Bill greeted her and insisted, “Please, just call me Bill. Mr. Weasley is my father. It’s a pleasure to meet you Lady Malfoy.”

Narcissa exchanged niceties and insisted that he call her Narcissa. They all sat down and waited for Lucius and Draco to come back. The twins and Bill sat on one couch. Severus sat in a chair with Harrison in his lap bouncing slightly, and Narcissa sat in a love seat. A minute later, Lucius joined his wife on the love seat and Draco sat in the only remaining chair. Tinka reappeared with hors d’oeuvres, and she announced that dinner would be ready soon.

Harrison munched happily on his food and let the conversation wash over him. He enjoyed when his friends came over. His entire family was present, and he hoped that Bill would become a semi-permanent member like the twins. He got good vibes from the man.

Bill asked the twins what they had been up to, and they excitedly regaled him with all of their new experiments and creations. “We’ve been working with Professor Snape privately to help perfect our potions and products.”

Bill was surprised to hear that. He was even more surprised to hear Professor Snape add, “I was wanting to run something by you and the twins, Bill. Strange as it is to admit it, I’ve enjoyed spending time with Fred and George. I was thinking about offering them an apprenticeship with me starting this summer, officially.”

The twins whooped and agreed enthusiastically, but Severus had to rein them in, “Hold on, boys. You need permission from a parent or guardian, as you are underage. Are you sure your parents would agree to this right now?”

They were immediately crestfallen. “Bollocks!” “Bloody hell!”

Harrison giggled while all of the adults admonished them in some way. “Language!” “Watch your tone!” “There is a lady and children present.” “Boys!”

They sheepishly apologized, “We’re sorry. It’s just that with all of the animosity right now, there is no way they will agree with this. They aren’t pleased that Gred and I support Harrison and the Malfoy’s.”

“Forge is right. Mummy dearest will never agree to it.” Fred added.

Bill tried to see reason. “The twins turn 17 in April. That’s before the summer holidays start. Can’t they decide for themselves at that point as they will be of age?”

Lucius, ever the politician, agreed with Bill and stated whichever law supported that theory. The twins were cheering again, and Harrison cheered with them. He looked at his alpha and asked with hope, “Does that mean I will get to see the twins a lot this summer? Won’t I be with you a lot too?”

Severus hugged him and confirmed, “Yes, little one. You will get to see the twins and I as much as your heart desires.”
Harrison snuggled into his alpha and said, “Good, because I don’t ever want to leave your side.”

The rest of dinner passed uneventfully. They talked about the division in the Weasley family, and Bill promised to have dinner again right after the first task because he wanted the Malfoy’s to meet Charlie.

The twins pointed out, “You do realize that you just informed a champion what the first task entailed, right?”

Bill smirked innocently and said, “I have no idea what you mean. I was implying that they like to meet our brother while he was in town next. Now I have quite a long day tomorrow, so I think I will take my leave. Thank you for dinner. It was lovely. I shall see you all in next week for the first task. Good luck, Harrison.”

Harrison responded, “Thank you, Mr. Weasley.” Bill couldn’t help but roll his eyes at the boy.

After dinner, Lucius asked the boys to do their homework and then get ready for bed. When Harrison finished his homework he asked his parents, “I’m going to shower now. Can Professor Snape tuck me in tonight?”

The Malfoy parents tried not to show their hurt as they agreed. Harrison ran off excitedly to shower. He came running back into the living room about 8 minutes later with dripping wet hair. Lucius smiled at his youngest and summoned a towel. “Will you ever learn to dry your hair, Harrison?” He asked as he pulled his small son into his lap and started toweling his hair dry.

Harrison laughed a little and responded cheekily, “No, Daddy. Because then you won’t do it for me.” Then he gave his parents a quick kiss on the cheek each and said, “Goodnight, Momma. Goodnight, Daddy. Come on, Professor Snape. You promised to tuck me in tonight. I want at least two chapters.”

Lucius laughed at his son and reminded him, “Alright, brat. Don’t make Severus stay up too light. Lights out at 10:30. No exceptions, understand?”

Harrison whined a little, but Severus raised an eyebrow and added, “We could always push your bedtime up to 10.”

Harrison’s whining stopped, and he hurriedly answered, “No. That’s ok. I understand.” Then he ran to his room. Severus followed after his mate. Draco was sitting at his desk. A quick tempus showed him that the time was 10PM. Severus spoke to his godson, “Draco, isn’t time for you to shower and get ready for bed? You only have 30 minutes until lights out.”

Draco smirked at his uncle and stole a look at Harrison before he responded, “Actually, Uncle Sev, I don’t have lights out until 11. Father decided that Harrison needed a more strict bedtime than I did since he’s so much smaller.”

Harrison pouted and said, “I still don’t think it’s fair.”

Severus pulled back the covers of Harrison’s bed while the boy climbed in and he said, “Life isn’t fair, little one. Your parents obviously think that you need more sleep than Dragon. It isn’t your place to argue with them. I want you to obey your parents, ok?”

Harrison responded moodily, “Yea, whatever.”
Severus frowned and quickly turned the boy to the side to deliver a firm swat to his backside. Harrison whimpered at the swat and threw his hands back to protect from any more swats. Severus told him calmly, “You will mind your tone. I won’t be spoken to like that. Care to try again?”

His mate tried to fight the tears that threatened to spill over after upsetting his alpha. “Yes, sir. I understand both. I will be good.”

Then he turned his sad, wet eyes up to his alpha and held his arms out asking to be cuddled. Severus complied telling him he was forgiven.

Severus summoned “The Tales of Beedle the Bard” and started reading the first story to his mate. He hadn’t made it past the first chapter when he felt his mate’s breathing even out. He stayed there sitting with his back against his mate’s headboard while he slept for another ten minutes. It was only just now 10:20, but he figured he may as well go.

He stood up gently from the bed and tucked the covers tight around the boy. Harrison whined at the loss of his touch and pulled Pads closer to his body. Severus resisted the urge to coo at his mate. He placed a chaste kiss to his forehead, and then quietly wished his godson a good night before he left. Severus wanted him to sleep well so he’d be prepared for the weighing of the wands tomorrow and whatever article the daily prophet was sure to print.
Chapter 9

The Malfoy brothers woke the next morning to the soft sounds of their mother humming. Narcissa sat in the rocking chair in the middle of the boy’s room and watched her son’s sleep. Draco woke first and stared up at his mother with a confused expression. What was she doing? What time was it? How long had she been there?

A quick tempus showed him that it was only 6AM. He looked across the room to see his little brother soundly asleep snuggled up to his stuffed version of Padfoot. He allowed the wistful humming from his mother to wash over him as he watched Harrison, deep in dreamland.

Narcissa turned to look at him, and she whispered a melancholy, “Good morning, darling. I hope my humming didn’t wake you. I couldn’t sleep well last night, so I decided to come and watch over my precious boys. It seems like just yesterday I had a beautiful blonde baby in my arms.”

Draco chuckled and retorted playfully, “It WAS just yesterday that you had a beautiful blonde baby in your arms, Mother. Have you forgotten about Harrison’s inclinations for cuddling?”

Narcissa shushed him, “Oh, hush now, Draco. Don’t let him hear you teasing. He thinks highly of your opinion. You know what I meant. Harrison’s attention is nice, but he’s hardly mine anymore. He’s already got a mate. Before long, Severus will be whisking him away from me. Now, you are all grown too. What happened to my babies?”

Draco watched as Harrison sat up slowly in bed and spoke while rubbing the sleep from his eyes, “Nonsense, Momma. We’ll always be around. We’ll always need you.”

Draco gestured with his head that Harrison should go to her, and he understood what his brother meant. He grabbed the blanket from his bed and Pads, and he dragged them to the rocking chair where his Mom sat. He crawled into the chair with her. She fixed the blanket around the both of them, and snuggled down with her youngest. She smiled sweetly at him, and then she continued rocking and humming.

Draco watched on as Harrison fell back to sleep to the gentle rocking and soothing sounds of their mother’s dulcet tones. Sometimes, like now, he envied his brother’s carefree acceptance of situations like this. Draco would never allow anyone to hold him like that now. He was much too proud and grown….at least to be on the receiving end. He would gladly give Harrison whatever attention he wanted without worry of his reputation, though. It was his Veela instinct after all.

Lucius walked into the boy’s room approximately 45 minutes later. The sight that he found made his heart swell. Narcissa and Harrison were sound asleep in the rocking chair that was charmed to continue rocking, and Draco was singing quietly. He never realized that his son had such a lovely voice. Maybe it was part of his new inheritance? He summoned a camera and snapped a photo before anyone caught on to his presence.

At the flash of the bulb, Draco stilled and turned to face the interloper. He blushed a little at his father. Narcissa also awoke, but Harrison was still far away in dreamland. The family laughed a little at his youngest, and they were honored that he felt so safe with them that he slept so deeply. When he had first come to them, he awoke at the slightest sound.

Lucius instructed Draco to go and get ready for breakfast, and then he gently took Harrison, blanket and all from his wife’s lap. He beckoned his wife to do as he had just instructed his son, and then he sat in the rocking chair himself and held his son close. He knew that he should wake the boy, but he
looked so peaceful and Lucius wanted a little reassurance as well after yesterday’s events. He too felt that his sons were growing up too fast.

At 7AM, Lucius decided that Harrison couldn’t sleep any longer. Breakfast started in 15 minutes, and he could not be late since he was a member of staff. He squeezed his son tightly to himself and shook the boy a little while saying, “Rise and shine, Love. Today is the first official event of the tournament, the weighing of the wands. It’s already 7, and you need to get ready still.”

Harrison let out a little groan, and yawned. He looked up at who was holding him and started. He was pretty sure that he had fallen asleep on his mother. How did they switch without waking him? No matter, Harrison didn’t mind being held by anyone. He snuggled deeper into his dad and the covers, and said, “Good morning, Daddy. Can I skip breakfast today? I’m terribly tired, and you’re so warm.”

Lucius frowned at his son. Why was he so tired? He cast a wandless diagnostic charm, but he didn’t detect any problems. He gently stood with the boy in his arms, “I’m sorry, Harrison, but you must get up. You are already entirely too small. You might blow away if you miss even one meal. Then I would be very sad, and Severus would probably poison me as revenge for losing his mate. You don’t want that do you?”

Harrison giggled and squealed, “Noooo. I’ll get up and, and I’ll eat breakfast, Daddy.” Draco was just coming into the bedroom from the bathroom, and he rolled his eyes at his father’s ridiculous response and his brother’s equally ridiculous behavior. Sometimes he thought Harrison acted a little too childish, but he would never voice that opinion. He was just glad to see his little brother so happy.

Draco liked the changes that he had seen in his father since Harrison was adopted. The man was softer around the edges because of Harrison. His father would never have allowed Draco to act like Harrison did most of the time. The man was more lenient and loving. He was still strict, and he expected obedience from his children, but he wasn’t as quick to punish anymore.

He watched on as his brother and father played. His father had just tossed Harrison onto his bed, and now he was tickling him. Harrison was laughing and panting, “Daddyyyy! Stooopp! I’m up! I’m up!”

That was another thing that Draco was a little jealous of. Harrison called his parents by more familiar terms than he did. He didn’t want to call them something as childish as Momma and Daddy, but he would like to call them Mom and Dad. He wondered how his father would react to than title.

Draco cast another tempus and called out, “Father, it’s 7:05. We need to leave in 5 minutes if we plan to make it to breakfast on time.”

Lucius pulled Harrison to his feet and sent him in the direction of the loo with a little tap to his bottom, “Go and brush your teeth quickly then come back.” He directed.

When Harrison returned, Lucius performed a freshening spell on him, and then he had Harrison dressed and ready for the day with a swish of his wrist. The man never muttered a word or held his wand, and Harrison looked at him in awe. Draco too was reminded how powerful his father was. Narcissa called them from the other room, and then the family was off to breakfast in the great hall.

When they arrived in the great hall, it was immediately silent. Nearly every head in the hall turned to stare at the family. Lucius noted that the mail had arrived early today. Many students and staff members were already reading their copy of the daily prophet. He wondered how bad the damage was today.
Whispers and shouts started soon after. “It’s true!” “Merlin’s beard! Look at him!” “They’re both gorgeous!” “Call me Mrs. Malfoy!” “Draco’s so dreamy.” “It’s unnatural.” “Harrison is adorable” “Look at them acting like they own the place.” “I just want to pinch his cheeks” “It’s clearly dark magic. They’re deatheaters.”

Harrison ducked his head as he blushed from head to toe. Draco held his head high and guided Harrison to their table as if he didn’t hear anyone’s catcalls or hate. Lucius gave the hall a scowl that threatened retribution if this behavior didn’t cease quickly, and the majority of the students were cowed.

The twins didn’t waste any time to find their regular seats on either side of the brothers. Draco searched the Ravenclaw table for the two 7th years who threatened him and his brother yesterday. They were staring at him with a little fear in their eyes. He smirked knowingly at them and then narrowed his eyes threateningly. The two Ravenclaws quickly averted their gaze, and Draco grinned in victory.

His father’s eagle owl came through the hall and dropped off his copy of the Daily Prophet. He sighed and looked at the front cover. There were two pictures. The first picture was from their Defense class. It depicted Lucius holding Harrison close while the boy cried with his face buried in his father’s neck. The second picture was of Draco holding Harrison on his hip while they walked to their quarters last night. His brother was in the process of a full-on pout. The moving image showed him trying to give Severus puppy eyes, and then Severus saying something before Harrison crosses his arms over his chest and sulks. It really was adorable, but Harrison would be embarrassed by both of these pictures.

Draco heard a gasp from beside him. He looked down at his little brother and saw hurt-filled, betrayed eyes. Draco tried to wrap an arm around him, but Harrison shoved him as hard as he could. He actually managed to make Draco fall back over the bench and land on the ground. Draco was caught off guard by the sudden violence from his brother, and he stared up at him. Harrison quickly jumped up and yelled at his brother, “See, Dray! I asked to be set down, but you refused. Now everyone thinks I’m a big baby! This is all your fault!”

In his anger Draco semi-shouted back at him, “Grow up! That’s not why they think you’re a baby, Harrison. They think you’re a baby because you’re always acting like one.”

Draco regretted it as soon as he said it. He saw the hurt look on his little brother’s face and the tears that were already falling before Harrison turned and ran from the great hall. Fred and George helped him up from the floor and stopped him from going after him. “Let him go. He needs space.”

Lucius and Severus both got up from the staff table and walked near Draco to exit the great hall after Harrison. Severus flicked Draco’s ear roughly in passing, and Lucius growled out an, “I am so disappointed in you, Draco Lucius. I expect you in my study as soon as your classes are through.”

Draco gulped out a, “Yes, father” and then looked down at his plate, no longer hungry. He risked taking a glance at his mother, and she was giving him a sad expression. Deciding he couldn’t stand the stares anymore, he got up from his table and made his way to his first class silently.

Harrison ran from the Great Hall with his head down. He was trying to hide his tears. His vision was blurry, and he didn’t have a destination in mind. He considered Dumbledore, but the man had been avoiding him and he was still in the great hall. He considered Hagrid, but he didn’t think Hagrid liked him anymore. He figured their quarters would be the first place his family would search for him. He really didn’t want to be found right now. Maybe he could go see Hedwig? Not yet. That
would be too obvious.

He thought some more. He hadn’t even been in the Slytherin common room since he switched houses. They wouldn’t think to look there. The only problem was that he didn’t know the password. The portrait guardian was Salazar Slytherin. Maybe he would respond to parseltongue. The chamber! He could go to the Chamber of Secrets. No one would ever find him. The only problem was that it was really scary down there, and his only memories of the place weren’t good.

Shaking himself of that notion, he reminded himself that he wasn’t a baby. He could do this! He ran to the deserted girl’s bathroom and hid in a stall long enough to summon his invisibility cloak and broom. He didn’t know how long he wanted to stay hidden, but he knew the cloak would come in handy. He might need the broom to get back out of the chamber. When his items came, he shrank them and placed them in his pocket. Then he walked up to the sink with the engraving of the basilisk and demanded it to open in parseltongue.

The sink slid away and opened the entrance to the chamber. A gust of freezing, damp air hit him in the face. He thought briefly that the chamber didn’t smell as bad as he thought it would with the rotting corpse of the basilisk down there.

He stared down into the pit. It was really dark, and he second-guessed whether he really wanted to go down there. He told himself once more that he was not a baby. He reasoned that he had done far scarier things than go down into a dark chamber before, but he was never alone when he faced any scary obstacles. He always had his friends with him.

A deep pang of hurt hit him at the thought of him, Ron, and Hermione and how close they used to be. He put on his game face and jumped down into the chamber. During the freefall he wished that he would have used his broom in stead. He was a Slytherin now. He really needed to think things through before jumping headlong into danger.

He hit the bottom and rolled to soften the impact. He pulled out his wand and cast Lumos to light the way. He decided to explore the chamber to see what else was down there. He explored for about three hours before he started getting a little tired and hungry. He decided to try going through the mouth that the basilisk had come out of. He entered into a sitting area, and the fire place immediately came to life. He figured that it must be charmed that way. He found a study filled with books and scrolls. He brought some of the material out into the sitting area to read by the fire.

As he was looking at the strange markings on the first scroll, he watched the markings become letters that he could read. He was amazed. He checked the other scrolls and books, and he found that many of them were the same. He picked one to read, and he settled himself down on the dusty rug in front of the fire. He felt like someone was watching him, but he knew he was the only one in the chamber.

He screamed and drew his wand when he heard someone chuckle. He cursed himself for coming down here alone, and he called out, “W-who’s there?”

He jumped when someone actually responded. “Hello little Veela. It’s been quite some time since someone has been down here.”

Harrison found the voice coming from the portrait above the fireplace. It was a portrait of Salazar Slytherin! Harrison looked up at him with an awed expression. He was speaking to a founder!

“Oh, Mr. Slytherin. It’s nice to meet you, sir.” He spoke politely.

The portrait smiled back at him. “You have me at a disadvantage, little one. You know who I am, but I do not know you.”
Harrison frowned at the nickname, “I’m not so little. I’m 14!”

The portrait chuckled and smiled brighter as he spoke, “14 is very young compared to someone like me, and you are the smallest 14 year old I have ever seen. You are the very definition of little. That doesn’t mean you aren’t brave or intelligent. Size doesn’t mean anything.”

Harrison scoffed and said, “Ha! Tell that to my brother. He thinks I’m a baby.”

The portrait responded, “He must not be used to submissive Veela. I can see that your aura is pure. You’ve suffered greatly, but not anymore. Does your brother harbor ill will towards you for what you are?”

Harrison hurriedly defended his brother, “No! Draco loves me! He didn’t used to. We used to be mortal enemies. But some things happened this year, and it’s all different now.”

Harrison rambled on and on telling Salazar’s portrait about what had happened and his adoption and new family.

Salazar smiled kindly at him, “I see. So you are a Malfoy now? That’s a mighty fine family with a big name to live up to. If I remember correctly, the Veela gene is very popular in that family line, right?”

Harrison answered, “Yes, sir. My name is Harrison Sirius Malfoy. Daddy and Draco are both alpha Veela. Momma is human, though. Hmm. So I guess Veela can have non-Veela soulmates?”

“Yes, little one. Many Veela have soulmates that are not Veela.” He answered.

Harrison thought for a second, and then he asked, “Mr. Slytherin, do you know a lot about mates?”

At the portraits nod, he continued, “Do alpha’s have to be with a submissive mate? Can humans be alpha’s or submissives? I just got my inheritance, and it’s all very confusing.”

Salazar explained, “Call me Salazar, little one. Alpha creatures do not have to be with a submissive mate. You cannot predict love, child. It is said that everyone has one to whom their soul belongs out there. There are pairings of every kind. Only a fool would ignore his soulmate to find someone in a certain dynamic.”

Harrison nodded “Oh, ok. Thanks. I’m a little tired and hungry. I ran out of breakfast this morning because me and Draco got into a fight. I didn’t get to eat anything. Do you think you have any food that’s still good down here?”

The portrait looked concerned, “Your brother is an alpha, right? And he physically fought with you?”

“No!” The boy shouted, “We were just arguing. There was an article in the paper today about us, and I blamed him, and he called me a baby in front of everyone.” Harrison explained the entire article and the fiasco.

Salazar kindly said, “It was just an argument. I’m sure he didn’t mean it. You will forgive each other. You shouldn’t have run off by yourself. I’m sure they are all searching for you, and you are missing your classes. I cannot condone such poor behavior. I cannot physically kick you out, but I think you should go and face the consequences of your actions. You will feel better once you do.”

Harrison pouted a little, “I know, but I’m not ready. I have to be in the great hall by 8PM tonight for the wand weighing ceremony, so I think I will just hang out down here until then.”
Salazar looked intrigued, “Why is there such a ceremony tonight?”

Harrison pouted further, “Hogwarts is hosting the Tri-Wizard Tournament this year, and somehow my name was pulled from the Goblet of Fire. Now I’m forced to compete. I’m not even old enough!”

Salazar looked perplexed. This small child was a champion? He would have to keep track of the tournament. “I wish you good luck, little one. Why don’t you take a nap? Maybe you will feel better when you awake. I will watch over you.”

Harrison thanked him and gave him a little smile before he fell fast asleep.

Severus and Lucius had searched everywhere they could think. The headmaster filled in for Severus’s classes today, and Narcissa stepped in for Lucius. They had checked their quarters, Severus’s quarters, the owlery, the library, the quidditch pitch, the kitchens, the Slytherin common room, all abandoned classrooms, and the Room of Requirement. Classes were nearly over for the day, so they would have a larger search party soon. They decided to take a small break until the end of the day. There was only twenty minutes left in the last class.

Severus collapsed onto the couch with a sigh and a worried face, “I don’t know where else to look, Luc! What if something has happened? What if we never find him?!?”

Lucius tried to hold it together. He rubbed his face between his hands, and replied, “He has to be around here somewhere. Let’s have some tea to clear our heads, and then we can recruit the Slytherins and the other staff members who are willing.”

“What if he isn’t even on school grounds anymore? Why else wouldn’t our location charms be working?” Severus asked.

Lucius sagged in his seat and said, “I don’t know, Sev. I don’t know. I just know that I can’t lose him. I just got him!”

Lucius sucked in a ragged breath and tried to keep his composure. They numbly sipped (mostly stared) at their tea until Narcissa and Draco came into the living room. They were both hoping to see Harrison sitting on the couch with Severus and Lucius, and they were crushed when all they found was their worried faces.

Draco cried out, “No! Where is he?! It’s all my fault. Why did I have to call him a baby? He’s my baby brother, but he’s not a baby! Why!?!”

Lucius stood up to comfort his distraught son, “Dragon, you had an argument. I think he knows by now that you didn’t mean it. It was said in anger. It’s not your fault. Harrison shouldn’t have run off.”

Draco cried, “It is my fault, Dad! He ran off because of what I said. What if he isn’t back yet because he’s hurt or trapped somewhere? I’ll never be able to live with myself!”

Lucius’s worried heart lightened just a little at hearing his eldest call him by the familiar term ‘Dad’. He had longed to hear Draco call him that. He pulled Draco into a tight embrace and reassured him, “No. Harrison is responsible for his own actions. Now we will find a bigger search party, and we will regroup.”

There was still an hour until dinner, and many people were searching for Harrison. Lucius was just
coming back from the Forbidden forest with a group of professors when Hermione Granger stopped him.

“Professor Malfoy, I’ve been thinking about where your son might be and why your location spells haven’t worked. I think he might be in the Chamber of Secrets. It’s technically not apart of Hogwarts proper, and only a few even know where it’s located.” Hermione said.

Lucius and Severus both gasped. Severus recovered first, “Foolish girl! You waited this long to bring forward this information!?”

Lucius calmed Severus, and then asked her, “Do you know how to get in?”

Hermione nodded and told them to follow her. She had never been down there, but she knew where the entrance was. She hoped that it was still open if Harrison was actually down there.

They entered the girl’s lavatory, and Hermione released a breath seeing that the entrance was open. She turned to the professor’s and pointed, “That is the entrance to the Chamber. It’s open so he must be down there. It only responds to parseltongue.”

They told her to find the headmaster and bring him to the entrance to wait for their return, and then they descended into the cavernous pit. Once down in the chamber, Severus could feel the presence of his mate. He released a breath, “Luc, he’s alive. I can feel him! Repeat your location spell.”

The spell led them deep within the chamber to a sitting room with a fire blazing. In front of the fire was a little messy-haired blonde child curled up into a tight ball asleep with dried tear tracks down his face. Both men let sighed in relief. Severus sent his patronus to alert the headmaster that they had found him alive and well.

They walked further into the room and took in the sight of the small child. He was filthy and covered in dust. A voice from above the fireplace startled them, “You must be Lucius and Severus. I assume you know who I am. The boy has told me quite a bit about you.” At their unsure faces he added, “Do not fear. The boy cares deeply for you both. He cried himself to sleep over guilt a few hours ago. Have mercy on him.”

Severus and Lucius were stunned. This was a living portrait of Salazar Slytherin. They talked with him about Harrison, and then they decided it was time to face the situation. They cleaned off the furniture magically and then woke the boy.

His face brightened when he woke and saw them there. He jumped up from his spot on the ground and ran to them. Then he remembered what had happened today, and how much trouble he was in. He looked at his dad, nervous. This is where Uncle Vernon would probably beat him within an inch of his life.

Lucius just dropped to his knees and spread his arms wide inviting Harrison into a hug. Harrison leapt onto him crying, “I’m sorry, Daddy! I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have run away like that. I was so scared. I know you aren’t like Uncle Vernon, but I couldn’t make myself go back. Please don’t hate me, Daddy! Please!”

The boy was whimpering and rambling out his fears of abuse and rejection. Severus couldn’t handle it anymore. He went and joined his friend in embracing his little mate. Lucius and him both worked on calming the distraught child.

Severus spoke, “It’s ok, little one. We’ve got you now. You’re alright. It’s over. We’re here.”

Lucius comforted him too, “Baby, I’ve got you. I was so worried, but I’m just happy you’re alright.
Don’t ever do that to us again.”

Harrison cried himself out for the third time that day. He sagged between his dad and his alpha. He turned to his alpha, and apologized to him as well. His Veela instincts mandated him to be as formal as possible, “Alpha, please don’t be mad at me.”

Salazar gave a little gasp of surprise from the portrait, but he didn’t say anything.

Severus sighed, “No, little one. I’m not mad at you. I never was. I was scared of something happening to you, and I’m disappointed in your behavior. We can fix it, though.”

Once Harrison calmed down some, Lucius pulled back and looked him in the eye. He spoke evenly, “Harrison, I am also very disappointed in your behavior: starting a fight with your brother in the great hall, running away from us, skipping all of your classes, and staying hidden while many people were searching for you. This is not behavior befitting a Malfoy.”

Harrison looked down, ashamed. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

Lucius stood up and pulled his small son with him over the couch. He sat down and pulled Harrison to stand in the V between his legs. He really didn’t think he was going to be able to do this. He looked down at his son, and he spoke evenly, “Love, you know now how this family handles discipline. Do you think you earned what you are about to receive?”

Harrison was still looking down so Lucius guided his chin up so that they were making eye contact. The little boy had silent tears pouring down his face and he gave Lucius the saddest eyes, but he answered truthfully, “Yes, Daddy.”

Lucius carded his hand through Harrison’s hair, and said, “I’m proud of you. I will give you an option. You can choose between myself or Severus to administer your spanking.”

Harrison gasped slightly and risked a quick glance over to his alpha before quickly burying his face in his Daddy’s neck to hide his blush and whispering, “You.”

Harrison had hoped that his Daddy would be a little easier on him. Professor Snape may be his alpha and soulmate now, but he could still be very scary. He didn’t want to take a chance with his mate. Plus it would be embarrassing to be spanked by his future husband.

Harrison had hoped that he would be allowed some privacy for this punishment, but it didn’t look that was going to happen. Professor Snape just sat in the couch opposite theirs before his Daddy removed his school robe.

Lucius removed his little son’s school robe with practiced ease. Any observer would think that the man was not affected at all by the child’s fearful face, but Lucius knew the truth. He had to harden his heart to punish his baby. This would be the first time that he had delivered a true spanking to Harrison. He was incredibly nervous. What if he hurt him?

He reached for his child’s belt and loosened the buckle. Next he unfastened his trousers and then pushed them down to the boy’s knees. He turned Harrison to the side and tipped him over his left leg. Steadying the boy over his knee with his left hand, he reached into the boy’s waistband of his boxers and deftly pulled them down to meet his trousers at his knees. The boys gave a shudder at the sudden chill on his backside.

Trying not to drag this out longer than it needed to be, he finally slapped his right hand down across his son’s bottom. One of his large hands covered nearly both cheeks. Harrison hadn’t responded to the first moderate slap, so he brought his hand down a little firmer. Still no response.
He tried a little firmer over both cheeks, and he got a very quiet whimper in return. Figuring that he had found the right strength he began peppering the small backside in front of him. Alternating cheeks and hitting both at the same time. After a few minutes, Harrison seemed to be holding in his cries and tears.

Lucius tried a little harder and he told his son, “Harrison, let it out. It’s ok to cry.”

Almost immediately, Harrison started to sob openly over his knee, “I’m sooorrryyyy, D-daddddy-y-y-y!”

Finally, thought Lucius. He gave one last firm swat and quickly pulled his son up and into his lap so that the boy had his face on his chest. He cried and he cried. Harrison cried over the disappointment he bestowed upon his family, and he cried over the care that he was receiving even after being naughty. He cried because although his spanking really hurt, it wasn’t a beating.

Harrison cried until he fell asleep. Lucius spelled his boxers and trousers back into place, and then looked across the room to his best friend’s green face. Severus looked like he wanted to be sick after watching him punish his mate.

Lucius would let Severus hold him when they arrived back at their quarters. He scooped up his son and placed him on his hip. The boy immediately put his face on Lucius’s neck and wrapped his arms and legs around the man. Lucius kissed his son’s cheek, and then they started walking towards the door.

“Wait!” They heard from the portrait. “I’ve been down here all alone for so long. Please take my portrait to your personal quarters so that I may converse with this special child.”

Severus did as the portrait asked, and removed him from the wall.
Chapter 10

They walked through the corridors as quickly as possible to reach the Malfoy’s quarters. When they entered, everyone (Narcissa, Draco, Sirius, Remus, the Twins, Minerva, and Hermione) was anxiously sitting in the living room. They all jumped up to greet Harrison, but they immediately stilled and quieted at the sight of the adorable boy sleeping in his father’s arms. He was hanging limply on Lucius’s hip with one arm slung over his neck, and one thumb stuck in his mouth. Lucius knew that he should have stopped the childish behavior, but he felt too guilty after punishing his youngest to take away his source of comfort. His cheeks were still tear-stained, for Merlin’s sake.

Severus calmly asked everyone to leave for now as they were going to put Harrison down for a little nap prior to the Weighing of the Wands this evening. Dinner was just about to start in the great hall, so everyone left silently except for immediate family. Lucius carried his baby through to the boys room, and Narcissa helped to tuck him in. Draco was watching nervously from the doorway with a guilty, chastised blush on his face. While he was hanging back in the living room, the portrait of Salazar Slytherin had a few choice words to say to him about how alphas were supposed to treat submissives.

Narcissa noticed her eldest standing in the doorway like he was too nervous to enter his own bedroom. She thought that he looked exhausted as well. No doubt, the stress of today wore him out. She lifted the edge of Harrison’s comforter and beckoned Draco to slip in beside their littlest. Draco looked nervously to his father first. He knew that he hadn’t yet been punished for his part in all this. Lucius nodded his permission for Draco to join Harrison. As he was getting into the bed, Lucius softly swatted Draco and whispered, “Consider that your punishment. I think the fear and grief you experienced today was punishment enough for your small part in this. I will let it slide…this time.”

Then Lucius leaned over and tucked the comforter tight around both of his sons. He gave each a kiss on the forehead. Draco blushed in response. The adults noxed the lights and then left the brother’s to take a quick nap.

Harrison stirred. He was so warm, and he felt very safe. He nuzzled into the source of the warmth, and it rumbled as he heard a chuckle. Groggily, he opened his eyes. He was snuggled into Draco’s chest. He hid his face from his brother, but Draco wasn’t having any of that, “No, little one. Show me those green eyes. We need to talk.”

He tipped his little brother’s chin up so that they were making eye contact, and then he spoke, “Harrison, I’m sorry if I caused you distress by my actions. That was never my intention. My instincts to protect you are just so strong right now. I never wanted to embarrass you. Please forgive me.”

Harrison shook his head, “No, Dray. You don’t hafta ‘pologize. I do. I pushed you and yelled. I didn’t mean it. I was just really upset. Forgive me?”

Draco hugged him close and said, “Of course, little brother. Always.”

About that time, Severus came into their bedroom to wake them up. “Boys, you need to get up. The wand ceremony is in 45 minutes. Harrison, love, please put on your school robes for the ceremony as you will be representing Hogwarts.”

After a quick meal provided by the house elves, they were all making their way back to the great hall. Harrison had to go sit at the front table with the other champions. He was the last to arrive. Luckily, there was a seat between Cedric and Fleur. He was nervous. He didn’t know what this
ceremony entailed.

Mr. Ollivander walked to stand immediately in front of their table. He explained to the students how the ceremony worked, and then he started at the far end of the table checking the wands to be sure they were not tampered with.

When he reached Harrison, he gave a sly smile, “Ah. Mr. Malfoy. It seems that you are finally where you belong. Being a Malfoy suits you, young one. It seems a bit of that greatness you are destined for is already happening now, hmm? Yes! 11”. Holly with a phoenix feather core. A magnificent piece, truly.” Then he handed the wand back to Harrison and moved on the next champion.

Harrison sat there baffled. That was it?

Soon Dumbledore was addressing the great hall again. He mentioned that the first task was only a few days away, and then he gave the clue to the champions, “The first task is designed to test your daring; Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizard.”

Harrison cheered silently at that. He was the only champion who was once a Gryffindor. He was plenty brave.

The rest of the night and the next morning passed uneventfully until breakfast. The twins fussed at him for being so reckless yesterday as they walked their favorite Slytherin’s to class. They knew they didn’t need to escort them anymore since Draco was now very intimidating thanks to his inheritance, but they liked the company.

The first class was History of Magic. Draco and Harrison entered the classroom to see that it was empty aside from Padfoot and Moony. Remus quickly spelled the door closed and warded it. He stalked over to Harrison and Draco. He turned them both sideways and gave each boy a firm swat. Then he pulled them both in a long embrace, subconsciously scenting them. Harrison whined, “Mooony!”

Remus replied in a mock stern voice, “Don’t you ‘Moony!’ me, young man! You scared the life out of me yesterday, and you will let me hold you now to reassure my wolf that you are ok.”

Harrison giggled and called for help, “Padfoot, help!”

The large dog responded by jumping on them and licking all over Harrison’s face. His wards alerted him to the presence of students so he quickly squeezed his godson and then ended the embrace. He didn’t want to add to further embarrassment for the boy.

To the surprise of both Malfoy’s, Hermione took the empty seat next to Harrison. Draco gave her a look that swore retribution if she hurt him, but she wasn’t phased. She apologized to Harrison for her previous behavior. She said that she had missed him, and she felt bad for taking Ron’s side. Then she asked if they could start over.

Harrison engulfed her in a big hug and told her how much he had missed her. Draco was happy to see his little brother happy, but he warned her, “You get one chance, Granger. If you hurt him in any way, you will feel my wrath.”

His threat actually seemed to scare her a little. He might have been using his alpha veela powers. She gulped and nodded, “I understand, Malfoy. I won’t do anything to jeopardize this.”

Harrison was fidgety all through class. He was happy that he and Hermione were friends again, and he swung his legs back and forth.
On the way to the great hall for lunch, Draco needed to stop off at the loo. Harrison was supposed to wait for him inside the bathroom, but he wandered into the hall. He heard crying and followed it to the source. Luna Lovegood, a small 3rd year Ravenclaw was weeping. Harrison tried to comfort her like he was constantly comforted.

She told him that her classmates teased her for her size and her imagination. Like Harrison, she was very petite. She was beautiful with long wavy platinum blonde hair...just like the Malfoy’s. She had striking blue eyes and very sweet disposition. Harrison hugged her and told her not to worry. She could come over to his family’s quarter’s after classes today, and Draco would protect her too. She smiled sweetly at him, and then she skipped into the great hall.

Draco came running up to Harrison almost immediately after Luna had left, “Harrison! There you are. I told you to stay put. That doesn’t mean go and wander the castle!”

Draco grabbed Harrison’s hand and pulled him into the great hall for lunch. Lucius noticed the upset expression on Draco’s face and the guilty expression on Harrison’s face as they entered, and he shook his head at their antics. Draco was technically a full alpha Veela now, but he didn’t know how to discipline yet. That had to be taught. He would let Draco handle this for now, but he would intervene if the situation escalated. Severus also noted their strange behavior.

As Draco sat at the Slytherin table, Harrison ran up the head table. Draco looked like he was about to fuss until he noticed where his brother was headed.

Lucius raised one eyebrow as Harrison ran around the back of the staff table and came to stand between him and Severus. He unconsciously leaned against Severus’s chair, and Lucius had to hide his amusement as Severus resisted the urge to pull his mate into his lap. Taking pity on his friend, he changed the subject, “Why was Draco pulling you into the great hall? He looked disappointed, and you looked guilty.”

Harrison stiffened a little and mumbled his response, but Lucius asked him to repeat himself more clearly.

He sighed, and then said, “Draco asked me to wait inside the loo for him, but I didn’t. I walked into the corridor without him. Then he had to come find me.”

Harrison yelped when he felt a stinging swat administered to his bottom from Severus. He blushed immediately and looked across the great hall to see if anyone had seen him get the swat. He hung in head in shame and tried to lean closer to his alpha for comfort, but Severus couldn’t offer the comfort he needed in front of the whole school. They wouldn’t understand their relationship.

Lucius felt pity from the hurt look on his son’s face. He pulled the boy to him and placed him on his lap. Harrison buried his face in his father’s neck and wrapped his arms around tightly. He ignored some of the coos that he heard from the students behind him. After a minute, he apologized, “I’m sorry, Daddy. I’m sorry Professor Snape. I’ll listen better.”

Severus softened a little and responded, “See that you do, young man.”

Lucius tried to change the conversation again, “So why’d you run up here in the first place? I know it wasn’t to tattle on yourself. Is everything ok?”

Harrison nodded and said, “Yes, sir. I just wanted to ask if I could bring a friend over tonight.”

Lucius smiled, “I don’t see why that would be a problem. Does this friend want to stay for dinner?”

Harrison shrugged, “I don’t know. I will ask her.”
Lucius gave his son a little squeeze and then urged him up, “Alright, Little One, you need to go eat lunch and apologize to your big brother.”

Harrison hopped off of his dad’s lap and went to sit next to his brother. Draco was already piling a plate high with food for him to eat. He blushed and reminded his brother that he was not a baby. He could fix his own plate. His whining fell on deaf ears as Draco started to cut up his chicken breast. He rolled his eyes, but let his brother spoil him.

“Dray, I’m sorry for running off while you were in the loo. I should have listened to you.” Harrison said glumly.

Draco hhmphed, “Yes, well. Just listen next time. After yesterday, my mind went to the worst place imaginable. I only do things to keep you safe.”

Harrison miserably nodded his head and replied, “Yes, Dray.”

The last class of the day was transfiguration. Minerva had asked Harrison to stay behind after class. He and Draco remained seated while all of the other students left. As soon as the door was closed, she put on a very stern face and fussed at him, “Of all the reckless stunts you have ever pulled, Harrison Sirius Malfoy, yesterday was the most disappointing. You put yourself in needless danger, skipped classes, and stayed hidden despite knowing people would be looking for you. I have half a mind to put you over my own knee, young man.”

Draco was smirking next to his brother as their adopted grandmother fussed at Harrison.

Minerva noticed the smirk, and started on Draco, “And you, Draco. You are innocent in all of this either. That nasty tongue of yours is going to get you into a lot trouble some day if you don’t start to control what you say. How could you say such hurtful things to your brother, in front of the entire school no less. I am disappointed in both of you.”

Draco’s smirk disappeared immediately and he apologized, “I’m sorry, Grandma. You’re right. I spoke in anger. I’ve already apologized to Harrison. It won’t happen again.”

Minerva’s facial expression softened and she enveloped her grandsons into a hug and whispered, “All is well, lads. It’s a grandmother’s prerogative to worry after all. I just want to see you both safe and happy. I love you both. Now then, I’ve heard that you have a playdate this evening, so run along. You don’t want to keep your friend waiting.”

Draco escorted Harrison back to their family quarters before informing him that he was going to stay in the Slytherin dorm for a few days. He missed his friends. Harrison whined at the loss of his brother, and Draco suggested that Harrison also move into the Slytherin dorm. He was a Slytherin now. He seemed excited by that prospect, and he told Draco that he would love to sleep in the dorm.

A little while after Draco left, there was a soft knock at the door. Harrison opened it and ushered Luna into their quarters. Narcissa was coming into the living room to see who was at the door when she noticed her son and the tiny girl. She stared at them for a few moments and took in their appearances. Harrison was very small, and this girl was a little bit smaller. She had beautiful blue eyes and platinum blonde hair. Narcissa had a feeling this girl would be a submissive Veela just like her son.

They were too in grossed in their conversation and exploding snap to notice her, so she backed out
of the room quietly and sneakily observed them. They both seemed very at ease with each other. She wondered who this small girl was, and how old she was. She could easily pass off as another Malfoy child. Narcissa listened to their conversation, and she smiled at their laughter and giggles. The girl had a fanciful imagination.

When they finished their game of exploding snap, the portrait of Salazar Slytherin clapped for the victor, “Congratulations, Little One.”

Narcissa was slightly confused. Salazar usually called Harrison by that moniker, but the girl had just won the game. She stuck around to listen further to their conversation to see what the portrait might have already gleamed about the girl.

The girl wasted no time to stand and then curtsy to the portrait, “Thank you, Mr. Slytherin. It’s an honor to meet you, sir. I’ve heard a lot about you from Lady Ravenclaw.”

Narcissa appreciated the girl’s manners and continued watching.

Salazar seemed surprised, “You’ve met Rowena, little Raven? What an amazing feat. Have you met any of the other founders?”

Luna shrugged, “Well, yes sir. I’ve met all of them now. I’ve found all of their portraits while wandering the castle. Mr. Gryffindor is a little scary. I thought you would be scary too.”

Salazar smiled at her, “Dear one, I see what you are before you have received your inheritance. You should be cherished, and I can see that you will be. You will see. I am the lucky one to have met two special children such as you two. Could you do me a favor?”

Luna nodded and he continued, “Could you bring the portraits of the other founders here? I would love to catch up with them. No doubt they are tired of isolation as well.”

She giggled at him and jumped up to run to the door while agreeing to this quest for him. He yelled out, “Wait! Take Lord and Lady Malfoy with you, dear one. Surely you will need help with all of those portraits.”

Luna came back into the living room to wait for her helpers while Harrison ran to find his parents, “Momma, Daddy!”

He ran into his dad’s study without knocking. The man slightly scolded him for his wild behavior. Harrison excitedly explained the situation, and the Lucius and Narcissa followed him to the living room.

Upon entering, Lucius was surprised to see Luna. He didn’t know that Harrison even knew the girl. He greeted her kindly, “Hello, Miss Lovegood. I hear that you are to lead us on a little adventure for Salazar?”

Luna beamed at him, “Good evening, Professor! Yes. We are to bring back the other founder’s portraits here for Mr. Slytherin.”

Narcissa held in her surprise at that name. Lovegood was a quirky old pureblood family. She didn’t know that there was any creature blood in the family. She was brought off of her musings as her husband introduced the dreamy girl to her. Narcissa understood her manners better now that she knew she was a pureblood, but she still found the girl to be very charming. She would have to speak with Lucius later about the girl. She felt the strange desire to mother her. She knew that Lady Lovegood died many years back, so she wondered if the girl would mind allowing her to fill that area in her life.
Soon the four of them were trekking through the castle and collecting portraits. They each greeted Luna with fond terms, even the gruff Gryffindor. Lucius allowed the girl to lead him to parts of the castle that he never even knew existed. He couldn’t explain how the girl found all of those secret passageways.

When they were all back in the Malfoy living room, Lucius arranged them all above the mantle so that they could converse. It was time for dinner, so he led his family and Luna into their dining room and gave the portraits time to catch up.

After dinner they all retired to the living room to converse with the portraits. Formal introductions were made between the founders and the Malfoy family. The portraits seemed just as smitten with Harrison as they were with Luna.

Rowena addressed Luna and spoke kindly, “It’s lovely to see that you’ve found another like yourself, dear one. You and Harrison will be the best of friends.”

Lucius perked up at that, “Do you mean to say that Miss Lovegood is also a submissive Veela?”

Rowena confirmed, and Salazar spoke, “Yes. She is a very special one as well. Most Veela only have one soulmate, but it appears that she has so much love to give that she will have two.”

Lucius stared at the small girl, “How do you know these things? She hasn’t even gone through her inheritance yet. She’s only a third year.”

Salazar spoke, “I cannot explain it. We just know. Both of her mates have already received their inheritances. She will receive her as soon as she meets both of them.”

Narcissa spoke up, “What does this mean for her? I know that the only Lovegood’s left are her and her father. Xenophilus never received a creature inheritance. How will he raise a Veela daughter properly?”

Rowena answered, “He will not. It’s tradition for underage witches and wizards to be adopted by their mate’s family if their own family does not have any creature blood. She will become a ward, then live with her mate and their family. She will address her new family as her mate does. She will not lose her old family. She may see them as often as she pleases, but she is not to live with them. Submissive Veela should never be away from their alpha for prolonged times. They need daily close interactions to properly support the bond and grow into themselves.”

Lucius was intrigued. He knew about this old custom, but it was not common, as most creatures didn’t receive their inheritances until they were of age. He asked, “Do you know who her mates are?”

This time Helga Hufflepuff answered, “Of course, Dearie, but we won’t be answering that question. It will be revealed in due time.”

By this time, it was past curfew. Lucius sent a patronus to Filius to tell him that the girl would be staying in his quarters tonight. Then he sent the children to get ready for bed.

Narcissa escorted them to the boy’s room, and she shrunk one of her own nightgowns to fit the girl. Harrison allowed Luna to bathe first. Narcissa beckoned the tiny girl to her when she came out of the bathroom with wet hair. She sat on the edge of the bed and directed the girl to sit between her legs.

Luna smiled sweetly and did as she was told. Narcissa summoned a towel and started to dry her hair. When it was mostly dry, she brushed the girls hair with her own hairbrush and then pulled her hair back into pigtail braids.
Lucius quietly observed his wife from the doorway. Neither of them seemed to notice him. He loved
the happy face his wife was showing, and he liked that Miss Lovegood seemed to melt into his
wife’s touches. It was clear that she longed for a mother’s love.

Harrison exited the bathroom with his usually dripping wet hair, and Lucius chuckled before
summoning a towel and walking towards his son. He sat on the boys bed and pulled his into his lap
and started toweling off his hair. While he was doing this, he looked across the room and made eye
contact with his wife. They smiled secretly at each other.

Their sweet moment was broken up as Draco came rushing into the bedroom. Lucius looked up at
his son. Draco had a worried expression on his face until he noticed his mother sitting on his bed
with a little girl. His face turned to confusion.

Lucius asked, “Draco? What is it? Is everything ok? Why were you out past curfew? I thought you
wanted to stay in the dorms again.”

Draco was staring at Luna with an odd expression on his face. The girl was nearly asleep sitting up.
Finally she looked up and acknowledged Draco. When she looked into his eyes, Draco made a little
gasping noise and Luna beamed at him.

Lucius and Narcissa watched their exchange carefully. They recognized what had just happened
even if the children didn’t. Narcissa was very happy about this. She hugged the girl to her chest and
pulled her up so that she was now sitting on her lap. Luna enjoyed the contact and leaned back onto
Narcissa.

Lucius finally got Draco’s attention and asked him if everything was alright. Draco seemed to snap
out of his reverie and turned to his dad, “Yes, Father. I was just concerned about Harrison. He told
me that he was going to sleep in the Slytherin dorm tonight, and then he never showed up.”

Narcissa gave a little gasp at Draco’s answer, and then she looked over at Lucius with a slightly
worried expression. Lucius hugged Harrison closer to himself and spoke to him, “Little One, you
cannot stay in the dorms. You must always stay in here with us. It’s not safe for you in there. Do you
understand?”

Harrison sagged in his dad’s hold. He wanted to argue and complain, but he was exhausted. He
settled for a little whine, and then tried to extract himself from his father’s grip.

Lucius hugged him harder and spoke, “It’s only because we love you, and we want to protect you.
We can’t protect you if you aren’t with us. Please understand.”

Harrison tried again to pull away from his dad, so Lucius gently stood with him and then tucked him
into bed.

Draco turned to leave, but his father told him that he should stay here since it was already past
curfew. Draco went to get ready for bed while his parents tucked in their soon-to-be daughter.

Luna was already half asleep in Narcissa’s lap. Lucius gently picked her up and cradled her while
Narcissa pulled back the covers on Draco’s bed. Lucius set her on the bed and then tucked the
covers tightly around her. Luna crossed her arms like she was trying to hold something and
whimpered a little.

Draco saw her behavior as he was coming out of the bathroom and put his old stuffed dragon into
her arms. She sleepily pulled the stuffed toy close to her chest and gave a little purr. Lucius told
Draco to sleep with his brother for the night and to watch over the children. Narcissa kissed Luna on
the forehead and reminded Draco that they would only be in the next room over if anything happened tonight.

Draco was puzzled by his parent’s strange behavior and the little Ravenclaw in his bed, but he was ready for sleep. He could ask questions tomorrow. He got into bed with Harrison and pulled the smaller boy towards him. Like Luna, Harrison purred at the contact. Draco was left wondering about the girl.

Narcissa and Lucius left to the living room. They cast one-way silencing spells over the boy’s room to be sure that they weren’t overheard. Narcissa clapped her hands and laughed gleefully, “Oh, Luc! We’re going to have a daughter! I’m so excited. She’s such a sweet little thing too!”

Lucius was also pleased. He had always secretly wanted a little girl to spoil. He thought back to what the portraits were saying earlier, and he wondered who her other mate would be.
Chapter 11

Early the next morning, Lucius slipped quietly out of bed. He snuck into the living room where the portraits were and cast a silencing spell so his conversation wouldn’t be overheard. He didn’t want to worry his wife needlessly if she hadn’t already thought about what he worried about all night.

The portraits had said that Luna would have two mates. They also said that she would become a ward of her mate’s family. Narcissa assumed she would become a ward of the Malfoy family, but Lucius was worried that the other mate’s family would also try to claim the girl. He didn’t want that to happen.

He turned to make sure no one was following him, and then he quietly woke up the portraits. He told them his concerns, and asked, “Is there any chance that Luna would become a ward to the other mate’s family rather than ours?”

Salazar immediately denied it, “It’s not possible. The girl will go to family with the purest blood, and there aren’t too many pureblooded families left….especially none as well respected as the Malfoy family.”

Rowena, on the other hand, was always the voice of reason, “I’m not sure. This is already a rare occurrence. There’s no precedent for this exact situation. An argument could be made that the other family will be a better fit to the girl. I suggest you get together evidence proving your worth in case it gets that far.”

Helga responded with a different opinion, “Couldn’t the girl be a ward to both families? Surely she could use all of the love and family she could get.”

All four founders soon got into a heated debate about what should happen with the girl. Lucius knew that he and Narcissa could provide for the girl in whatever capacity she needed. He could see that the founders had no further helpful information, so he snuck away from their bickering to start gathering proof of their worthiness to claim Luna.

He spent the next hour combing through files, and he thought he had found enough. He didn’t realize how long he had been in his study until Narcissa came in fully dressed and ready for the day.

“Luc? Is everything ok? You weren’t in bed when I woke up. I got worried. I thought something might have happened to the children. I checked on them, but they are all still asleep.” Narcissa spoke.

Lucius briefly debated telling his wife his concern and what he had been doing, but he didn’t want to worry her. He lied, “No, dear. Everything is fine. I just remembered quite early that I had some work to get done for today. I didn’t want to disturb you when I got out of bed. I’m sorry if I gave you a fright.”

Narcissa must have believed him because she dropped the matter, She beckoned him to follow her, and she led him to the boy’s room. Harrison and Draco were snuggled tightly together, and Harrison was clutching Pads to his chest. In the other bed, Luna was crushing Draco’s old stuffed dragon to herself, and she had her face tucked into it as it she was seeking comfort from the smell of the owner left over on the toy.

Narcissa quietly cooed and spoke to Lucius, “I hope she finds her other mate soon. I can’t wait until she calls me Momma like Harrison. Ohhh, I’ve always wanted a little girl, and now I have one!”

Lucius hugged his wife and kissed her gently on the forehead. He swore to himself that he would
make this happen. The only way that Luna wouldn’t become theirs would be if she didn’t want to. He wouldn’t force her to do anything.

After waking the children up and getting ready for school, they all walked down to the great hall together. On the way there, Luna seemed to drift and wander at her own pace around the family as she observed and explored her surroundings on the way. At one particular point, she had turned around the corner and run into some of her classmates. They immediately started in on her about where she had been last night. “Hey Loony, where were you last night?” “Don’t tell me you’ve got a boyfriend?” “Did you stay out all night like a whore?” “No way! Who could love her?”

Narcissa was the first to respond. She heard the girls bullying Luna and hurried to join her. Her boys were all on her heels. When she arrived, she expected Luna to be upset, but the girl didn’t even seem to be phased by the insults. She had curtsied to her roommates and responded sweetly, “Don’t be silly. I spent the night with my new family.”

Narcissa was too shocked to respond. Did the girl know or was she just trying to scare her classmates? One of the girls scoffed, “New family? What, did a family of nargles take you in?”

Lucius had heard enough. “That’s enough, Miss Levy (OC). My wife and I have taken Miss Lovegood in, and you would do well to remember that. 100 points from Ravenclaw for you atrocious behavior this morning.” He said as he placed an arm around Luna’s shoulders.

The girls ran off with a slightly worried expression. No doubt this news would be all over the school by the time they reached the great hall. Luna drew him out of his thoughts when she thanked him, “Thank you, Professor.”

Lucius smirked at her, “Come on, Luna. You said yourself. We’re family now. At least call me Lucius.” He silently added ‘for now’ in his head. Once she was Draco’s mate, she would be one of his children, and then he wanted her to call him some variation of Dad.

Luna beamed at him and hugged him tight. Then with an air of pure innocence she said, “Ok, Daddy Luc.” Lucius was stunned as she watched her skip off to the great hall as if she hadn’t just blown him away. Did she know what she would become to him? Did she have seer talents? Could she read minds?

Narcissa wore a similar expression to her husband, while the boys showed signs of confusion. They didn’t know why Luna would call their dad that. Soon they schooled their expressions and continued into the great hall. Lucius reminded Harrison that they were going to work on getting him ready for the tournament immediately after classes this afternoon.

Breakfast was uneventful. There were still some whispers about Harrison and Draco, but now there were some murmurs about Luna as well. She was sitting peacefully at the end of the Ravenclaw table by herself. She didn’t even seem to notice that people were staring at her and whispering.

Meanwhile at the Slytherin table, Harrison could hardly eat breakfast. He was excited about his double potions class this morning. He felt like he hadn’t seen his alpha in a long time. He wanted to get to class early in the hopes that he could get a little cuddle before the students arrived. He pushed his food around on his plate and sat swinging his legs back and forth anxiously. Blaise made eye contact with Draco to draw his attention to Harrison’s behavior. Draco was in his own world thinking about Luna still.

Draco placed a hand on Harrison’s thigh to still him, and then asked, “Do you have ants in your pants? What is wrong with you this morning? You need to eat and stop fidgeting. “
Harrison whined, “Draayyy, I can’t eat right now. I just really want to get to class.”

Draco knew what this was about. He looked to the staff table and then responded, “Uncle Sev is still at the staff table, so there’s no point in going yet. Try to eat something.”

Harrison huffed, but took a small bite of an apple. A second later, Professor Snape stood from the staff table and exited through the side entrance. Harrison tossed his apple onto the table and jumped up from his seat. He started to run from the great hall, but Draco grabbed his arm and escorted him calmly from the great hall.

Once they were in the corridor, Draco released Harrison and had to jog to keep up with him all the way to the potions classroom. When they arrived, Harrison threw the door open and frowned at the empty classroom. Soon, Professor Snape entered from his private entrance and looked at the boys with a puzzled expression, “Harrison, Draco, how did you get in?”

Harrison gave him a confused expression back and said, “The door was unlocked. Should I have knocked first? I’m sorry.”

Severus knew he had locked and warded the door. Apparently Hogwarts herself knew about their relationship, and she had let the boy past his wards. Seeing the confusion turn to worry on his mate’s face had him quickly responding, “No, Love, it’s fine. I was just confused as to how you got past my wards. I’m always happy to see you. Come here.”

He held spelled his classroom door closed and locked, and then he opened his arms in a welcoming gesture. Draco rolled his eyes as Harrison ran to the man with no sense of decorum, and then he went to his and Harrison’s table to begin getting their station ready for the day.

Harrison ran and jumped onto the man, and Severus easily lifted him up and held him. Harrison snuggled into him and purred, “Hmm. I missed you. It feels like it’s been forever since I saw you last.”

Draco laughed, “Yes. He could barely sit still, and he was too anxious to eat a proper breakfast.”

Harrison blushed while Severus gently reprimanded him about eating properly, and then he called Draco a tattletale.

Harrison whined when Severus told him that his wards alerted the arrival of the first students. He tried to hold on tightly, but Severus was able to set him down. He gave a chaste kiss to Harrison’s forehead and then turned to open the classroom door.

Halfway through Potions class, Harrison started to nod off. They had the potion simmering for another 20 minutes, and they were supposed to be reading. He had been fighting a losing battle with keeping his eyelids open for about 10 minutes before they finally slipped closed, and his head hung a little.

Professor Snape had already fussed at him a little once, so he really wanted to make his mate proud. He was just so tired. Draco was too engrossed in his reading to notice his brother sleeping. Seamus Finnegan noisily commented, “Ugh. I guess when you’re a fellow death eater you can just do whatever you want in class.”

Harrison was asleep, so he hadn’t heard the comment, but the rest of the class did. Draco was livid. Without thinking, he drew his wand on Seamus. Professor Snape quickly intervened. “Mr. Malfoy put your wand away this instant. Take your brother and go into my office.” Then he turned to face Seamus, “Mr. Finnegan, 50 points from Gryffindor for that distasteful comment. Report to the
Once Seamus was gone, he spelled everyone’s potions into stasis and cancelled the second half of class. When the rest of the class was gone, he went into his study to find an angry Draco pacing and a worried Harrison curled into himself on the couch.

Draco turned and fumed at him, “You better have expelled the git, Uncle Sev! How dare he say such things about you and us! He has no idea what you and Father have done. You risked your lives as spies for the light!”

Severus sat on the couch next to Harrison and pulled the boy into his lap while he let Draco rant. When Draco seemed to have lost some steam, he beckoned him over next to him on the couch, “Dragon, come here. Your father and I were spies. No one knows what we did in the name of the light because everyone had to think we were bad. If the light side had found out that we were spies, then we would have been in even more danger. In due time, our job description will be revealed. Until then, we remain quiet to protect this family. The light side may hate us, but they would never kill you. If the dark side found out, they wouldn’t hesitate to kill all of us. I couldn’t put you two in that kind of danger.”

Draco seemed to take his words to heart, and he deflated a little and said, “I understand, Uncle Sev. I just wish it didn’t have to be this way.”

Severus pulled Draco into his side and placed a kiss on the side of his head. He noticed how much taller Draco had gotten. He used to kiss the crown of his head, but now he was too tall for that. He looked between his nephew and his mate and compared their sizes. Draco probably had about 70lbs and two feet on Harrison. The boy was tiny, but Severus loved his petite size because it made him easy to cuddle.

He looked at the boy again and noticed that he was asleep. He felt for a fever and cast a diagnostic charm to see if he was sick. He had noticed that the boy seemed more tired lately. He couldn’t find anything wrong with the boy. He figured he would let him nap for the remainder of the class period and wake him up in time for lunch. He cast a tempus and saw that it was 10:30am. There was still 90 minutes until lunch, so Harrison could get a good nap.

He asked Draco if he wanted to stay and do his homework in his office, and the boy easily accepted the invitation. Severus tried to lay Harrison down so that he could get some work done, but he whined at the loss of touch. Severus sighed and made himself more comfortable so that he could hold his mate until he woke up. Soon, he drifted into slumber as well.

Severus woke up to someone shaking him and calling his name. He looked up and blushed as he realized that he had fallen asleep on accident. Draco was trying to wake him and Harrison, “Lunch is in 10 minutes, so you might want to get up. Harrison has to be starving.”

Harrison grumbled about being woken up. Severus asked, “What time did you go to bed last night, Little One?”

Harrison just shrugged, so he looked to Draco for a more accurate answer. Draco didn’t disappoint, “He was asleep by his usual bedtime at 10:30. I slept with him last night, and he didn’t have any nightmares. He slept like a rock.”

“Why did you sleep with him last night?” Severus asked curiously.

Draco blushed a little, “Luna was sleeping in my bed.”
Severus was now very confused. Why would Miss Lovegood be in the Malfoy quarters at all, much less Draco’s bed? He knew that they needed to head to lunch, so he decided to just ask Lucius and Narcissa all of his questions.

He nodded his head to Draco and then the three of them walked to the great hall. They got a few strange stares on the way, but they figured people were still getting over the shock of Harry becoming a submissive veela and a Malfoy.

When they reached the hall, students were louder than normal. Everyone turned to stare at the new occupants to the room.

Word of Luna being accepted into the Malfoy family had now made its way around school. Some students were mad that the “death eaters were going to corrupt the innocent girl “while others were glad that “the dark side was taking the crazy girl.”

Luna was hunched in on herself as a couple of students were standing around her. Draco couldn’t hear what they were saying, but he could tell by their body language that they were harassing her. He marched over there and stood between Luna and her attackers, and he stared them down. They all paled and backed away, and he stated evenly, “Let it be known from here on that Luna is under my protection. Anyone who messes with her will have to deal with me.”

Then he turned and pulled her along with him to the Slytherin table. He sat between his brother and Luna, and the twins still sat on either side of them. A few of the Slytherin’s made a funny look at the presence of the Raven at their table, but they wisely kept their mouths shut to avoid Draco’s ire.

Luna was quiet at first, but she soon warmed up and started talking with the students around her. Draco had to admit that she had a strange imagination that bordered on absurd, but she was very charming. By the end of the lunch hour, she had all of the Slytherin’s in her back pocket unknowingly.

Up at the staff table, Severus stared at Lucius and Narcissa demanding an explanation. “Care to explain why Draco is suddenly so defensive of Miss Lovegood and why he said she slept in his bed last night?”

Narcissa gave him a big smile and Lucius smirked at him, but Narcissa was the one to explain, “It’s a long story. Harrison brought her over last night for a play date, and somehow she mentioned to Salazar’s portrait that she knew where all of the other founder’s portraits were. Salazar asked that we bring them to our quarters as well, so we did. We all talked for a while. Did you know that underage mates used to be more common and that the submissive was adopted by the alpha’s family? The potr-“

Narcissa didn’t get to finish her explanation because Severus interrupted her, “Are you implying that Miss Lovegood is Draco’s submissive? Hmmm. It would certainly fit with her size and demeanor.” At Narcissa’s excited nod, he knew that he was right. “She hasn’t received her inheritance yet. Do they know about each other?”

This time Lucius answered, “No, she hasn’t received her inheritance yet. Draco doesn’t know, but I’m not sure about Luna. I think she may have some seer talents.” He said that last statement with a small blush and a wistful smile.

Severus stared at his odd behavior for a moment and then spoke, “Yes, Miss Lovegood does seem apt for divination. She is quirky yet charming, and she is well-mannered. Draco could do much worse. How do you feel about this.”
Narcissa gushed, “We are very pleased. We will finally get a little girl to spoil. She’s going to have Lucius wrapped around her finger just Harrison does. She’s precious.”

Severus noticed Lucius’s worried look, but his friend asked him not to question him about it right now with his eyes. Severus minutely nodded and made a note to ask later when Narcissa wasn’t around.

Severus told them about the incident with Seamus Finnegan during his class, and he told them about Harrison being so tired. Lucius and Narcissa also noticed that he had been more tired than usual lately. “Maybe his new veela emotions are getting to him? Maybe we should make his bedtime earlier. He’s always asleep by his bedtime right now. Draco is just jumping into his bed at his bedtime, while Harrison has been in bed for a little while sleeping.” Narcissa said.

Severus agreed, but Lucius spoke, “Maybe, but I don’t think he will be happy about it. He was upset that he couldn’t move out of our quarters, and he is a little bitter that Draco is allowed a later bedtime. I’m not sure he will tolerate an even earlier bedtime.”

Severus added his own opinions, “I think it’s worth a try. He fell asleep in my class today. He could have been seriously injured. I don’t want to see that happen over something as simple as moving his bedtime up. Would it possibly help if this came from me rather than you two? He won’t stay mad at me long due to our bond, and I can play it off as my idea since it was my class he fell asleep in.”

Lucius agreed, “I think that’s fine. We can tell him after training tonight. Lunch is nearly over. Care to walk with me, Severus?”

The two men left the great hall. Lucius cast a muffliato so that they could speak without eavesdroppers in the corridors. He started, “Narcissa didn’t tell you everything the portraits said. Apparently, Draco and Luna will have a third mate. Luna will get her inheritance when she meets him or her. I am worried that the other mate’s family will try to claim Luna. Narcissa wants this so badly. I have also grown to like the idea of having her around.”

Severus replied without hesitation, “I see. Well, we will just have to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful, and soon Harrison, Severus, Lucius, and Draco were all on the quidditch pitch to bring training. Lucius had him and Draco run and fly laps to ascertain their level of fitness. They found that both boys were much quicker on a broom than their own two feet, and they knew they could use that to their advantage.

After 30 minutes of warm-up and conditioning, they went up to the room of requirement where there were lots of mats, targets, and training dummies. Since they had heard of the involvement of Charlie Weasley, they knew that dragons would be involved. They taught Harrison fire repelling charms, water charms, and basic healing charms. They taught him to dodge and stay on his toes. Then they finished off the lesson with the basics of dueling and some shield charms.

By the end, Harrison was exhausted. His hair was in complete disarray and all stuck to his head from sweat. His clothes were soaked through with sweat, and somehow he was covered in dirt as if he had been rolling around outside.

They all trudged back up to the Malfoy quarters. Narcissa took one look at her youngest and said, “Aww. My baby. What have they done to you? Go on and clean up, and we will go down to supper when you are done.”
He limped off slowly to his bedroom. Severus stated, “I don’t think he’s going to make it to dinner. I will go clean quickly and then come stay with him while you all are gone.” Then he flooed to his own quarters.

When Severus returned 20 minutes later, the Malfoy family was already gone. The shower was still running. He figured that Harrison must just be soaking his sore muscles, so he decided to give him more time. He called a house elf and asked him to prepare a light supper for two. Then he grabbed a book and sat down on the couch to wait for his little mate.

After 20 minutes, he began to worry. After 30 minutes, he decided to check on Harrison. He went into the boys bedroom and then through to their bathroom door. He knocked and called out, but there was no reply. The door wasn’t locked, so he entered immediately, overrun with worry.

Harrison was sitting on the floor of shower slumped against the wall asleep. Severus looked at the boy fondly. He grabbed a towel, shut the water off, and then scooped up his little sleeping mate with the big fluffy towel.

He figured that Harrison must really have been out to not be embarrassed by his current situation. As soon as he was lifted into Severus’s arms, he buried his face the man’s neck and purred.

He dried the boy quickly and gently, and then tried to wake him to get him dressed. The boy barely responded. When he was finally dressed, Severus cast a drying spell on his own robes and then scooped him back up. He carried him through to the kitchen and sat down in a chair with Harrison in his lap.

His gentle shaking, the sound of his voice, and the smell of the food finally roused him. He looked at where he was and blushed He tried to hide his face, but Severus wouldn’t let him, “No, none of that. You need to eat. You don’t need to be embarrassed. I want to take care of you. After you eat, you can go back to sleep.”

Then Severus held up a small sandwich for Harrison to bite. He took a bite and then leaned back against his alpha with his eyes half-lidded. Severus rolled his eyes and continued to coax the exhausted boy to eat one bite at a time.

As he fed Harrison, he brought up the earlier bedtime, “Little One, your father and I have noticed that you’ve been more tired than normal lately. Is something going on that’s causing you to be more tired?”

Harrison shook his head, so Severus continued, “We are worried that you aren’t getting enough sleep. You fell asleep in my class today. That could have been disastrous. That cannot happen again, understand?”

Harrison nodded, so Severus continued again, “I think that you need an earlier bedtime.”

He whined, “Nooooo! That’s not fair. I already have to go to bed before Draco. I’m not a baby. We are the same age, I should be able to stay up until 11 too.”

Severus squeezed him tightly and spoke sternly, “This isn’t up for debate. Your father and I already decided, and we are the adults so we get to make those decisions when they are in your best interest. You will be in bed and ready to sleep by 9:30 on weeknights and 10:30 on weekends. There-“

Harrison interrupted, “No way! You can’t make me go to bed that early. I don’t even think the first years go to sleep that early!”

Severus turned the boy sideways and gave Harrison a firm warning swat to his backside and then
scolded, “Young man, you do not interrupt when someone else is talking. It’s rude. Also, I do have the authority to make you go to sleep whenever I want. I am your alpha, remember? If you make one more complaint or protest, then I will make you be in bed by 8:30 with a warmed bottom. And for your information, Slytherin first years have a mandatory bedtime of 9:30.”

Harrison didn’t heed his warning, “But I’m not a first year! Everyone forgets that I’m 14! It’s bad enough having a bedtime, but I don’t want such an early one!”

Severus sighed. Now he was wishing he hadn’t given that last threat about spanking him. He didn’t want to spank the boy, especially when he worked so hard today and he was so tired. He knew he had to be consistent though. He couldn’t issue a warning and then not follow through. He calmly said, “I guess you will be going to bed at 8:30 after all.”

Harrison nearly yelled, “What?! Noo!”

Severus had had enough disrespect from him. He wouldn’t let any student talk to him that way, much less his mate. He asked, “Are you through eating?” Harrison crossed his arms over his chest and looked away from him. Severus spoke again, “I guess you are done. I’ve had it with your disrespect tonight. You’ve earned yourself a trip over my knee. Please go and put your nose in a corner in your bedroom while I calm down a little.”

Harrison repeated, “What?! Noo!” but this time it was more pleading than anything. He didn’t want a spanking.

Severus didn’t let it get to him, “Harrison, go. I will not repeat myself again. This is your last chance.”

Harrison now had a few tears running down his cheeks. He let go of Severus and tried one last time, “Professor Snape?” At Severus’s disappointed expression, he added, “Alpha, please don’t do this. I’m sorry. I’ll go to bed at 8:30 forever.”

Severus stood him up, turned him to the side, and he gave three hard smacks to the seat of the boy’s pajama pants. He yelped and then looked up to his alpha with big, wet green eyes. Severus just pointed to the direction of his room. Wisely, Harrison went this time. He found a free corner and stood there with his nose against the walls.

What seemed like forever, but was actually only 14 minutes later, Severus went into the boys room and walked up behind Harrison. He was pleased to see that the boy had followed his instructions this time.

He pulled the boy from the corner and led him over to his bed. Then he sat on the edge of Harrison’s bed and spread his legs to pull the boy between them. He tilted up the boy’s chin so that they were making eye contact, and the emotion he saw in those eyes almost had him changing his mind. He hardened his heart, and then pushed him over his left knee.

He pulled down his pajama pants and underwear, and then he gently trapped the boy’s legs with his right leg. He planned on being thorough. Harrison needed to learn right away that his behavior was not acceptable.

He rubbed Harrison’s back and asked, “Little One, do you know why you are getting this spanking?”

Harrison nodded, so Severus gave him a little slap and reminded, “Verbal answers, please.”

He quickly answered, “Y-yes, sir. I was disrespectful to you even after I was warned. I’m very
Severus sighed, “I understand, but a simple apology won’t cut it. You were warned, and I have to follow through with my warnings.”

Then he brought his hand down sharply on Harrison’s right cheek. Severus was a methodical spanker: right cheek, left cheek, right upper thigh, left upper thigh over and over again.

After about 15 swats, Harrison was sure his bottom was gone. Severus summoned his mother’s hairbrush, and he whimpered. He finished up with 14 swats of the brush: one for each year of age. Harrison was sobbing half-way through.

He vanished the brush, and then pulled up his underwear and pajama pants. He pulled the sobbing boy into his embrace, and Harrison clung to him tighter than ever. He cast a tempus and saw that it was just now 8PM. They still had 30 minutes until his new bedtime, and Severus wanted to reassure him that he was loved.

He carried him into the living room and sat in the rocking chair. He summoned a blanket and Pads, and made them comfortable in the chair. As he rocked and rubbed Harrison’s back, the boy started to calm.

The doors to the quarters opened, and Narcissa and Lucius came through. They gave questioning glances, and he promised to explain in a second. He made sure the boy was sleeping. He cast a silencing charm around Harrison and talked with the elder Malfoys for a while. He explained everything, and they agreed with him. They thought he handled it perfectly. He informed them that his new bedtime was 8:30 indefinitely, and he was not to complain or he would be sent to bed with a warmed bottom.

At 8:25, he carried the boy to his room and tucked him in. He knelt down and fixed his fringe as he said, “I love you so much, Little One. Everything I do is to keep you safe and healthy. Sleep tight.”

Harrison showed no signs of hearing what was said, so he turned and went back to the living room. He was grateful when Lucius had two fingers of firewhiskey waiting for him. He grabbed the glass, took a big swig, and then rubbed his face.

Lucius chuckled, “Hardest thing you’ve ever done, right?”

Severus sighed, “I’ve disciplined my fair share of students whose parents refused to step up, but none of them came close to being like that. What if I was too harsh? What if he never forgives me? I can’t get those big green eyes out of my head.”

He chugged the last of his drink and almost immediately became drowsy. He looked at his friend, “Did you just slip me a dreamless sleep?”

Lucius smiled and showed Severus the empty vial, “Trust me. You will thank me in the morning. Otherwise you would have worried needlessly all night. Why don’t you sleep in Draco’s bed? He wants to start staying in the dorms more, so he won’t be back. By the time you wake up, you will see that everything is fine.”

Lucius helped his brother (in all but blood) to Draco’s bed. He pulled the covers back and allowed Severus to fall on the bed with as much grace as he could manage. He spelled the mans clothes into a long night shirt. He knew the man preferred traditional clothing. Then he pulled the covers up to Severus’s shoulders.

He stared down at his oldest and best friend. His face was so much more relaxed and peaceful when
he was asleep. He could still see parts of that ragged 1st year that he had essentially taken under his wing in his last year at Hogwarts. He smiled at the thought of their initial, awkward relationship. Dumbledore had set them up as mentor/mentee. He liked that Severus had relied on him so much back then: for support, for knowledge, for advice, for protection, etc. He wished that Severus would let him help more now.

He gently brushed away a stray lock of hair from Severus’s face and then leant over and kissed his forehead and whispered, “Goodnight, little brother. All will be well in the morning. I promise.”

Then he checked on Harrison and turned to exit the room. Narcissa was standing in the doorway smiling at him. He blushed at having been caught at intimate moment with Severus. Not many people knew of how close they really were.

Narcissa hugged him and lead him to the bedroom. “I sometimes miss that scrawny little kid too. He’s a good man thanks to you. I hope I also played a hand in who he became. I used to love how he idolized you. After you graduated, he hung out with me a lot. I guess I was the closest thing to the actual you.”

Lucius smiled, “I am very proud of him. He will be just fine.”

In the early hours of the morning, Harrison awoke in the midst of a nightmare. He couldn’t remember it, but he was left feeling uneasy. He looked across and saw that Draco was in his bed, so he grabbed Pads and went to get in bed with his big brother.

He got under the covers and snuggled up to what he thought was Draco. He melted when he smelled his alpha. If he wasn’t so scared, he would have thought to wonder why Professor Snape was in Draco’s bed, but he just wanted comfort. Draco was good at giving comfort, but he was nothing on his alpha. Harrison decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. He inhaled his alpha’s scent and then promptly fell back to sleep.

The next morning, Severus slowly came to. He was fighting off the last of the sleeping potion. He smelled his little mate, and gave a little growl. He snuggled closer to the source of the smell and was surprised when he heard a purr. He opened his eyes fast and wide. The first thing he saw was Lucius sitting in a chair next to the bed staring at him. He looked down at bed and found Harrison cuddled into him. If possible, his eyes widened further and he looked up worriedly at Lucius who was now laughing.

Lucius spoke, “Wake him up. Reassure yourself that he is fine, and then get dressed. Breakfast will be on the table in 15 minutes, and I expect you both to be dressed and ready for the day by then.”

Severus blushed. Lucius hadn’t treated him like this since he was in school. Lucius raised his eyebrow, obviously waiting for a response. Severus looked at him and said, “Yes, Luc.” Automatically falling back to his old nickname for Lucius. He smiled and then left the room.

Severus woke Harrison. When the boy woke up, he looked confused. He didn’t remember last night. “Professor Snape?”

Severus sighed, “Honestly, Harrison. We are soulmates. Can you call me something besides Professor Snape when we aren’t in public?”

Harrison looked uneasy, but he agreed, “Yes, Sev.”
He followed the boy into the bathroom, and they both proceeded to go through their morning ablutions quickly. When they were finished, Severus led them out to the living room, but Harrison asked him to wait. He pushed Severus so that he was sitting on his bed, and then got into his lap.

“Sev, I’m so sorry about yesterday. I don’t know why I acted that way. Please forgive me.”

He pulled his little mate close and kissed the tip of his nose, “Always, Little One. I love you too much to let some silly squabble come between us. There will be times where you act out of line, and I will be there to put you back in line. That’s my job. Now let’s go to breakfast before your father grounds both of us.”

Breakfast went smoothly. No one mentioned their potentially inappropriate sleeping arrangements aside from mild teasing. Lucius and Narcissa fussed a little to Harrison about how important it is to obey Severus.

The day flew by. After sitting in a desk all day, Harrison was very sore and stiff. Lucius had suggested he take a hot shower prior to warming up to help loosen his muscles. They worked just as hard that day and all week.

Finally, it was Saturday, the day of the event. Severus was in the stands with Narcissa and Draco. He couldn’t be in the Champions tent since he wasn’t officially Harrison’s sponsor, Lucius was. He had taken two calming draughts just to be able to function semi-normally. Every one of his veela instincts was pushing him to protect his mate, but he couldn’t. Instead, he took his rage out on any student stupid enough to get close to him. Even Draco remained quiet around him. He watched as Harrison and Lucius entered the tent.

Harrison was nervous. He held onto his dad’s robes and walked as close to the man as possible for comfort. They entered the tent, and all of the other champions and their sponsors all gave him a look of half worry and half pity. They felt bad for the tiny child having to compete.

Lucius sat in a chair as they waited for the instructions. He tried to calm his youngest child, but Harrison was wound up. He pulled Harrison into his lap and used his own body and arms to help still his shaking son. He gave a sigh of relief when Harrison leant into him and calmed immensely.

He watched a tall, strong, attractive redhead enter the tent and walk towards the group. The man smiled when he saw Harrison sitting in Lucius’s lap, and he figured that his must be Charlie Weasley, the dragon tamer. His suspicions were proved right when the man introduced himself and gave the instructions.

The champions all drew a mini dragon from a sack. Harrison drew last, and he was stuck with the meanest of all the dragons.

Soon they called the first champion out. They couldn’t see anything, but they could hear the roaring of the dragons and the crowd. They watched as each champion came back with injuries or burn marks. Harrison turned to put his face in his father’s neck, and then his name was finally called.

Lucius stood up with his son in his arms, and he carried him out to the arena. He, Narcissa, and Severus had already decided that since they were going to force a 14 year old submissive veela to participate in this dangerous tournament, they were going to play up the innocence factor and make the press rally against the tournament.
The crowd cooed when they saw Harrison being held. Lucius gave him one last hug and then kissed his forehead and whispered, “You can do this, Harrison. Be brave and cunning. Most importantly, come back to us alive.”

Harrison nodded and said, “I will, Daddy.” Then he entered the arena.

The gong sounded and Harrison didn’t hesitate to summon his broom. The only problem was that he was so nervous he forgot to use his wand. He nonverbally and wandlessly summoned his broom in front of the entire school. Everyone thought he was just standing there until they saw his broom coming to his outstretched hand. There was a collective gasp from the crowd as they realized the amazing magic he had just done.

He was too focused on the task to hear the crowd. He mounted his broom and flew near the dragon trying to lure her away from her eggs. It worked! She started chasing him, and he flew back around to grab the egg. His seeker skills came in handy as he grabbed the egg. He had completed the task, but the beast was still chasing him! He flew for his life. He flew in circles and hard patterns until Charlie and the other dragon tamers could contain her.

As soon as she was chained again, he landed and ran to his dad, “Daddy! Look!” He held up the golden egg. “I did it!”

Lucius laughed and ran to his son. He scooped him up into a big hug, and Harrison melted. Soon Draco and his mother were also in on the big hug.

The scores were tallied, and Harrison was in the lead.
Chapter 12

After the competition, the champions had to go back to the champion’s tent before being dismissed. Krum wasn’t very happy when he found out that he had lost to a child, but he wasn’t outwardly hostile either. Krum was smart enough to know that Harrison was considered Hogwarts’s little Prince. Most of the school and the other two champions rallied behind him and supported him. If Krum wanted to continue to be well-liked, then he had to be seen getting along with the child. He inwardly scoffed. How could a 14 year old child, submissive child at that beat him in a physical endeavor? The kid was all smiles and shy at the same time. Krum was sure that if the kid wasn’t competition he would probably really like him. That thought just made him despise the kid more.

The champions spoke excitedly to each other about their tactics and maneuvers for a while. Then Karkaroff stomped over to them. He stood between Viktor and Harrison, and he slapped both boys roughly on the back. Viktor slightly lost balance while Harrison was thrown to the ground. He sneered at the boy, “Whoops, sorry, Potter. Looks like your luck just ran out. That’s all that was, luck. There’s no way you could go up against a dragon again. Viktor will show you what a real champion looks like next time.”

Fleur and Cedric were already helping Harrison up from the ground while Viktor was looking uncomfortable. He didn’t want to like the kid, but he didn’t want to hurt him either. He was stuck between disobeying the wishes of his headmaster and doing what was right. He gave his headmaster a look that conveyed how he felt about hurting the child, but he didn’t bother to actually help him up like the other two champions.

Lucius was across the room in a flash, and he stood between his son and Karkaroff at his full height. He easily towered over the man, and he used his complete alpha veela persona when he spoke, “Touch my son again, Karkaroff, and you won’t live to see another day.”

Karkaroff blanched at the threat. Lucius had to bite his tongue from telling the idiot just who Harrison’s mate was. Karkaroff was afraid of Severus and what he could do with potions. Just watching the man cower a little in his presence made him happier. He turned to check on his son while keeping the idiot man in his line of sight.

Fleur was wiping the dirt from Harrison’s robes while Cedric helped him to stand up. Harrison looked like he wanted to cry, but he was trying to fight against it. Lucius sighed inwardly. Harrison was so much more emotional than the rest of the Malfoy’s. He assumed it was just due to his submissive status. The boy was clearly exhausted from the stress of the events, and he wanted to be held. Lucius held his arms open to his little son. As Harrison jumped into his arms and was settled on his hip with his arms and legs wrapped tightly around him, he silently thanked Merlin that his father was not alive to see his family acting this way in public. Abraxis Malfoy would not have understood Harrison, and he would have treated the boy terribly.

Lucius held Harrison close to himself and looked to the other champions. Fleur was glaring at Karkaroff while Cedric was looking worrily at the young veela. He also noticed that Krum was looking uncomfortable. Lucius spoke softly to Cedric, “He will be ok, Mr. Diggory. He is just exhausted. I will bring him home and put him down for a nap.”

Harrison whined and buried his head deeper into his father’s neck to hide his blush from his father’s comment about being put down for a nap, “Daddyyyy, I don’t have to be put down for a nap. I’m not a baby.”

Viktor smiled at the innocence of the boy while Cedric chuckled and Fleur cooed. Then Lucius
swept from the tent and carried his son back up to the school. On the way back, he saw the flashing of multiple cameras, and he tried to contain his smirk. Carrying Harrison like this would contribute to the innocent portrayal him and Severus wanted everyone to see of him.

Remus and Padfoot came walking up to him. He held up a finger to his lips to signal them to be quiet, and he gestured that they should follow him. Narcissa was already in the family quarters, and Luna was there with her. The two were sitting closely side by side on Narcissa’s chaise lounge and reading from a book.

Lucius smirked when he saw that it was a collection of wizarding fairy tales, but he didn’t comment on it. Remus stared at the two blondes on the couch for a second while sending Narcissa and Lucius curious glances. He wanted to know why Luna Lovegood was hanging out with Narcissa. He had heard rumors of Draco putting the odd girl under his protection, but he couldn’t imagine why she would be with Narcissa…..unless this had something to do with Draco getting his inheritance so early.

Upon their entry, the blondes looked up from their book. Narcissa greeting them politely. Luna beamed at them and said, “Hello, Professors, Hello, Mr. Black.”

All of the adults in the room stopped moving and stared at her. Padfoot, who was normally very happy and bouncing around, wasn’t moving at all. Figuring the gig was up, he transformed back to his human form and asked, “Miss Lovegood, I haven’t had the pleasure of being introduced properly. I am Sirius Black-Lupin. How did you know who I was?”

Luna just shrugged with a dreamy smile and answered, “I don’t know. I see lots of things that other people don’t see.”

Lucius asked gently, “Luna, what other types of things do you see?”

Luna thought for a second then answered with a slight blush, “I see our relationship. I see that you are going to be my new Daddy and Miss Narcissa will be my new Momma. I don’t know why though.” A little softer and sadder, she added, “I hope nothing happens to my Daddy, but I would very much like to be your daughter too.”

Narcissa put her arm around the small girl and squeezed as she comforted her, “I would be honored to be your mother, Dear One. Lucius is about to put Harrison down for a nap. Would you like to nap until dinnertime too? The Weasley’s are coming over for dinner tonight.”

At the mention of a nap, Luna gave a little yawn and got up to follow Lucius into the bedroom. He and Sirius gently eased Harrison under his covered. They were about to tuck him in when Remus set Luna down in the bed next to Harrison. She blushed at the attention she was receiving from her professors, but she stilled in the bed as Harrison immediately snuggled into her.

Lucius gave them each a kiss on the forehead and pulled the covers tighter as he led the men from the bedroom.

The adults went back to the living room to talk for another hour until dinner. Sirius sat in Remus’s lap facing the Malfoy’s and Narcissa and Lucius sat side by side.

Sirius was the first to break the silence, “Is Luna Draco’s mate?”

Narcissa and Lucius nodded but added, “There is a third unknown mate. Luna will receive her inheritance when they all meet. Draco has already gotten his. The children do not know yet.”

Salazar butted into the conversation, “Draco has only gotten part of his inheritance. His
transformation is unfinished.”

All of the adults were baffled, “What do you mean unfinished? How is that possible?”

Salazar patiently answered, “As I said before, three part soulmates are not as common as they used to be. In situations like these, it was common for an alpha partner to receive part of his inheritance if there was a need. Draco’s veela clearly felt that there was a need, possibly to protect Harrison and now Luna. He has only received part of his inheritance though. When the third mate is introduced, Draco will finish his transformation.”

Lucius was shocked, “Fascinating. How did I not know about this?”

Remus had lots of questions, and the portraits were patient to answer all of them. His last question had Lucius sputtering, “What happens if the third mate is an alpha too? Will Luna still be in the custody of the Malfoy’s or will the other alpha’s family have a claim on her as well?”

Narcissa looked stricken at the possibility that she might not get to have the girl around all of the time.

The portraits answered truthfully with the same response they had told Lucius earlier when he had thought of that.

Sirius asked another thought provoking question, “If there are two alpha’s then which alpha will be the supreme alpha?”

Lucius scoffed and started to say that Draco would clearly be the in-charge alpha, but Gryffindor answered first, “The eldest alpha in the threesome will become the ultimate alpha. He will care for, protect, and provide for his two more submissive mates. While the younger alpha may not technically be a submissive, that alpha will almost always be submissive to the eldest alpha. This is to help protect the relationship from falling apart. These are natural instincts.”

Lucius wanted to argue and say that was stupid, but he didn’t want to think anymore about this. Sirius, though, had another question, “So will the younger alpha change in personality any?”

Salazar chose to answer this question, “Not in public. The younger alpha is still an alpha. He/she will only allow their guards down when they are in the presence of their elder alpha and family. When in public, there won’t be but the occasional hint of submission poking through. Most people won’t notice it.”

The adults all talked some more with the portraits about traditional roles and the like. They had all of their questions answered. There was a lull in the conversation, and Sirius used this time to change the topic a little. “So who do you think Draco and Luna’s third mate will be?” He asked.

Lucius just shrugged while Narcissa thought wistfully, “I hope it’s someone charming with proper manners. I aim to have grandchildren one day, and I don’t want them to be slovenly.”

Lucius chuckled at his wife, “Cissy, Draco and Luna are still children. Let’s enjoy our own children before we think about the prospects of grandchildren, alright Love?”

Narcissa smiled sweetly, “You’re right, dear. I’ve always grandchildren so that I can have someone to cuddle with, but now I’ve got Harrison. He’s really very affectionate.” She paused as she turned to look at Severus, “You are really very lucky to have my baby as your mate. You better give him all of the attention and love that he wants. If he complains that you aren’t offering enough cuddle time, I will come and take him back. Do you hear me, Severus Snape?”
Sirius laughed and Severus blushed slightly as he responded, “Yes, Cissa. I will provide the boy whatever his heart desires. I will cherish him always.”

Lucius decided to tease his friend, “Who knows, Cissy? We may have grandchildren from Severus and Harrison some day?”

Severus looked horrified, “No. I do not EVER plan on adopting or fostering children. I deal with enough dunderheads here. I don’t need to go home to more whiny, clingy children. I’ve got a little mate for that.” He added jokingly with a smirk. Nobody saw or heard Harrison come into the living room.

He was padding into the living room with an extra blanket wrapped around him and Pads in his hand. He had woken up from his nap and heard the adults talking. He figured he could have his choice with anyone to snuggle with if he came prepared.

He wasn’t expecting Severus to be talking about him. He heard Severus’s last statement implying that he was whiny and clingy. He dropped Pads, and he gave a little shocked gasp. No one would have heard it if it wasn’t for all of the humans with advanced hearing (veela, werewolf, dog animagus). They all turned to see the hurt expression on Harrison’s face. He wanted to hide away. He couldn’t believe his mate thought that about him.

He didn’t want to seem childish or clingy. He fought back the tears that were threatening to fall, and he started to back away to his bedroom quickly. All of the other adults sat there quietly. Severus tried to stop him, “Harrison, wait! I didn’t mean it like you think.”

Harrison barely looked at the man as he replied with a shaky voice, “It’s ok, Professor Snape. You don’t have to like me. I can try not to be so clingy.” He was barely holding it together. He didn’t notice Severus and the rest of the adults cringe at the formal title.

A single tear escaped and rolled down his cheek, and that seemed to open the flood gates. Dang it! He was trying to be mature, not childish or needy. His mate didn’t want that. He turned to flee into his bedroom ignoring the pleas from his alpha to wait. The more he tried to will himself to stop crying, the harder it became and the more upset he became. He was upset that he was such a baby. He was upset that he couldn’t control his emotions, and he was upset that his mate apparently wasn’t very happy with him.

He was working himself up into a panic attack when Severus decided to just go after him. He picked him up and brought him back into the living room to sit on his lap. The boy was completely stiff aside from the hyperventilating. Severus was trying to comfort the boy to calm him down, but nothing was working. He didn’t want to give him a calming draught, but he would if necessary. He was calling to his little mate, but his words seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Finally having enough and worrying about his mate, he used his alpha voice, “Harrison Sirius Malfoy! Calm down this instant.”

Harrison couldn’t help but to obey a direct order from his alpha. He quickly calmed and looked at Severus warily. Lucius and Remus didn’t look to happy about the way Severus had just forced Harrison to listen, but they held their tongues.

When Harrison was quiet and a little calmer, Severus spoke, “I’m sorry you overheard what you did. I said that in jest. I was only explaining that I didn’t want to have children one day. If we had children, then I could no longer devote all of my attention and love to you. I think you are perfect just the way you are, Little One. Understand?”
They were both blushing from Severus’s words. Harrison looked into his eyes with hope and asked, “Do you really mean it, Professor Snape?”

Severus sighed and tilted Harrison’s face so that they were making eye contact. Then he spoke with gentle determination, “Love, you are my soul mate. You literally complete me. I will always love and cherish you. Nothing you do could cause me to regret our relationship.”

Harrison threw his arms around Severus’s neck and started crying again. This time his tears were for joy and relief. He was crushed when he thought his mate hated him.

Remus quietly walked over to where his cub had dropped his stuffed Padfoot and his blanket. He picked them up and brought them over to Severus and Harrison.

Harrison blushed again as he reached for Pads and held him tight. Remus put the blanket around Harrison and Severus and enticed the boy to relax, “Sleep, cub. Supper is in an hour. We will wake you up when the Weasley’s arrive.”

The boy was deep asleep on his mate. He was sitting straddled over the man’s lap with his face in his neck. He was clutching Pads close to his chest between them. The adults were talking quietly when Luna suddenly came quietly padding into the room. She smiled at the adults and then at Harrison before she went and sat right next to Severus. She lifted up the blanket covering them and placed it over herself, then she snuggled in to Harrison and Severus and fell right back asleep.

She didn’t notice how tense Severus was at the interaction or the shocked look on the other adult’s faces. Lucius broke the silence with quiet laughter. He had to place a silencing charm over the children as all of the adults started laughing boisterously.

Severus blushed at the invasion of personal space by his student, a near stranger. He wanted to push her away, but he knew that she was destined to be his Godson’s mate. He wondered how long it would be before the odd, intuitive little witch would start addressing him as ‘Uncle Sev’ like Draco. It wouldn’t be long if this interaction was anything to go by.

Said Godson soon walked into the chambers with the twins. He called out, “Mother, Father” before he even entered the living room.

They all stopped short at the sight of Luna and Harrison snuggled together with Severus. The man just rolled his eyes and threatened them not to make any comments. Draco shrugged his shoulders and addressed his parents, “What time is supper? I’m starving..”

Narcissa gently scolded, “Dragon, supper will be served at 7 like always. You will be fine for another 30 minutes.” At his and the twins disappointed expressions, she relented, “Oh. Alright. I will floo call Bill and Charlie. If they are amenable, we can dine a little early. Why don’t you wake up your brother and Luna?”

Draco looked at the two sleeping on the couch. He had such strong feelings to look after and protect both of them. They were both very innocent, and they would stay that way if he had his way. He looked at Luna and couldn’t help but wish he was the one she was cuddled up to.

The two sleeping blondes were just starting to come awake when someone knocked on the door. Lucius answered the door and gestured to invite the elder Weasley’s in. Draco perked up as the door opened. He had a whiff of an enticing scent, and it gave him butterflies in his stomach.

As he turned to look at who was at the door, he caught sight of the intrigued expression on Luna’s face as well. His father was introducing the Weasley’s to everyone when he looked at them.
“This is Bill and Charlie Weasley—“ He didn’t get to finish his introductions because Charlie, Draco, and Luna all doubled over in pain.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

To clear up a little confusion, Draco is not a submissive. He is still an alpha. He will just start to have a few submissive tendencies. He envies Harrison’s ability to be comfortable with touch and affection, so this will give him an opportunity to explore that more. I haven’t decided yet whether Charlie will ever punish Draco. It would probably have to be something pretty grievous.

Lucius couldn’t believe what was happening. His son, his heir was bonded to a Weasley! The Malfoy’s and Weasley’s have been feuding for a very long time. His son would become a Weasley some day. Sure, he liked the twins and Bill, but they weren’t mated to his son. Lucius had honestly expected his son’s third mate to be someone younger. He had thought that Draco would be the elder alpha.

Everything was ruined now. Draco was the younger alpha. He would take the Weasley name when they married. He couldn’t allow that to happen. Malfoy’s were not submissive to Weasley’s. He was willing to call a truce to the twins and Bill, but this was unacceptable. How could this happen?

Narcissa was pleased with what was happening. They had found the third mate so soon! He may be a Weasley, but he was a pureblood. This would keep the Malfoy line pure. It was ingrained in her to worry about such petty things since her childhood, so she couldn’t help but be happy with this. Sure, the Weasley boy (man?) wasn’t ideal, but she could improve him some. He was certainly attractive. He was as tall as Lucius with a charming rugged appearance to him. He had long red hair to his shoulders that looked windswept, and he was very fit. He could see the potential of her future son in law.

Sirius just smirked. Everyone knew about the rivalry between the Weasley’s and the Malfoy’s. This would be huge. They would be front page news as soon as the wizarding world found out.

Severus was shocked. He held his little mate closer to his chest as he waited for the inevitable backlash from Lucius. He watched as Narcissa confidently made her way over to Lucius and guided him from the room. She gave off an air of authority as she gently excused them. They were gone for 5 minutes before they came back. Lucius had a forced smile on his face. No one else may be able to tell, but Severus could.

While they were gone, Severus held onto a worried Harrison while Remus, Bill, and the twins led the three mates to the floor in front of the fire. Padfoot was whimpering and trying to nuzzle against Draco and Luna. He was clearly worried about his kids.

After regaining some of their senses, Charlie instinctively placed Luna in his lap and scooted as close to Draco as possible. He placed an arm around Draco’s shoulders and pulled the slightly smaller boy closer to himself. Draco placed his forehead on Charlie’s shoulder and held hands with Luna.

Nobody said anything as the three mates soaked up comfort from each other. Narcissa cooed silently to herself. They were adorable, and she had just gained a daughter. She would have Lucius file the guardianship paperwork tomorrow, and the petite girl would become Luna Malfoy! She needed to contact Xenophilus Lovegood to assure the man that he was welcome at Malfoy Manor anytime, and
he could see his daughter whenever he wanted.

After 10 minutes, Salazar’s portrait spoke, “Congratulations on your bonding. It is truly a blessing to have two soulmates. Some people never get one.”

The other portraits also relayed their congratulations and spoke for a little while until Harrison’s loud stomach grumbling reminded everyone that it was dinnertime. He had hardly eaten all day due to his nerves over the tournament. They all made their way into the dining room.

The entire meal was awkward, and the conversations were stilted. Padfoot circled the table and begged for scraps from different people. He was planning on revealing himself today to all of the Weasley’s, but now it didn’t seem like the right time. He would wait until a day where the tension wasn’t as high. He was trying to lighten the mood with his antics, but it wasn’t working. Lucius seemed to only be getting more and more annoyed. Padfoot jumped when Remus fussed at him, “Padfoot, come! Lay down.” He pointed to the ground by his chair. He flattened his ears and glumly walked to obey his ‘master’.

Narcissa, Remus, and Severus tried to keep the conversation going by asking Charlie questions about himself. Lucius never showed any positive expression, and he never uttered one word to the young man.

Charlie had revealed that he was 21. He was a dragon tamer (ironic), and he lived on a dragon preserve. He was studying to be a Magical Veterinarian, and he would like to teach Care of Magical Creatures at Hogwarts.

Draco couldn’t believe how rude his father was being to his new mate. They were going to have a very serious conversation after dinner.

Finally, the meal was over. The Weasley’s were saying their praises and thanks for having them over. Charlie addressed the elder Malfoy’s, “Thank you, Lord and Lady Malfoy, for having myself and my family over for dinner. It was a pleasure to meet you, and I look forward to getting to know you better.”

Lucius rolled his eyes silently while Narcissa gushed, “Please, Charlie, call me Narcissa. I’m sure Lucius would like you to call him by his given name as well.”

This time Lucius scoffed, “Lord Malfoy will be just fine.”

Draco growled at his dad, “Father!”

Charlie just accepted the comment without complaint and nodded his head to the man in understanding. He was saying goodbye to Harrison, “Bye, Squirt. It was especially nice to meet you. I’m sorry for how Ronnie is treating you. I hope I can help convince you that all Weasley’s aren’t so bad.”

Lucius scoffed again, and Charlie sighed sadly and addressed him, “Lord Malfoy, I understand that in the past that our families have not gotten along well. I’m sure you don’t consider me worthy of your son, but I would never do anything to hurt him. He’s my mate now, and I will do right by him and Luna, and Harrison for that matter. I understand that some of my family members do not agree with what has happened, but I can see how happy and well adjusted he is. I would never do anything to hurt him either. I guess I will just have to prove myself to you.”

Lucius gave a barely noticeable nod and said, “well, that remains to be seen.”

After final farewells, the Weasley’s were gone. Draco turned to his father and yelled, “What in
Merin’s name is your problem? He’s my bloody mate, and you treated him like a social pariah.”

Lucius yelled back at his heir, “Do not speak to me with that tone, Draco Lucius! I am your father, and I deserve your respect.”

Draco yelled back, “Respect!? Like how you respected my mate during dinner?”

Lucius was angry now, “He’s a Weasley. He is not your mate.”

The room was silent for a second. No one could believe he had just said that. Narcissa tried to placate him, but he wasn’t having any of it. Harrison was practically hiding behind Severus’s robes and hugging Padfoot closely. He had never seen his family act like this. He was reminded of the Dursley’s with all of the angry shouting.

Draco stood and walked towards Lucius, “He is my mate! I’m sorry you don’t have any other friends to hook me up with like Harrison and Uncle Sev, but that doesn’t change that he is my mate.”

Severus gave a little growl at being spoken of in such animosity, but Draco ignored him.

Lucius walked closer towards Draco, now inches from his face, “I am your father, and you will do as I say. I forbid you from mating with him. He is not worthy of you. No son of mine will become a Weasley.”

Draco shouldered past his father on the way to leave the chambers, “He isn’t some schoolboy crush. He is my soulmate. He completes me. You cannot keep us apart.”

Lucius was now furious, “Watch me. You are grounded until further notice.”

Draco growled back, “Fine, but I’m not staying here. I’m going to the dorm!” The he turned to leave.

Lucius yelled after him, “Don’t come back until you are willing to listen to reason and admit that you are wrong!”

Harrison was shaking with fear and anxiety during their shouting. When Draco turned to leave, he ran after him, “Dray! Wait! Please don’t go.” He had tears rolling down his face. He was afraid that his nice, new family was breaking up.

Draco stopped and faced his little brother, “I’m sorry, Harrison, but I can’t stay if Father is going to act like this.” He placed his hands on Harrison’s face and gently wiped his tears away with his thumbs. “You will be fine, Green Eyes. I will see you at breakfast and in classes. This won’t be forever. He’ll come around once he gets his head out of his arse.”

Then Draco hugged him close and placed a kiss on his forehead before walking away. Harrison walked back into the Malfoy chamber’s with tears rolling down his face. He looked at his father with so much disappointment before going to his bedroom.

No one made any sound or movement until Pads suddenly flew through the living room to Harrison’s room. Narcissa turned to start fussing as Lucius, and the other adults took that time to flee from the living room. Luna was still sitting quietly on the sofa with a confused and slightly nervous expression on her face. She almost appeared to be in shock or just too afraid to move. Remus’s alpha instincts kicked in and he gently carried the unusually quiet girl to Harrison’s room with, “Come on, Sweetheart. They will all be fine.”

Luna didn’t give any indication that she had heard him. When Remus brought her into the boys room, they noticed that the room had changed. It was now bigger, and there was a third bed and
wardrobe. He went to set the girl down, but she clung to him. He went over to the newest wardrobe and opened it. There were all kinds of girly clothes. This was definitely for Luna. Hogwarts must have sensed the new bonds and adjusted the Malfoy’s chambers to make room for her.

He found a nightgown and hid a blush as he searched for a pair of panties. The girl was still unresponsive. He looked across to Sirius and Severus. The latter man was sitting on Harrison’s bed and rubbing his back watching Remus. They were both looking at him and communicating silently.

Remus knew the girl needed change into pajamas to get into bed. He wouldn’t have hesitated to help her dress if she were Harrison, but he didn’t know Luna very well. He had never helped a little girl before. Severus and Sirius both nodded at him encouraging him to help her. He sighed. She was his niece now. Uncle Remi to the rescue. He stopped stressing and spoke to her, “Luna, love, you need to put on some pajamas and get in bed. Can you do that?”

No answer. “Ok, love, Uncle Remi can help you. Is that ok?”

Still no answer. He looked over towards the other adults and they nodded at him. He set her down on the ground in front of himself and had to pry her arms from around his neck. She stood there expressionless and looked up at him.

“I’m going to help get you dressed for bed, love, ok?” She gave a very minute nod. He breathed a sigh of relief and started to undress her. He cursed to himself that this was a job for Narcissa. ‘Be a man’ he told himself. She’s not just a student anymore. She’s a hurt submissive, and she’s your niece.

He quickly got her dressed in the nightgown and fresh panties. Sirius had pulled back the covers on her bed while she was changing to give a little privacy. Remus went to set her in the bed but she whimpered and held on tighter.

She looked longingly at Harrison’s bed, so he carried her over there and set her down next to him. She willingly got under the covers. She hugged herself tight. Severus summoned Draco’s old stuffed dragon and gave it to her. She hugged it and buried her nose in it with a contented sigh. Severus smiled sweetly at her and gave Harrison a quick kiss on the forehead. Remus and Sirius pulled the covers up tight around the two young submissives and bade them a goodnight.

Back in the living room, Remus, Sirius, and Severus had just walked in on Narcissa and the portraits fussing at Lucius. He didn’t seem to be listening though.

Remus interrupted their bickering to tell them what had just happened in the other room. Narcissa wished them all a goodnight and excused herself to her children’s room. She smiled as she took in the change in the room. Then she pulled up a comfortable rocking chair and sat right next to Harrison’s bed. Exhausted from the stress of the day, she soon fell asleep in the chair.

Lucius wearily made his way into the children’s room a few hours and a few firewhiskeys later. He also took in the change in the room with glee. He felt terrible when he saw his wife sleeping in the rocking chair and Harrison and Luna snuggled together to draw comfort from each other. Was he being unreasonable? He hated the hurt look that Harrison had given him earlier.

He carefully draped a blanket over Narcissa and pulled the covers up on Harrison and Luna. He smiled at the picture they made: two sweet little submissives cuddled together holding their stuffed animals. These two were going to have them all wrapped around their fingers. He noxed the lights after one last look at Draco’s empty bed, and then he went to his own bed. Morning would come early.
Sure enough, morning did come early. Lucius’s alarm went off, and he dragged himself out of bed. He put on his housecoat and then went to wake Narcissa and the children. Narcissa woke easily and stretched out her sore body from sleeping in the chair. He went over to the bed and gently woke them, “Good morning, loves. Wake up. Breakfast is in 30 minutes. I thought we might have a family outing today.”

Harrison woke up immediately. He was still nervous from all of the shouting last night. He didn’t want any anger directed at him. He practically jumped out of bed with a, “Good morning, Daddy.” Then he went straight to the bathroom to perform his morning ablutions.

Luna woke immediately and looked nervously between Narcissa and Lucius. The Malfoy’s noticed the physical changes in her immediately. Her hair was longer and fuller. Her face was softer. If possible, she was even more adorable. She had grown about an inch, so now she and Harrison were the same height. They could easily be mistaken for twins if not for her beautiful blue eyes and his striking green eyes.

They couldn’t help but to wonder if there were any personality changes as well. Harrison had become much more affectionate after the change.

Luna rose from the bed gracefully and stood there awkwardly in her pink lace nightgown. She was still holding her dragon, and she looked up at the Malfoy parents with big, beseeching eyes. Narcissa hugged her and then told Lucius to fix his mistake.

He kneeled down so that he was eye level with Luna and told her that everything would be fine. She gave him a nervous smile before she asked, “Will you forbid me from seeing Charlie too? I don’t understand why you don’t like him. He was very nice and interesting.”

He squeezed his eyes shut in anguish, “I don’t know, sweetheart. You will become a Malfoy today, and I just don’t think that a Weasley is good enough for you. Mr. Weasley will have to prove himself worthy to have my girl and Draco, understand?”

She answered honestly, “No, sir. I don’t understand. We have a bond. Isn’t that enough? He makes me feel happy inside.”

Lucius really hated disappointing the girl, so he just said, “We’ll see. Why don’t you get ready for the day? I’m sure Draco will be pleased to see you at breakfast.”

She lit up at the thought of seeing her other mate again.

Soon the Malfoy’s and Luna were headed to breakfast. On the way past Severus’s chamber’s the man was just coming out of his door. Harrison ran up and jumped on him, “Good morning, Sev!”

Severus was happy to see that Harrison was in better spirits. He held him for a minute to enjoy the affection, and then he set him on the ground to walk on his own. No one else in the school knew about their relationship yet.

When they reached the great hall, Draco was already seated at the Slytherin table. He too looked different. He seemed to have more defined features, and he might have grown another inch or two. Harrison ran to sit next to his brother. Severus chuckled at his exuberant behavior while Lucius frowned at the dismissal. Harrison had practically avoided him all morning. Maybe he was reading too much into the situation.

Luna fluttered gracefully over to the Slytherin table. Draco blushed a little when she pecked him on the cheek and sat down next to him. The adults walked past him to get to the staff table, and Draco
gave Lucius the cold shoulder.

People were commenting on Draco and Luna, but no one confirmed or denied anything yet. Harrison told Draco about the family outing, so they all went down to the Malfoy chambers to await further instructions. Harrison was pleasantly surprised when Severus arrived with his parents.

They were informed that they were going to Luna’s house to get guardianship papers signed. Then they were going to diagon alley to go shopping and have lunch. They flooed to hogsmead, and then they apparated to Ottery St Catchpole.

Xenophilus greeted them enthusiastically. He was nervous about signing over Luna’s guardianship to the Malfoy’s, a notoriously dark family, but he trusted his daughter’s judgment. If Luna was ok with this, then he would also be ok with it. Lucius and Draco both seemed to care deeply for her. Even the normally stern Professor Snape seemed to be willing to help with her protection and guidance through her new creature inheritance.

Xenophilus studied the man with his own little submissive. They may be trying to hide the relationship, but he could see it regardless. It was evident in their matching auras and they way they looked at each other. He decided to put them out of their misery, “Professor Snape, has having your own young submissive prepared you some for having another young submissive around?”

The family all stared at him while Luna just smirked. Xenophilus explained that he could read auras and people very well. Harrison decided that since the man already knew, he may as well sit with his alpha. He walked over and plopped down into his lap. Severus hugged him closed and answered the question, “I have had plenty of experience with submissives from the classroom, but I must admit that it’s different to have a submissive soulmate. They require a lot of affection and attention. As you can imagine, that is difficult to do when you are trying to hide your relationship from the rest of the school. Draco and Lucius are more able to provide affection in public than myself. I hope to return the favor with Luna.”

Luna cheekily asked, “Does that mean I can have an extension on my potion’s essay?”

Severus deadpanned, “No. That means that I will properly show you affection after I turn you over my knee if you turn your essay in late.”

Luna straightened up immediately, and Xenophilus laughed. He asked without judgment, “Do you all intend to use corporal punishment on Luna?”

Lucius answered honestly, “If the misdeeds warrant it, then Luna will receive a bare-bottomed spanking. She will be treated just like my sons. I will not abuse your trust or your daughter. She is too precious.”

Draco blushed. His father had basically just told his future father in law that he gets spanked like a child when he was naughty. How embarrassing.

Xenophilus replied, “I trust your judgment. Your children seem happy and cared for, despite one currently being upset with you. We wouldn’t be doing our job as parents if our children weren’t mad at us every now and then. I must admit that Pandora and I never resorted to corporal punishment. I just ask that you take it slow with her.”

Now Luna was blushing, “Daddyyyyy. Stoopp.”

The adults chuckled and the paperwork was all signed. They used Xenophilus’s floo to go to the ministry to file the paperwork. All of the platinum blonde hair garnered a lot of attention in the dark
ministry office. People wondered who the young girl with the Malfoy’s was, and other people were still staring because Harry Potter had become a Malfoy.

Harrison could hear people whispering about him. Some of them were saying hurtful things. He could only hear them because of his advanced veela hearing. Draco came and placed a supportive arm around his shoulder, “Don’t listen to those idiots, little brother. They don’t know anything about us or you.”
Chapter 14

Lucius led his family to Amelia Bones’ office. This kind of stuff didn’t technically fall under her jurisdiction, but she was a close friend to the family, and they wanted this to be discreet. When they arrived, her secretary informed them that she had been called away on a personal emergency. They didn’t know when she would be back.

Lucius considered waiting until she got back, but Narcissa talked him into filing the paperwork through the proper channels. The press would catch wind of the new Malfoy immediately, but she knew they would find out eventually. What difference did make as to when they found out?

After the paperwork was approved and filed, Lucius led his family to a restaurant, the same restaurant where they took Harrison on the first trip to Diagon Alley.

Luna was bubbly and excited which rubbed off on Harrison. They egged each other’s silly behavior on, and it was starting to create a scene despite a few scoldings to act better. Lucius only allowed them to act that way because they were so happy. Narcissa and Draco were not happy with him right now, so their antics provided a little entertainment and brevity in the tense family. It ended with the two submissives needing to be separated from each other to calm down. Severus had to sit between them.

This didn’t dampen their spirits any. After the food arrived and everyone had finished eating, they ordered dessert. Harrison and Luna were dramatically stealing bites from the other’s dessert plate. In hindsight, Severus shouldn’t have allowed such poor table manners. He was sitting between them, and they were reaching over him. Harrison dove across him while he was reaching for his drink, and it caused him to spill the entire glass over himself, Harrison, and the table.

The stopped playing immediately, and turned to Severus with nervous eyes. Severus was just going to scold him lightly, but Lucius was first to the punch, “Harrison Sirius Malfoy! This is why we do not play at the dinner table. I’ve had enough of your poor behavior, and you will be punished when we get home. Now, sit back and don’t make another movement or sound.”

Harrison was staring at Lucius with wide, fearful eyes. He thought back to last night when he was yelling at Draco. Now he was yelling at him too. He had threatened punishment. Harrison couldn’t help but think of the worst. The man was acting like Uncle Vernon, would he punish him like Uncle Vernon? How could he have been so stupid? Everything was going so well with his new family, and he had to go and ruin it like the freak he was.

He meekly responded with a shaking voice, “Yes, s-sir. I’m sor-rry.” Then he sat back and hunched down on himself a little. He left the rest of his dessert untouched. He didn’t notice the hateful glances that Narcissa, Draco, and Severus were sending to his dad. He was looking down at his hands in his lap and getting further and further worked up.

He gave a little squeak when he was suddenly lifted up and carried away from the table. He panicked for a second thinking that he was going to be punished right now. He didn’t even look to see who was carrying him. He just blurted out, “Please don’t hurt me! I’m sorry for being a freak. I’ll stop. Please, Uncle!”

The entire restaurant had heard his outburst, and everyone was staring. Severus nearly dropped the boy. He hadn’t expected that. He was taking his mate home to comfort him, not punish him. Lucius was out of line with that threat. You couldn’t speak to children, especially submissives that way.
Half of the restaurant was glaring at Severus because they had assumed Harrison was calling him uncle and begging him not to hurt him. Another part of the restaurant was giving the boy sympathetic looks, and the rest were saying that the death eater spawn probably deserved whatever was coming his way.

Severus ignored the onlookers, and he stopped walking. He called out to his mate, “Harrison, Little One, it’s ok. It’s Severus. I’m not going to punish you. Vernon Dursely is not here. You are safe. It’s Severus. No one is going to hurt you.”

Severus hated putting on that little show for the restaurant, but it could not get into the papers about him abusing the boy. They didn’t need anymore negative publicity. Everyone already knew about Harrison being abused by his family, so they would believe that this was just a flashback.

The boy seemed to calm down a little and blinked at his mate, “Sev?” He clung to his alpha and hid his face in his neck.

Severus held him tight and continued exiting the restaurant. People weren’t even being subtle about staring. They were openly gawking. As soon as Severus and Harrison exited, they all turned to look at the rest of the Malfoy’s. Draco was comforting Luna and glaring daggers at his father. Narcissa was trying to get the bill and ignoring her husband. Lucius looked extremely guilty.

Severus was holding the frightened boy to his chest while walking to an apparition point. Even out here, people were whispering, “Is that Professor Snape? Who’s he holding?” “Is that Harry Potter?” “I thought they hated each other.” Severus held his little mate and whispered into his ear to try and block out the onlookers words. He finally reached the apparition point and he made it back to the Hogwarts front gate. He silently cursed. Now he had to get back to his quarters. Everyone would see him with Harrison.

Back at the restaurant: the majority of the Malfoy’s had advanced veela hearing so they could hear every word muttered by the rest of the customers in the restaurant. “That poor child.” “I knew those bastard Malfoy’s were no good for the Potter boy. Someone should alert child services and have the boy removed from their care.” “What a brat. If he was my son, I wouldn’t have put up with that behavior.” “That’s what happens when Death Eaters raise children.” “Poor lad. Must’ve had a flashback to his abuse. I didn’t realize Professor Snape could be so gentle.” “Why did he call himself a freak?”

The Malfoy’s paid the bill, and then tried to walk out of the restaurant with their heads held high. Lucius decided that he’d had enough drama for one day and suggested that they go home. Narcissa angrily responded, “No. You need to go home and fix this with Harrison. Then you need to sit and think about your priorities. Look at your children, Lucius! They are all unhappy with you. We came here to get clothes for Luna, and that’s what we’ll do. When I get home, you had better be more like the man that I married. I don’t know who you are right now.” Then she took Luna and Draco by the hand and led them away. Draco blushed at the childish treatment, but he knew that right now was not the time to complain so he went with his mother quietly.

Lucius made his way back to Hogwarts slowly. He knew that he needed to square things away with Harrison. He might have overreacted and taken out his anger at his older son on his baby. He sighed. Luna may be his youngest now, but Harrison would always be his baby. There was just something so pure, innocent, and lovable about him. Lucius felt terrible. Severus was angry with him as well. What was wrong with him?

On his way back to his chambers he ran into Minerva, Sirius, and Remus. They worriedly asked about Harrison because they had seen Severus with him earlier. Lucius told them what happened, and they too were upset with him. Minerva scolded, “Lucius Abraxis Malfoy! Both of your sons are
upset with you at the same time. I heard about your appalling behavior last night, young man. Just because I’m not your professor anymore, don’t think that I won’t make my displeasure known to your backside. You need to fix this. Charlie Weasley is a fine young man, and you could do a lot worse for a son-in-law. I expect better from you.”

Lucius grumbled under his breath about pushy old witches as he walked away. He gave a slight yelp as Minerva landed a stinging hex onto his rear. He looked at her, and she just gave him a pointed look.

He finally arrived to his quarters, but no one was there. He made his way to Severus’s quarters and found them sitting in a rocking chair in front of the fire. Harrison looked miserable, and Lucius’s heart broke at knowing he caused this reaction in his darling boy.

Severus gave him a warning growl as he approached them. He held his hands up in surrender and conjured his own chair to sit right next to them facing them. The vibrations from Severus’s growl seemed to rouse Harrison a little. He looked out from his hiding spot against Severus’s chest and under the blankets and peeked nervously at his dad.

Those bright green eyes full of fear nearly gave him a heart attack. He took a deep breath and apologized, “Harrison, baby, I’m so incredibly sorry for scaring you. I would never intentionally hurt you. I care for you so much. You are my child. Do you think you could forgive me?”

Harrison slowly nodded his head and said, “Y-yess, s-sir. It’s o-ok. I-I’m s-sor-rry too.”

Lucius asked Severus, with his eyes, if he could hold his son. Severus begrudgingly allowed the older man to take his mate. Harrison was very stiff in his father’s arms at first. After a few minutes of whispered reassurances and apologies, he relaxed and breathed in his father’s comforting scent.

Lucius asked him why he apologized, fearing the answer. Harrison took a deep calming breath and then answered, “I’m sorry for being bad and being a freak.”

Lucius leaned his son sideways and gave him two firm swats, “What did I say about you calling yourself that? You are not a freak. You are a wonderful little wizard, and you did nothing to deserve the ire of your so-called family. Besides, you’re a Malfoy now, and no Malfoy has ever been a freak. I don’t think Severus would ever have a freak for a soulmate either.”

Harrison nodded his head. Lucius held him close and kissed his forehead, “I’m truly sorry for being the reason you were so frightened. If I could take it back I would. You and Luna were behaving poorly, but I overreacted. Do you think we can call it even? I bet we could even go to Hogsmeade and get some candy since we didn’t get to have our ice cream on Diagon Alley.”

Harrison’s eyes lit up, “Really? Just us? What about Momma, Draco, and Luna?”

“They stayed to get Luna some new clothes. You know how your Momma is. We could pick them out something if you’d like.” Lucius replied.

The three of them soon made their way to Hogsmeade. Harrison was very happy to have some time alone with just his dad and mate. He was giddy and exuberant, and his good mood was rubbing off onto the adults. When they arrived at the candy store, he ordered for everyone, ”Hello. Could I get a chocolate cauldron for Sev, some Licorice wands for Momma and Daddy, a Chocolate Frog for Draco, and Bernie Bott’s Beans for Luna?”

The shopkeeper quickly got his treats, and then asked him what he wanted to get for himself. He settled on some sugar quills, and he sucked on one all the way back to the school.
When they arrived back at the school, it was almost dinner time. The rest of his family still wasn’t back yet, so he figured they must have eaten dinner on the alley. He asked if they could continue their bonding time by having dinner with just them. Severus and Lucius eagerly agreed. After dinner, Harrison got ready for bed and sat in the living room with his father and Sev, waiting on everyone else to come home. Severus was reading aloud from a book about Wizarding tales, and Harrison slowly drifted to sleep to the dulcet sounds of Severus’ voice.

Harrison woke the next morning in his bed with Luna. He looked across to Draco’s bed and sighed when he saw that it was empty. He liked snuggling with Luna, but it wasn’t as good as snuggling with Draco. He cast a tempus and saw that it was only 5:30am. It was Sunday, so breakfast wasn’t until 8am. He tried to get out of bed without waking Luna, but she stirred and woke from the movement.

“Harrison? Where are you going?” she asked.

He debated telling a little fib that he was just going to the bathroom, but he didn’t want her to wait for him to come back. He also didn’t want to tell her where he was going because then she would want to come. He ended up telling the truth, “I want to go lay with Draco until breakfast. Do you want to come with me?”

She nodded, and the two of them made their way to the Slytherin common room in only their pajamas. Harrison had on silky green pajamas that matched his eyes, and Luna had on light blue lacy nightgown that matched her eyes.

They walked quietly through the corridors. When they reached the entrance to the common room, Harrison realized that he didn’t have the password. He’d never actually had to come in there before. The portrait was of a large snake. He thought parseltongue might work, so he hissed to tell it to open. The snake looked surprised, but he quickly opened the door.

They entered the dark common room, and stopped. Neither one of them knew where Draco’s dorm was. The common room fire was a dull ember, and it cast long shadows on the wall. The silence of the dark room contributed to the eeriness. Harrison was a little embarrassed to admit that he was creeped out. He held hands with Luna, to comfort her, of course, and they made their way to a door. Opening the door, he saw that it led to another hallway with lots of other hallways branching off. They went down the first hallway and opened a door. There were a bunch of girls in there. One of the girls, a 7th year, sat up and looked at him confused. She spoke to him, “Harrison, this is the girls dorm. What are you doing? Is everything ok?”

He nodded, “Sorry. Everything is fine. We are just looking for Draco. Where is his dorm?”

Her expression softened a little, and she told them where to go. When they made it back into the common room, Marcus Flint was just stoking the fire and trying to get it back to life. He turned to face them when he felt their presence. He didn’t comment on their joined hands or the presence of the Raven in the Snake pit. Harrison explained that they were looking for Draco, so Marcus showed them the way, “Follow me, Little Prince and Princess.”

Harrison blushed at the title while Luna giggled. Soon they were led to the 4th year boys dorm. Marcus opened the door and ushered them in after pointing to Draco’s bed. Harrison and Luna crept quietly to his bed. They got on ether side of him and squeezed into the small bed.

Draco yelped in surprise at the sudden intrusion and the cold feet on him. He looked and saw
Harrison and Luna. He put an arm around each of them and told them to go back to sleep. Soon they were all three asleep cuddled together.

They awoke to the feeling of eyes staring at them. Blaise, Theo, Greg, and Vincent were staring at them with inquisitive faces. Draco gave a little shrug and gently shook his bed partners awake. Not even two seconds later, his father came rushing into the dorm, “Draco, get up! Harrison and Luna are miss-.” He cut off his statement as he saw all three of his children in Draco’s bed.

Lucius gave a sigh of relief, and he scolded, “Harrison, Luna, you cannot just leave our chambers in the middle of the night without anyone knowing where you are. Your mother and I woke up and panicked. Severus isn’t very happy either.”

Harrison nodded miserably, and Lucius continued, “Both of you need to get up and come back with me, now.”

Lucius waited until they were both standing near him. He grabbed a hold Harrison’s upper arm and turned him sideways to give two sharp smacks on his bottom. Then he turned to Luna and gave her the same two smacks. “Now I expect each of you to go and find a corner to plant your nose. I will come and get you when your time out is done.”

They both ran from the room, embarrassed. He had just swatted them in front of their classmates, and then gave them a time-out. Ugh. Did he have to call it that? It made them sound like toddlers.

Draco was still mad at his father, so he ignored him. He got up and went straight into the shower.

Back in the Malfoy’s quarters, Severus was trying to comfort a distraught Narcissa. This made Harrison feel guilty. He went straight to his mother and threw his arms around her and apologized, “I’m sorry, Momma. We woke up early, and I wanted to go see Draco. We spent the rest of the morning in his bed. I didn’t mean to make you worry.”

Narcissa hugged him and told him that she was just glad he was ok. Lucius walked in and reminded them, “I thought I specifically asked you two to plant your noses in a corner. What part of that included having a conversation with your mother?”

Narcissa gently nudged them in the right direction. Then she left the room to get ready for the day. Harrison could feel eyes watching him. It made him squirm a little. After what felt like forever, Lucius released them from their positions. Harrison turned and made eye contact with his disappointed alpha.

Severus crooked a finger at him, “Come here, Little One. Why did you feel the need to see Draco so early this morning. Couldn’t you have waited until breakfast or asked to get permission? That would have saved all of this trouble and worry. I was very worried when your father told me you were missing. What would I do without you? I’ve waited my whole for you. I refuse to risk losing you because of something so trivial. Do you know what would have happened if another dominant with questionable morals had found you two alone in the hallway?”

Harrison shook his head no, and Lucius fussed at Severus to stop scaring the boy. Severus was adamant, “No, Lucius. He needs to understand that he cannot be alone or with just Luna. It could be dangerous.” He turned to Harrison, “You are not allowed outside of these chambers without a chaperone: myself, Lucius, Narcissa, Draco, the twins, Marcus Flint, etc. If I find out that you have disobeyed me on this, you will not be sitting down comfortably for a long while, understand?”

Harrison nodded contritely and responded, “Yes, Alpha.”
For good measure Severus gave him one firm tap on his behind. Then he picked up his mate and proceeded to tickle his frown away. It didn’t take long. He brought him back into his bedroom and tossed him onto his bed. Then he went and picked out Harrison’s clothes for the day.

Soon they were all headed into the great hall for breakfast. Once again, everyone stared as they entered. Harrison was really tired of this. Students were outright staring and talking about them. He wondered what the paper said about his family today. When he reached the table with Draco, he read today's paper along with his brother.

There were two articles about the Malfoy's on the front page. The first article was about Harrison’s panic attack at the restaurant yesterday. There were quotes from witnesses about how he was abused, about Severus comforting him, and other ridiculous ones about how the Malfoy family was not the right fit for The Boy Who Lived. This led right into the next article, which was about Luna being adopted by the Malfoy's. It talked about her creature inheritance, and it explained why she was taken in by her alpha's family. It also spoke about the third mate, Charlie Weasley. There were opinions from multiple people about the mating, the adoption, and death eaters in general.

The front page articles ended with the writer commenting on how strange it was for there to be so many submissives in one family. The writer even took a shot at brevity by joking that the Malfoy's had a lot of work ahead of them protecting and providing for the submissives.

Harrison sighed. His life would never be normal. He figured that the article could have been much worse, so he didn't complain too much. He thought to himself that this would all blow over soon enough, and then they could be a happy family again.

He was abruptly disabused of this notion as the doors to the great hall flew open and an irate Molly Weasley came charging into the room yelling, "I will not stand for this, Malfoy! Charlie is the elder alpha, so Arthur and I should get guardianship of the girl. I won't have you ruining her with your death eater pure blood propaganda!"
Molly continued ranting and making a scene in the great hall. Ron and Ginny looked like they were approving of their mother’s antics while Fred and George just wanted to be buried alive. They couldn’t believe their mother was acting this way. They stood up from the Slytherin table and then walked to her. They tried to coax her to calm down, but she wasn’t having it. “Fred, George, how dare you two side with that death eater scum over your own family!”

The twins argued, “Mum, they aren’t death eaters!”

She screeched, “Don’t be foolish.” She grabbed each twin by an ear harshly and yanked. “I didn’t raise you to be so selfish or naïve. It’s clear that the Potter brat has tricked you to believing his little sob story. Even his own relatives hated him and called him names. He’s just a freak.”

The twins groaned, “Ow, Mum, that really hurts. Let go.”

She ignored them and continued chastising and hurting them. Their faces were turning red. Severus Snape, of all people, was the first to stand up from the staff table and demand, “Molly, unhand the children. You are out of line.”

She scoffed at him, “Don’t presume to tell me how I can and can’t handle my own traitorous sons.”

Charlie came running into the Great Hall. He saw his mother manhandling his younger brothers and saw red. The great hall gasped as they saw him. He was now 6’4” with large, lean muscles. He had on his most threatening alpha veela face, and he was glaring daggers at his mother as he calmly and sternly said, “Release Fred and George. Your quarrel is with me, not them. Let them go.”

She scoffed again and yelled, “And here’s the biggest traitor of all! A Malfoy, Charlie? You are soulmates with a Bloody Malfoy, and I had to find out from the papers?! Your father and I won’t stand for this. We refuse to allow you to see that boy, and we demand to remove Luna from their guardianship. She should be with good people like us.”

Charlie, if possible, got even angrier, “I will not deny either of my soulmates no matter what you and Dad think. You are wrong about them. They are good people. Luna will stay with them. I have the ultimate say as her alpha. Talking about good people….look at yourself right now. You aren’t acting like a good person.”

She glared back at him, “I’ve had it with your disrespect. I hereby disown you from the Weasley name. I’ll not have you soil our family name.”

Charlie didn’t respond, but the twins did, “Mum! You can’t do that! Charlie isn’t mucking anything up. You are!”

She slapped George hard enough across the face to make him fall. “If that’s how you feel, then I disown both of you as well. Good luck being minors in the ministry system and paying your Hogwarts education, you ungrateful heathens.”

Severus had heard enough. When she slapped George, he drew his wand. He cast a body bind on her and made his way down to her. He acted purely on impulse as he sneered, “You are truly a wretched woman. You don’t have any idea of what you just gave up. Fred and George will not be
going into foster care. I will take them in. They will become my apprentices and wards, and I will pay for their schooling. You will never call them family again. If I hear about you so much as looking at MY boys, I will show you that I can be just as dark as you think I am.”

Then Severus helped George up, and he led them from the great hall to his personal chambers. The great hall was silent as they left, but they heard cheering as they stepped into the corridors. The twins seemed to be in shock, and that was all he cared about right now. He cast a patronus to Poppy asking her to meet him in his chambers.

As soon as they left the great hall, Molly’s body bind started to wear off. Harrison caught her attention when he jumped up and started running after Severus and the twins. Before he reached the doors, her body bind was completely gone, and she screeched, “You! This is all your fault, you ungrateful little freak!”

That stopped Harrison dead in his tracks, and he stared at her with a stricken expression. This was a woman that he had nearly thought of like a mother for three years after all. Ron and Ginny were now standing at the Gryffindor table. Ginny looked smug still, but Ron was conflicted. His mother had just disowned three of his brothers. Why would she do that? Ron stared at the small boy who had been his best friend for three years. They had been inseparable, like brothers.

He thought about Fred, George, Bill, and now Charlie. Why would they risk giving up their family for him? A year ago, Ron would have done anything for Harry, but now he was a Malfoy. Didn’t that change things? Now Charlie was apparently mated to Draco. Does that change things? Why is everything so dramatic and confusing?

Ron was brought out of his musings by the look of anguish and fear on Harry’s (Harrison’s) face. He felt guilt deep within his soul. His conscience was telling him to do the right thing. Harrison was innocent in all of this. He was just an unloved, abused orphan who allowed himself to adopted by a caring family. Damn! How had this gotten so out of control? How could Ron be so angry with his supposed best friend for just wanting to be happy?

Molly continued to berate and belittle Harrison. She stalked towards him, and he tripped as he stepped backwards. He fell and didn’t even try to defend himself. He just sat up and pulled his knees into his chest. Tears were streaming down his face, and he was looking up at Mrs. Weasley with a pleading expression. Ron didn’t know how his mother didn’t crumble to the expression right there. The great hall was so loud. The majority of the students were yelling at her to stop, while a small percentage was egging her on. Ron was a little surprised when a bunch of students suddenly stood between his mother and Harrison. Draco, Blaise, Crabbe, Goyle, Nott, Flint, Cedric, Fleur, Krum, Oliver Wood, and the rest of the Gryffindor quidditch team all stood with their wands drawn and menacing faces aimed at his mother. He was a little surprised when Hermione ran over to join the students. She threw a questioning look towards him, and he acted on instinct.

He pulled his wand and ran over to the crowd. Draco leveled his wand at Ron now thinking that Ron was going to help his mother. Ron would remember his total look of shock when Ron bypassed his mother and stood with them. He pointed his wand at her and shouted, “Mum! I think you have made your point, but it’s time to go now. You’ve disowned Charlie, Fred, and George already. Now, you’ve got Harry terrified. Look at him, Mum! A year ago you would’ve sold The Burrow for him, what happened? He’s Harrison Malfoy now, but he’s still Harry! He’s still the best friend I’ve ever had, and he’s still my brother, if he’ll still have me that is. We were wrong about him! He just wanted a family to love him. Why do we have to hate him because of that?”

Dumbledore’s eyes were twinkling as he casually made his way over to the scene near the doors of
the Great Hall. Lucius, Narcissa, Remus, and Padfoot were anxiously following him. He had asked them to let this play out, and it seems that it played out exactly how he had wanted it to. He knew that Ron would see the error of his ways if provided sufficient motivation. He knew that Ron Weasley was not a bad person. He just had a vicious temper.

Molly stalked towards the crowd and raised her hand to hit Ron, but Lucius said in a scary silky tone, “If you hurt that boy, I will not be responsible for my actions towards you.”

Ron was shocked again. Lord Malfoy was defending HIM against his own mother. What was the world coming to?

Again Molly declared, “You can’t tell me how to discipline my own sons. I’m taking the traitorous little bastard home with me to teach him a lesson.”

Dumbledore’s twinkle disappeared as he spoke loud and clear, “Actually, Molly, you aren’t taking young Ronald anywhere because I will not allow you to. Hogwarts bylaws decree that all student absences must be approved by the Headmaster unless matter of emergency or otherwise approved circumstances. As this is neither, Ronald will be staying here. You, however, have now outworn your welcome and are hereby asked to leave the premises.”

Molly yelled at him, “You can’t do that, Albus! He’s my son.”

He calmly stated, “That doesn’t seem to mean much to you anymore. You’ve just disowned three of your sons, and you used to consider Harry Potter a son. Now look at how you treat him.”

Molly instantly calmed, and an evil gleam took over her features, “You’re right. I did just disown three of my sons. What’s one more?”

She turned to Ron, and he was as white as a ghost. He pleaded, “Mum! Please, don’t do this. Just think about what you’re doing. You’ll see that what you’re doing is wrong! Please. Mum!”

She ignored him, “Stop your whining, and don’t call me that. I’m no longer your mother. I hereby disown you as well. Let’s see if anyone would want to save you too. No one will want your temper. You won’t be saved like the twins. You’ll be cast out into the streets and forgotten about.”

Ron was barely standing. He was now crying silently. His knees were just about to give in when someone caught him. He looked and saw that Draco Malfoy was holding him up. He gave Ron a supportive smile and then kept glaring at Molly.

Harrison had heard enough. He would let her talk bad about him, but no one talked about his friends that way, not even their own mother. He knew that Ron hadn’t been a very good friend lately, but it was clear that he had now seen the error of his ways.

Harrison stood up on shaky yet determined legs. He wiped the tears from his face, and he made his way through his defenders and stood in front of Mrs. Weasley. He no longer felt any affection for her, and he made it known as he spoke evenly, “You are wrong, Mrs. Weasley. He won’t be cast out or forgotten about. He’s my brother, no matter what, and I will take care of him.”

She laughed, “You!? Hahahahaha! You are just a silly little submissive! You will never have any say. Your alpha isn’t even here to defend you. How could you possibly take care of someone else?”

Harrison wasn’t looking at her though. He was sending pleading eyes towards his Godfathers. Remus looked down at Padfoot, and they had a private, silent conversation. They both looked up at Harrison and smiled as they minutely nodded.
Remus and Padfoot stepped between Molly and the children, and Remus spoke, “Molly, your behavior today is quite frankly embarrassing. You’ve disowned four of your children. How could you do this? Due to my condition, I am unable to have children of my own, so I will gladly take Ron in, if he will have me.”

He looked to Ron with a questioning glance while Molly screeched again, “You! You can’t have him! You’re a werewolf!” The majority of the Great Hall gasped, but she continued, “The Ministry will never allow you to adopt him!”

Ron spoke quietly to Remus, “Remus? Really? You’d adopt me?”

Padfoot jumped up and licked him in the face while Remus responded, “Yea, kid. I love you like a son anyway. I’d love to make it official. Padfoot apparently approves too.”

The Great Hall doors flung open one more time to reveal Charlie and Arthur Weasley. Arthur sported an angry expression, but Remus wanted to speak first. He squared his jaw and calmly stated with flashing amber eyes, “Yes, Molly. I am a werewolf, and it would do well for you to remember that there is only one day before the full moon. This is your final warning. Werewolves are extremely protective of those they consider their own. Harrison, Draco, the twins, and Ron are mine, and you will not so much as look at them from now on. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to have a son of my own.”

Arthur stared in confusion, “Remus what are you talking about? I thought Severus was taking guardianship of the twins?” He prayed to Merlin that his wife did not disown Ron too. He wouldn’t be able to handle losing four of his sons in one day.

Remus turned to Arthur, “I think you should ask your wife, Arthur.”

Arthur faced her, “Molly? What have you done!?”

Molly looked at her husband with no remorse, “I’ve done us a favor and disowned our traitorous children. Charlie, Fred, George, and Ron are no longer Weasley’s.”

Arthur was furious, “You idiot woman! What in Merlin’s name gave you the authority to take my sons away from me!? How could you?”

Ginny didn’t like the way her father was speaking to her mother, so she defended her, “Daddy! Mummy was doing the right thing. They all betrayed the family for Harry and his death eater family.”

Arthur rounded on his daughter, “Young lady, do not take that tone with me. You don’t know what you are talking about. The Malfoy’s are now family. Charlie has mated with Draco.”

Ginny sourly responded, “They are not my family. Charlie is no longer my brother, remember?”

Arthur calmly said, “I will fix the misdoings your mother caused, and all of the boys will be reinstated into the Weasley family. I will not lose my sons because of your mother’s temper tantrum.”

Albus spoke sincerely now, “Ah, but Arthur, I am behooved to remind you of Wizarding family law. Once a family has disowned a child, said child cannot be reinstated into the same family. This law was passed to protect the children from going back into a family and being abused by their persecutors. I’m afraid that you cannot ever have your sons back.”

Arthur panicked, “But Albus, surely an exception can be made! They’re my sons! I can’t lose them!”
He ran to Ron and embraced him tightly with tears streaming down his face. Molly yelled at them, “How dare you choose those traitors over me! You will choose right now: them or me!”

Arthur turned towards her with a sad face, “Molly, do not make me choose because you will not like the answer. I don’t know who you are right now, but you are not the woman I married. That woman would never disown her own children.”

“How dare you! Fine then. I disown myself from your family. Consider this marriage over!”

Arthur stared heartbroken at his now ex-wife. What had happened today? He had woken up a happy man with a loving wife and seven children. Now he was single had lost half of his children.

Ginny ran and stood between her parents. She was her mother’s daughter through and through. She stared at her father with anger and decreed, “If Mummy is no longer a Weasley, then I don’t want to be one either!”

Arthur fell to his knees, “Gin! Please! Don’t do this. I can’t lose you too!”

Charlie ran to his father and held him as his now ex-mother turned to face Remus.

Molly yelled at him, “I refuse to allow you to be happy with him. I will make sure that the Ministry declines your adoption. They won’t allow a werewolf to adopt a child alone. Who would be there while you were wolfed out during the full moon?”

Without thinking, Padfoot changed into his human form. The Great Hall went crazy! Students were yelling and screaming in fear. The notorious criminal Sirius Black was in their school. He faced Molly with the full force of the Black family name behind him, “I will be there, Molly. Did you forget about me? I’m close to being pardoned by the ministry, so there will be no reason that we can’t adopt him. Remus and I will finally be married, and we will have a son. He will become heir to the Black name and fortune, and he will do better than you ever will.” He wrapped a supportive arm around Ron as he said that.

Albus rolled his eyes at Sirius and his grand gesture. The man was always one for a big show. “Sirius, what have you done?” He addressed the entire hall now, “It’s ok. Yes, this is Sirius Black, but you have no reason to fear. He is an innocent man. He was framed and imprisoned unfairly..”

As he was speaking, Aurors showed up. Albus shook his head. The Great Hall was starting to quiet. He spoke to Kinglsey, “Why don’t we take all of this back to the Ministry and get it all cleared up?”

Kingsley nodded, and his Aurors helped guide everyone involved (Sirius, Remus, Arthur, Molly, Ron, Harrison, Draco, Lucius, Narcissa, Luna, Albus, Charlie, and Ginny) to the Ministry. He sent Severus a patronus to ask him and the twins to join them at the Ministry, and then he asked Minerva and his remaining heads of house to keep watch over the school and students. At least today was Sunday, and there were no classes to worry about.

They all arrived at the Ministry, and they were led to a courtroom. Kingsley had already gotten the appropriate offices involved, and they as well as Bill and Percy were waiting for the group in the chosen courtroom. Once everyone was settled, Albus spoke, “I think we should first discuss Sirius Black.”

The Minister agreed, and he announced, “We have already come to a decision regarding Lord Black.”
Sirius gasped at his title, and the Minister continued, “Memories and interviews under veritaserum are enough evidence to prove his innocence. Lord Black is hereby pardoned for his supposed crimes, and the Ministry officially apologizes for not providing a trial before his imprisonment. The Ministry would like to offer 1,000 Galleons for every year that Lord Black was imprisoned.”

The guards detaining Sirius relinquished their hold on him and walked away. Remus ran to his mate and picked him, spinning him around in circles in joy!

Albus breathed a sigh of relief, “That’s one matter solved. For the next matter, I think we should use the penseive projector so that all present may witness the events of this morning.”

The Minister signaled for someone to bring forward the specified equipment while Albus withdrew the memory from himself. He placed it into the receptacle, and it started playing for everyone. They all watched as the owls brought the morning papers, and the students read the articles on the front page. They watched as the Malfoy’s walked in and were subjected to everyone’s opinions and muttering. Soon Molly made her appearance. Everyone was silent through the entire viewing of the memory.

Arthur watched angrily and unbelieving as his wife denounce four of his children. He was surprised when Severus spoke on behalf of his twins. Sure he already knew that the man had vowed to watch over them, but seeing it was another thing entirely. He watched her corner Harrison, and he was ashamed. He could see the fear on the child’s face. He was proud of Ron when he stood up for his friend. He was surprised again when Lucius Malfoy had threatened Molly when she tried to hit Ron. He held onto his son as he watched his wife disown him as well. Soon he arrived on scene, and it all progressed to them leaving the Great Hall with the aurors.

When the memory was finished, no one said anything or made a sound for a full minute. It was a lot to take in. The Minister stood before everyone and asked, “What other requests do you have?”

Arthur stepped forward, “I ask to keep my sons. My wife..um..ex-wife had no right to disown them without my permission. I want them reinstated as Weasley’s.”

The Minister turned to the representatives of the Wizarding Children Services to answer this request. The woman spoke clearly, “I’m sorry Mr. Weasley, but what’s done cannot be undone, no matter the circumstances. The boys are no longer Weasley’s by name. That doesn’t mean you can’t be in their lives.”

Arthur fell to his knees again, whispering over and over to himself, “No, no, no. This can’t be happening.”

Narcissa wiped tears from her face as she watched the man despair. She didn’t think she could be so strong if presented with the same situation. She would be a blubbering mess on the floor.

Next, Remus stepped forward, “If Arthur cannot keep his sons, then I would like to apply for the adoption of Ronald Billius Weasley.”

The woman spoke, “I’m sorry, Mr. Lupin. As a werewolf, the ministry cannot grant you the adoption of the child alone.”

Sirius stepped forward, “You misunderstand. He will be adopted by Remus and myself.”

The woman smiled, “I see. That changes things. You two will have to be married properly first, but there shouldn’t be a problem with the adoption after that. Will it be a blood adoption so that the child has access to the Black vaults?”
Sirius looked at Ron who looked at his father. Arthur nodded, and Sirius answered, “Yes. It will be a blood adoption.”

The woman smiled again, “I understand that Mr. Lupin is the alpha in the relationship, but according to Wizarding Family Law, he must be the one to take your name if you are to adopt a child.”

Sirius thought that was stupid, but Remus agreed immediately, “That’s fine. I have no attachment to my name. I just want to be with Sirius and now Ron.”

Arthur stepped forward again, “I’d like the annulment of my marriage to be official.”

The Minister waved his wand and spoke, “It is now official. The appropriate paperwork has been filed.” He turned to Molly, “You are no longer Molly Weasley, you will return to your maiden name. You and your daughter are now dismissed.”

Molly and Ginny were led from the courtroom by aurors.

Severus retained guardianship of the twins, and he filed paperwork to officially make them his apprentices for the next 4 years. They would become potion masters when he was through with them.

Sirius stepped forward again, “Can Remus and I be married right now? I don’t wish to wait any longer. Nearly everyone important is here anyway.”

The minister rolled his eyes, but complied, “Very well. Please select your seconds and step forward.”

Sirius asked Harrison to stand next to him and Remus asked Ron. The four of them made their way to the front of the courtroom, and the Minister began talking, “We are gathered here today for many things. Now we will witness the union of Sirius Orion Black to Remus John Lupin. If there are any who disapprove of this union, speak now or forever hold your peace.”

The room was quiet for 30 seconds before the minister started talking again, “Very well. Please state your vows to each other.”

Remus spoke first. He took Sirius by the hand and said, “I, Remus John Lupin, take you, Sirius Orion Black, to be my soulmate and husband. I vow to stick by your side and respect you until death separates us. I vow to put yours and Ron’s needs before my own and to always protect you two. I and Moony will always see you as pack and defend you with honor.”

Sirius squeezed his hand and answered, “I, Sirius Orion Black, take you, Remus John Lupin, to be my soulmate, husband, and alpha. I vow to stick by your side, respect you, and obey you until death separates us. I vow to put yours and Ron’s needs before my own and to always think of you two first. I will happily accept a place in Moony’s pack.”

The Minister spoke again, “I hereby announce you Remus and Sirius Black. You may kiss to solidify the union.”

The audience cheered as they shared a long, heated kiss. Harrison and Ron blushed as they were so close to the action. When they finally broke apart, breathless, Remus extended his arm to Ron to draw him into a hug with him and Sirius. Ron blushed again, but allowed himself to be placed between the two men and hugged.

Remus asked, “Can we do the blood adoption now? If we wait, it will have to be three days from now after the full moon, and I’m not comfortable waiting that long. Someone else could try for guardianship of Ron.”
The Wizarding Family Services representative smiled and nodded her head, “Yes. We can do the ritual now, but we need some time to set everything up.”

Severus scoffed and stepped forward, “I will handle everything. I am a potion’s master, and I can guarantee that my potions are better than whatever drivel you have on hand. Give me a few minutes to get what I need.”

While everyone was waiting on Severus, the minister asked, “Is that everything? Are you all happy? Can I go now?”

There was silence for about ten seconds, and then Charlie stepped forward, “What happens to me? I’m not a minor. I’m 20. I don’t need a guardian, but I don’t have a name either. What will become of me?”

Bill wrapped a supportive arm around his brother and waited for the answer. Draco stared at his father begging him to do something. Lucius was just about to deny his son when Narcissa squeezed his hand. She too looked up to Lucius hopefully, and she whispered in his ear, “Luc, do the right thing. He may be 20, but he’s still just a boy. Make him a ward of the Malfoy family. He is mated to Draco and Luna whether you like it or not. You can either continue to alienate yourself from your family, or you can do the right thing and take custody of the boy. Luc, please. Keep this family together. I’ve always wanted a big family. Give me another son.”

Lucius debated with himself. He looked at his wife and at Draco. He saw how much they wanted this. Could he want this, though? The boy was a Weasley! No, he wasn’t a Weasley anymore. He was a Nobody. He had stuck up for Harrison despite the risk to his own name. He couldn’t be a bad person if he was so selfless with someone he had just met. He looked at the desperate young man who was still waiting for an answer regarding his fate. He really looked at him and took in his appearance. He was tall, strong, and proud, but he was still innocent. Lucius sighed. He would do the right thing. He would take in the ex-Weasley boy. He nodded to Draco and Narcissa, and he was rewarded with the brightest smiles.

Narcissa ran forward to the young man, and embraced him while speaking, “We will take custody of Charlie Nobody. He will become Charlie Malfoy. He will become my son.”

Draco ran forward and joined in the hug. Charlie looked up at Narcissa and then past her to Lucius with a wary expression. Lucius walked forward without an expression on his face. He stood in front of the young man who was the same height as him, and he extended his hand out to him with a wary smile.

Charlie shook his hand, and Lucius spoke to the Minister, “Let it be known that Charlie Nobody is now Charlie Malfoy. He will be granted every benefit as any other Malfoy, and he and Draco will share the heirship duties. They will decide between themselves who will become Lord Malfoy when I am done.”

The Minister was shocked, but he nodded, “It is done, and the appropriate paperwork has been filed.”

Severus returned with the required supplies and stared everyone’s shocked faces with a confused one of his own, “What? What did I miss?”

Charlie cheekily answered, “Nothing, UNCLE Sev. Mother and Father just made me a Malfoy.”

Severus groaned playfully, “Good Merlin, I’m doomed. Now I have to deal with the twins and you!”
Ron scoffed, “Aww. Come on, Professor Snape, what am I, chopped liver? I’m about to become a Black, remember? We’ll be around for a long time.”

Severus groaned again, but he continued setting up for the ritual. Soon he was done, and he asked the participants to take their place. Albus stood in as the speaker. The ritual went just as Harrison’s had gone many months prior. They all took vows to honor, respect, obey, protect, etc. Blood was shared into the vial, and the vial was drank. A blinding light encompassed Ron and he yelled as his body was changed.

When the light faded, Ron was on his knees. Sirius and Remus ran to help their new son up. He stood shakily and everyone took in his new appearance. He looked like a miniature Sirius Black. He had long curly hair like Sirius and bright blue eyes, but his hair color matched Remus. He had clearly gotten his height from Remus as well. He was very handsome.

Arthur stepped forward and embraced him, “I am sad to miss you, but I am happy that you will have such wonderful parents.”

He shook hands with Sirius and Remus, and he spoke, “Thank you for caring for Ron. I know you will be good parents for him. Please take care of him.”

They promised to do right by him, and they offered Arthur the chance to give him his new name. Arthur thought for a second before announcing, “Regulus John Black”

Sirius was overwhelmed with emotion, and hugged Arthur. He asked Arthur to be Ron’s, nor Regulus’s, Godfather. Of course he agreed. Narcissa agreed to be his Godmother.

This reminded all of the adults that the remaining disowned Weasley son’s still needed godparents. Arthur and Narcissa were named Godparents to the twins, Severus and Sirius/Remus were name Godparents to Charlie.

Albus twinkled as his extended family grew exponentially today. They didn’t know it yet, but they had all gained a grandfather today. He couldn’t wait to tell Minerva!

This Minister huffed, “As warm and cuddly as all of this is, I think my services are no longer needed here. Congratulations to all of you and your new bonds and so forth. Please exit the Ministry and go on with you new lives.”

Harrison stared at his family. He was very happy. He ran up to Ron-Regulus and hugged him. Regulus eagerly hugged him back and apologized, “Harry-Harrison, I’m so sorry for being such a git. Please forgive me. I know that I can’t take it back or fix it, but I don’t want to lose my best friend again.”

Harrison hugged him again. He had tears running down his face as he answered, “Of course, I forgive you Ron…er, Regulus. That will take some getting used to. You’re my best mate. We’re family now! We’re cousins! If there is one thing I have learned, it’s that real families stick together.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, ok. This chapter got a little out of hand with the fluff, but I couldn’t stop once I started. I wanted to write Ron back into the story in a good way. Lucius is back in his family’s good graces, and everyone is happy, except for poor Arthur. At least he still has
Bill and Percy.
Chapter 16

After the fiasco was all solved at the Ministry, the parties all departed their own ways. Narcissa asked if Charlie could stay in town for a week so that they could get to know each other better. He contacted his school, and they agreed he could stay until Wednesday. Then he would have to go back. He was scheduled to graduate in December, so he really couldn’t afford to take to much time away from school/work.

When the Malfoy’s arrived back at their chambers, they saw an extra door. Behind the extra door was another bedroom clearly meant for the newest Malfoy. The room was done in rich greens, blues, and greys that were reminiscent of dragon scales. One wall was a mural of two dragons flying, and there was one abnormally large bed in the center of another wall.

Charlie smiled as he took in his new room, “This is bloody fantastic! I love it!”

Narcissa wanted to fuss about using proper language, especially in front of the children, but she was too excited. She walked up and hugged the exuberant young man, “You deserve it, dear. Hogwarts clearly remembers and likes you. This room is fit for a king.”

He hugged her back and thanked her, “Thank you, Narcissa, for everything you and Lord Malfoy have done for me. I’ll never be able to repay the kindness you’ve shown me.”

Narcissa tutted, “Please, Charlie, we’re your parents now. I think you can call Lucius something a little more familiar.”

Charlie just smiled nervously, “Yes ma’am.”

Lucius wanted to disagree, but he wisely kept his tongue.

It was well past lunch time now, so the new family ordered a house elf to bring them lunch. Then they sat down at the table. Lucius sat at the head of the table, and Narcissa sat across from him. Surprisingly, and maybe a bit reluctantly, Lucius offered the seat to his right to his new eldest son. Draco immediately understood the gesture, and he took his new place to his father’s left. Harrison sat between Charlie and Narcissa, and Luna sat between Draco and Narcissa.

Meanwhile, Sirius was making the most of being a free man. He, Remus, and Regulus (Ron) had decided to stay on Diagon Alley for a while. Remus wanted to wait until the Prophet printed an article about Sirius being exonerated, but the man refused. He had been locked away and hiding for too long. Sirius wanted to truly be a free man, and he wanted to show the world his new husband and son.

The three exited the courtroom, and there was immediately havoc. People were running and screaming from the sigh of Sirius Black. All of the commotion forced the Minister to come and make a quick statement about Sirius’s innocence. After that, the rumors spread like wildfire. Everyone had their own opinion about why the criminal was suddenly free. Some of the theories were quite outlandish. People had crazy theories about Regulus, too. Everyone noticed the similarities between the three of them. There was no way Regulus wasn’t their son. How could a criminal who was locked away suddenly have a son that no one had known about before? How could two men have a son together?

Remus had to shake his head at some of the notions, “Honestly, it’s like everyone loses all reason.
Male pregnancies? We are wizards. Blood adoption may not be a common practice, but it’s more probable than male pregnancy.”

Regulus laughed, “Remus, would that make you or Sirius my mother? I can totally see Sirius as the mother hen type!”

Remus and Regulus barked their laughter while Sirius scoffed, “Laugh it up, Regulus. Just remember where you will be getting your allowance from!”

Regulus stopped laughing and looked at his new father, “Allowance? You don’t have to give me an allowance, Sirius. I’m grateful enough that you both offered to take me in after the way I treated Harrison. I’ll never be able to make that right.”

Sirius placed an arm around Regulus’s shoulder, “Nonsense, kiddo. Harrison’s already forgiven you, and so have we, right Moony?” At Remus’s nod, he continued, “You are a child, and you were acting foolishly, but you’ve seen the error of your ways. You need to forgive yourself and move on. You’re my son now, and I plan on giving you every advantage in life, so you better get used to it. I will provide all of your necessities, an allowance, and many other things.”

Regulus looked like he wanted to argue, but Remus just placed his arm around the boy as well, “Don’t bother arguing. Sirius is a Black, and Blacks are used to getting what they want. Just accept it. You’re a Black too now, so you’ll learn.”

Regulus nodded shyly. Part of him was very excited that he would never have to put up with hand me downs anymore. Sirius decided that the first stop should be to Madam Malkin’s. He insisted that all three of them get fitted for a new wardrobe. Now that he was a free man, he could spoil himself and his little family. He only bought the best. Regulus would start school tomorrow morning in the finest school robes.

Everywhere they went, they were met with mixed emotions. People tended to keep their distance. They were fearful and ashamed that an innocent man was imprisoned for so long. After wreaking havoc on the Alley, the new Black family apparated back to the castle. They walked through the castle together with their heads held high.

Like the Malfoy’s chambers, their family chambers also had an extra door. Remus smiled knowingly and led his family through to the new room. It was adorned in Chudley Cannon’s colors and memorabilia from floor to ceiling. Regulus loved his new room. He checked the wardrobe, and he was shocked that all of his new clothes were already hanging. He looked around the room and noticed a broomstick lying on his bed. He examined it further, and exclaimed, “It’s a Firebolt! You got me a Firebolt! Thank you!”

He excitedly ran to hug two men who were watching him with glee. They all explored Regulus’s room a little more, and then they realized what time it was. In the excitement of the day, they had forgotten to eat lunch. It was already past dinner as well. They went to their own dining room, and they sat at their little table. Remus and Sirius sat across from each other with Regulus between them.

During dinner, Remus figured that he needed to be the reasonable one in the family. He spoke with authority, “Sirius, Regulus, as happy as I am right now, we still need to discuss rules and expectations. Albus has agreed to allow Sirius to co-teach Defense with Lucius. They hope that this will allow more hands-on interactive time with the students as the classes will be able to split up with two professors. Regulus, I understand that there have been a lot of changes today, and I know it will take some time to get used to these changes. First and foremost, whatever feud there is between you and Draco is over. You are cousins now, and I will not have my son hating his own cousin. This may surprise you, but we are a very close family.” He paused. He was debating telling his son about
Lucius and Severus being spies. He looked at Sirius, and the man agreed that Regulus should know.

Regulus didn’t look very happy, but he was quiet. He was waiting on further instructions. He was trying to turn a new leaf, and his anger problems didn’t have any place in his new life. He looked at Remus (his dad? Should he address the men as his fathers? Would they even want that?)

Finally, Remus spoke again. He was very serious, “What I’m about to tell you is very serious and private. I need you to swear a wizard’s oath to never reveal it to anyone outside of our family or the Order.”

Regulus wasn’t expecting that, and he was immediately nervous. He looked beseechingly at the two men, and sensing no ulterior motives, he vowed, “I, Regulus John Black, swear on my magic that I will not repeat what my father’s are about to tell me to anyone outside of my family of the Order of the Phoenix.”

Remus and Sirius both smiled at being called his fathers, and then Remus spoke again, “Lucius and Severus are not actually Death Eaters. They are…were…spies for the Order. They infiltrated Voldemort’s inner circle to bring information to the Light. They have both risked their lives on many occasions, and they deserve your respect. I never want to hear anything about them being Dark to come from your mouth ever again. Do you understand?”

Regulus was shocked, and he could only nod. Remus would prefer verbal answers, but he understood. He wasn’t don’t shocking his new son, “That isn’t all I need to tell you. You know that Harrison is a submissive Veela. What you don’t know is that Severus is his Alpha. Obviously, they are keeping their relationship a secret so that people don’t get the wrong idea. I guarantee you that nothing untoward is happening between those two.”

Now Regulus’s mouth was hanging open. Sirius laughed and joined into the conversation, “Can you keep all of this to yourself? Will you be able to be pleasant with your new extended family? You’ve just added the Malfoy’s and Severus Snape. Not only is he the mate of your best friend and cousin, but he’s also just adopted the twins. You will address him and Lucius and Uncles, understand?”

Again, Regulus just nodded his head numbly, but Sirius wouldn’t accept that. Being raised by pure blood’s, he demanded a verbal answer. “Reg, when you are asked a question, you will answer verbally.”

Regulus immediately answered, “I’m sorry, Sirius. I’m just so bloody surprised! I understand, and I will do my best to honor your wishes.”

Remus reached to comfort his son. He wanted to end the conversation there, but he pressed on, “How did your old parents punish you?”

Regulus blushed and answered, “Mum and Dad were both supporters of a good licking. Dad usually did it in private, but Mum would wallop us wherever she wanted.”

Remus and Sirius both gave a little sigh of relief. “Good. That is how we will deal with your behavior as well. We may be Black’s, but I am the head of this family. I will deal with most of the discipline, but Sirius will discipline you as needed. Lucius, Severus, Narcissa, and Minerva also have the right to discipline you as they see fit. I should warn you that if your behavior deems discipline from one of them or from the school, you will most likely be dealt with at home as well. The other punishments you can expect include being grounded to your room here and an early bedtime.”

Regulus absently nodded and asked, “Why would Professor McGonagall discipline me?”
Sirius laughed, “She is your new adopted Grandmother. Congratulations! You’ll never get away with anything ever again. Half of the Hogwarts staff is directly responsible for you and your well-being!”

Regulus blanched, “Merlin’s beard! At least the headmaster isn’t included in that list.”

Sirius laughed again and busted his bubble, “Wrong! Albus and Minerva have been happily married for 45 years. He’s your new Grandfather. He is very much responsible for you. He just very rarely feels the need to show his displeasure in a corporal way. He has much more ingenious ideas for discipline!”

Regulus just mumbled to himself, “Bloody hell!”

Sirius laughed, but Remus admonished him for cursing. Soon, they all went to bed to prepare for the long week. No doubt, the Prophet and the rest of the Wizarding World would have a lot to say about this.

Down in the dungeons, Severus and the twins were having tea and a similar conversation.

Fred cheekily asked, “So can we call you Daddy now?”

Severus stiffened. He didn’t know how to answer that question. Fred had asked it jokingly, but underneath the sarcasm, he truly wanted to know whether Severus was going to be their new father. Apparently Severus was taking too long to answer because George responded, “Don’t be silly, Fred. Harrison is our new Daddy. The Professor can be our new Mum!”

Severus groaned. He didn’t even consider his mate before he single-handedly chose to adopt the twins. His new children were older than his mate. How did that work? They would clearly have more of a sibling type relationship than parent and child. Harrison and the twins would blur lines in his authority. He let Harrison get away with things that he wouldn’t allow the twins to. Harrison was his mate while the twins were now his sons.

He sighed and wondered how he got here. He felt like he was just telling Lucius that he never wanted to have children. At least the twins were nearly grown. He groaned again. Not only were they his sons now. They were also his apprentices. They would be living with him for the next four years. Coming back to himself and the laughing twins, he quickly retorted, “If Harrison and I are your parents, then Lucius and Narcissa are your grandparents. I dare you to address them as such.”

Fred and George stopped laughing and stared at him. They didn’t expect him to admit that he was their parent now. They truly thought he would just be their Master for their apprenticeship and ignore their adoption. Severus was reading their surface thoughts since they got so quiet on him.

He sighed and spoke with sincerity, “Yes, I am your new father. You are now Fred and George Snape. I did not take this responsibility lightly. I meant what I said, and I will treat you as my sons. I understand that you are nearly of age, but that makes no difference to me. You may address me as you see fit. I would be honored if you endeavored to call me some variation of ‘Father’, but I will not force the issue. I would like to make one thing clear, Harrison may be my mate, but you will continue to treat him as a brother. Draco is now your cousin, and Remus and Sirius are your uncles. You know how this family deals with misbehavior, and you will not be treated any differently just because of your age. Now that you are my sons, I expect the best behavior from the pair of you. Is that understood.”
They both smiled back at him and responded, “Yes, sir.”

He smiled back at them and continued, “You are now the heir’s to the Prince line. When I am gone, one of you will become Lord Prince. I expect you to take this responsibility seriously.”

Seeing his sons nod at him, he continued, “I know that Ron was blood adopted by Sirius and Remus. I would like to offer that to you as well. I would be honored if you would allow me to blood adopt you.”

At their questioning glances, he continued, “As I would be blood adopting you alone, you would retain some of your features. You will still be identical, but my characteristics would be prominent in your new appearance. There is a chance that you will become Veela as well.”

Fred and George silently discussed with each other. They decided that they wanted this. They were disowned from their last family, so they wanted to move on. They wanted no part of their mother anymore.

Fred asked, “Would it be weird if Harrison was technically our other parent by blood?”

George quickly added, “We just don’t want any part of Molly anymore. Harrison would still be our baby brother.”

Severus thought hard, and he decided that they would need to ask Harrison. The twins wanted to do the ritual tonight. It was already 10PM, but Severus relented and led the boys to the Malfoy’s chambers. They felt guilty for waking up Harrison, but the little submissive was happy to see his mate.

They explained the situation to Narcissa, Lucius, Draco, and Harrison, and the boy eagerly agreed to provide his blood for the ritual. He promised that it would not be weird. They flooed up to the headmaster’s quarters and sent word to Remus and Sirius.

Everyone met in Albus’s office, and the ritual was started. It went exactly like the two previous times. Vows were made. A potion was ingested, and then blinding light engulfed the twins.

When the light dissipated, the twins were left standing and holding on to each other. They gasped and then laughed as they looked at each other. They had grown. They were now 6’3” tall. They had long silky, messy black hair. Their eyes were a deep emerald green (a little darker than Harrison’s) with black flecks in them. They looked like a slightly smaller version of Severus Snape only with different eyes and slightly more wild hair. They were very handsome. They both breathed a sigh of relief to discover that they still had normal noses.

Minerva engulfed them in a hug, and Narcissa joined the hug right after. Lucius came to shake their hands, and they smirked before saying, “thanks, grandpa!”

Everyone but Lucius laughed. Narcissa took pity on her husband and spoke to the twins, “Dears, I realize now that we are technically your grandparents, and I am very happy to have such handsome grandsons, but I think you should continue to address us as aunt and uncle. Obviously no one can know about your other blood parent being Harrison.”

George snickered, “We understand, Aunt Cissa. Dear old Dad just dared us to call Lucius grandpa. We couldn’t refuse a dare!”

Albus was twinkling like a fool as he addressed his new family, “The only grandpa around here is me! Anyway, as darling as all of this is, it is now well past midnight. We should all retire for the night. We want to have our wits about us when we deal with the school’s reactions to all of this.”
The next morning, all of the families made their way to the great hall expecting drama. Everyone stared at the twins and Ron (Regulus). All of the cousins sat at one end of the Slytherin table. The school knew who the new faces were because they all witnessed the scene yesterday, and they could recognize the parents in the new faces. It was still a lot to take in. There was a lot of shouting and gossip about the family.

“Is that Ron Weasley? He looks way better like this?” “Seriously, does blood adoption make people more attractive?” “I wonder what the dungeon bat looked like when he was our age. Fred and George are HOT!”

Regulus noted that Ginny was absent from the Great Hall as the owls were coming in with the morning paper. As expected, there was a large article about them on the front page.

“MALFOY’S, BLACK’S, AND WEASLEY’S, OH MY!

Yesterday was a busy day in the new, extended Malfoy family. Just to recap: Months ago, it was discovered that Harry Potter was abused. Lord Malfoy blood adopted him, and he became Harrison Sirius Malfoy. The name clearly pays homage to his Godfather, Sirius Orion Black. Lord Black was imprisoned for supposedly betraying James and Lilly Potter and then killing 13 muggles. Instead, he was thrown into Azkaban unlawfully. To make up for imprisoning an innocent man, the Ministry awarded Lord Black a monetary sum for each year he was imprisoned. It hardly seemed an adequate amount, but Lord Black claims that he is just happy to be a free man again. He plans to spend time with his new husband and son.

Also yesterday, the Prophet printed an article about Draco Malfoy being mated to Luna Lovegood (now Malfoy) and Charlie Weasley (now Malfoy). Apparently, Molly Weasley (now Prewitt) had quite a few things to say about that. She stormed Hogwarts to confront Lord Malfoy and demand that Luna be relinquished to her care. It didn’t end well for the ex-Weasley matriarch. She ended up disowning four of her sons without prior consent from her husband, Arthur. Charlie, Fred, George, and Ron were all disowned from the Weasley family before Arthur arrived on scene. He was furious with his now ex-wife, and she disowned herself from their marriage. The youngest child, Ginny, also disowned herself to follow her mother. Arthur tried to have his sons reinstated as Weasley’s, but the Ministry denied his requests.

Charlie was adopted by his mate’s family. He is now Charles Arthur Malfoy, and he is the new heir to the Malfoy family. Fred and George were blood adopted by Severus Snape, and they are to be his newest potion’s apprentices. They are now Fred James Snape Prince and George Tobias Snape Prince. They are the heirs to the Prince family.

Lastly, Ronald was blood adopted as well. Lord Black was married to Remus John Lupin yesterday, and these men blood adopted the youngest Weasley son. His new name is Regulus John Black, and he is the new heir to the Black family. The previous heir was Harrison Malfoy. These two were best friends in their first three years at Hogwarts, but it has been confirmed that they have openly hated each other this year. Will this cause more strife between them, or will they reconcile their differences and act like proper cousins?

This writer would like to express congratulations to the apparently ever expanding, powerful Malfoy
and Black family. This family is certainly powerful enough to seem like Wizarding royalty. If there was a Wizard King, it would be Lord Malfoy. It is rumored that Draco and Harrison are already called Princes at school. It seems like an apt term for this family.”
Sorry for the long delay. I've been ridiculously busy. I'll try to be more prompt now. I'll also try to start responding to comments. I'm new to this website and still figuring it all out. What's the best/easiest way to respond to comments?

There wasn’t really much backlash from the article. It was very factual, and the majority of the students had all witnessed the scene the day prior, so they already knew everything the article had published. The only new changes were the appearances of the adopted boys. If the catcalls and rather vulgar comments were anything to go on, it seemed that the majority of the female student body and some of the male quite liked the changes.

The day passed uneventfully. By lunch, the student body was just talking about the newest defense teacher and the Yule Ball that had just been announced. Everyone loved Professor Black. He was fun, and he seemed to really have a knack for teaching. Lucius and Sirius were pleased to hear positive feedback concerning their new joint teaching collaboration. They were a little nervous about this afternoon because it was their double defense class with the Slytherin and Gryffindor 4th years. They weren’t sure how Regulus, Draco, and Harrison would react around each other, but they had decided it would be in their best interest to partner the boys together. They needed to learn to get along, and what better time than when being supervised by their fathers.

Severus was also a little nervous about the afternoon because it was his first class with the twins as his sons. 7th year potions only had 20 students from all different houses. He didn’t want to embarrass the boys, but he didn’t want to show them favoritism either. He would have to watch how he interacted with them in front of the other students.

Charlie was sitting at the Slytherin table with the twins, Draco, Harrison, and Luna. He had spent breakfast at the staff table with his new parents, but he really wanted to spend time with his mates. Lucius had thought it improper for him to sit with the children since he was hoping to get a teaching job at Hogwarts, but Narcissa took pity on him and allowed him to sit where he wanted. Since he only had a few days to spend with his mates, he wanted to spend as much time as possible with them. He planned out a trip to Hogsmeade for that afternoon with Luna and Draco.

Harrison seemed a little upset at not being invited with the rest of his siblings, so the twins immediately invited him to come with them to see their new room in Severus’s quarters. Harrison perked up a little at the thought of seeing Severus, and he readily agreed. He ran up to the staff table to his parents. His mom was sitting between Lucius and Sirius. He ran up to her, and Sirius grabbed at him to plop him down in his lap. Harrison squirmed a little and then sat back against Sirius while he addressed his parents, “Momma, Daddy, can I go with Fred and George to Severus’s tonight? Charlie, Draco, and Luna are going to Hogsmeade.”

Narcissa smiled sweetly at him while Sirius teased, “That’s very generous of you to allow your siblings time to themselves. How very selfless….and convenient that you also get to spend time with yours!”

Lucius just calmly nodded his head and answered, “As long as Severus agrees.”
Severus turned to the conversation and added, “Of course, Little One. You are always welcome in my quarters. Have Luc and Siri walk you down after your Defense class.”

Harrison beamed at him and agreed. Sirius asked him if he was all finished eating as the lunch hour was almost over, and he answered that he was finished. In response, Sirius stood and tossed the small teenager over his shoulder, transformed into Padfoot, and carried Harrison out of the Great Hall on his back to the sounds of students laughing.

Soon their class was starting. Lucius introduced Sirius, “As you all know, this class will now be taught by myself and Professor Black. You’ve all heard the true story about his innocence, so I don’t want to hear any questions or remarks. He is your superior, and you will respect him like any other professor. Understand?” When no one disagreed, he continued, “This is a double class period, so we will have a lecture for the 1st hour, and then we will use the remaining class time to work on practical magic that we have been learning. We will split into two groups. Professor Black will cover defensive spells, and I will cover offensive spells. In the last hour of class, we will have a dueling competition. The winner will get one free homework pass.”

The lecture hour seemed to drag on for Harrison. After the first 30 minutes, his eyelids started to droop. He didn’t know why he was tired. Draco nudged him a couple times to wake him back up, but his eyes eventually closed for good. He only woke up when his dad tapped him on the shoulder to split up the room into their practical groups. Lucius gave him a worried look checking for signs of illness before he gave him a look that meant they would be having a conversation later. Harrison hung his head and chanced a look across the room at Sirius, and he found that Sirius was also giving him a disapproving look. He sleepily made his way through the practical portion of class.

To no one’s surprise, Harrison, Draco, Hermione, Blaise, and Regulus were the last 5 standing in the dueling competition. Blaise beat out Regulus and Harrison, but ended losing to Hermione and Draco. The championship duel came down to Draco and Hermione, but the Slytherin easily defeated the Gryffindor.

After class, Lucius asked Harrison to stay back, and Draco hurried to meet up with Luna and Charlie for their date to Hogsmeade. Once the classroom was empty, Lucius addressed his youngest son, “Do you feel well, Harrison?”

The boy stifled a yawn and answered in the affirmative, “Yes, sir. I feel fine. I’m just a little sleepy.”

Lucius frowned, “Why are you so tired? Didn’t you sleep well last night?”

Harrison hung his head a little and mumbled, “I had a nightmare, and I wasn’t able to fall back asleep after.”

Lucius softly responded, “That must have been some nightmare. Want to talk about it?”

Harrison shook his head, “No, sir. I’d rather not.”

Lucius frowned again but nodded his head in understanding, “Very well. I think you should come home and rest this evening. We read together if you’d like.”

Harrison’s head shot up and he complained, “No! Daddy, I’m supposed to go with the twins to Severus’s tonight! You already said I could!”

Lucius placed his arm around his small son’s shoulder and squeezed, “I remember, Little One, but that was before you fell asleep in my class. You clearly need more rest, so I want you to come back with me.”
Harrison looked like he was about to argue, but Sirius chimed in, “Come on, Pup, it’s not like Severus is going anywhere. You can hang out with him tomorrow. If you’re good, maybe he could even go to your place tonight.”

He nodded glumly, “Fine, but Fred and George are supposed to meet me here to walk me to Sev’s. Can I at least wait and have them walk me home instead? That will give me a chance to explain why we can’t hang out tonight.”

Lucius smirked and relented, “That is acceptable, but I expect you in our chambers in 30 minutes. Understand?”

Harrison responded in the affirmative just as the twins walked through the classroom door. They greeted everyone, and the three of them took off in the direction of the dungeons.

On the way, Harrison explained that he only had 30 minutes until he was expected at home. He told the twins that he had gotten into trouble. He didn’t want them to think he was a baby for getting scared of a nightmare. He thought he was already treated enough like a baby!

The twins suggested a quick snack in the kitchens, so the three made a hasty detour. Dobby was very happy to see Harrison and the twins, and he prepared them a 4 course meal with vigor. The three of them were too polite to refuse the elf’s hospitality, so they ate until they couldn’t eat anymore. It was nearing the 30 minute mark, so they hurried back to the Malfoy chambers.

When they arrived, the twins went to open the door and enter, but Harrison stopped them. He didn’t have any intention to go inside. He lied quickly, “It’s ok. You can go now. I don’t think I’m allowed to have friends over. I’m just going to take a nap now anyway. I’ve got to sleep off some of that food.”

They nodded their understanding and turned around to leave. Harrison waited until they had rounded the corner before he snuck off towards the castle entrance. He couldn’t hang out with the twins, Severus, Sirius, or Remus, but his siblings didn’t know that he was supposed to be resting. He could sneak away to Hogsmeade and spend time with them.

Harrison didn’t know that there was a DeathEater attack in Hogsmeade. If he had gone inside his family’s chambers, he would have seen that his siblings had also been confined to their chambers for the night.

Harrison quietly made his way to Hogsmeade. He was going to prove that he wasn’t a baby. He didn’t need to rest, and he could take care of himself. As he got closer to the town, he got an eerie feeling. It was too quiet. There were no usual sounds of people milling about, chatting, playing, etc. There were no sounds at all. He continued on his way to investigate. When he rounded the corner, his heart just about stopped. There was destruction everywhere. Standing tall amidst the chaos were three cloaked figures with masks, death eaters.

Back at Hogwarts, Lucius was pacing in his living room. Narcissa was sitting on her chaise lounge trying to read her book, and Charlie, Draco, and Luna were huddled on the couch together. Narcissa tutted at her husband, “Calm down, Lucius. He’s 30 minutes late, but he’s with the twins. You’re going to wear a hole into my rug with your incessant pacing. Either sit down and wait with us or go look for him.”

Lucius sighed, “I’m sorry, dear. It just isn’t like Harrison to be willful and disobedient. I’m worried that something has happened.”

Charlie spoke up, “Why don’t you floo call over to Professor Snape’s?”
Lucius strode over to the fireplace and tossed in some floo powder, “Snape Quarters”

He was a little surprised when both of the twins appeared, “Hello, Professor Malfoy! Professor Snape is away right now. Can we help you with something?”

Lucius quickly responded, “Yes. Send Harrison through the floo, please.”

The twins gave each a confused look before Fred responded, “Harrison isn’t with us. We walked him home about 30 minutes ago. He said he was going to take a nap.”

Lucius blanched and turned to face his wife with a worried expression. He seemed to be frozen, so Narcissa spoke into the floo, “Please have a house elf find your father and tell him to come to our chambers immediately. I think it would be best if you two came through right now as well.”

They responded, “Yes ma’am.” Then they set their house elf to deliver the message and went through the floo.

They weren’t expecting the scene they entered when they stepped from the floo. Charlie was trying to comfort a visibly upset Draco and a nervous Luna. Lucius was leaning against the fireplace mantle, and Narcissa was trying to calm him down.

Suddenly the doors to the chambers opened and Severus, Albus, and Minerva came through. Albus asked what was wrong, and Lucius filled them in concerning Harrison’s missing status. Albus started setting up the requirements for a locating spell. Minerva was the first to talk, “You don’t think he went down to Hogsmeade, do you?”

Lucius turned even whiter, “I really hope not. The Death Eaters are probably still there. There’s no telling what they would do to him.”

Unfortunately, the spell revealed that Hogsmeade was precisely where Harrison had gone. Lucius wasted no time. He sent a patronus to Sirius and Remus explaining the situation and asking them to come along. Then he asked Narcissa to stay with the children. Narcissa refused. She argued that she wanted to be there for her baby, so Minerva agreed to stay with the children.

Charlie had convinced Lucius to allow him to come as well. Soon they were all headed towards Hogsmeade to go and save their little boy.

In Hogsmeade: As soon as Harrison rounded the corner and saw the death eaters, they spied him as well. All three of them strode quickly over to him. The shortest one, a woman, was cackling, “Well, well, well. What do we have here? Ickle Harry Potter? Looks like you had a little makeover. A lot can happen in 10 years while you’re rotting away in a prison cell.”

One of the other death eaters, a tall man, grabbed onto him and held him in place. Harrison studied their faces, but he didn’t have any clue who they were. They dragged him into an alley. Harrison was kicking and screaming to get away. The third figure, an even taller man, roughly slapped him across the face and yelled, “Stop it, Potter!”

Harrison sulked, “Not a Potter, you idiot.”

This infuriated the woman death eater. She had wild, black curly hair. She quickly slapped him across the face and replied, “Don’t speak to your superiors in that tone! What do you mean you aren’t a Potter anymore, you brat? You’re just wearing a glamour. I’ll enjoy tearing apart your disguise piece by piece”
Harrison was angry, but his cheek really hurt where she slapped him. He didn’t answer her question for fear that he would cry, so he remained silent. He also didn’t notice the flash of a disgusted expression on the face of the slightly shorter man. She roughly slapped him on the other cheek. He almost broke. He gave a heartbreaking little whimper, but he didn’t outright cry.

The shorter man spoke, “Sister, maybe we should let the brat go.”

The woman shrialed, “Rabastan! Are you crazy?! Let him go?! Our Lord will be pleased that we have killed the brat for him!”

The other man spoke up, “Bellatrix, sweet, our Lord would not be pleased if we killed him. He gave very clear instructions that the Potter child must be alive! Do you dare to defy him?”

Harrison yelled again, “I’m not Harry Potter!”

Bellatrix slapped him across the face as hard as she could, and her ring left a long laceration. His face started to bleed a lot. The blood got into his mouth, and he spit it back at her. In retaliation, she slapped him again and held him under crucio for ten seconds.

He writhed and jerked in Rabastan’s hold, but the man held him steady. When the effects of the cruciartis wore off, Harrison stood on shaky feet and asked, “Is that the worst you’ve got?”

She yelled at him and started to cast the curse at him again, but the man holding him, Rabastan, stopped her, “Enough, sister. We need to get out of the public eye. Let’s take him back to the manor.”

She sneered at him and threatened, “This isn’t over, Potter. I’ll deal with you when we get to the manor. Rabastan won’t be around to save you all of the time.”

Rodolphus walked to his wife, and they apparated away together. Harrison braced himself for the pull and the nausea associated with Wizard travel, but it never came. Instead, the man holding home stared whispering, “Harry, listen to me. I’m not who you think I am. My real name is Regulus Black. Sirius is my brother. I’m a metamorphagus, and I’m currently disguised as Rabastan Lestrange. I used to be a death eater, but I’ve changed. If they find out who I really am, they will kill me. I’ll get you back to Sirius, but I can’t promise this won’t be painful. Just try not to anger them too much. Now, hold tight.”

Harrison’s mind was reeling. This was the first Regulus? This was who Ron was named after. He knew that Sirius’s brother had been a death eater, and he knew that he had betrayed Voldemort. Sirius said that he had died though. How could he still be alive? He was brought out of his thoughts when he landed in the foyer of a large, old manor. He was trying to catch his bearings when he felt that awful pain again. He screamed and writhed. He felt like the pain would never end.

Finally the pain ended, but he was left disoriented in the aftershocks. He could hear yelling but he couldn’t make out what they were saying. The yelling continued, and he could finally understand it. He couldn’t differentiate the voices though.

“I couldn’t apparate until he stopped fighting me. I didn’t want to get either of us splinched.”

“Who cares if you splinch the idiot? A little pain will do him some good. It will teach him not to defy us.”

“Honestly, Trix, do you hear yourself?! He’s a child! You don’t have to control him with pain. I bet the threat of a sound thrashing will have him acting right.”
“A trashing?! Rodolphus, are you suggesting that we put the boy who lived over our knees for a spanking? The Dark Lord would love to hear about that! He’d laugh in our faces.”

“Rodolphus is right, Bellatrix. If the child misbehaves, then he should be disciplined like a child. The Dark Lord isn’t in his body right now. We will have custody of the boy until then. Who knows how long that will be. I imagine he will be more cooperative if we can provide him a safe but strict environment, right Harry? You won’t try to escape constantly if we promise to not hurt you without reason?”

Sensing that he’d been caught eavesdropping, Harrison blushed a little and hung his head. Bellatrix didn’t appreciate his disrespect and she slapped him across the face again. This time, he was still weak and disoriented from the cruciartis and no one was holding him up, so he fell back. He tried really hard to hold back his tears, but they seemed to have a mind of their own.

Harrison was trapped in his own little self-pity party. He didn’t hear Bellatrix yelling at him to answer the question. Why was he so stupid? Why didn’t he just go home like his dad wanted? Why couldn’t he see Sev anyway? Another sharp, stinging slap hit his face on the side that had the cut. This was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Harrison looked up at his kidnappers with a tear-streaked face and asked in a very small voice, “What do you want from me? I just want to go home to my family.”

Regulus wanted to hug the boy. He wasn’t an alpha, but he wasn’t immune to sad eyes. He already was fighting the urge to reveal himself and run away with Harrison. He was anxious when Rodolphus stepped towards the small child. He grasped his wand and prepared to defend Harrison if Rodolphus proved to be violent. He was relieved when Rodolphus knelt next to the boy and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder and asked, “You’re a submissive, aren’t you?”

Regulus thanked every deity he could imagine in that moment. Of course, Rodolphus was an alpha, and his instincts would be to protect the tiny, helpless child, not to harm him. He prayed that the alpha’s instincts would be enough.

Harrison whipped his head up and looked with fearful eyes to Rodolphus. Then he gave inquiring eyes towards Rabastan/Regulus. Regulus gave a minute nod, so Harrison answered, “Y-yes, S-sir. I’m a submissive Veela.”

Rodolphus sighed and answered, “It’s ok, Little One. I will take care of you.”

That term of endearment opened the floodgates for Harrison. He started sobbing his little heart out. Bellatrix was screeching that his status changed nothing, but Rodolphus hushed her. He picked up the sobbing child and gave a sigh of relief when the boy seemed to melt into his embrace. He wrapped his arms and legs around the man, and he buried his face in his neck.

Rodolphus carried the sobbing child down the hallway, and Rabastan followed quickly. They left Bellatrix to her temper tantrum in the foyer. Rabastan/Regulus didn’t know where Rodolphus was taking the child, so made sure to follow closely. He kept his hand on his wand just in case. He was shocked when they stopped at the room right past the master bedroom, and he was even more shocked when they opened the door to reveal a nursery.

The nursery was beautiful. It was done in light green and cream. A grand crib was the centerpiece of the room. Rodolphus pulled his wand and transfigured the crib into a bed fit for a young prince. He transfigured all of the furniture into something that would be beneficial for the child. The changing table was turned into a large library, and across the room there were shelves of age-appropriate toys.

Regulus looked on in shocked silence as Rodolphus easily maneuvered the still upset child to
undress him. He set the child on the bed once he was down to his boxers, and he cast a diagnostic charm. He tutted at the long list of past and current ailments. He summoned a healing potion and a pain potion, and he gently coaxed Harrison to take them. When that was done, he summoned a proper wizard’s nightshirt and helped the child to dress. Then, he tucked the child into bed with all the skill of a seasoned parent. Regulus watched as the child hunched in and tried to hug himself. Rodolphus quickly transfigured something into a stuffed snake, and he set the stuffed snake into the boy’s arms. Regulus was amazed as the child grabbed onto the toy and cuddled it into his chest. Then, the child was asleep almost immediately.

Rodolphus picked up the results of the diagnostic scan, cast a monitoring charm over the sleeping child, and then he beckoned Regulus/Rabastan to follow him from the room.

Meanwhile in Hogsmeade: Lucius was nearly frantic. He was in the alley that the location spell has sent him to, but his son wasn’t there. Remus and Sirius were sniffing around to find a scent trail. Charlie was trying to calm Narcissa down, and Albus was casting the location spell again. Severus was scoping the area for clues or witnesses.

Sirius growled in frustration, “This doesn’t make any sense! I can smell him, and three others. My dear oldest cousin, Bellatrix, was here with her husband, Rodolphus. The third scent is the one that doesn’t make any sense. I’d swear that it was my brother, but he’s dead. We know that Voldemort killed him. I don’t understand. Remus, what do you smell?”

Remus inhaled a large whiff, “I don’t know Bellatrix or Rodolphus as well as you, but I do smell Regulus. How is this possible? His scent is very fresh.”

Lucius growled, “I don’t know, but if I get my hands on him I will kill him for good this time.”

Sirius defended his brother, “Now hold on! You don’t know what happened. Reg might be helping Harrison.”

Severus sneered, “Right, Bellatrix and Rodolphus just let the traitor live. You’re delusional, Black.”

They started to yell and get a little physical with each other. Remus was defending his mate, and Charlie was defending his new father. Albus finished his locating spell and silenced the ruckus, “That’s enough, all of you! Harrison is missing. Fighting amongst ourselves isn’t going to get him back. The locator spell isn’t working, so he must be somewhere with strong wards.”

Narcissa spoke up, “I bet they took him back to Lestrange Manor. The manor is ancient, so it has very powerful wards. A simple location spell wouldn’t be able to penetrate the wards.”

Lucius blanched, “Cissy, if he is with your sister then he is in grave danger! We need to hurry!”

Charlie was the voice of reason, “Lucius, if the manor has such powerful wards, how do you intend to get in? What if they know that you aren’t death eaters anymore? You could be slaughtered.”

Narcissa answered, “My sister could never kill me. She may be crazy and delusional, but family comes first…even to her.”

Lucius answered too, “There is no way they could know that we are disloyal. The adoption was public, but they have been in prison. We don’t know if they even know about the adoption yet. If they do know, then we can spin it as a way to get access to Harrison to convert him to the dark side.”

Albus put in his thoughts, “That might work. I don’t like it, but it might be enough to get you access
to the manor at least. You should take Sirius with you so he can smell around.”

Remus argued, “They would never believe that Sirius had turned dark.”

Sirius placed a calming hand on his husband’s chest and replied, “I’m a Black. Family comes first. They might believe that I had a change of heart. Like Narcissa said, Trixie believes in family above anything else.”

Remus argued, “What if she doesn’t believe it? What if she kills you? Are you willing to risk that? We just got a son. If you die, they will take him away from me.”

Sirius sighed, “I know, Remi, but this is Harrison, my pup, your cub. I have to do this. Regulus will understand if something happens to me. He and Harrison are best friends. They would do anything for each other.”

Charlie spoke up again, “Sirius is right, Remus. I’d like to think that my little brother is done being a selfish git. He would do anything for Harrison. I am curious though. If family is the most important thing to Bellatrix Lestrange, then wouldn’t she convert to the light side if Narcissa asked her to? Shouldn’t she want to protect Harrison since he is her nephew?”

Narcissa perked up a little, “It’s possible. She might be convinced, but it’s too dangerous right now. We need to get Harrison out of there first. Then we can make the motion to convert my sister to the light.”

Lucius stepped forward, “We need to go, now. Cissa, Sirius, are you ready?”

They quickly hashed out their story, and then they apparated to the gates of Lestrange Manor. Once at the gates, they wasted no time to walk up to the Manor. A house elf greeted them. The elf showed the three of them into the sitting room where Rodolphus and Regulus/Rabastan were going over the diagnostic scan results. They were both appalled that a wizard child, much less the “Savior of the Wizarding World” was treated so poorly. Regulus was used to strict discipline and borderline cruelty, but he didn’t have to endure nearly what the poor child upstairs had dealt with.

Their conversation was interrupted by a house elf announcing the presence of Lord and Lady Malfoy and Lord Black. Regulus/Rabastan’s head popped up at the mention of Lord Black, and he stared into the eyes of his older brother. He knew that Sirius had already made him by his scent, but he needed to maintain his secret identity. He minutely shook his head to beg his brother not to mention anything. Sirius seemed to catch on, and he minutely nodded his own head in understanding.

Lucius quickly addressed the men, “Rodolphus, Rabastan, you’re both looking quite well considering your recent accommodations. I’m pleased that you are no longer trapped in Azkaban. How and when did you escape?”

Rodolphus smiled, “You mean the Daily Prophet hasn’t reported our absence yet? I guess the idiot guards haven’t realized that we aren’t there yet. We escaped early this morning in our animagi forms. You know that Bellatrix is a black panther. Rabastan is an eagle, and I am a wolf. We found out early on that the dementors left us alone in our animal forms, so we spent a lot a time that way. We escaped, and they never even realized! They--”

Rodolphus suddenly shot up and excused himself from the room. Unbeknownst to the others, the monitoring charms were alerting him to the child’s discomfort.

Back in the sitting room, Sirius cast silencing charms around them and turned to face his brother, “Reggie? Is that really you?”
The man disguised as Rabastan let his true appearance flicker briefly as he nodded his head, “Yes, Siri. It’s really me. I’ll explain later. We need to get Harry out of here.”

Lucius chose to act surprised, “Harry Potter is here?”

Rodolphus chuckled as he entered the sitting room with a sleeping Harrison in his arms, “Don’t think me for a fool, Lucius. I know that this boy somehow belongs to you now. I’ve spent the better part of the last ten years as a wolf. My sense of smell is excellent. I can smell you, Narcissa, Sirius, Draco, another wolf, and surprisingly, Severus all over him.”

He gently sat down in his chair with the boy cradled on his lap. Harrison gave a little whimper, but Rodolphus hushed him and held him tighter to his chest. Narcissa and Lucius both tried to sensor their facial expressions, but their concern over their son won out.

Rodolphus continued, “I also know what my brother smells like, Regulus. I’ve known all along that you weren’t Rabastan. I debated killing you many times for betraying us and the Dark Lord’s cause. After the first few years in prison, when nobody came to our rescue, I started to question the cause myself. I wanted to figure out what made you switch sides. After a few more years, I decided that I was done with the Dark Lord. I was done pandering to a demented madman who couldn’t care less for his followers. I decided that I had sacrificed enough for his cause. After we lost our daughter, -“

Rodolphus hugged the small, sleeping child to himself and he fought back the emotion and tears that threatened to fill his eyes. Regulus reverted back to his own appearance and embraced his brother and cousin. Lucius stood very still watching his brother-in-law hold his son, and he debated coming clean about everything.

Rodolphus continued, “I know you are here for this child. You have your bloodhound with you. I know that he caught our scents in Hogsmeade where we took the child, very easily. Why else would you be here tonight of all nights? Why else would this child look like the spitting image of you, and why would he have your scent all over him? He mentioned that he wasn’t a Potter. Now it makes sense. I never knew the Potter’s to have Veela blood either.”

Lucius started to begin a long explanation. He didn’t know which side his brother-in-law was on, and he didn’t want to endanger his son, “Rodolphus, I can assure you that I don’t-“

Rodolphus shouted, “Save your lies, Lucius. I’m not a fool. Tell me the truth.”

Harrison woke from the sudden shout, and he looked worriedly around the room. His eyes lit up when he saw his parents and Sirius. He jumped up and ran to Lucius, “Daddy! Daddy, I’m so sorry. I should have listened to you. Please don’t be mad at me.”

Lucius hugged him. Rodolphus asked, “Are you still going to deny this precious child?”

Lucius sighed and lifted his small son to his hip. Then he hugged the boy with all his might and responded, “Harrison, you scared us something terrible. Your Momma and I are just happy that you are all right. When you didn’t come home, we thought the worst. As it turns out, I’m still not sure whether you are completely safe or not. Why didn’t you come home like I asked you to?”

Harrison ducked his head and shrugged his shoulders. Lucius sat on the couch and arranged Harrison so that they were facing each other with the boy on his lap, and he answered, “You know that is not an acceptable answer, Little One. Please answer truthfully.”

Harrison sighed and lifted his head to look his dad in the eyes, “I just wanted to show you that I wasn’t a baby. I didn’t need to come home to nap or rest just because I had a stupid nightmare last
night.”

Rodolphus keyed into that statement, “Do you have nightmares frequently, child?”

Harrison shrugged again, and Lucius gave him a light tap on the bottom and a pointed look to answer the question. He shyly responded, “Yes, sir.”

Rodolphus asked, “What are your nightmares about?”

Harrison debated not answering, but he figured he was in enough trouble and this new man made him a little nervous. He was dressed as a death eater just a little while ago. The man had been mostly nice to him, but he didn’t want to endure that terrible curse again. He answered, “They are usually about Voldemort and his followers. They kidnap me, my friends, or my family, and torture or kill us.”

Rodolphus chuckled and then said in a very stern voice, “You do realize that is exactly what happened today, right? My wife, my brother, and I were dressed as death eaters, and we kidnapped you. Why were you alone? Surely your father has expressed concerns about you being alone. You are a submissive. I’d say you were pretty lucky to have been kidnapped by family, young man.”

At the mention of family, Harrison whipped his head around to stare at the man, and he asked, “We are family?”

Rodolphus nodded his head and answered, “Yes, Little One. My wife, Bellatrix, is Narcissa’s sister. They are both Black’s, so they are cousins to Sirius and his brother, Regulus. You can call me Uncle Rodolphus.”

Harrison smiled and yawned at his new uncle, “It’s nice to meet you. I’m Harrison Sirius Malfoy.”

Rodolphus smiled back at the innocent child, and asked, “Do you want to go back to sleep, child? It’s nearly 10PM, and you look exhausted. In fact, I think you should all stay the night. We have all had a long day. We can all get some rest, and then we can discuss everything in the morning with fresh minds.”

Lucius started to insist that they head back to Hogwarts, but Rodolphus stopped him, “It wasn’t a request, Lucius. You will all stay here, and we will speak in the morning. Harrison is staying in the nursery. Feel free to stay in whichever room you’d like. Send notice to whoever is waiting for your return that you are staying here for the night. In fact, why don’t you have them come over as well. We will have a proper family reunion tomorrow. Trixie will be pleased.”

Lucius sighed, but he did as he was requested. To be sure that they didn’t try to escape through the floo, Rodolphus took Harrison, Sirius, and Regulus upstairs. He tucked Harrison back into bed, and this time he pressed a gentle kiss to the boy’s forehead and told him, “I am only one room over. If you wake up and require anything please find me. You may also call for my house elf, Toz, and he will take you to me. Good night, nephew.”

Harrison snuggled into the comfortable bed, and responded, “Goodnight, Uncle Rod. I’m glad you found me today. You’re really nice for a death eater.”
Lucius floo called back to his quarters at Hogwarts. He wasn’t surprised to see everyone still there. He quickly explained what happened, and he told them that they all needed to come through the floo. He stood back as his entire family flooed through. He wasn’t sure if Rodolphus was expecting this many people, but they were all involved. Severus came through first. He was flanked by his twins. Then Charlie came through with Draco and Luna following closely behind. Remus stepped through with his new son, Regulus. He thought to himself that they were going to have to think of a way to differentiate the two Regulus’s.

Once everyone was through, he floo called Albus and Minerva. He briefly explained the situation, and he told Albus that all of their classes would need to be cancelled tomorrow. Albus told him not to worry about school, and he wished him good luck.

Lucius showed everyone to a room in the family wing of the manor. He allowed all of his children, including Charlie, to stay in the same room. Then he showed Remus and Regulus Jr. to Sirius’s room. Lastly, he showed Severus, George, and Fred to another room. After everyone was settled, he found Narcissa and collapsed onto the bed next to her.

In the master bedroom, Rodolphus was just coming out of the bathroom. He took a long, hot bath, and he already felt like a new man. He cleaned all of the grime from the prison off of his body, and he soaked his sore, malnourished muscles.

He quickly dressed for bed, and then he collapsed next to his wife. She smiled at him, and he thought now would be as good a time as ever to tell her what was happening in their home. “Trixie, my sweet, we have a few house guests. I think you will be pleased when you see them in the morning. Also, the boy was telling the truth. He is no longer Harry Potter. His name is Harrison Sirius Malfoy, and he is your nephew. You might find that you like him if you give him a chance. Please give him a chance, for me.”

Bellatrix sighed, “Rod, you are too soft sometimes. The child is still the enemy of our Lord.”

Rodolphus glared at his wife, “Bellatrix, how dare you put that madman before your own family. I thought family was supposed to be the most important thing?”

She stared at her husband confused, “Madman? Rodolphus, what are you saying? The Dark Lord will kill you if he thinks you are being disloyal.”

Rodolphus took a deep breath and calmly stated, “Bella, we need to talk. I’ve been disloyal to the Dark Lord for years now. How could I remain loyal to a man who stole our daughter away? He killed my brother, and he never once tried to free us from Azkaban. I decided long ago that I would never serve him again.”

She was really confused now, “What do you mean ‘he killed your brother’? Rabastan is down the hall.”

Rodolphus smiled sadly, “No, dear. Have you completely ignored your nose? Your baby cousin, Regulus, has been disguised as Rabastan this whole time.”

Small tears formed in her eyes, “Regulus? Little Reggie is alive??”

Rodolphus hugged his wife closed and chuckled, “Well, he isn’t little anymore. Yes, he is alive and well. You can see him in the morning as well. I know you must be exhausted. It’s not everyday that
we escape from Azkaban.”

The two of them slipped into an exhausted sleep. Rodolphus would have slept through the whole night had his monitoring charm on Harrison not alerted him to the child’s distress again. He was just about to get up and check on the child when he decided to let Harrison decide whether or not to trust him. He hoped that the boy would come find him, but he would understand if he wasn’t comfortable enough yet.

He remained lying in his bed until he heard the door to his room open. He sat up and looked into Harrison’s fearful eyes. He smiled at the boy and opened his arms to beckon the scared child towards himself. When Harrison was within reach, he easily lifted the boy and set him in the middle of the bed between him and Bellatrix. Harrison gave a quiet, frightened squawk and huddled into his side to get as far away from Bellatrix as he could.

Rodolphus sighed and rolled his eyes at his wife for scaring the child. He pulled Harrison into his chest and wrapped his arms around him. He gently kissed the boy’s forehead and told him, “It’s ok, Harrison. I’ll watch over you. Go back to sleep. You’re safe here.”

They both fell asleep quickly, and they didn’t wake until late the next morning. They were awoken by the sounds of arguing in the hallway. Harrison shrank back into Rodolphus’s arms, and waited for the inevitable confrontation. He was afraid that there were more death eater’s.

Bellatrix stared at her husband and the boy. She wondered briefly why he was in their bed. She watched as the brat sought comfort and Rodolphus eagerly gave him whatever he needed. She had never seen Rodolphus be gentle with anyone other than her or their daughter before. She thought back to their daughter, and she wondered what life would be like if they had been able to raise her. She didn’t know why the Dark Lord took the child a month after she was born. He had been worried that their loyalties would be divided between the child and him, so he had removed their distraction, their child. She considered her husband’s words from last night. Maybe he had a point.

She looked at her husband again, and she noticed the happy expression on his face. Maybe she could give this brat a chance, if only for her husband and her baby sister. She smiled at fond memories with Narcissa, and she hoped that Narcissa was one of these surprise visitors her husband told her about.

The sound of laughter drew her out of her mind. She stared at the boy and her husband as he tickled the child. Harrison laughed and squealed, “Uncle Rod, stop! Please! That tickles! I’m awake! I’m awake! Uncle Rod!”

She gave a little gasp. Rodolphus didn’t let anyone aside from her call him that. She gave a timid little smile at their behavior, and then she stood from the bed. She walked to the closet and called out, “Come on, you two. I’ve been told we have visitors. It’s already half past nine. We need to get dressed and ready for the day.”

Harrison immediately stopped playing and jumped up from the bed. He responded, “Yes ma’am.” He turned to leave the room, but then he looked back at his uncle and whispered, “I don’t have any other clothes to wear.”

Rodolphus rushed after Harrison and easily flung the laughing boy over his shoulder as he said, “I think we can solve that problem, Little One. We will shrink down something from my closet. Maybe your Aunt Bellatrix would like to help us find something that will look good on you.”

Bellatrix rolled her eyes, but she did pick out an outfit for her new nephew. She grabbed black trousers, a dark silver shirt, and a green robe, and she handed them to the boy. He shyly put on the too large clothes. He had to hold the trousers up to prevent them from falling down. Bellatrix
frowned at seeing how tiny the boy really was. She briefly wondered why he was so small. Maybe it had something to do with him being a submissive?

She raised her wand and ignored the boy’s flinch. He clearly thought she was going to curse him again. She spelled the clothes to fit, and she smiled at her finished work. He looked like a proper wizard child. The green robe helped his eyes to stand out, and he looked very handsome, though she didn’t dare tell him that.

He hesitantly smiled at her, and ran to the mirror to examine himself. Rodolphus laughed at his behavior, and told him, “You look very handsome, Harrison. No doubt, your Daddy has to fight to keep the potential suitors away from you.”

Harrison blushed and answered, “Not really. No one dares mess with me because of my family. They are all too scared of Daddy, Draco, the twins, and Sev. Sometimes even Siri and Remy can be scary. Besides, I can take care of myself.”

Rodolphus laughed again, “Of course. What was I thinking? You would never let yourself be kidnapped, right?”

Bellatrix gave a quiet, stifled chuckle. She secretly liked the banter between her husband and new nephew, but she refused to admit it yet. Instead, she sneered, “Are you ready yet?”

Harrison quickly stopped joking around, and he answered, “Yes ma’am.”

Rodolphus rolled his eyes and placed an arm around the small child. Then he called to his wife, “After you, dear.”

Bellatrix led them from the room and into the main sitting room. She and Rodolphus were surprised to so many people waiting there for them. They took in the inhabitants of the room. They recognized some, but not all of them. They especially didn’t recognize the red-headed young man. Was there a Weasley in their house?

Harrison forgot about how scary Bellatrix was when he saw Severus sitting on the couch. He yelled happily and ran to his mate, “Sev! You’re here!”

Everyone but Draco, Bellatrix, and Rodolphus laughed. Draco sneered, “What am I, thestral dung? It’s good to see you too, little brother. No, I wasn’t worried about you at all! Hmmph.”

Bellatrix looked more shocked than anything that someone would be so excited to see Severus. She had never really cared for him. Rodolphus watched the Alpha and Submissive interact for a moment, and he quietly mumbled to himself, “Interesting.”

Lucius stepped forward and addressed the newcomers, “Goodmorning, Rodolphus, Bellatrix. Thank you for hosting my family. Allow me to introduce everyone.”

Bellatrix sneered and mumbled, “Some family. Looks more like a pack of vagabonds and mutts.”

Lucius glared at her, warning her to cease degrading his family, and Rodolphus hushed her with a, “Careful, Trixie. Don’t anger your family before you’ve even met them. Remember what we talked about last night. We need them on our side if we are going to switch sides.”

Lucius continued introducing everyone, starting with his own family, “I’m sure you remember your nephew, Draco. He’s grown quite a bit since you’ve last seen him. He came into his inheritance early. He is with his two mates mates. His alpha and my eldest son and heir is Charles Arthur Malfoy. He goes by Charl-.”
Bellatrix screeched, “I knew it! That red hair! He’s a Weasley! You’ve made a Weasley your heir! What would the Dark Lord say?! What would your Father say? You’ve made a mockery of the Malfoy name and by extension, the Black name as well. I won’t stand for this.”

Lucius defended his family, “Hold your tongue! If anyone has created a mockery of the Black name it’s you. The House of Black isn’t known for being particularly sane. Besides, I’d be careful what you say about the ex-Weasley’s. You’re quite outnumbered by them right now, and Lord Black, Lord Prince, and myself might be particularly upset about what you say concerning our sons. This is your last warning.”

Bellatrix was being restrained by Rodolphus, and she wisely kept her tongue, so Lucius continued, “As I was saying, Narcissa and I adopted Charlie, and he is now the Malfoy Heir. He and Draco are both Alpha’s, and Luna is their little submissive and our daughter. You’ve met Harrison. It was brought to our attention that he was abused by his muggle family, so Narcissa and I adopted him. Sirius married Remus. Remus is the Alpha, but he took the Black name. They adopted the boy standing with them. His name is Regulus John Black. He was formerly Ronald Weasley. Lastly, you remember Severus, correct, my brother in al but blood? He adopted the ex-Weasley twins, and they became Fred James Snape Prince and George Tobias Snape Prince, the heirs to the House of Prince.”

Rodolphus stood tall and responded, “It’s a pleasure to meet so many new family members and to be reacquainted with the old ones. Allow me to introduce my brood. I am Rodolphus Lestrange, Lord of the Ancient House of Lestrange. This is my wife, Bellatrix Lestrange nee Black, and this is—” He paused as he gestured to Regulus. He wasn’t actually his brother, even though he spent the last ten years portraying Rabastan. He looked into Regulus’s hopeful face, and he smiled before continuing, “This is my brother in all but blood, Regulus Black.”

All of the children gasped. The younger Regulus turned to his father and asked, “Sirius, I thought he died. How can he be standing right here? How can we be ok with him and them standing there? They are death eaters. Aren’t we in danger?”

Regulus Sr. cringed at the accusatory tone and the implication that he would hurt his brother or his family. He was a changed man, and family meant more than anything to him. Rodolphus saw the hurt look on Regulus’s face and refused to allow this brat to speak like that. He was a very traditional and strict man when the situation arose. He fussed, “Young man, how dare you speak to your father that way. He deserves your respect. Addressing him by his given name is not a way to show him that respect. He has adopted you and given you his family name. The least you can do is call him Father. Regulus betrayed the Dark Side just before everyone thought the Dark Lord killed him. He has been hiding disguised as my brother, Rabastan. He is a metamorphagus. It is a well known fact that the House of Black has a knack for transfiguration. Every Black that I know has the ability to become an animagus. I think you need to brush up on your family history. Regarding my wife and I, yes, we are death eaters. You could very well be in danger, but you need to have more cunning than to state that to an entire room. You’re clearly a Gryffindor like your fathers. No Slytherin would be that reckless. A Ravenclaw would have the sense to keep their thoughts to themselves, and a Hufflepuff would believe that family loyalty would keep you safe.”

Bellatrix was smiling as she listened to her husband give the idiot child a tongue-lashing. She loved that Rodolphus had such a way with words. He was an Alpha, and his authoritarian instincts turned her on. She hadn’t seen her husband act that way since they were imprisoned.

Rodolphus paused in his lecture and looked at his wife’s smirking face. He figured now was as good a time as any to announce his intentions, “As it stands, Bellatrix and I are no longer Death Eaters. We have decided to join the rest of you and switch sides in this war. We refuse to bow down to that
self-serving madman any longer. This is good for you, Young Regulus, as Uncle Rodolphus and Aunt Trixie will be around much more to help you proper manners and tactics."

Regulus gulped loudly and stepped back to shield himself behind his fathers. Sirius laughed and set an arm around his shoulder. Then he said seriously, “We are all family. Like Rodolphus mentioned, it may be Hufflepuff ideology, but you are truly safe with everyone here. My parents were the real nutcases, but they are long dead. I’d also really appreciate it if you could address Remus and I with appropriate terms. We don’t want to belittle what Arthur was to you, but it is improper in the Wizarding world for children to address their parents by their given name. This family catches enough fire. We don’t want to give them any more fuel. Understand?”

He leaned into Sirius and nodded, “Yes, sir.”

Sirius kissed his forehead in response.

Severus risked a peak at his twins, and he saw them having a silent conversation with each other. He wondered if this conversation resonated with them as well. He secretly hoped that they would call him Dad. He made a mental note to not react to whatever his sons called him.

Harrison’s stomach gave a loud growl, and the boy blushed and apologized, “I’m sorry. I just haven’t eaten since lunch yesterday.” He tried to hide his blushing face into Severus’s neck, but Rodolphus scooped him up from his alpha’s lap. Severus gave a quiet growl, but Rodolphus still heard it.

Rodolphus turned to confront the younger alpha, “You will hold your tongue in my house, Severus. You may be an Alpha, but I am twelve years your senior. I don’t take kindly to threats.”

The twins flanked their father and prepared for whatever backlash was about to happen. Severus merely patted their knees to call them off, and then he apologized, “I’m sorry for speaking out of turn. It won’t happen again. You just caught me off guard.”

Rodolphus chuckled, “I knew it! I like your guard dogs, Severus. They are devoted like son’s should be. It’s amazing how they look and smell so much like you and this little submissive. It’s as if Harrison was their other blood parent. That doesn’t make any sense though, the boy is younger than them. He is not mated.”

Rodolphus enjoyed watching Severus try to control his tongue and his temper. He enjoyed the uncomfortable expressions on his son’s faces as well. He knew they wanted to defend their father and Harrison. He knew they were related, but he wanted someone to admit it. He was about to push a little more when Lucius came to stand between him and Severus. Lucius gestured for Rodolphus to hand over Harrison. Rodolphus complied, and Lucius took Harrison from his hold and set him back down into Severus’s lap.

Rodolphus watched as Severus pulled the boy close into him and breathed in his scent. He turned to face Lucius with a raised eyebrow. Lucius sighed and said, “You can obviously tell they are connected. Severus is Harrison’s alpha. He has not claimed Harrison publicly because of Harrison’s age and their student-teacher relationship. We fear that parents would demand Severus retire from Hogwarts if they found out. Fred and George have always protected Harrison like a younger brother. When they were disowned from the Weasley family, they wanted to lose all reminders of their former mother. Harrison, being their father’s mate, agreed to provide blood to make them blood relatives. He is not their parent. Rather he has become their blood brother.”

Rodolphus hummed, “Yes. That is interesting. We are all truly connected. I wondered why you brought Severus and his son’s here, but now I understand.” He turned to face the twins, “I like you.
You can call me Uncle Rodolphus as well. It’s easier than trying to understand our true relations. Tell me, Young Princes, what house are you sorted into at Hogwarts?

Fred grinned and started answering, “We’re of the noble and brave Gryffindor house,—

“But we consider ourselves Honorary Slytherins as our dear father is the leader of the snakes, and—

“The hat wanted to put us in Slytherin at our sorting ceremony, but Molly threatened to disown us if we weren’t Gryffindor.

“Funny, Gred, how we ended up getting disowned after all.”

Rodolphus laughed at their antics while Severus just sat there shocked. He responded, “The hat wanted you to be Slytherins? You could have been in my house all along? Hmm…Maybe that’s a blessing in disguise that Minerva had to deal with all of your tomfoolery for the past six years.”

Fred chuckled, “Aw, come on, Dad. You know you love us. You have to had enjoyed at least some of our pranks or you wouldn’t have adopted us and made us your apprentices.”

Rodolphus laughed harder at the twins and responded, “Yes, I quite like you two. You will give Severus as much as he used to give us. You know the old adage, Severus, ‘What goes around, comes around’. ”

Severus hid his pleased expression, and teasingly huffed, “Please, I am nothing like these monsters.”

Everyone in the room laughed, and then Rodolphus led them all through to the dining room. During the meal, they talked some more and laid everything on the table. After Brunch, there were no more secrets in the family.

As the family was finishing up Brunch, Rodolphus suggested that he give everyone a quick tour of the manor. He wanted to show the children his quidditch pitch. Draco immediately agreed. He was eager to look in his uncle’s library. Lucius agreed, but he asked that the tour be postponed for about an hour so that he could have some time to talk with Harrison.

Rodolphus watched as Harrison slumped in his chair, and he took pity on his sweet nephew, “Aww. Come on, Luc. I think he suffered enough last night. Strangers, suspected death eaters no less, kidnapped him. He was slapped around, and Bella held him under the cruciartis for quite some time.”

Narcissa huffed and rounded on her older sister, “You crucio’ed my baby?! How dare you!”

Bellatrix sneered, “Now, Cissy, it’s not like I knew he was your brat at the time. Besides, I wouldn’t do it again. Rodolphus has explained that there are more appropriate punishments for children.”

Harrison blushed, and Severus set him in his lap. He didn’t like the thought of his little mate being under Bellatrix’s cruciartis. The witch was infamous for being very severe with that curse.

Rodolphus winked at the embarrassed child and spoke to Lucius, “You should be proud. He withstood the first round and laughingly asked for more. He didn’t break under the curse or the beating until the very end. I suspect it was more from exhaustion than anything. I am ashamed to say that it wasn’t until he broke that I realized he was a submissive. My alpha instincts took over, and I healed him and put him to bed. Had you not shown up to claim him, I would have raised him as my own.”

Harrison gave his uncle a shocked expression, and Rodolphus opened his arms, “Come here, child.”
When Harrison reached him, he drew the small boy into his lap and spoke softly, “Don’t act so surprised, Little One. You are precious, and you deserve only the best. As it stands, I can’t take you away from your family, but I can insist that you spend some weekends here with me. How does that sound?”

Harrison smiled at him, “I think I’d like that, Uncle Rod.”

Rodolphus gave the boy a tight hug, and Harrison never noticed the shocked faces of his family when they heard him call the man ‘Rod’.

Rodolphus released the boy from his hug and spoke, “How about that tour now?”

Lucius insisted, “Harrison and I really should have our little chat—“

Rodolphus interrupted, “Nonsense, Lucius. I’m your elder, and I say that he has been punished enough. He knows what he did was wrong, and he’s already apologized. Let’s consider the matter settled, ok?”

Bellatrix was shocked that her strict husband would let such behavior go, and Draco was just as shocked that his father was going to agree. If he had acted that way, he would have already been dealt with. He guessed it paid to be the baby of the family. Harrison wasn’t actually the baby of the family, Luna was, but Harrison acted younger than her.

Knowing that he’d been beat, Lucius nodded and replied, “All right. We will consider this matter through.”

Rodolphus stood holding onto Harrison and replied, “Excellent. Follow me.”

He led them through his gigantic manor. He showed them the library, the potions lab, the sitting rooms, the ballroom, the playroom, the quidditch pitch, and his favorite room, the target practice room. It was a huge room with lots of dummies and targets to practice spells against. It also had a dueling stage. The best part of the room was that it was completely spell proof. You couldn’t damage anything in the room beyond repair.

Naturally, Harrison wanted to spend more time in this room, but Draco wanted to play a quidditch match. Harrison relented to make his brother happy, and Rodolphus promised him that they could spend as much time as he wanted in the room when he came for visits.

They all went out to the quidditch pitch and split into teams: children versus adults. The adults held their own for a while, but they were no match against Harrison, Draco, the twins, and Charlie. After a long match, the children claimed victory. Narcissa had the house elves prepare a large picnic for them to enjoy while the sunset. Once it was dark, they lit lanterns and stayed chatting for a while. When the children started to become more quiet, they knew it wouldn’t be long they started to fall asleep. Harrison made his way over to his alpha and leaned against him. He soon drifted away to sleep, and Severus placed the slumbering submissive into his lap.

Next to drift away was Luna. She came and sat in Charlie’s lap where he was sitting with the other adults. She closed her eyes and rested against him. Draco, Regulus, and the twins were still playing and casting hexes and jinxes at each other under the watchful eye of the older Regulus. Narcissa turned to Sirius and they shared a happy smile, and she said, “I’m glad that Regulus is alive, and I’m glad that Draco and Regulus Jr are getting along so well.”

Sirius nodded, “Yes. I’m glad as well. Reggie and I had our problems in the past, but now we can move on. We are lucky for this second chance. We need to speak to Albus about using his influence
to get these three pardoned.”

Narcissa just nodded as Lucius stood and spoke, “It’s getting late. We need to get back to the castle. We all have school tomorrow. Charlie has to go back to Romania tomorrow, but he will be back for Christmas in a few weeks. I have thoroughly enjoyed today, and I look forward to spending more time together as a family. Send an owl to keep in touch. I will speak with Albus to see what arrangements can be made regarding your allegiance.”

Everyone said their goodbyes, and then the family walked out of the manor’s wards and apparated back to the gates of Hogwart’s. Luna and Harrison were still fast asleep in the arms of their alphas. Lucius made to take Harrison from Severus since they were back where prying eyes could see them, but Severus shook him off. He wasn’t ready to let go of his little mate. His disappearance really scared him, and he needed more time to reassure himself that Harrison was fine.

Not many students were milling about the castle this close to curfew. The family split up to go their separate ways. When they were passing the Malfoy quarters, Severus told the twins to go on ahead without head. He was going to tuck Harrison in, and then he would meet them in their quarters.

The twins did as instructed. When they turned the last corner before their family quarters, they were attacked. They were immediately put into body binds and immobilized. They stared at the angry faces of their attackers. They were shocked to see the majority of their Gryffindor yearmates and a few 7th year Ravenclaw students.

The students were relentless in casting curses, hexes, and jinxes. They also resorted to physical violence. They tore at the twins clothes, and they punched and kicked them. The twins were helpless. Fred focused on releasing their mouths from the body bind so that they could enchant spells or call for help, and George tried to cast a wandless and wordless patronus to their father.

George was finally able to cast a corporeal patronus. His coyote appeared and stood waiting for directions, but George couldn’t give it any. He willed it to understand what he wanted, and the ghostly little creature ran off in the direction of their father. He didn’t know if it actually understood him or not, but he hoped it did.

The students were amazed and a little frightened at the feat of magic that George had just performed. They were about to turn tail and run, but one Ravenclaw reminded them that “patroni have to be given instructions verbally. The one that was just created wasn’t a threat to them.”

Fred finally released the hold over their mouths, and he yelled out for help. Marcus Flint happened to be making his rounds when he heard the distressed call for help. He sent word for backup to his other Slytherin prefects, and they entered the scene together. He was stunned at what he saw. George saw them and yelled out that their father was in the Malfoy quarters. Flint sent a prefect to fetch the professors while he and the rest of the prefects prevented any of the assailants from leaving.

Severus was just leaving when there was urgent knocking on the chamber door. He opened the door briskly and was surprised to see one of his younger prefects and a coyote patronus staring at him. His heart sank as he realized that the patronus belonged to George. The girl quickly spoke, “Sir, come quickly. A bunch of students cornered and attacked the twins.”

Severus called back into the quarters, “Lucius, Draco, Charlie, come with me now.”

The others had overheard the girl, and they immediately ran to follow her with their wands drawn.

They arrived just in time to see Marcus stunning someone who was trying to flee. He stood to his full imposing height, and he cast a strong wordless “expelliarmus” over the students. All of their wands
flew into his outstretched hand, and he glared at them.

He looked towards Marcus for an explanation while Draco and Charlie checked on his sons. He cast ‘mobilicorpus’ on all of the students and directed them up to the headmaster’s office with himself and Lucius. He briefly checked over his sons and then instructed Charlie and Draco to take them to the infirmary. He stalked after the attackers up to the headmaster’s study.

When they arrived, Albus, Minerva, and Filius were already waiting. They all had murderous faces. Not wanting to listen to lies or excuses, the Headmaster pulled the memory from three different students. They watched the scene from every viewpoint. Five of the seven students were suspended, and the two ringleaders were expelled. Lucius threatened to pursue further criminal charges if any of them so much as looked at his nephews again.

Albus tried to suppress his twinkle at hearing Lucius claim the twins and defend them so aggressively. When only the adults were left, Severus turned to Albus and demanded, “I want my sons out of that House. I want them re-sorted.”

Minerva gasped, “Severus, be fair. They are 7th years. Surely nothing like this will happen again as the perpetrators are now gone.”

He turned on her with an icy stare, “Be fair?! Fair?! This has already happened once. First your house attacks my mate. Now they attack my sons! Get your house under control, Minerva!”

Filius gave a small gasp at hearing Severus announce that he had a mate, and Severus immediately groaned when he realized his mistake. Minerva remained quiet. She knew that her house had been misbehaving badly, and she planned to put it all to an end.

Lucius turned to the small charms professor, “Filius, please keep this information to yourself. We don’t want everyone finding out.”

In response, Filius smiled, “I’m pleased to hear that the young submissive has such a capable alpha. No doubt, he will need as much support and structure as he can get. You forget, gentleman, that I am half goblin. We don’t worry ourselves with silly things such as age. Anyone with eyes can see that Severus is a man of morals, and he wouldn’t do anything to corrupt the child. I must admit that his behavior towards you makes complete sense now.”

Severus inclined his head, “Thank you for your secrecy. I must check on my son’s now.”

As Severus left the room, Filis said to the other adults, “I must admit that I like this new Severus: a mate, and a father. He wears it well.”

When the boys arrived to the infirmary, Madame Pomfrey tutted over them, “Misters Snape, what in Merlin’s name happened? This looks more serious than a prank or experiment gone awry.”

The boys groaned in response, so she looked towards the other boys, “Misters Malfoy, care to explain?”

She had them lay the twins down in bed while they explained what happened. She spelled them down to their boxers and pulled up a privacy shield. She performed diagnostics charms on them. They were both littered in cuts, scraps, and bruises. George had a few fractured ribs, and Fred had a broken wrist and twisted ankle.

She cleaned their cuts and scrapes and provided pain potions. She had Charlie and Draco hold them
down as she reset their bones. Severus entered the infirmary just as she reset Fred’s wrist, and he heard the shrill yell of pain. He ran to stand between his sons. Poppy filled him in on their injuries and their treatment. They would need skelegro overnight, and it would be painful. They’d need to sleep most of tomorrow, but then they should be ok.

He insisted that he be allowed to take them home, but Poppy was adamant that they stay in hospital until the Skelegro was done. They could rest in their quarters tomorrow, but they would be here tonight. Severus relented when Albus told him that he would cover the potions classes tomorrow. Then Albus escorted Lucius, Charlie, and Draco back to their quarters. He flooed from their quarters to his own. When he finally got into bed, it was well past midnight.

At breakfast the next morning, the absence of the expelled and suspended students was noticed. There were rumors going around about them attacking the Snape twins. Some students speculated that Professor Snape caught them and turned them into potions ingredients. Some rumors said that Charlie chopped them up to be used as dragon food. Some rumors said that Professor Malfoy caught them and planned to use them as target practice for defense class.

The owls brought the morning paper, and everyone was relieved to read what really happened: 7 students attacked the twins last night. 5 were suspended, and 2 expelled. The twins required substantial medical treatment. Their father requested that they be resorted. The article gave the names of the attackers.

The headmaster stood up to address the students, “Attention, everyone. As you have all read by now, two students were attacked by classmates last night. Blatant acts of bullying or violence will not be tolerated, and the perpetrators will be dealt with swiftly and harshly. This is your only warning. On a brighter note, the Yule Ball is coming up. We should put our focus into preparing for that celebration. Find a date, coordinate outfits, have fun!”
One of the readers pointed out that I made a mistake with the twins year. They should be in 6th year, not 7th. After this chapter, I will adjust the story accordingly. Sorry.

Poppy kept the twins in the infirmary until noon to make sure they were over the effects of the skelegro before she sent them off with their father. She was a little surprised that Severus had stayed with them all night. He was so strict with his students that she didn’t really take him for the helicopter parent personality. Looking back, she can’t believe she had never noticed it before. He absolutely dotes on Draco and Harrison.

Poppy kept an eye on the twins and Severus as they had multiple visitors. The first visitor surprised her a little. Marcus Flint came in his off period to check up on the twins. George, in particular, seemed very happy to see him, and he kept looking over at his father. Either Severus was ignoring his son’s wishes that he give them some privacy, or he was purposefully sticking around to embarrass the young man.

Marcus walked to the area between the twins beds but as far away from Severus as possible, and he spoke to both twins, “Hi George, Fred, how are you feeling today?”

Fred shared a knowing look with Severus and rolled his eyes, but George answered immediately, “We’re fine, right Forge? How are you feeling today?”

Fred wanted to slap some sense into his brother. Why wouldn’t Flint be feeling all right? He took sympathy on his twin and answered, “Yea, Gred. I’m peachy.” Feeling a little cheeky, he added, “How about you, Dad? How are you feeling today?”

Severus tried to reign in his chuckle and give his son a warning glare, and he whispered “Fred, play nice.”

Marcus Flint stood there like a fish out of water. It was strange to see anyone joking with his Professor, but it was even stranger to hear the twins call him ‘Dad’. He thought about that for a moment, and then he groaned internally. He was crushing his Professor’s son. There are a lot of stories about father’s who don’t approve of their children’s dates. Sure, those stories usually have to deal with girls, but how was this any different. He was trying to be George’s boyfriend. He didn’t realize that he had been inside his head for a while. There was a really awkward silence in the infirmary, so he blurted out, “So, what are your plans for today?”

He regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth. Why would he ask that? The twins are clearly stuck in bed all day. What a stupid question! He glanced a look at Professor Snape and Fred, and he instantly regretted it. Fred was trying to hold back his laughter, and the Professor was looking at him like he’d screwed up on a 1st year potion.

George gave his brother and father a pleading look to be nice to Marcus. Fred answered Marcus’s question, “Oy, Flint, we’re kinda holed up here right now! What do you think we’re doing today?!” Then he mumbled, “And they say Slytherin are cunning….”
Severus reached across and slapped the back of Fred’s head lightly in admonishment right as Madam Pomfrey was approaching. She tutted at him, “Severus, I must ask that you refrain from abusing your sons where I can see you if you want to convince me to let you take them home today.”

Severus gave her an unimpressed look, and Fred hammed it up, “Did you see that Madam Pomfrey? He’s always hitting on us.”

Poppy laughed outright. It was clear that Fred didn’t realize what he’d just said. She joked back, “Do you take him up on his offers, Fred?”

Severus stifled his chuckle as Poppy turned his little joke back around onto Fred, and Fred gafawed, “What?! No. That’s- Ha Ha. Very funny. Tricking the trickster.”

All the while the three of them were joking with each other, Marcus and George were staring at each other awkwardly. Poppy decided to take pity on them, “Mr. Flint, I’m sure these two are grateful for your part in their rescue last night, but they do need to rest. Why don’t you go now so that I can see to my patients? The sooner they are healed, the sooner you and Mr. Snape can continue making moon eyes at each other.”

George was embarrassed, and he objected, “Madam Pomfrey!”

Marcus was humiliated at being called out in front of his head of house, so he just agreed, “O-ok.”

Fred wasn’t done joking around. He loudly proclaimed, “I would never make moon eyes at him. I don’t like men in that way.”

When Marcus was gone from the infirmary, Fred turned to face his family and said, “Daddy dearest, I think our ickle George has a crush on certain Slytherin quidditch captain and prefect. You’ve always like a man in authority haven’t you, little brother?”

George flipped off his brother, and responded, “Bugger off, Fred. You’re two minutes older. Just wait until Angelina comes around. Payback’s a bitch.”

Severus was no longer joking with his sons, “That’s enough, boys. Have some decorum. There is a lady present.”

Nearly as soon as Marcus as had gone, Draco, Harrison, and Regulus came through the doors together. Draco hopped onto the end of Fred’s bed. Regulus got onto the end of George’s bed, and Harrison happily got into Severus’s lap.

Draco asked, “What was wrong with Flint? He shot out of a here like a bat out of hell. His was face was flushed.”

Fred laughed, and responded, “Well, Dray. Georgie here has his first crush, and it seems like your dear captain has reciprocal feelings.”

Regulus laughed too, “George, seriously? Marcus Flint?”

Harrison didn’t like to see his friends being mean to George, so he stood up for him, “Come on, leave him alone. Who cares who he has a crush on? Marcus is nice, in his own way. Besides, Draco, you two don’t have girlfriends. Draco’s mate is Luna. People used to call her Loony Luna Lovegood.”

Draco jumped off of Fred’s bed and towered over his little brother, “Can it, Harrison! No one says that about Luna anymore.”
Harrison replied, “Not in front of you, because they are too scared of you, Charlie, and Daddy! They still say it behind your backs.”

Draco shoved his little brother, “Shut up, Harrison. I’m warning you.”

Severus stood up immediately and pushed Harrison behind him. He stood to his fullest height, and he looked down at his nephew, “Draco Lucius Malfoy! Did you just shove and threaten your little brother?”

Draco seemed to realize all of a sudden how much trouble he was in. His eyes widened, and he took a step back, only for Severus to take another step towards him. Madam Pomfrey immediately sent a Patronus to Charlie and Lucius, and she hoped they would arrive before anything worse happened.

Harrison stood up and tried to squeeze himself between his brother and his alpha, but it wasn’t easy. Fred was trying to pull his dad away while George was trying to prevent Harrison from getting hurt. Severus was in full alpha protection mode, and he kept inching closer to Draco as the boy was slowly backing away.

The doors to the infirmary slammed open, and Charlie cam running in. He took one look at Severus threatening his mate, and he growled. He easily planted himself between Draco and Severus. He pushed Draco behind himself, and he stood eye to eye with the dour potions master. They were both full Veela and growling at each other. Harrison was terrified. He’d never seen his alpha or Charlie that angry or scary before. He looked across at his big brother, and he just wanted Draco to not be mad at him.

He read somewhere about a submissive’s cry of distress being able to break the alpha trance. He didn’t have any other options, and he didn’t want to see his alpha tear apart his brothers. He sank down to the floor and emitted a loud whimper. All of the Alpha’s, including Draco, turned to look at him for a second. Draco seemed to snap back to himself first. He made to go comfort his little brother, but Severus growled at him, which caused Charlie to growl back. Draco looked scared too. An even louder growl reverberated off of the infirmary walls. Everyone stopped and stared at Lucius as he entered the infirmary in full alpha mode. He was large and terrifying. He took in the scene with his Veela eyes, and he growled lowly when he saw his distressed baby on the ground.

He strode up to the two fighting alpha veela and towered over them. He growled and demanded submission. Draco was the first to submit. He sank to his knees and bared his neck to his father. Charlie quickly followed suit. Lucius looked at all three of his sons submitting to him, and he stared down his little brother.

Severus stared back up at him and growled under his breath. Lucius walked up and got into Severus’s face and growled louder with his fangs bared. Harrison was whimpering and crying at this point. In the back of his mind, he knew that his dad wouldn’t kill his mate, but his mind wasn’t exactly logical right now.

Severus seemed to come back to himself a little when he heard his mate’s distressed call. He turned to look at his little submissive, and his heart nearly broke. He made to go comfort him, but Lucius growled when he tried to step away. Severus looked up into his big brother’s eyes. Did Lucius expect him to submit? He’d only made Severus submit to him on a handful of occasions, and it was never in front of his mate or his sons. He spared a quick glance at his sons, and he saw the fearful expressions on their faces.

Lucius growled at him, “Submit, little brother, or I will force you to submit.”

Severus looked up at him with a hurt expression and silently asked, “Why are you doing this?”
Lucius dropped his mind barriers and answered back, “You threatened my sons. I am the supreme alpha of this family. I always have been, and I always will be. You must remember your place.”

Severus sighed and sank to his knees. He looked up at Lucius, and he silently said, “I would do anything for you, brother. I’m sorry.” He bowed his head and bared his neck to his brother.

Lucius’s Veela reveled in the submission, and he leaned down and bit down firmly on Severus’s neck, then Charlie’s, then Draco’s. When he got to Harrison, he didn’t bite down hard enough to mark like the others. He sat on the ground and pulled the submissive into his lap, and then he gently nuzzled his neck. Harrison calmed almost instantly, and he turned to bury his face in his dad’s neck. Lucius just held him still until he was completely calm. He didn’t want to rush Harrison, but the other Veela were waiting until they were released to move.

He rocked back and forth whispered, “It’s ok, Little One. Everyone is fine. Nothing happened. Calm down, now. You’ll feel better after a quick nap.”

His veela was releasing soothing hormones, and Harrison was quickly getting drowsy. Lucius stood with his son in his arms, and spoke with authority to the other veela, “I don’t know what happened here, but we are not done. I expect all of you to be in my study in as soon as last period finishes. If any of you so much as breathe wrong for the rest of the day, you won’t like the consequences. You are dismissed for now.”

Severus stood and watched his brother take away his mate. He wanted to comfort his mate more than anything. He knows how scared Harrison was, and he wants to make it all better. He also knows that Lucius has to teach this afternoon, and Harrison will be stuck in their quarters alone. He gathers his courage and asks, “Luc, can Harrison spend the afternoon in my quarters since you have classes? I don’t want him to be alone.”

Lucius turned to face his brother, “No, Sev. Consider this your punishment. You have to live with knowing that you scared your submissive, and you can’t do anything about it for the next four hours. He won’t be alone. I’m taking him with me to my class. He will be behind a barrier and invisible, so no one will even know he is there aside from Sirius and myself. I will see you and your sons in my study at 4PM. Understand?”

Severus sighed, but he responded, “Yes, Luc.”

Lucius kissed Severus on the forehead gently, and then he turned to walk away.

When he entered the infirmary, he saw an upset Draco being comforted by Charlie. His sons and Regulus were standing off to the side. Poppy suggested they all go to his quarters, so they all stepped through the floo.

When they were in the privacy of his rooms, and there was no threat of someone walking in on them, Draco broke down. He also had never seen his father or uncle act that way. Then the terrified look on his baby brother’s face had broken his heart. He cried into Charlie’s neck for a few minutes, and then he stepped back.

He looked at his uncle, and Severus was reminded of a much younger Draco. The young man apologized, “Uncle Sev, I’m so sorry. It was my entire fault. I pushed Harrison! How could I do that to my baby brother? Uncle Sev, please forgive me. Please don’t hate me. I know he’s your mate, and you have to choose him over me, but please don’t hate me. Please!”

Seeing Draco so upset nearly killed him. He rushed over to the young man, and he pulled him into a strong hug. He told him, “Dragon, listen to me. We are family, no matter what. Family makes
mistakes, but we don’t give up on each other. Dragon, I will always love you, and so will Harrison. I’m sure he’s already forgiven you.”

Draco was inconsolable. Severus summoned a calming draught and helped his nephew to take it. As Draco calmed down, he became more aware of his surroundings. He blushed at breaking down in front of so many people, but Severus just tutted, “Hush, now. Only family is present. It’s ok to be weak in front of family. Why don’t we go take a little nap?”

Draco tried to argue that his father would expect him to be in class, but Severus replied, “Let me worry about your father, Dragon. You rest. In fact, we’ll all rest after a quick lunch.”

A house elf brought them some tea, sandwiches, and biscuits. He dosed everyone’s tea with a very mild sleeping draught, and then he sent his elf with a letter to Lucius explaining what had just happened.

Draco fell asleep at the table from the added effects of the calming draught and the sleeping draught. Severus cast a featherlight charm on him and carried him through to his bedroom. He magically expanded his bed, and then he tucked Draco into one side. As he was getting into the other side, he heard a timid knock at the door and smile to himself. The extension charm was a good idea.

He looked up at his sons and opened his arms, “Come on, boys. You can sleep with us too. I know that was quite an ordeal today, so we can all get some comfort from each other. Fred, go and get your brothers to join us.”

When he and George were alone, he spelled his slightly younger son into pajamas wordlessly and wandlessly, and then he pulled him into the center of the bed between him and Draco. He pulled George into his chest and told him, “I don’t care who you have a crush on. No one will ever be good enough for you. I promise that I will be fair to your significant others, but they will have to try to impress me.”

Then he leaned down and kissed George on the forehead. George blushed and hugged him tighter as he responded, “Thanks, Dad.”

The bedroom door opened again to reveal Fred, Charlie, and Regulus. He snapped his fingers, and they were all in Slytherin green pajamas. He smiled to himself. He gestured Charlie and Regulus to lie next to Draco, and he lifted his other arm to invite Fred in. He had one of his sons under each arm, and they were pressed to his chest. He soaked up the warmth of the moment, and he wondered why he’d never wanted children before. He emitted soothing hormones, and soon they were all asleep.

No one stirred when Lucius arrived to check on them. He was carrying a sleeping Harrison. He spelled pajamas onto his youngest son, and then he set Harrison between Draco and Charlie. He smiled when both of his sons wrapped tightly around him. He brushed the back of his hand over Draco’s cheek, and then he gently pulled the covers up higher around his boys. He turned and slipped back out of the bedroom after taking a picture of his entire sleeping family. He would definitely be putting this one up on his mantle, and he would send a copy to Arthur.

When he arrived back to his classroom, he summoned his house elf, “Maisy, cancel any alarm charms or orders in my brother’s chambers, and then bring my wife to his bedroom. She will want to see that they are not disturbed. I will be back down there around 3:45 to wake them all up. Let them rest for now.”
Sirius quirked his brow in question, and Lucius quickly filled him in with the morning’s happenings. Sirius looked surprised, “So that’s why my godson was in here earlier? You don’t know what caused that scene to unfold yet? I hope Regulus wasn’t involved. How was my son after you alpha’d out on them?”

Lucius answered honestly, “He was visibly shaken. He’s ok for now though. Severus dosed everyone with a mild sleeping draught. They should be asleep for the rest of the afternoon. You can come with me to wake them up and check on them. I was hoping to end class a little early. They are all expecting doom and gloom in my study when we discuss this morning.”

Sirius looked concerned, “Where exactly is my son sleeping? Severus dosed him without my consent or knowledge? What if something happened? Is anyone watching them to make sure they are all ok?”

Lucius smirked at Sirius’s impression of a mama bear, and he answered, “Easy, cousin. They are all snuggled together in Severus’s bed. I have just send Narcissa to watch over them. You may confront Severus about dosing your son later if you wish.”

That put Sirius’s mind at ease, and quipped, “Snuggled together, huh? Do you have photographic proof? I have got to see this. I’m sending Moony a letter to meet us outside of Severus’s quarters at 3:45.”

Lucius pulled out his camera and spelled the picture he wanted to develop. Sirius looked at the photo, and had to suppress his envy of Severus at the moment. Lucius must have picked up on his somber mood because he responded, “I know. I wish I were in the pile too. Severus is a lucky bastard.”

The class went uneventfully, mostly because it was the class that their children were supposed to be in. Without them, the rest of the class was boring. Miss Granger was even more attentive than ever. She insisted that she needed to take good enough notes for Harrison, Draco, and Regulus. Lucius truly liked the girl. He thought she was a good influence on his children and Regulus.

When they ended class, they walked quickly down to Severus’s quarters. Remus was already there waiting for them. They quickly filled him in. He was worried about his son as well. They crept into the master bedroom. Narcissa was reading quietly in a rocking chair with Luna next to the bed. All of the boys were still asleep. The men looked on in wonder at the sight of their family sleeping peacefully. Lucius walked over and kissed his girls on the forehead. He went to wake the people in the bed, but Narcissa threatened him not to. Luna giggled quietly, and Lucius decided to relent.

He lead the other men back out into the living room. He decided that he would call his brother-in-law for a little perspective while they waited for sleeping beauties to wake up. Rodolphus insisted that he handled the situation correctly, and he suggested that all parties responsible be held liable, including Severus. He suggested sending Severus to him, but Lucius knew that his brother wouldn’t appreciate being pawned off. He wouldn’t submit himself for punishment to anyone. Rodolphus may be the eldest alpha in the family now, but he would have to earn Sev’s respect. Lucius told him that if he deemed Severus needed punishment, then he would send all of the children to Rodolphus for the night to provide Severus some privacy.

The bedroom door opening signaled him that it was time to end the conversation, so he told Rodolphus that he would be in touch soon.

Draco was the first to exit the bedroom. He took one look at his father, and then he hung his head in shame. Lucius didn’t like to see that emotion on his son’s face, so he gestured Draco to join him on the couch. As Draco was only about 4 inches shorter than him, he was too big to place on his lap
anymore. He drew his son into a strong hug, and he told him to hold his head high. He opened his arms and beckoned his youngest son into his lap. He drew both of his boys in for a long, hard hug. Then he stood from the couch and requested all of the children sit on the furniture while the adults stood before them.

He asked Severus for his version of how things happened, and Severus told them the truth: Fred, Regulus, and Draco were teasing George about his crush. Harrison defended him and reminded Draco what people call Luna. Draco got angry, and it escalated. He shoved Harrison and threatened him, and Severus reacted poorly.

Lucius was surprised to hear that Draco would attack Harrison. He turned to Draco and asked, “Draco, anything to add or argue?”

Draco shook his head, “No, sir. Uncle Sev pretty much summed it up.”

Lucius sighed, “Very well. Please place your memory in the pensieve. Then I’d like for you, Harrison, Regulus, and Fred to find a corner while we view the memory.”

Regulus looked to Remus as if to ask if he really had to go stand in the corner, and his dad just nodded in the direction of the corner behind him. Regulus’s shoulders dropped, but he stood and walked past his new parents to the corner they had indicated. Sirius landed a hearty swat on his backside as he passed. If he had any hope that his new parents wouldn’t spank him like his old parents, that hope was just destroyed. Now he had two dads who were even stronger than his old dad. Remus was an alpha! He turned to hide his blushing face in the corner. He couldn’t believe Sirius had just done that in front of everyone.

The memory lasted about ten minutes, and then the adults were all spit back out into the living room. They went into the dining room and decided an appropriate course of action. Sirius and Remus would handle the punishment of their son. Fred would be disciplined by his father, while Lucius was disciplining Draco. Harrison would be sent along to Rodolphus first for his punishment. Then all of the boys would be sent to Rodolphus for the remainder of the night while Lucius dealt with Severus. They decided that Charlie would not be punished as he was only protecting his mate, and he didn’t try to hurt Severus. It would be punishment enough that he has to go back to school knowing that he can’t comfort his mate after his punishment. Charlie would take Luna to dinner in Hogsmeade, and then he would return her in time to go to Rodolphus’s with the boys.

The adults entered the living room, and told everyone their plan, minus the part about Severus’s punishment. Lucius dismissed everyone but Harrison and Draco. He floo called Rodolphus and explained the situation, and he sent Harrison through with the memory for Rodolphus to watch.

Lucius then turned to face Draco and then seated himself in the middle of the couch, “Dragon, I think we can skip the formalities right now. Let’s just get this over with. Please lower your pajama pants and boxers and bend over my knee.”

Draco blushed and begged, “Father, please, not like that. Can’t I lean over the back of the couch? I’m not a child anymore.”

Lucius shook his head, “You will always be my child, and this is how I handle discipline. This is how it’s always been done, and I don’t have any plans on changing it. Please do as I say, or you will make your punishment worse.”

Draco shuffled his feet but did as his father requested. He bared his bottom and then lowered himself over his father’s knees. Lucius pulled him into place and settled him. He raised his right arm and brought it down sharply on his son’s left cheek. He raised his arm and brought it down quickly to the
right cheek. He continued this pattern alternating cheeks for a few minutes. He watched as his son’s bottom turned a nice dark pink.

Draco remained stoic though. He didn’t seem bothered by the spanking, so Lucius decided to up the ante. He summoned his wife’s large wooden hairbrush, and he immediately set to wallowing the bottom over his knee. It seemed the hairbrush was starting to get through to him if his little whimperers were anything to go by.

He studied the red color of the bottom, and he decided now would be a good time to start his lecture. He punctuated each word with a sharp swat, “Draco Lucius Malfoy! You do not ever physically handle your brother again! I am very disappointed in your behavior today. You owe Harrison, Severus, and George an apology. Do you understand?”

Draco broke at hearing that his father was disappointed. He sobbed openly, “I know! I’m sorry. Dad, please!”

Lucius tilted his son forward and laid the last twenty on Draco’s sit spots. He would be feeling those in class tomorrow. His son was lying limp over his lap. He rubbed his back until he calmed some, and then he helped his son to stand and righted his boxers and pajama pants. He scooted over on the couch, and he allowed his son to lay on the couch with his head in his lap. Lucius carded through his son’s platinum locks while they waited on Charlie, Luna, and the others to return.

Severus was having a similar experience with his own son. He had never punished either of the twins before, but he knew that Molly and Arthur believed in corporal punishment. He sent George to their room and cast a privacy charm. Then he sat on the couch and pulled Fred to stand in the V of his legs.

Fred felt properly chastised like a toddler, but he was resigned to take whatever punishment his new Dad dished out. He didn’t doubt that Arthur loved him, but it was different with Severus. He had more time and attention to devote to him and George. Ironically, he made them feel like Princes.

Severus addressed his son, “By now, I guess you’ve figured out that I’m going to spank you. I know it’s not a new concept for you, but I want to explain how I handle punishment. I will take you across my left knee and wrap your legs with my right leg. Then I will bare your bottom and deliver your punishment. It will go for as long as I think it takes for you to get the message. Understand?”

Fred allowed himself to be pulled over his dad’s knee. He hid his face in the couch as he felt his dad’s slip into the waistband of his pajama pants and pull them down to his knees. Then he trapped his legs like he said he would.

He spanked hard and fast in a methodical fashion: left cheek, right cheek, left undercurve, right undercurve. After a few rounds, Fred was already starting to feel the burn. He squirmed a little, but his dad held him tight.

When Fred started to become more vocal, he asked his son, “Why are you getting this spanking?”

Fred cried out, and then answered, “I was making fun of George, and it caused you and Draco to almost fight.”

Severus spanked him harder, and said, “Almost. Try again.”

Fred thought for a minute, and then he said, “I shouldn’t have –ah!- teased Georgie so –ow!- badly. He’s my brother, and my –Dad!- best friiieend!”
He tipped Fred forward, and he said, “Good job. You’ll apologize to your brother. Now, hold on. We’re almost done.”

Fred groaned. He knew what was coming. Molly and Arthur used to do this too. He wondered briefly if all adults went to a seminar where they learned how to finish a spanking. He was drawn out of his thoughts by the fire in his backside.

“Ahhh! Please! Dad, stop! It hurts!”

Fred broke over his dad’s lap. He gave gut-wrenching sobs. Severus gave two more firms swats, and then stopped. Fred was sobbing and apologizing. “I’m sorry. Please don’t send us away. I won’t misbehave ever again!”

Severus righted his son’s boxers and pajama pants, and then he pulled Fred into his lap. It wasn’t as comfortable as having Harrison on his lap considering his son was quite a bit taller than his mate, but it still felt right to be able to comfort him in this way. Fred’s cries seemed to be worsening. He held him close and rocked back and forth as whispered promises into his ear.

“Fred, son, listen to me. You’re mine now. You can’t get rid of me that easy.”

“Freddie, come on. You have to calm down. I’m not leaving you, and I’m not getting rid of you. I promise.”

Fred’s cries were so distressed. Severus didn’t know what else to do besides give him a calming draught. He felt like a failure as a parent. Had he punished him too severely? He was nearly to tears himself. He held his son as he cried and cried. Finally, he couldn’t take it anymore. He needed reinforcements. He needed his big brother. He silently sent his patronus asking for help.

Lucius came quickly. He was worried that Severus had actually hurt the boy at first, but Severus lowered his mind barriers to allow Lucius to see what happened. Lucius caught on to the Fred’s fear of being abandoned. Fred started crying uncontrollably when Severus told him that he would never be abandoned. He wondered if Fred could even believe him. He couldn’t imagine what it must be like to be disowned by your family.

Lucius explained silently to his brother, and then he went to check on George to give Severus a little privacy. He would still be listening, though. George was also distraught with worry. He was pacing back and forth in their bedroom with silent tears running down his face. As soon as he saw Lucius, he ran and hugged the man, “Uncle Luc, is he ok? Is Dad killing him? Is that why you’re here? I’ve never felt these emotions when he was punished before.”

Lucius hid his pleasure at being called Uncle Luc. That wasn’t important right now. He focused on his nephew, “You can feel Fred’s emotions, son?”

George nodded, “Yes, sir. We’ve always been able to do that. We can’t control it. Can we go out there now? I need to check on him, please?”

Lucius relented, and he led the twin he was comforting into the living room to be with his father and
brother. He heard Severus begging Fred to calm down, “Freddie, please. You’ve got to calm down. Calm down for Daddy. I’ll never leave you, ever.”

George heard him too, and he launched himself at his brother and dad. He tried to give and receive comfort at the same time. Severus sat there with both of his boys in his lap sobbing. He gave in and cried with them. Lucius fire called Narcissa and asked her to step through. She started crying as soon as she saw Severus and the twins.

Lucius summoned three sleeping draughts and asked his wife to help him administer them. Once they had all three taken a sleeping draught, they started to calm down. He took this time to floo call Rodolphus to tell him about the change of plans, and he promised to explain it all later. He said that only Harrison was going to be staying with him, and he could send the boy back through the floo in the morning.

Lucius and Narcissa got the boys all settled into pajamas and into Severus’s bed. Then Narcissa went back to check on her children. Lucius asked that she send Charlie up to see him before he left. Then Lucius took a seat in the rocking chair and watched over his little brother and nephews. He studied his nephews. Fred was usually so sure of himself, and he leant a lot of confidence to George. Apart, George was the quieter of the two. Both boys were wrapped tightly around Severus.

The bedroom door opened, and his eldest son stepped through. He looked at his brothers and their tear-streaked faces. He noticed Severus’s tear-streaked face too. He walked over to his brothers and tucked the blankets around them tighter. He summoned his old stuffed dragon and placed it in George’s arms. He smiled and kissed his little brother’s forehead when he grabbed onto the stuffed toy.

Lucius watched on in rapt curiosity. If he didn’t know any better, he would think that George was exhibiting submissive tendencies. He wasn’t small like your usual submissive though. Could this have to do with being a twin, or was it because he just really inherited the submissive trait in the blood adoption?

Charlie drew him from this thoughts when he asked, “You wanted to see me, sir?”

Lucius expanded his seat into a bench and gestured for his eldest to join him, “Yes, son. I did want to speak with you. I wanted to apologize for how I treated you initially. I underestimated you and judged you harshly because of you family’s lack of wealth. I’m sorry. Over the past few days, you’ve shown remarkable strength and character, and I wanted to let you know that I am proud to call you my son. You and your brothers have all entranced me in some love spell or something. I feel as if you have all been in our lives from the start. I may not be able to blood adopt you, but I consider you my son as much as Draco. I wouldn’t have made you my heir otherwise. Draco can be immature and selfish, but I don’t see any of those tendencies in you. I was too harsh with you. I demanded that you call me Lucius, but now I wish for you to call me Father, or even Dad. I’m not trying to take Arthur’s place, and it’s ok if you never view me as your Dad. I would deserve that after how I treated you. I-“

Charlie interrupted him, “Dad, shut up!”

Lucius was too happy and relieved to even chastise the rude behavior.

Charlie continued, “You and Narcissa are much better parents than I expected. My first family fell apart because Arthur let Molly walk all over him. I expected the Malfoy’s to be uppity and cold, but I’ve felt more genuine joy and love in the last few days than I did living at the Burrow. I thought I was happy before, but it’s no comparison to how happy I am now. You and Narcissa set a great example to live by. I’ve got two mates, and an adorable little brother. I’ve got uncles. I see how
happy my brothers are now. Look at the twins. They’ve never experienced this kind of attention before. There were too many other children around. I practically raised them along with Bill. Molly was too busy with Percy, Ron, and then the precious baby, the only girl, Ginny. Arthur was always working. He worked long days just to provide basic necessities.”

Lucius hugged Charlie, “I think this is the beginning of a beautiful relationship, son. We will never forsake you. Family is the most important thing there is.”

Charlie hugged his Dad back, “I’m beginning to believe that again. Thanks, Dad. Watch out for the twins for me, please.”

Lucius nodded, “Of course, they’re tied to my little brother. I think we will always worry about our little brothers, no matter how old they get. George called me Uncle Luc tonight! Charlie….have you ever heard of identical twins that were different statuses. Fred is all alpha, but George just doesn’t seem to be cut from the same cloth. Their sizes don’t match either status. They would make very small alphas or very large submissives.”

Charlie shrugged, “I don’t know. I guess we’ll find out in the spring when they turn 17. I’ve got to go. See you in a few weeks.”

Lucius hugged him again, “See you then. Oh, and son. Just between you and me, Narcissa would love to be called Mom.”

Down in the Black quarters, Regulus was sitting on the couch staring up at his new fathers. He was waiting for the proverbial shoe to drop. Remus and Sirius had a silent conversation together. Regulus rolled his eyes. He hated when the twins did that.

Having a keen eye, Remus noticed the eye roll. He looked down at his son with a disapproving look and admonished, “I saw that, young man. Do you have something to say?”

Regulus bowed his head and responded, “No, sir.”

Sirius nudged Remus, and the werewolf sighed before leaning down close to their son. He placed his hand on Regulus’s chin and made him look in into his eyes, “Look, Reg, you are in trouble, but it’s not the end of the world. You’ve got Marauders for fathers. Do you really think we’d punish you harshly over teasing your brother? Don’t mistake me. You shouldn’t have teased George that harshly without provocation. It was clear that he wasn’t playing back with you three, and that’s when your joke became bullying. I won’t allow my son to be a bully.”

Regulus held his breath. He felt like his sentence was about to be revealed. He was confused and a little relieved when he heard Remus say, “You will write 100 lines, and you are grounded until you complete them.”

He stared between his two fathers trying to decipher whether they were pulling his leg. Sirius threw an arm around his shoulder and sat next to him, “Kiddo, you didn’t know that your poor joke could lead to what happened. You will never be punished for someone elses behavior. Don’t get too excited about just getting some lines, though. Moony has a way with words.”

In response Remus summoned some parchment and led Regulus over to their dining room table. He snapped his fingers, and the punishment paragraph showed up. Regulus’s shoulders dropped as he started writing. He’d be lucky to be done by Saturday night.
At Lestrange Manor, Rodolphus gracefully caught Harrison as he came out of the floo and greeted, “Hello, Harrison. How are you tonight?”

Harrison shrugged and pulled the memory from his pocket, “Fine, I guess. Here, Daddy wanted you to watch this. W-where’s your wife?”

Rodolphus decided to let his vague answer slide in favor of addressing Harrison’s last statement, “My wife? Harrison, Bellatrix is your mother’s older sister. You should call her Aunt Bellatrix. She isn’t here right now, but she’ll be back later. She will be surprised to see you. She hasn’t been home since your father asked if he could ship all of you kids here tonight.”

Harrison didn’t make any noise or movement to indicate that he had heard Rodolphus, so he held out his hand and asked Harrison what the memory was about. Harrison answered honestly. Then, Rodolphus told him that he wanted Harrison to view the memory with him.

Harrison looked stricken. He’d witnessed everything once, and that was scary enough. He didn’t want to see the angry expressions and experience that fear again. Rodolphus pulled him into a hug and gently said, “It’s ok, Little One. I will be here with you the whole time. This is just a memory. It can’t hurt you.”

Harrison trusted his uncle, so he took his hand, and then they dove into the memory together. He watched the entire memory with trepidation. When it came to the part where Severus confronted Draco, he closed his eyes tight. He couldn’t see the scene, but he could still hear it. When it was finally over, they were deposited back into Lestrange Manor.

Rodolphus looked at his nephew and saw the anguish in every fiber of his being. He asked, “Was that your first time to see any alpha’s like that?”

Harrison tearfully answered, “Yes, sir.”

Rodolphus sighed and pulled the little submissive onto his lap. He held him and rubbed his back for a little while. The floo flashed and interrupted their bonding session. Rodolphus left Harrison on the couch to have a short conversation with Lucius. He was a little disappointed that the other children weren’t coming over anymore, but he knew he would enjoy some alone time with his new nephew.

He walked back over to him and asked, “Harrison, do you know what you did wrong?”

Harrison glumly nodded his head and said, “I made Sev and Draco fight.”

Rodolphus quickly corrected him, “No, son, you didn’t. They have minds of their own, and they chose to fight. You stood up for George when you saw that the others were ganging up on him. That was very brave of you, but then you insulted your brother’s mate, your sister. That made Draco upset. He asked you to stop, but you persisted. That’s what you did wrong. It’s over now, and it all worked out in the end. I think the fear from seeing your alpha, brothers, and father alpha out on each other was enough punishment for you, don’t you?”

Harrison shook his head, “No, sir. I was naughty, and freaks like me deserve to be punished harshly.”

Rodolphus sternly rebutted, “Harrison Sirius Malfoy, you are not a freak. You are a precious thing to be cherished. Who told you that you were a freak?”

Harrison answered him, “My relatives. Before Momma and Daddy adopted me, I lived with my muggle relatives. They hated me. I was just a burden.”
Rodolphus hugged him again, “Oh, Little One, you aren’t a burden. They were wrong. It will just take some time to reverse the effects of their brainwashing. If you are so insistent on further punishment, then I supposed I will have to ban you from the training room for the night. And I will have to be sure that you don’t get any marshmallows or sprinkles on your ice cream. You will have to make due with plain.”

Harrison smiled back at him, and then squeezed him tightly. His stomach started growling, so they decided it was time to eat. Harrison asked if they could have a picnic on the floor in the sitting room, and Rodolphus obliged. He called a house elf to make preparations, and then he decided that him and Harrison could spend the evening in their pajamas in a blanket fort.

Harrison beat Rodolphus back down stairs. He had his stuffed snake in one arm as he ran into the sitting room. He turned the corner and ran right into his aunt. She stumbled a little, but he fell over backwards.

She hissed at him, “Oh, it’s you. Watch where you’re going, brat. You shouldn’t be running inside the manor anyway. It’s not a playground. Why are you here anyway?”

Harrison nervously replied from his position on the floor still, “Oh, h-hello Aunt B-bellatrix. I’m sorry. Yes, ma’am. I’ll be good. I’ll just sit here. Um…I don’t really know why I’m here. I got into trouble. Everyone was supposed to come, but now it’s just me.” He shrugged as he said that last sentence.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes, “Get up off of the floor, you imbecile.”

Rodolphus walked in to here his wife insult Harrison. He was wearing his pj’s, but he also had on a house coat and slippers. He admonished her, “Bella…..Harrison isn’t an imbecile. He’s a child. You should make more of an effort to be nice to him now that he’s your nephew.”

She rolled her eyes again, and he responded, “I don’t appreciate your attitude, dear wife. Now, we are about to have a picnic. We will make a fort and read scary stories. Please, join us.”

She started to walk off, but he immobilized her and transfixed her outfit into the female version of his own and said, “It wasn’t a request, dear. You will join us. It will be good for you to let loose a little.”

Harrison was very nervous. He thought she might put up a fight, but she just resigned herself and started helping to make a blanket fort. When they finished, Rodolphus asked Harrison, “Child, where are your slippers and house coat? You’ll catch a cold in this drafty old manor.” Then he summoned the items from Harrison’s bedroom and handed them off.

Tox popped into the blanket fort and handed over the picnic basket to Rodolphus. Soon, they were done eating, and Rodolphus summoned a book of scary stories. He made Harrison sit near Bellatrix across from himself so that he could read to them. As the story went on, Harrison was scooting and leaning closer to his aunt. By the end of the 2nd story, he was leaning against her shoulder. At a particularly scary part, he reached out to her and started holding her hand. By the end of the fourth story, he was asleep in her lap.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Warning: This chapter has consensual sex scene with roleplay between two adults.

Warning: this chapter has some sexy time!

When Rodolphus finished the 4th story, he looked up at his wife holding their nephew and smiled. She scowled back him. He cast a tempus and saw that it was 10:30. He knew that Harrison’s bedtime was 9PM, but he figured the child had a rough day and needed the extra attention.

He stood and waved his wand to set his living room back to normal. Then he spoke to his wife, “Why don’t you carry him up to the his bedroom and tuck him in?”

Her scowl deepened as she stood with her small nephew in her arms and asked, “When did it become his bedroom? And, why do I have to tuck him in? You are the one who seems to be smitten with him.”

Rodolphus kissed his wife on the forehead and responded, “Because, dear, you need to spend as much quality time with him as possible to get over your aversion to him. He is an abused little boy, and I will not let you torment him further, do you understand? He clings tightly to anyone who shows him the smallest amount of affection, and I would like it if you were included in that list.”

She sighed, “I understand, Rod. It will just take some time. I don’t like getting attached to people, especially children. It hurts too bad when you lose them.”

He drew them both into his embrace and firmly responded, “We won’t let anything happen to this child or any other of our nephews and nieces. Look at our new family. It’s full of powerful and influential people. Whether you have come to realize it yet or not, it includes the Light Lord, Dumbledore. You know he is one of the only things that the Dark Lord feared. Dumbledore would sacrifice himself for any member of our family. I can’t promise that we won’t experience heartache or lose anyone. This is war, Bella, but I can promise that the children in our family will be the most protected in the Wizarding World.”

She smiled sadly at him and answered, “I thought our daughter was protected too, but she was taken from us.”

He held her and spoke, “I know, and I will always live with that sense of loss, but these children are here. Look at him, even in his sleep he shows signs of abuse. Look at how small he is, and notice how he clings to you as if he’s afraid to be abandoned again. Even for a young submissive, he is entirely too small. He’s even smaller than Luna, and she’s younger than him. Don’t you think we could provide more love and support to him?”

She studied the small child in her arms, “He is awfully light for a 14 year old, and he doesn’t act nearly as independent as Draco. I do find it hard to resist his adorable charms. I will tuck him in, and then I will meet you in the bedroom. I love this sentimental side of you almost as much as the authoritative side.”
He wagged his eyebrows at her and then followed her up the stairs. Bella entered the room next to theirs. She sighed when she opened the door and saw that all remnants from the nursery were gone. She took in the adornments for the small boy in her arms, and she had to remind herself that her daughter was gone. Harrison was here, and he could have the room. She spelled back the covers and cast a warming charm onto the bedsheets before she gently laid the sleeping child down. He whimpered slightly at the loss of contact, and she placed the stuffed snake into his arms. He subconsciously hugged it to himself. She pulled the covers up to his chin and stood back to watch him for a second. Before she left, she brushed the locks of hair from his face and whispered, “Goodnight, Little Snake. Nothing bad will ever happen to you while I am here to prevent it. Sweet dreams.”

When she entered the master bedroom, Rodolphus was not there. She checked the en suite bathroom, and she was happy to see Rodolphus leaning on the edge of the tub naked. The lights were dimmed, but there were candles lit and a violin was spelled to play softly in the corner.

WARNING: Sex scene starts here. If you don't want to read it, just skip down to the next big break in the chapter. You will not miss anything vital to the story.

When she walked into the bathroom, he nightgown, housecoat, and slippers were immediately vanished. He seductively beckoned her towards him and drew her in for a passionate kiss. The oversized tub was full, and she could smell the intoxicating oils that he had added. She straddled his lap, and they spent the next few minutes lost in each other’s gaze. They were pressed tightly to each other and rubbing against each other trying to find friction.

Rodolphus stood with his wife wrapped around him and stepped into the warm tub. He teased her with the bath sponge as he rubbed it over her skin cleaning her and driving her crazy at the same time. She was eager to return the favor. She stroked him nearly to the point of completion, and he groaned when she pulled away.

He nipped at her ear and growled, “Tease. I should teach you a lesson for that.”

Bellatrix was giddy. They hadn’t played since before they were imprisoned. She could sense where this was going, so she played along, “Maybe you should, sir. I’ve been awfully naughty.”

He groaned again and promptly rinsed them off and drained the tub. He grabbed the towels he had set aside. He focused all of his attention on drying her body before he dried his own, then he winked and said to her, “Miss Lestrange, I think your behavior has earned you a detention. Please report to my office immediately.”

He spelled their bathrobes onto themselves and led them through the manor and down to his office. He was trying to put some distance between them and Harrison so as not to bother the sleeping boy. When they entered, he spelled their robes into appropriate outfits. He wore black and green teaching robes, and Bellatrix wore a shorter version of the female students attire.

He walked to his desk and leaned back seductively onto it before asking, “Miss Lestrange, what brings you to my office tonight?”

She smiled innocently at him and answered, “I’ve been ever so mischievous, and I think I need to have my naughty little bottom bared and spanked over your lap, sir.”

Rodolphus groaned in pleasure, then he stood and pulled a chair to the center of the room. He sat down and held his hand out to his wife, “Very well, then. I’d be pleased to handle your poor behavior. Please remove your cloak and get over my knee, young lady.”
Bellatrix easily tossed the cloak onto the floor and draped herself over Rodolphus’s knee. She knew that he like to bare her bottom himself. Sure enough, he teasingly flipped up her skirt to expose her panty-clad backside. He groped her round butt for a little while before slipping his finger teasingly into the waistband of her white panties and dragging them slowly down to her knees. This time, Bellatrix was the one to groan with wanton anticipation.

Rodolphus started to pepper her backside with firm, playful smacks to warm her up. He playfully lectured her about being a proper young lady. He could sense how turned on she was. He gave a few firmer slaps and enjoyed her responding noises. He delved two fingers lower between her legs and felt the wetness there. She writhed when he started to slowly circle her nub.

She panted and leaned into him hand making him press harder. He removed his hand and gave her two hard swats, “Ah ah ah. You need to keep still and take your punishment like a good girl. You will have no say in this.”

She begged him, “Please sir, more. Harder.”

He smirked, “You want more? You want it harder? I’d be happy to oblige.”

Bellatrix realized her mistake too late. She didn’t specify that she wanted him to press harder against her clitoris. She grabbed his leg as he began his onslaught to her hind end. He spanked her hard and fast for two minutes. By the end she was panting. He slowed the onslaught and alternated firm spanks with rubbing her buttcheeks teasingly.

He reached back to play with her clitoris again, and he was happy to see that she was even more wet than previously. He summoned a buttplug and used her natural wetness to lubricate it. Then, he inserted it. She moaned and whined at the intensity. He spread his fingers and played with the plug and her clitoris at the same time. She was very close to the edge when he completely pulled away.

He summoned some oil and covered her tender, red bottom lovingly. Then he stood her up and firmly said, “Leave those knickers right where they are young lady and bend over my desk.”

Her skirt had fallen back down into place, but she did as directed. She bent over the desk with her butt in the air. He went and stood behind her. He lowered his own pants and lifted her skirt again. Then he firmly inserted himself into her vagina. They both enjoyed the sensation for a moment before he started to thrust in and out.

He reached down and started to finger her clitoris while he was thrusting, and she was practically screaming, “Rod! Oh, Merlin! I’m about to-!”

He rubbed faster and then they both came together. She screamed out his name in pleasure. When the aftershocks of their climax had passed, he spelled them clean again and held her against him. He spelled their bed clothes on, and he carried his wife bridal style back up to their bedroom. They laid together until they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

END SEX SCENE

While Bellatrix and Rodolphus were downstairs in his office, Harrison had woken up from a nightmare. He sat up abruptly in his head and panicked as he tried to figure out where he was. Then he remembered that he was in his room at Lestrange Manor. He was regretting those scary stories now because he was too shaken up to go back to sleep. He remembered that his Uncle’s room was
only just next to his and that he had previously told him he could go to him for anything. He figured
that still stood, so he grabbed his stuffed snake and padded to their room. When he got there, the
lights were off. He crept up to the side of the bed Rodolphus slept on and reached for the man. He
was saddened that he wasn’t there. He reached across to the other side of the bed hesitantly to check
for his aunt, and he was almost distraught to find it empty.

He turned and fled from the dark room. He stood in the equally dark hallway and debated going to
find his aunt or uncle, preferably his uncle, but he remembered how big the manor was. His family
could be anywhere. He was too scared to search the entire manor in the dark by himself, but he was
too scared to go back to sleep in his bed in the large room. He decided that he would hide in his
closet. He would feel safer in the smaller space, and nothing would be able to creep up on him.

He got into his closet and closed and locked the door. Then he curled himself into a tight ball in the
corner. He sat there trying to calm himself down for a few hours before he finally drifted away to
sleep. The closet was dark, and there were no windows, so the morning sun didn’t wake Harrison
up.

Bellatrix was the first to wake up. She checked the time and saw panicked when she saw that it was
7:45. Harrison needed to be in class in 15 minutes! She jumped out of bed and ran into the nursery,
Harrison’s room. She turned on the lights and saw that the bed was empty. She figured that he must
have gotten up on his own. She checked the bathroom, but it was empty. She went downstairs and
checked the kitchen and dining room, but they were both empty.

She immediately panicked and thought the worst. She thought back to that morning she discovered
her daughter had been taken, and ran back to Rodolphus with tears in her eyes. She yelled frantically
as she entered their bedroom, “Rodolphus! He’s gone! Harrison is missing! Someone has taken him
just like they took our baby!”

Rodolphus leapt from the bed and asked, “Calm down. What do you mean? Have you looked
everywhere for him? Have you performed a locator spell?”

Bellatrix shook her head, “No. I couldn’t find him, and I immediately thought back to that terrible
morning when our baby was taken. Do it!”

Rodolphus donned his housecoat and slippers, and said, “Point me, Harrison Malfoy.”

His wand led him into the child’s room. Bellatrix was very confused. His wand pointed to the closet,
and they opened the door. She sighed in relief when she saw Harrison sleeping in a tight ball on the
floor. She picked him up and held him tightly to herself, “Harrison, child, you’re ok. Oh thank
Merlin!”

Harrison woke up from being jostled so abruptly. He frighted at being manhandled. He quickly
realized that his aunt was holding him, and he wondered if she was planning to hurt him. He tried to
pull away in fear until he heard his uncle, “Trixie, calm down. Let him breath. You’re scaring him.”

She loosened her hold and fixed him so that he was sitting on her hip. Rodolphus watched on in awe
as Bellatrix cooed over him. She held him close and whispered, “I’m sorry I scared you, Little
Snake. I panicked when I couldn’t find you this morning. I’m so glad you’re ok.”

Harrison wrapped his arms around her neck and hugged her back hesitantly. He apologized, “I’m
sorry for making you worry. I had a nightmare last night, and I couldn’t go back to sleep. I went to
your bedroom, but the bed was empty. I hid in the closet until I could fall back asleep. I’m used to
small spaces.”
He mumbled that last sentence, but they had still heard it. Rodolphus took in his nephew’s tired appearance. “You look wrecked, son. How long did it take you to fall back to sleep?”

Harrison leaned his head against his aunt’s shoulder and shrugged, “A long time.”

Bellatrix was adamant when she stated, “You’re not going to class this morning. You need a few more hours of sleep. If you wake up feeling better by lunch, then we can reconsider your afternoon classes. I will call Narcissa and let her know. Come on; let’s get you back into your comfortable bed. It couldn’t have been very nice sleeping on the floor in the closet.”

Harrison shook his head against her, and she thought that he was trying to let him go to school, “No, Harrison. I’m not letting you go to school, so don’t argue, young man.”

Harrison shook his head again, “No, Aunt Bellatrix, I don’t want to go to school. I’m really tired. I just don’t want to be alone. Can I stay with you or Uncle Rod?”

She stiffened briefly, uncomfortable with his easy display of affection and then smiled, “Of course, Little Snake. Let’s go make a quick floo call to your mother, and then we can go lay in my bed.”

Narcissa answered the floo immediately, “Bella, is something wrong? Where is Harrison? He should have been in a class five minutes ago.”

Bellatrix gestured to her nephew half asleep in her arms, “He is alright, Cissy. He’s just exhausted. He had a nightmare last night, and he didn’t get much sleep after that. I’m going to keep him here until he is more rested. He might be able to attend his afternoon classes.”

Narcissa frowned at her child, “Harrison, baby, are you alright? Do you want to come home and spend the morning here with me instead?”

Harrison felt his aunt tense when his mom asked him, and he didn’t want to hurt either his aunt’s or his mom’s feelings, so he innocently said, “I want to stay with Aunt Bella, but I’d like it if you came through.”

Bellatrix smiled, and Narcissa came through the floo. She hugged Harrison, and then followed Bellatrix back to the master bedroom. Rodolphus was surprised to see his sister-in-law in her pajamas in his bedroom, but he just greeted her as he was leaving. He had some work to do today. He kissed his wife on the lips and nephew on the forehead before he left.

Harrison climbed into the middle of the bed between the two sisters, and they slept for a few more hours.

Back at Hogwarts in the Snape chambers, George was the first to stir. He was pressed tightly between two large bodies, and his eyes flew open. To his right was his dad, and he was surprised to see that his Uncle Lucius was to his left. Lucius had abandoned the rocking chair in favor of the bed late last night. George settled down. He was still tired. He figured he must still have time to sleep since two of his professors were in bed with him.

He wanted to cuddle, but his dad’s back was to him. He looked longingly at his uncle, who happened to be in the perfect position next to him. Did he dare lean onto the man? They may have bonded a little yesterday, but this was still Lucius Malfoy. He wasn’t known for being cuddly. He was a serious and powerful man. George decided to risk it. He rolled and sleepily placed his head on Lucius’s chest. He nearly purred in relief when his uncle wrapped his arm around him and pulled him close.
Severus woke a little over an hour later and cast a tempus. It was 7:00. They needed to get up soon, but they still had a little time. He looked at his son’s, and he was a little surprised to see his big brother also in his bed. Lucius was awake and holding onto George. Severus raised an eyebrow in question, and Lucius smiled and whispered, “Later.”

Severus inclined his head, and solemnly said, “Thank you for your support and help last night. I know I don’t deserve it, but-“

Lucius interrupted him, “Nonsense, Sev. One little mistake isn’t enough to ruin our relationship. I will always see you as my little brother, no matter what.”

Severus blushed and responded, “I’m sorry for yesterday. What do I have to do to fix it?”

Lucius shook his head and said firmly, “It’s over and done with. There is nothing to fix. It has been resolved, and you have been forgiven. That is my right as your big brother. It’s also my right and responsibility to remind you that if you ever threaten my children again, I won’t be so lenient. You are never too old go over my knee, little brother. You will always answer to me, understand?”

Severus nodded his head and replied, “Yes, Luc.”

Lucius smiled, “Good. Now, let’s wake these cretins and get ready for the day. The Headmaster wants to meet with Rodolphus, Bellatrix, and Regulus tonight to go over ideas on granting them pardons.”

During lunch, Severus decided to go and check up on Harrison. He had heard rumors all morning about his submissive’s absence, and he wanted to make sure he was ok. As he turned the last corner before the corridor to the Malfoy’s quarters, he was attacked. He was knocked out completely.

Harrison woke up feeling much better. He sat up in the bed, and his movements must have roused the two women. Narcissa smiled at him, “Good morning, sleepy head. You look better. I’m glad to see you and Bella are getting along well.”

Harrison smiled back, “Good morning, Momma. Yes. Aunt Bella and I are bonding, right?” He asked looking hopefully to the woman in question.

She rolled her eyes and smiled down at him, “Yes, Little Snake. I dare say that we are bonding. What can I say, he’s slithered his way into my heart somehow. Who can resist this adorable little face?”

Harrison frowned and whined, “I’m not adorable…..”

Narcissa and Bellatrix shared a look, and then they laughed together. Narcissa checked the time. Seeing that it was only noon, they decided to have lunch and then send Harrison to his afternoon classes.

His last class of the day was potions with the Gryffindors. He sat at his usual table with his brother, and Hermione and Regulus sat at the table right in front of them. He convinced his friends and family that he was fine even though he missed classes that morning. They didn’t believe him, and they kept pestering him.
Draco was in the middle of telling them that the twins were planning on meeting them after class to hang out and make sure that Harrison was ok when Severus yelled, “That is enough. Mister’s Malfoy, Mr. Black, and Ms. Granger, please stay behind after class.”

Harrison was shocked that Severus yelled at him in class, but he guessed he must have deserved it. When class was done, they packed up their things, but they didn’t leave. Once all of other students were gone, Severus turned to the remaining four. He yelled, “I’ve had it with your disrespect. Do you think just because you are family that I will treat you differently? That you don’t have to follow the rules just like everyone else? Well, you’re wrong! I’ve made a new potion, and I think this is the perfect opportunity to test it out. It’s a punishment potion. It does different things to each drinker based on what your least favorite punishment is.”

He handed a vile to each child, and then he ordered, “Drink it, now!”

Draco stopped them all, “Wait! Uncle Sev. This doesn’t make any sense! Are you experimenting on us? Does Father know you’re doing this.”

Severus roared at him, “I don’t need Lucius’s permission. Do as I say, now!”

Harrison turned offended and hurt eyes onto his alpha. He really wanted to obey his alpha, but Draco stopped him again, “Harrison, not yet. Look at what you are doing to Harrison! Why would you do this to him?”

Severus glared back, “Why wouldn’t I do this to him? He misbehaved just like the rest of you. If you don’t all take the potions, now, I will worsen the punishment.”

Hermione and Regulus looked terrified. Harrison was devastated that he had angered his alpha enough to punish him in this way, and he just wanted it to be over. Draco, on the other hand, was suspicious. He set down his vial and walked around the table to stand in front of his uncle. He stared him down, and said, “I won’t take the potion unless Father comes here and tells me to. You are acting strange, and I want him to-“

Severus slammed his hand down on the table in anger, and Harrison whimpered and hurriedly opened the vial. He put it to his lips and started drinking it when the classroom doors slammed open to reveal the twins and Professor McGonagall. Harrison dropped the vial in fright, and the remaining part of the potion that he didn’t drink created a fume surrounding him, Draco, Hermione, and Regulus.

Professor McGonagall had yelled, “Don’t take that potion!” as soon as she saw Harrison with the vial to his lips, but it was too late. Severus had disappeared from the back entrance to his classroom. She ran over to the students as they started to change form.

Draco was the farthest from the fumes of the potion, so he seemed to be least affected, at least in appearance. He was now much shorter and younger. They all were, especially Harrison. The already small child was now completely tiny. His clothes fell from his shoulders, and he was left stark naked. Minerva quickly wrapped his cloak around him and spelled it to fit him. Once he was covered, she spelled the rest of the children’s clothes to fit them.

She knelt down in front of Harrison and spelled all of his clothes smaller. She held out his tiny underwear and helped him into them. Then helped him put on the little trousers. When his lower body was covered, she removed the cloak and dressed his top half. While she was dressing him, she asked, “Harrison, do you know who I am?”

He smiled and nodded his head, “You’re Gramma Min!”
She smiled back at him and the other children, and she asked, “Would you like to go see Grandpa Albus now?”

He nodded excitedly, and she picked him up. She advised the twins to hold the hands of the other children and to follow her. She knew that Albus was in the infirmary with Severus, so she made her way there. When she entered, Poppy exclaimed when she saw the children, “Merlin! Bring them over here, Minerva!”

She set them all down on the bed next to Severus, and Harrison squealed, “Alpha!” He made grabby hands at the man, and Severus just stared back at him in shock.

Poppy sighed, “I guess that’s Harrison.” She stared at the other little blonde boy, “This must be Draco.” She immediately sent a Patronus to Lucius and Narcissa. Then she stared at the other little boy, “Is this Regulus?”

Minerva nodded, and she sent a patronus to Remus and Sirius. Poppy looked at the little girl, “Then this must be Miss Granger to complete the set. We will have to notify her parents.”

Severus was still staring at his shrunken mate, and the child was starting to get upset that his alpha had not picked him up yet. George nudged him, “Dad, pick him up!”

Severus reached cautiously and picked up the little boy. He curled into the man’s embrace and purred. Severus just numbly held his miniature mate. Fred cooed at him, “Hello, little Harrison! Aren’t you adorable in your miniature school outfit!”

Poppy started scanning the children to see if anything was wrong with them. Her scans indicated no foul play. Remus, Sirius, Narcissa, and Lucius came running into the infirmary at the same time. They took one look at the de-aged children and demanded to know what happened.

Severus spoke up, “I was attacked during lunch. I was on my way down to check on Harrison since he was absent this morning, and someone knocked me out. I woke up in the spare classroom in the dungeon about 30 minutes ago. I made my way here, and I told Poppy what happened. She sent a patronus to Fred and George. They realized that something was wrong because they knew my class was not cancelled. They found Minerva and ran up to my classroom. Apparently, my attacker polyjuiced themself into me. He kept these four after class and tried to insist they take a potion.”

Minerva finished the explanation, “When we arrived, Harrison was drinking the vial, but he dropped it. It caused fumes to engulf all four of them. Then they all shrunk.”

Poppy spoke, “I’ve performed multiple scans and diagnostic charms on them. They appear to be healthy children. Harrison is 3 years old. Hermione and Regulus are 5. Draco is 8. There is nothing else wrong with them. I’m not sure yet what they know or what mindset they are in.”

Albus stepped forward, “As everyone seems to be fit, lets move this discussion to my office where we can be more comfortable.”

Narcissa insisted that Draco hold her hand. Lucius carried Harrison as Severus was still recovering. Regulus reached his arms up to Remus and said, “Papa, will you hold me too?”

Remus was so shocked that Regulus had called him Papa. He’d always wanted to be a father. He was, technically, a father for a week now, but now his son was much younger and dependent on him. He was bursting with pride, and Sirius had to nudge him. He teased, “Come on, Papa. Pick up our boy.”

Hermione looked at all of the adults present. She was sad that her parents were not here. Sirius
picked up on her emotions, and asked, “Hermione, sweetheart, would it be ok if I held you?”

She smiled sweetly at him and nodded shyly. When he picked her up, she curled into him and said, “Thank you, Professor Black.”

He squeezed her and responded, “Aww, come on, Hermione. I want you to call me Uncle Siri or Padfoot. We aren’t your professors anymore.”

She giggled at him, “Ok, Uncle Siri!”

When they arrived at the office, all of the adults found a place to sit. Fred and George sat on the floor at their dad’s feet. The little one’s all sat in an adults lap, except for Draco. He sat on the floor near the twins. Based on their interactions so far, they decided that the children had at least some of their older memories, but they had younger mindsets.

Dumbledore floo called Hermione’s parents to come through. He was now glad that he insisted all muggle borns houses be connected to the floo network in case of emergency. They came through and stopped abruptly when they saw their daughter.

They both blanched at her appearance, and they turned angrily to the headmaster and demanded to know what happened.

Hermione was very excited to see them until they turned angry. She huddled in on Sirius’s lap allowed him to comfort and protect her from their anger. Albus explained what happened, and he asked them to care for Hermione until the solution could be found. They angrily refused, “No! We have jobs. We cannot just abandon our jobs to care for her. It was your responsibility to watch out for her. This happened on your watch, so you should care for her. We will pick her up from the train in May as long as she is back to normal.”

Then they turned and left the headmaster’s office without even looking at their daughter. Hermione silently cried from her place on Sirius’s lap. Albus was shocked at their behavior. He thought the Grangers were well respected and that they loved their daughter. He sighed and looked to his wife, “Minnie, is it ok if Hermione stays with us for a while?”

Minerva was furious at the Granger’s for turning away Hermione. She was one of her favorite students, and she immediately agreed, “Of course, dear. Hermione? Would you like to stay with Albus and I for a while?”

Hermione nodded her head and scooted off of Sirius’s lap to make her way to Minerva and Albus. She hugged Minerva’s legs and thanked her. Albus picked her up and set her on his lap. She leaned into his chest and let the sounds of the adults talking lull her to sleep.

Soon the floo roared to life, and Rodolphus, Bellatrix, and Regulus stepped through. They weren’t expecting so many people in the office. Poppy seemed alarmed at seeing the death eaters, but Albus calmed her and explained everything quickly. Harrison yelled, “Uncle Rod!” and ran over to jump on Rodolphus as soon as he entered. Rodolphus caught the little boy out of instinct and stared at him and the other adults waiting for an explanation. “Harrison?”

Albus explained the events of the afternoon to the newcomers. They worked out a plan to care for the children during the day while everyone was teaching. Narcissa would bring them all to Lestrange Manor so that she had help watching them all. Bellatrix wasn’t extremely happy at that prospect, but she didn’t complain.

Soon they discussed their plans for the ex-death eaters. Albus flooed Madam Bones and asked her to come through. Similar to Poppy, Amelia started at seeing Rodolphus, Bellatrix, and Regulus. She was also a little confused to see that last one because she thought he had died. Albus briefly
explained enough to assure her she was safe, and then he went into their plan.

Rodolphus was staring at the small frizzy headed brunette in the headmaster’s lap. He thought that she looked familiar. He wanted to ask the headmaster about her, but he knew that now was not the time. He forced himself to look away from the girl and focus on the problem at hand.

Amelia was convinced that they had changed, and she agreed to help them. “It’s a good plan. Since Regulus publicly fought against Lord Voldemort, he should have no problem being pardoned. These two will be trickier. I don’t think they will be pardoned without offering something in return. I know it’s not ideal, but they are high-ranking death eaters in the inner circle. They are the perfect candidates for spies. Voldemort would never suspect them. He will think they are spying on the Order for him. We may have some complications with their close associations with Lucius and Severus since they are no longer returning to his service.”

Rodolphus and Bellatrix, somewhat grudgingly, agreed. They wanted to be free. If or when the Dark Lord returned, they could spin it in a way to tell the Dark Lord that they agreed to join the Order in exchange for their freedom so that they could serve him better. They would offer to give him information from the Order.

Narcissa didn’t like it, but she didn’t have any other options. Albus, Lucius, Sirius, Severus, and Amelia went to the Ministry to clear their family members. Between their Lordships, they held a lot of influence over the ministry. Narcissa, Remus, and Minerva were left with the children as the Lestranges and Regulus had gone to prepare themselves for a private hearing.
First off, I apologize for getting your hopes up. This isn’t a real chapter. I feel like my world is getting really big, so I wanted to take a minute to give some backstory. I tried to keep with everyone’s actual ages, but I have edited some for dramatic effect/story building. This update is to try and explain my family, and to let everyone know their ages. I will start with my main family and branch off from there.

I’d also like to mention that the Wizarding World is stuck in the middle ages as far as familial roles. It is very much a patriarchal society. Don’t hate me for portraying this. I know this is the 21st Century, and we strive for equal rights and all that jazz. I’d like to mention that this is purely fiction, and it is meant for fun. It does not express my views or beliefs. I’ve taken enough liberties by changing the characters. I don’t want to change the entire Wizarding World.

Also, this story centers around very traditional pureblooded wizards. While they may be good (or trying to be goodish........Bella), they were still raised to believe in their culture and customs. They strive for perfection in everything they do, and they expect the best from their family and children. Corporal punishments are the status quo, even for adults. (at least in my story)

**Lucius Abraxas Malfoy – Born 1953**

• I changed Lucius’s birthday to make him be 7 years older than Severus because I already gave the backstory that he was assigned as a mentor to Severus in his last year at Hogwarts. This is how Lucius and Severus became so close. Lucius adopted Severus as his little brother because he had just come into his Veela inheritance, and the broken abused little first year caused his new and overprotective alpha instincts to provide him with love and protection.

• Lucius is the head of the Malfoy family, but he does defer to his elder brother-in-law, Rodolphus, out of respect and familial obligation.

**Narcissa Malfoy nee Black – Born 1955**

• I changed her birthday to make her two years younger than Lucius. This makes her a 5th year during Severus’s first year. At this point in her education, her and Lucius were already betrothed.

• She took on the position of big sister and protector to Severus with glee. Being the youngest of 3, she was always babied, so she enjoys every chance to take of someone else, including her younger cousins, Sirius and Regulus.
Charles Arthur Malfoy – Born 1972

• He was the second oldest Weasley child out of 7 children. This forced him to grow up quickly. He had to be mature and responsible to help take care of his younger siblings. He especially felt responsible for the twins because Molly tended to leave them alone to themselves more often than not because she almost considered the mischievous twins a lost cause. She chose to spend her time with Percy, Ron, and Ginny the most. Bill and Charlie were expected to look after the twins.

• For this reason (and now for being disowned), Charlie holds a grudge against his birth mother. He is disappointed in Arthur, but he is not angry with the man. He understands that Arthur didn’t have a high-paying job. He needed to work long hours to make ends meet and provide what he could for his family. • He sees Bill (I’m making him 5 years older in this story) as more of a father figure than Arthur. For this reason, Charlie will always defer to his new father, Lucius, but also Bill. Lucius, out of respect for tradition, will expect Charlie to be obedient to Rodolphus too. Charlie hasn’t made his mind up about his new ex-death eater uncle.

Draco Lucius Malfoy – Born June 5, 1980

• Draco was raised to be a miniature version of his father. For this reason, he is very prim and proper. He wasn’t raised with many displays of affection, except from his mother, so he is still getting used such blatant shows of emotion and touch. He envies that Harrison is so free and open with everyone, he wishes he had the guts to call his parents by more familiar terms than mother and father. We will see him opening up more as the story progresses.

• Draco is very protective of his family. He will become a very good alpha, and he has no problem submitting to those he believes worthy of his respect.

Harrison Sirius Malfoy (formerly Harry James Potter) – Born July 31, 1980

• By this point, I think everyone knows Harrison’s story well. Here is a very brief recap: He was abused and starved by his relatives, and recently became a submissive Veela. Due to his stunted emotions and malnutrition, he is very small and childlike. He loves all of the affection that he receives from his family, and he is thriving now that he is able to be himself.

• Harrison is inherently innocent. He forgives and loves easily, and he sees the best in everyone. He is naïve, and this will probably get him into a little trouble. He is the second youngest in the family, but he seen as the baby by everyone.

Luna Malfoy (formerly Luna Lovegood) – Born Feb 13, 1981

• Luna was raised mostly by her father as her mother died at a young age. Despite not having a
mother, Luna had a good childhood. She has strange quirks from her father’s ideologies, but she is so sweet that people overlook them. Like Harrison, she is innocent and good at heart. She enjoys Narcissa’s motherly affections. Due to her submissive nature, she acts a little childlike at times, but in general she acts more mature than Harrison. (Remember in this story, male submissives are rare. I decided to make male submissives more childish/innocent than females because I want to keep Harrison cute, cuddly, and adorable.)

- Being raised as a proper pureblooded young lady, she understands wizarding culture well. She has near perfect manners.

**Severus Tobias Snape** – Born 1960

- As previously mentioned, Severus was taken under Lucius’s and Narcissa’s wings in his first year at Hogwarts. The otherwise completely in charge and independent professor will always see them as his elders. They took care of him and protected him when he was in need. Lucius took him away from his abusive parents after he came back from Christmas break sporting a broken arm and a vastly bruised body. From then on, Severus had lived with Lucius. He will always see Lucius as his alpha. Lucius was responsible for raising Severus and teaching him Wizarding culture and how to be Lord Prince.

  - Rodolphus acknowledges that Severus is Lucius’s younger brother, so he accepts Severus and his twins as well. He expects Severus to obey his authority. Severus will defer to Rodolphus out of respect for Lucius’s wishes, but it will not be easy or without a fight. Rodolphus will have to prove himself worthy of Severus’s respect before Severus will place trust in him like he does with Lucius.

**Fred James and George Tobias Snape Prince** (formerly Fred Weasley) – Born April 1978

- Fred is the slightly (just 5 minutes) older twin to George. The twins are especially close, and they share many gifts including the ability to feel each other’s emotions and thoughts.

  - Fred is more outgoing than George, so he is more independent.

  - Fred is straight, and he has a crush on Angelina Johnson. George is gay, and he has a crush on Marcus Flint.

  - They respect Arthur, but they are closest to Bill and Charlie out of the Weasleys. They never received a lot of affection from adults/parents, so they are getting used to having Severus as a father. They enjoy the attention from him and the rest of their new family.

  - Since being adopted, they are starting to act differently. Everyone in the family is sure that they inherited the Veela traits from Severus and Harrison. They are worried about the possibility of their inheritance making them different.

  - Harrison is technically their other blood parent, but their relationship has not changed. They still treat him like a younger brother.
Remus John (nee Lupin) and Sirius Black – Born 1960

- Remus has been a werewolf since he was bitten by Fenrir Greyback as a child. He has come to terms with lycanthropy, and he is coping even better now that he takes Wolfsbane every month. Remus and Sirius have been together since their Hogwarts years. Sirius is not a submissive technically, but he allows Remus (Moony) to be the head of their family. They have always wanted children, but they were unable to act on that desire until now.

- Adopting Ron (now Regulus) has completed their family. They are very loving wizards, and they are very protective to those they consider their own. Their alter egos (Moony and Padfoot) see all of their family as part of their pack. They are learning how to be parents.

- Their quarrel with Severus still stands. Remus an Severus have mostly made amends, but Sirius isn’t as mature as Remus. Sirius and Severus still have some problems getting along sometimes, but they try for their benefit of their family.

Regulus John Black (formerly Ronald Weasley) – Born March 1, 1980

- Having two character's named Regulus is a little confusing, so Ron will mostly be called Reggie, RJ, or Junior. The adult Regulus will mostly be called Regulus or Reg.

- Reggie grew up spoiled by Molly. She made up for lack of material possessions with coddling. As a result, Reggie is used to getting away with anything. He has a problem with authority, and his manners are not refined. Despite all of this, he is good deep down. He saw the error of his ways with Harrison when it mattered, and now he is on the path to redemption. His new family is going to steer him in the right direction, but it will not exactly be a walk in the park. Reggie will struggle under the authority of his parents and family.

- He inherited the animagus and metamorphagus traits from the Black family. I plan to make him and his namesake fairly close. Adult Regulus will start to make more of an appearance soon, hopefully.

Regulus Arcturus Black – Born 1965

- Reg or Regulus is Sirius’s younger brother. I’ve changed his birthday to make him younger than Sirius by 5 years. This means that he was a 7th year during Charlie’s first year. He and Bill were secretly friends during Hogwarts, but no one knows yet, except Charlie. This makes the family connections even more confusing. Regulus helped to watch out for young Charlie, so Charlie considered him like an older brother.

- Regulus is kind, despite being raised by a crazy woman. Like Sirius, he is immature. He will bond with his nephews, especially Regulus Junior. Spending so much time in Azkaban has not allowed him to grow up properly. He was controlled by his mother, then by a dark lord, then imprisoned right after graduating, then under the control of Rodolphus. As a result, he is very submissive and immature. He has the mindset of an abused teenager.
• He spent his time in Azkaban pretending to be Rabastan Lestrange. Rodolphus figured out who he was while they were imprisoned together, but he continued to care for and shelter Regulus as much as possible. His own Veela instincts recognized Regulus as someone to protect. Even after being released, Rodolphus still cares for Regulus. In my story, there is a 17 year age difference between the two, so Rodolphus looks at the broken man like a son.

Rodolphus Lestrange – Born 1947

• Rodolphus is the head of the Lestrange family and the head alpha in the whole family by extension. He is the oldest male in the extended family, and he expects all of his family to defer to him. He is the most traditionally minded character in my story.

• He thrives on taking care of people that need it because his daughter was taken away from him. He has no problem freely showing affection. He turned his back on the dark lord while he was in Azkaban. He’d previously had his doubts when Voldemort ordered his daughter to be kidnapped, but being left in Azkaban to rot away was the final straw. He and Bellatrix are now spies for the light.

• Rodolphus views Regulus as his son. He took care of the younger man while they were locked in Azkaban together.

Bellatrix Lestrange (nee Black) – Born 1951

• Bellatrix is kind of gray. She was raised to be proper and obedient to her husband, but she was also raised to serve the Dark Lord. She knows that family is more important than anything else, but she still struggles to see the light.

• She is not crazy, but she isn’t completely sane either. One of the reasons she portrays herself as bitchy and crazy is to keep other people away. Losing her daughter was a terrible experience, and she doesn’t want to experience the heartache of losing other people that she has become close with.

• She is finding it easy to like Harrison because of his sweet, lovable persona.

Hermione Jean Granger – Born Sept 1979

• Hermione is the oldest of the Golden Trio. Her adoptive (big hint here ;) ) muggle parents, who she thought loved her until the way they rejected her after being de-aged, raised her. She doesn’t remember her birth parents, but her adopted parents told her that they thought she was a burden.

• She is very interested in the Wizarding World, and she studies everything she can in an attempt to fit in better. She feels more at home in this world than the muggle world. She is eager and often misunderstood and taken for a know-it-all. She was never taught proper wizarding manners, after all. She tries so hard in everything because she is constantly trying to not be a burden.
• She is headstrong and independent. Going with canon here, she likes the attention that she gets from Krum. She has had a blossoming crush on Ron for a while, but she thinks he is out of her league.

• In case you’ve missed all of my hints so far……Hermione is about to get a wonderful surprise.
Chapter 22

After everyone got back from the court hearing, Narcissa, Lucius, Severus, and the twins took Draco and Harrison down to the Slytherin common room to pick up Luna from Marcus and to explain what happened to their housemates. Marcus often watched Luna when no one else could. Luna enjoyed spending time with the older Slytherin prefect, and he seemed to dote on her as well.

When they entered the common room, everyone looked up from what they were currently doing and stared in shock. Being cunning, most of them were able to guess by the people present who the young children were. Luna spoke first, “Mummy, what happened to Draco and Harrison?”

Narcissa led Draco into the room, and he immediately went to Marcus as well. Lucius carried a sleepy Harrison into the common room, and the students cleared one of the couches for the adults to sit. Fred sat on the edge of the couch next to his dad, but George went and sat near Marcus. Severus and Lucius shared a quick look regarding that new development.

Severus addressed his house, “I was attacked in the corridors today by an unknown assailant. He or she knocked me out and then polyjuiced themselves to look like me. They taught my classes this afternoon. 4th years will remember that the assailant kept Harrison, Draco, Hermione Granger, and Regulus Black behind after class. He poisoned them with some unknown de-aging potion. Madam Pomfrey has looked them over, and she assures us that there is nothing wrong with them. They are just younger than normal. They have retained their memories, but they act the age they appear. Harrison is 3, Hermione and Regulus are 5, and Draco is 8. They will not be attending classes until this matter is resolved. We will not know how long that will be, but I am asking you to help in watching out for them. Hermione will be staying with Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall as her parents are unwilling to take care of her. Any untoward acts against Miss Granger, Mister Black, or our own de-aged Slytherins will be dealt with harshly. As for the unknown assailant, we have not found any clues to determine the suspect or their motive. We ask that you stay in groups in the halls at all times, especially as I was attacked in the dungeons. There is safety in numbers. Any questions?”

There were lots of questions, and the adults patiently answered all of them. Marcus volunteered to babysit and asked, “Where will they be staying during class times?”

Lucius chose this opportunity to reveal the new developments, “As you are all aware, there was a break-out at Azkaban last week. The Lestranges voluntarily handed themselves over to the Ministry today to plead their innocence. They were given a trial, and they were pardoned for their actions. You will read all about it in the morning paper, I’m sure. The other thing you will read is that Regulus Black, Professor Black’s brother, is still alive. He was disguised as Rabastan Lestrange, and he has been imprisoned with the Lestranges all along. As they are family, Narcissa will take the children to Lestrange Manor during the day so that she has help caring for them.”
The students congratulated Lady Malfoy on getting her sister back, and they took turns cooing over the now sleeping Harrison. He was tucked into Severus’s neck, and he had his thumb in his mouth. It was time for dinner, so the adults decided to escort the entire house to the great hall. Severus handed Harrison off to Fred so that he could keep his wand ready.

Regardless of their quiet demeanor, the entirety of Slytherin house arriving at Great Hall in uniform with their professors made a scene. Everyone turned and waiting for something further to happen, but the students calmly took their seats at their table. Once seated, they returned to their normal selves. The entrance was almost enough to distract the students from noticing Draco and Harrison.

Whispers started immediately. All of the students were staring at the two children at the Slytherin table. Lucius sighed and walked over to Fred to take Harrison back. Harrison eagerly allowed himself to be picked up by his daddy, but Draco whined at being removed from Marcus’s side, “Father, I’m not a baby like Harrison. I can stay here.”

Lucius could tell that this was going to turn into a scene, and he wanted to avoid it right now. He turned to Marcus and asked him if he would watch after Draco until dinner was over. Of course, Marcus agreed. He and George were sitting on either side of the Slytherin Prince. Lucius kneeled down and reminded Draco to eat his vegetables quietly. Then he carried his baby, truly now, up to the staff table.

As he approached his seat, he noticed Sirius, Remus, and Minerva coming in from the side entrance with Regulus and Hermione. The students whispering increased ten-fold. Albus ignored the students, for now, in favor of providing the younger children with his attention. Minerva sat Hermione down in his lap, and he pretended to pull a lemon drop from behind her ear. It was obviously fake magic, but the girl was amused no less. She giggled at the joke. Some of the students poked fun at the little girl, and Albus had heard enough.

He stood and addressed the students with Hermione in his arms, “As you can see, there has been an incident involving four of your fellow students and a professor.”……He described the incident in detail much like Severus did to his snakes. At the end he added, “These young children, Draco and Harrison Malfoy, Hermione Granger, and Regulus Black are still your classmates. Any foul behavior directed towards them from any house for any reason will not be tolerated. If anyone has any questions or concerns, I urge you to take them up with your heads of house or any member of staff.”

The Great Hall erupted in loud chatter for the rest of the meal. After dinner, Lucius stopped by Marcus and George to pick up Draco and Luna. He stared at the obviously flirting 6th years, and he considered threatening Marcus to behave with his nephew. He didn’t want to embarrass George, so he refrained from doing it in the great hall. He made a mental note to speak privately with the Slytherin prefect. Draco wouldn’t hold Lucius’s hand, but he didn’t mind holding Luna’s on the way
When they reached their quarters, he ushered his young sons to get dressed for the night. Draco could take care of himself with a little motivation, but Harrison needed help to perform the smallest tasks. Lucius secretly loved getting the opportunity to take care of a small child again. He promised himself he wouldn’t be as stiff with little Harrison as he had been when Draco was younger.

He held his baby on his hip as he walked through and turned the taps on in the bathtub. Then he dug through his PJ’s, and he waited patiently to see which ones Harrison wanted to wear. There was a pair with golden snitches on it, and he picked those excitedly. Lucius then carried him back into the bathroom. He checked the temperature of the water in the tub before setting his precious son into it.

He transfigured a bar of soap into a little boat for Harrison to play with as he bathed him. Harrison quietly and happily played with the toy while his Daddy lathered him up really well. When it came time to rinse his hair, Harrison got a little nervous, but Lucius calmed him easily. When he was done bathing the toddler, he engaged in play with Harrison until the water started to become too cool.

He grabbed a large fluffy towel and wrapped it around Harrison, and then he scooped his son into his arms. Harrison giggled as the soft, fluffy towel tickled him, and Lucius knew that Narcissa would want to see how cute he was being. He carried Harrison through their chambers intent on taking him to the master bedroom, but he was stopped when he saw his entire family sitting in his living room. They all cooed at the adorable sight Harrison made, and Lucius didn’t mind being seen coddling the child. Sirius came up and grabbed the toddler into a big hug, towel and all. Harrison giggled happily and shouted, “Pafoot!”

He wriggles his arms free from the towel and threw them around Sirius. Sirius spun in circles and made the little boy laugh louder. A mini Regulus Black looked on with envy from the couch next to his Papa. He looked at his Papa and asked, “Papa, will you hold me since Daddy is playing with the stupid baby.”

Everyone had heard him, but they all decided to let Sirius and Remus to handle it. Sirius stopped playing briefly to silently converse with his mate. Remus shook his head minutely, so Sirius kept entertaining the basically naked toddler in his arms. He kept an ear out on his family, though.

Remus gently pulled Regulus into his lap to face him, and he firmly said, “Reggie, that wasn’t a very nice thing to say about Harrison. He’s your cousin and your best friend.”
Across the room, Draco argued from where he sat close to George, “Nu huh! He’s my best friend and brother, and he’s not stupid. You are!”

Remus ignored him, and continued with his own son, “He may be a toddler now, but he isn’t stupid, and he isn’t really a baby. He can do more than a baby can, but he can’t take care of himself. You are so much older than him. You’re a proper big boy, and you need to help take care of him. It’s your responsibility as his family and best friend.”

Draco argued again, “I’ll take better care of him. I’m older, and he’s my baby brother! I’m older than you too, so I’ll help take care of you too…but only if you’re nice to Harrison!”

Lucius hushed Draco. Remus gently lifted his son’s chin to look him in the eyes, “Reggie, do you think you can be a big boy around Harrison? Be nice and help take care of him? For Papa?”

Regulus smiled and hugged Remus, “Of, course, Papa! Anything for you….but not for Daddy. He chose the baby over me.”

Sirius paled a little, and he immediately handed a still giggling, still mostly naked Harrison off to Fred, who happened to be the closest in proximity to him. Harrison didn’t seem to mind the change in holder, but Fred didn’t really want to hold the naked child. He uneasily walked over to Severus and plopped the toddler down into his lap, “Here, Dad. Have a naked baby. I bet this isn’t how you thought you would see your mate naked first, is it?”

Snape froze at the nasty comment from his son, and the other alpha’s in the room all growled slightly. Lucius started to walk towards Fred, but Severus shook him off. He turned and addressed his slightly elder son, “Fred James Snape! That comment was wicked and uncalled-for. I think maybe you should spend some time in the corner remembering your manners, young man. Don’t think I won’t turn you over my knee just because we aren’t alone.” He smirked at Fred and continued, “Let me also remind you that every elder alpha in this family has my explicit permission to punish you as they see reason.”

Fred looked like he was about to argue, but then he thought better of it. All of the adults were glaring at him, so he walked to one corner of the living room blushing brighter than his old Weasley hair. He wasn’t about to argue right now. He didn’t expect his joke to be received so poorly.

Lucius accioed the pajamas that he had picked out for Harrison and handed them over to Severus. Harrison was happy and nearly asleep with his face buried in Severus’s neck. The man easily put the sleepwear onto his sleep compliant mate. When he put it on (after being spelled to fit), the snitches flew around. Harrison was nearly asleep, but the moving snitches got his attention. He smiled and
Reggie was sitting in Remus’s lap and trying his best to ignore Sirius as he walked up to the pair. He tried to pick his miniaturized son, but the child held tight to Remus. Instead he spoke gently and seriously, “Reggie, I’m sorry if I’ve hurt your feelings, pup. I’d never choose anyone over you…not even your Papa. You’re my number one priority. Do you think maybe you could let go of Papa long enough to give Daddy a hug?”

Sirius’ heart swelled at being able to call himself Daddy. Like Remus, he didn’t think they’d ever have children. He waited with baited breath to see how his son would react. He was thrilled when the little boy tentatively reached out to wrap his arms around his neck. Sirius took advantage and picked him up completely. He spun with Regulus just like he’d just been doing with Harrison, and his son giggled and squealed with glee.

With the two little ones distracted, Lucius chose this moment to find out why everyone was in his quarters. “Not that I’m not happy to see all of you, but why are you all in my quarters a this time of night? Shouldn’t the little ones be getting to bed?”

Severus blushed a little answered, “After being attacked in the dungeons earlier, I’m not exactly comfortable staying here with my sons while I sleep. We’ve both been targeted with attacks, and my assailant was never caught. I’d rather go somewhere safer, and I was hoping you’d allow us to go home to Malfoy Manor. I’d really appreciate it if you came with us to Malfoy Manor.”

Remus spoke for his own little family, “With us not knowing the assailant or their motivation and the full moon being tomorrow, I wanted to make sure Sirius and Regulus would be ok too. Grimmauld Place has not been childproofed yet. Such a feat would take longer than one night even with multiple qualified wizards or witches, and I’d really like to get Reggie to bed sooner rather than later.”

Lucius thought for a second and then responded, “That’s fine with me. Has Albus agreed to letting you all leave at night? I assume this will not be a one-time event. You will all be staying at the manor until everything has been settled at the castle, right?”

Sirius answered, “Yes, I put in a call to the auror’s office, and they agreed to send two Aurors over each night to patrol the halls. If anything happens, they can notify us immediately. With the floo network, there’s really no difference in being notified in our quarters here or at Malfoy Manor. The response time will be the same.
Narcissa spoke to her husband, “I’d like for us to leave as well. Charlie won’t be back for another week, and Draco, Luna, and Harrison can’t really defend themselves. In an attack, we would be outnumbered.”

Lucius didn’t require much convincing. “I agree, but what if we stayed at Lestrange Manor instead. I’m sure they would appreciate the company, and it will give us some more time to become more acquainted as a family.

Severus seemed a little hesitant. He wanted to take his boys home to Malfoy Manor and have them get more acquainted with where they would be living. He didn’t want to live under Rodolphus’s rules, but he trusted Lucius. He looked up to see Lucius silently asking if Severus was ok with this. He knew that if he said no, Lucius would bring everyone to Malfoy Manor. He looked down to his sleeping mate. He thought about how Harrison loved Rodolphus, and he didn’t want to be the reason that Harrison wasn’t spending time with him. Severus locked eyes with Lucius and minutely nodded his head to give his ascent.

No one else had any arguments. It was nearly 10PM. Luna was tucked into Narcissa’s side looking tired. Harrison was asleep in Severus’s arms, and Reggie was fighting sleep in Sirius’s. He was currently bouncing up and down trying to maintain his energy in the way that children do when they are overtired.

Lucius fire called Lestrange Manor, and Rodolphus answered, “Lucius, is everything alright?”

Lucius assured him that everything was fine. He explained what was happening, and he asked if they could all stay the night there for the foreseeable future. Rodolphus was pleased and asked them all to come through immediately. He had always dreamed of filling his large manor with family. The family followed Lucius through the floo, and they were all given rooms.

Harrison’s room was basically turned back into a nursery. He had loads of children’s toys, books, and games. He was tucked into bed first. Everyone took a turn wishing him goodnight as he lay snuggled in bed with his stuffed snake (Sal) and his stuffed grim (Pads).

Reggie got a small room that was attached to Remus and Sirius’s room at the end of the hall. Draco and Luna were put in a room together next to Lucius and Narcissa’s. The children’s rooms were all age-appropriate. The twins shared a room because they didn’t want to split up, and their room had a connecting door to their father’s room. Their room had tons of prank supplies and books. Tox had everyone set up and in their own rooms quickly. He was very excited to have so many people and children to care for.
Back at Hogwarts, Minerva and Albus were having a very similar with Hermione as the Black’s had with little Regulus. She was playing excitedly with the dolls and stuffed animals that Minerva had transfigured for her. They were having a tea part, and Hermione was speaking animatedly with all of the toys as the adults looked on.

Minerva and Albus sat on the couch talking and watching her fondly. Minerva spoke quietly so that Hermione could not hear her, “Albus, I think we should keep Hermione here with us tomorrow. She can’t be too much trouble for one day. She can spend part of the day with you and part with me in my classroom.”

Albus twinkled knowingly at her, “Is this because you are afraid to let her be with Rodolphus and Bellatrix?”

Minerva sighed, “Am I that obvious? It’s just that she is a muggleborn. I know hat the Lestranges say that they have changed, but Hermione is so sweet and innocent….and helpless right now. I would feel terrible if something happened.”

Albus smiled at her, “I think the Lestranges, Narcissa, and Regulus would take proper care of her, but I won’t argue if you want her to stay with us. I find that I have become pretty attached to her myself. Her charm is too much to resist.”

Minerva smiled and kissed her husband thankfully. Then she called out to her new granddaughter, “Hermione, dear, how would you like to stay here with Grandpa and I tomorrow instead of going to the Lestrange’s?”

Hermione beamed at them, “I get to stay at Hogwarts? Will I be able to visit the library and learn new things?”

Albus chuckled and patted his knee to call the girl over to him. She eagerly climbed into his lap and looked up at him. He spoke sincerely, “You will always have a home here with us, and we will support your endeavor to learn anything. Grandma Min and I think you are a wonderful little witch, and we love you very much.”

Hermione smiled and hugged him back, “Good, because I love both of you too, Grandpa!”

Minerva sent a letter to Narcissa to let her know that they were going to keep Hermione tomorrow during school. They all got ready for bed, and then Hermione into her bed in her new room in their
quarters. When asked about what kind of stuffed animal she wanted to cuddle, she immediately said that she wanted a fluffy owl because they were cute and smart. She named him Archimedes.

Regulus (adult) was tossing and turning in bed trying to fall asleep. The 26 year old couldn’t relax. He was trying hard to calm his anxiety and sleep in the dark. His thoughts were in turmoil. Adults didn’t need night lights to sleep. He was not in Azkaban. He was safe at Lestrange Manor with Rodolphus and Bellatrix. Rod wouldn’t let anything happen to him. As if thinking about the man he considered a pseudo older brother/father was a summoning charm, Rodolphus entered his room.

Reg held his breath as the door to his bedroom opened. He thought back to his time in Azkaban. Maybe if he kept very still and quiet, the person would go away without hurting him. He nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt the bed dip and hands land on his shoulder. Rodolphus spoke softly, “Regulus, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to frighten you, child.”

Rodolphus lit up the glow sphere that he had given Regulus to keep a calming light in the room at night. Regulus relaxed as soon as he heard Rodolphus speak and saw the soft glow of the light. He didn’t know what to feel when the man called him a child. He was part embarrassed and part saddened. He secretly wished that he were a child. He wished that Rodolphus were his father. He wanted to erase the bad memories of his past. Rodolphus was talking to him, and he didn’t even realize. He turned towards the man and apologized, “I’m sorry, Rodolphus. I was lost in my thoughts. I didn’t catch what you were saying.”

Rodolphus frowned slightly at him in worry, but he repeated himself, “I was just checking in on you. I wanted to let you know that we have guests now.”

He explained the potion’s accident and the children being de-aged, and he explained why they were all staying here at night for a while.

Regulus looked unsure, “S-Sirius will be here?”

Rodolphus nodded, “Yes, you’re brother is staying here with his husband and Regulus Jr. I think this will be a good opportunity for you two to make amends. You have been at odds with each other long enough, and a lot has changed.”

Regulus now looked unsure and worried as he nodded slightly, “I’ll try, Rodolphus, but I don’t think he will want to spend much time around me.”
Rodolphus frowned, “Nonsense. He named his son after you. I think this will go better than you expect. I want you to sit at my right side at breakfast in the morning. I will make sure everything goes smoothly.”

The younger man blanched and looked up at him shocked, “Your right side? But that’s where Lucius should sit as your second in the family. I-”

Rodolphus interrupted, “Actually, it’s where my heir should sit. Lucius can sit at the other end of the table with his 2nd at his right. Everyone else will fill in.”

Regulus was thrilled with the thought of sitting in the place of the Lestrange heir. Again, he wished he actually were the Lestrange heir. Bella was his oldest cousin, but she was kind of like a second mother to him growing up. He briefly wondered if his brother would be upset about his close relationship with Rodolphus.

Regulus realized that he had been lost in his thoughts for a little while. He looked to Rodolphus to see that the man had a thoughtful expression on his face.

Rodolphus pushed Regulus to lie back down. Then he pulled the covers up and tucked him in. The young man blushed, but he didn’t fight the coddling. Rodolphus turned the glow sphere to a nice calming blue. He knew that it was Regulus’ favorite. Then he asked kindly, “Regulus, why didn’t you have your glow sphere illuminated when I entered your room?”

Regulus looked embarrassed and mumbled, “I’m too old to require a glow sphere. They are for children.”

Rodolphus gently cupped his cheek and directed Regulus to look at him, “Nonsense. You are never too old to be comforted by something you like. Most people do not spend nearly ten years in Azkaban either. I got you this light for a reason. I don’t want to see you not using it again, understand? If I find out that you are losing sleep because you can’t calm down without the light, there will be dire consequences. Understand, young man?”

Regulus gulped and quietly answered, “Yes, sir.”

Rodolphus pressed a chaste kiss to the younger man’s brow and spoke calmly, “Goodnight, Regulus. Sleep well. Don’t hesitate to come find me if you require anything. I will see you first thing at
Regulus was exhausted and calmed by the older man’s presence. He snuggled into the blankets and sighed contentedly, “Goodnight, Rod.”

Rodolphus left Regulus’ bedroom with a large smile on his face.

Sirius was leaving the bathroom and heading back to his and Remus’s room when he saw Rodolphus exit from another bedroom. He didn’t remember anyone being placed in that room, but he figured the man might have another guest staying at the manor as well. Rodolphus briefly made eye contact with Sirius before he wished him goodnight kindly. Sirius wondered if he would find out who the mystery guest was at breakfast.

The next morning, Rodolphus went to wake up Regulus. He passed Lucius in the corridor, and they explained that they couldn’t stay for breakfast today. They needed to get some things ready before class since their decision to come to Lestrange Manor was so sudden. After today, they should be able to enjoy breakfast as a family.

Rodolphus nodded in understanding and continued to Regulus’s room. The younger man was sitting anxiously on the edge of his bed in his pajamas. Rodolphus smiled at him, “It’s ok, Regulus. They’ve all had to go back to Hogwarts early this morning. We can expect them back tonight. Narcissa and the children are staying, but you look like you could use a few more hours of sleep. Why don’t you climb back into bed? I will wake you for morning tea, and then you can come meet all of the children.”

Regulus gave a small sigh of relief, and then he silently got under his covers. His chest constricted when Rodolphus tucked him in again. He tried not to focus on the happy feeling so that he didn’t get his hopes up, and then he easily fell back into peaceful slumber.

Rodolphus stared at the broken young man. He had spent the last ten years in a cell with this man pretending to be someone else. While he knew Regulus some, he was still learning the real Regulus. He decided he didn’t have to be anywhere, so he conjured a chair and watched his charge sleep.

Rodolphus paused at calling the grown man his charge. He was a grown man after all. He thought about Regulus’s submissive and dependent behavior. He may be a man by years, but he was not a man by heart. His crazy mother abused him. His father neglected him, and his older brother left home as soon as possible. The Dark Lord took him in at a very young age, and then he was left to the tender mercies of the dementors. It was a wonder this man…boy…that’s what he is….was sane at all. Rodolphus made a vow to himself to be a positive male role model for him because he had
probably never had one before.

Back at Hogwarts, Albus and Minerva were walking slowly through the castle as Hermione ran around them. They were on their way to the great hall, and Hermione spotted the twins. She ran to greet them, "Fred! George!"

She saw that they weren't alone. Luna and another boy were with them. She saw that George and the boy had quickly let go of each other's hands when they were spotted, and she smiled.

She greeted Luna as well, and then other boy introduced himself, "Hello, Miss Granger, I'm Marcus Flint."

Hermione smiled shyly at him, "I know, silly. You're the captain of the snakes." Then she blushed and whispered to him, "You're really good at quidditch, but I'm not supposed to say that because you're a snake, and I'm a lion!"

Albus and Minerva had caught up to her at that point and they had heard her "whisper" to him. Everyone in the immediate radius had heard her. Many students laughed, but Hermione didn't realize. Marcus kneeled down and kindly spoke to her, "Thank you, Miss Granger. It's ok to say whatever you want as long as it's not hurtful to anyone. You are allowed to like other houses, even Slytherin."

She smiled at him again, and then she told him, "Call me Hermione! It's my name, not Miss Granger. I don't live there anymore. I live with Grandma and Grandpa! It's waaayyy better!" Then she paused and turned to the aforementioned adults, "Does that mean I'm a Dumbdoor now?"

Fred and George laughed at her botching of Dumbledore, but Marcus just looked at her sadly. As a Slytherin, he was used to children not having good home lives.

Albus sadly responded, "No, sweetheart. You are technically still a Granger by law. You can be a Dumbledore by heart for now, and we can see about figuring out a more permanent solution. Would you like that?"

She hugged him and yelled, "I'm going to call myself Hermione Dumbdoor!"
Minerva gently corrected her, "Ok, dear, but it's Dum-ble-dore, not dumbdoor."

Hermione said it out loud, "Dum-ble-door."

Minerva rolled her eyes, "Close enough, sweetheart. Let's go get some breakfast."

Hermione sweetly asked, "Can I sit with my friends, please?"

Albus looked up in question to the 'friends', and they nodded their heads. He agreed, but he told her, "Mr. Flint is in charge. You will do as he says, and you are not to leave his side no matter what. Understand?"

Hermione nodded, and Marcus seemed a little surprised that the Headmaster would make him, a Slytherin, in charge of his adopted Granddaughter. He thought he would have made the Gryffindor twins in charge of her. Then he remembered that the twins still needed to be resorted. He assured the Headmaster, "I will take care of her, Headmaster. Don't worry. My first class is Transfiguration, so I could bring her along with me back to you, Professor McGonagall. Also, shouldn't Fred and George be resorted this morning?"

Albus responded, "Thank you, Mr. Flint. Yes. The sorting hat is already in the Great Hall waiting for them. Fred, George, please follow me. I'm sure you'll be seeing Mr. Flint again soon, as I have no question which house you'll be sorted into."

The twins grinned, and they all entered the Great Hall. Albus addressed the students and told them about the resorting. Sure enough, the hat didn't even need to touch their heads before they were sorted into Slytherin. Severus was very proud. Their uniforms switched over to the right house, and they took their usual seats at the Slytherin table.

One Slytherin sitting near them made a comment, "We're taking all the best Gryffindors. They don't have a chance with the house cup this year. How about you, Hermione? Are you going to come over to our side too?"

Hermione giggled, "I don't think so. I don't know. I'm a Dum-ble-door by heart, so I can be a snake by heart too, right?"

Marcus wrapped an arm around her and replied, "Of course, sweetheart."
Another Slytherin rudely commented, "Yea, right. She's Gryffindor's sweetheart! She doesn't have what it takes to be a snake."

Marcus gave that person a glare and reminded everyone that they were not to be rude to the de-aged students.

The owls came in with the morning paper, and the Great Hall went into an uproar. On the front page was the article about The Lestranges and Regulus Black. It explained everything in detail. The Lestranges were being pardoned. At the end of the interview, each person revealed what they truly wanted to do now. Rodolphus was a master of Arithmancy and mind magics, such as Occlumency and Legilimency.

He explained that he would love to teach at Hogwarts. Regulus wanted to become an Auror. Bellatrix didn't know what she wanted to do right now, but she knew that she wanted to become reacquainted with her sisters.

The day passed uneventfully until Lunch. A huge fight broke out in the halls and led into the Great Hall. Albus immediately summoned a house elf and told her to take Hermione to Narcissa Malfoy and explain the situation. He couldn't watch the child and take care of the fight at the same time. Minerva would understand.

When Hermione arrived to Lestrange Manor, they were just sitting down to lunch with the children. Tox popped into the room with food and dropped the tray when she saw Hermione. He screamed, "Little Mistress is home! Tox family is back together again, finally!"

Bellatrix started to cry, and Rodolphus demanded to know what Tox was talking about. He knew this child was a muggleborn, Hermione Granger, and he told that to his elf.

Tox cried happily, "No, Master. This is Little Mistress! I would recognize her anywhere! She was stolen from here 14 years ago, but she looks too young right now."

Rodolphus quickly introduced himself and his wife to the child, and he asked her to accompany him and Bellatrix to Gringott's. Hermione agreed. Rodolphus held her and they quickly apparated to just outside of the bank.

People stared, screamed, and ran away when they saw the feared ex-Death Eaters. It would take more than a day for people to get used to the idea of them being freed. Rodolphus wore a murderous
yet hopeful expression while Bellatrix was completely distraught. She was uncontrollably crying. He quickly carried Hermione and pulled his wife into Gringotts. Their family goblin, Rignak, ushered them to a private room as quickly as possible.

Rodolphus spoke seriously, "Thank you for your discretion. I'd like to have inheritance tests run on Miss Granger, now."

Rignak replied, "Certainly, Lord Lestrange. Follow me to the specified ritual area."

They made their way to the correct room, and Rodolphus set Hermione down into the center of the circle. He explained that they would prick her finger and run a spell in a funny language and that she should stand still while it was all happening. Hermione asked why they were doing all of this and Rodolphus explained.

She answered him, "I'm Hermione Dum-ble-door now. I'm not a Granger anymore."

Rodolphus looked puzzled at this, but he told her that it didn't matter. If she was who the elf thought she was, she would be coming home with them.

The ritual started, and soon the results were read,

Name: Drusilla Bella Lestrange
Date of Birth: September 19, 1979
Parents: Rodolphus Lestrange, Bellatrix Black
Blocks present: memory, magical, animagus
Charms present: glamour, filial
Curses present: de-aging

Bellatrix ran to the little girl, "My baby!" She scooped her up and held her tight. Rodolphus hugged them both tightly with tears in his own eyes. Then he turned to the goblins, "Can you remove all of the unwanted blocks, charms, and curses?"

Rignak smiled greedily, "For a fee, we can remove all but the de-aging curse. She will age back quickly. By our accounts, she is currently five. She will age 1 year per week. This will be fairly painful."
Rodolphus sighed, "It's fine. Do it. Hermione, Princess, do you understand what is happening?"

The little girl nodded happily, "Yes, sir. You're my real parents! Can I call you Mummy and Daddy?"

Rodolphus smiled at her with pride, "Yes, sweetheart. We would love it if you called us that. You are going to live with us too, ok? Some bad people stole you from us a long time ago, and they did some bad things to you. Now, we need to undo what they have done. It's going to hurt, but it needs to be done. Can you be a brave girl for me and Mummy now?"

Hermione nervously replied, "I can do it. I'm a Gryffindor. What about Grandma and Grandpa? Will they be said that I won't live with them anymore?"

Bellatrix hugged her tighter and Rodolphus responded, "They probably will be a little sad. They will miss you, but they know you belong with us. They can visit whenever they want, and you will still see them at school. We will probably have you re-sorted though."

Hermione smiled, "Ok, Daddy. I'm ready."

The Goblins started removing everything, and Hermione screamed. When it was finally over, the girl was the slightly taller, and she looked different. She now had Bellatrix's black, curly hair. She had high, aristocratic cheekbones, and she was the spitting image of her father. She was very pretty.

As her parents were hugging her and checking her over, her stomach growled. She giggled, "Excuse me. I'm just very hungry."

Rodolphus liked her manners, "Ok, sweetheart. Let's go get something to eat. We've got some shopping to do."

The newly completed Lestrange family ate lunch on Diagon Alley, and then they bought clothing, books, toys, and furniture for their daughter. When they returned to the Manor, everyone was present. Narcissa had sent notice to everyone after the house elf recognized Hermione. After classes, everyone, including Albus and Minerva, had come over. When they arrived, Hermione ran up to them, "Grandma, Grandpa! Look at me! I'm a Lestrange. I found my real Mummy and Daddy!"
Albus hugged her tightly, "I see that, sweetheart. We are very happy for you and your parents. We will miss you, though."

Hermione comforted him, "Daddy said you could visit whenever you wanted, and I will still see you at school. I'm going to switch houses, though."

Minerva exclaimed at that, "You're going to have her resorted? But she's in my house!"

Severus answered her, "I think it's wise. Minerva, your house has a bad track record with people they don't like right now. They attacked Harrison and my sons. How do you think they will treat Hermione once it is revealed that she is a Lestrange?"

Minerva sighed, "I guess you're right. I don't want anything to happen to her. She would do well in either Slytherin or Ravenclaw, but I don't see her being sorted in Hufflepuff."

Rodolphus answered simply, "I agree. The goblins said that they should age about 1 year per week. She had many other charms and blocks applied. I'm interested to see how magically powerful she is now."

Lucius remembered, "The next event is in 7 weeks. Even if they age 1 year per week, Harrison will only be ten. He can't possibly compete. I need to speak with the tournament officiators and see if anything can be done." Then he smirked, "I guess one good thing came out of this, we don't have to worry about any of them going to the Yule Ball with their dates anymore."

Severus rolled his eyes, "Consider yourselves lucky. I've got two children to worry about. Fred is going with Angelina Johnson, and I'm quite sure Marcus Flint asked George today. The ball is two weeks away. Now I have to help them color coordinate. I only wear black."

The adults all laughed, but Hermione complained, "We don't get to go to the ball anymore? But Regulus and I were going together!"

Rodolphus raised his eyebrow and stared at the other six year old. He made a mental note to watch him when he was back to his normal age. Bellatrix spoke up, "No, dear. You can still go to the ball if you want to. We can go shopping and get you matching outfits this weekend. You two will be adorable!"
Narcissa spoke to the twins, “Boys, I understand you father is fashionably challenged, but I would love to help you both with outfits. We can all go this weekend if that is acceptable.”

The twins looked a little embarrassed, and Fred replied, “Actually, Aunt Cissa, we already have some dress robes. They used to be Bill and Charlie’s. We don’t have to get new ones. Those will be good enough.”

George silently nodded beside him to show that he agreed. They didn’t want to be a bother. Narcissa stepped forward and embraced them gently, “Nonsense, boys. You’re the Heirs of the Prince line, and you’re my nephews. You’ll need robes that fit your new life. I know in the past you had to make by with hand me downs, but now you are in a wealthy family. Severus inherited the Prince fortune, and he makes a lot of money as a Potions Master. You will never want for anything ever again, alright? And if for some reason, your dear old Dad doesn’t want to buy you something, you just come see Aunt Cissa, and I will put Uncle Luc’s money to good use.”
Chapter 23

I’m back from a very long hiatus. Don’t expect many more updates for a while, because my work schedule is about to be crazy, and then my husband and I are taking a trip to NYC. I apologize for the extended delay in updated. I had severe writer’s block. I’m trying to work through it. Please bear with me and give me some time to get back into the swing of things. As always, reviews and constructive criticism is welcome, but hate will be ignored. ☺

Later that night, after dinner and family reunions and the excitement of finding Drusilla was starting to wane. After Albus and Minerva left, she gave her grandparents big hugs, and then she cuddled up with the older Regulus near the hearth. Rodolphus had offered for them to stay, but they joked that someone had to stay with the students since half of his staff was currently residing at Lestrange Manor. Rodolphus was relieved that Dumbledore had declined. He was genuine in his desire to be a good wizard, but he wasn’t entirely comfortable around a man he spent most of his life fighting.

Drusilla and Regulus (older) had seemingly grown close very quickly this evening. They were always touching and giggling. Drusilla was reclined against him with her head on his stomach, and he was lazily threading his fingers through her hair.

The new-again parents looked on at Drusilla and Regulus as they interacted and played this evening with fond expressions. When her eyes slipped shut for more than 5 seconds, they decided to take their daughter up to her new bedroom. As she was lifted away from Regulus, she whined and reached out for him. He got the message. He quietly bade goodnight to the extended family, and then he followed Rodolphus, Bellatrix, and Drusilla up the stairs.

They decided to leave Harrison in the nursery and put Drusilla in a different suite. It was just on the other side of the master suite, so she would be in close proximity if anything happened. Regulus was currently unknowingly in the heir’s suite right across from the master. Rodolphus briefly considered moving him and placing his daughter there, but he discarded that thought immediately. He didn’t want Regulus to think that they cared for him any less now that Drusilla was back in their lives. He remembered that he promised Regulus the heir’s seat at the dining table, and he still felt sure about that. He would reinforce his opinion of Regulus’ place in the morning. No doubt, the self-conscious young man would think that he was no longer welcome there.

Rodolphus sighed quietly and risked a quick glance over his shoulder at the young man coming up with his wife. Trixie had her arm slung over his shoulder, and she was being exceptionally sweet with him. They were first cousins, but Trixie was older by about 16 years. Considering his poor family history with his parents and brother, she was a constant presence in his life as a child. It was clear that they held a lot of affection for each other, almost like a mother and child. Rodolphus couldn’t imagine how hard it must have been to be imprisoned with Trixie and not be able to be himself and seek her comfort while they were in Azkaban. Bellatrix was not a demonstrative person, but she allowed a few people to bypass her shields. Rabastan was not one of those people, but her baby cousin, Reggie, was. He hoped that their entire extended family would soon make that shortlist.

Drusilla was exhausted, so they opted to skip any formal nighttime ablutions. Rodolphus spoke as he carried his little girl to her room, “Drusilla, sweet, I know that you are exhausted. We will develop a nighttime routine soon, but for now lets just worry about the most important things, alright?”

She sleepily nodded her head into his neck and mumbled, “Okay, Daddy.”
On the way to her room, he pointed out where their room and Regulus’ rooms were. He promised their doors were open if she needed something. He paused outside of her door, and he spoke gently, “Sweetheart, this will be your room. It’s empty now besides basic furniture. Tomorrow, we will design it to your specifications and fill it with whatever your heart desires. For tonight, I will transfigure your clothes into a nightgown and perform a freshening charm on you.”

She just repeated the head nod and affirmation. Rodolphus beamed inwardly at hearing her call him that. He didn’t think he’d ever get used to it.

Without further ado, he opened the door to her room and brought her to the bed. She looked around and seemed to be in awe in the grand size of the room. Bellatrix began undressing the bedcovers as he transfigured her clothes and freshened her up.

Regulus watched awkwardly as both parents sat on her bed to tuck her in. They whispered sweet thoughts and promises. He felt like an interloper in a private family moment. He didn’t belong here, so he quietly started to back out of her room, trying to not draw attention to himself. Drusilla saw him sneaking away, and she extended her hand and called out him, “Bubba, aren’t you going to tell me goodnight too?”

Rodolphus watched as Regulus blushed at being caught. He and Bellatrix shared a look that promised further conversation later. For now, Bellatrix nodded minutely to Rodolphus and held her hand out to Regulus to join them on the bed. Rodolphus called him over, “Come on, son. Tell your sister goodnight. It’s getting late, and you need to be getting into bed as well.”

Bellatrix turned her head to hide her smile at Regulus’ reaction. He was completely crimson, and he sported a semi-shocked/confused look on his. He was apparently too stunned to move or comply with Rodolphus’ instructions, because he continued to stand there, gaping. Bellatrix took pity on him. She stood up and dragged him back to the bed. He sat between Bellatrix and Drusilla, and Bellatrix scratched and rubbed at his back while they continued tucking in Drusilla.

Rodolphus was telling a short story about a princess, and Drusilla was long asleep. Regulus was also almost in dream land leaned up against Trixie. She had stopped rubbing his back in favor of running her fingers through his curls when he laid back onto her. He was lost in his own world. Rodolphus and Bellatrix both knew that Drusilla was already asleep, but he continued along in his story under the pretense of a bedtime story for Drusilla so that they could offer some more support to Regulus.

The parents had another brief silent conversation. Neither one wanted to leave their current positions. Rodolphus quietly expanded the bed and the bedclothes so that all four of them would fit. Regulus was now asleep, so he gently maneuvered the young man until he was lying between him and his daughter. Bellatrix was lying on the other side of Drusilla. He transfigured all of their clothes into appropriate sleepwear, and he cast a freshening charm on them all. He carefully reached across their two sleeping bundles and clasped hands with his wife.

The four of them slept soundly for a few hours, but Regulus was awoken by a nightmare from his time in Azkaban. He started out shivering as his body reacted to the cold, dank, dark scene in his dream. As the dementors got closer, the shivering increased and whimpering started. The whimpering is what woke up Rodolphus. He wrapped his arms around Regulus, and he pulled him close. He tucked Regulus’ head into his neck and held his tight and spoke to him until the nightmare passed. He accio’ed Regulus’ glow sphere, and he set it to the comforting blue that he knew his charge liked so much. Soon, Regulus calmed, and no one stirred again until Harrison came bounding into the room in the morning to wake them up for breakfast.

Drusilla giggled at the antics of her cousin, and the adults all groaned that it was already morning. Bellatrix scolded, “Little Snake, we all deserve a lie in. It’s Saturday. Breakfast will be more a
brunch today. I’m not getting out of bed until at least half 10. If it’s not that late, then you need to go bother someone else.”

With that, she rolled over away from him. She didn’t see how quickly his face fell, but Rodolphus and Regulus did. Rodolphus cast a tempus, and he saw that it was only half 7. Crestfallen, Harrison started to quietly climb off of the bed while wiping silent tears from his little face. Regulus grabbed his wrist and pulled him down between him and Rodolphus, “Hush now, little one. Your Aunt Trixie didn’t mean anything. She’s just grumpy in the morning. Come cuddle with me and your Uncle Rodolphus.”

Harrison was sandwiched between the two men, and he was thoroughly enjoying it, but he was wide-awake. He didn’t want to just lie in bed for hours waiting on breakfast. He stared at Regulus, and it made him think of Charlie. He wanted to fire call his newest older brother. He decided to fake sleep. As soon as Regulus and Rodolphus were asleep, he would sneak away and find the nearest floo.

Unbeknownst to him, 3 year olds aren’t very good at acting. While he was lying there with his eyes scrunched up, Rodolphus and Regulus shared a knowing look. They weren’t from an entire family of Slytherin’s for nothing. This little Slytherin was plotting. They opted to play, and they closed their eyes and slowed their breathing. Rodolphus even gave a few little snores. Regulus almost blew his cover by giggling (laughing…..25 year old men don’t giggle) when he heard the man fake snoring.

Soon, Harrison had fallen for the bait, and he was crawling over them. If his fake sleeping hadn’t given him away, his great escape would have. He crawled right over both men. He was all knees and elbows, and the crinkling of his pull-up wasn’t exactly silent. Rodolphus shared a little laugh with Regulus, and Bellatrix mumbled from the other side of the bed, “If you two are awake, then go keep an eye on the Little Snake. He’s up to something. I can smell it from here. We will have to work on his cunning.”

Regulus and Rodolphus both tip-toed out of the bed. They cast silencing charms and disillusioning charms on themselves, and they followed after the toddler. It didn’t take long to find him down the hallway. He was peaking into all of the bedroom doors, one by one. Rodolphus and Regulus shared a look of confusion after he had passed all of the rooms that the family was staying in.

At the stairs, he hesitated. He looked up to the fourth floor, and then decided to head down to the second. When he reached the second floor, he went in the direction of Rodolphus’ study. He tried to open the door, but it was locked. Frustrated, he started peaking in doors again until he came to the library. He went in and looked around, but he obviously didn’t find what he wanted because he was soon looking around again.

They continued tracking him until he found the large receiving room next to the grand ballroom on the ground floor. His face lit up brightly when he eyed the fireplace. The men shared a slightly curious and nervous look. Surely, Harrison knew the dangers of floo travel, and he wouldn’t try it alone unsupervised in his current state. Both men drew their wands, ready to intervene should the tyke run into trouble. He went straight up to the floo, and he looked around. The floo powder was on top of the mantle, and it was too far away for him to reach. Rodolphus released a breath knowing that Harrison couldn’t actually do anything. He applied a sticking charm to make the lid stick to the pot so Harrison wouldn’t be able to open it.

Harrison stood in front of the floo and thought about his options: climb up and get the floo powder, try to make the floo work without it, or find an adult. He decided to try and get the floo powder. He was successful in stacking various furniture and things to get the pot, but then he couldn’t get the lid off. Next, he stared at the fireplace. He wondered if there was enough floo powder leftover from
previous calls and travelling that it might just work without new powder. He decided to try it. His only other option was to go wake up an adult. He didn’t want to bother anyone after Aunt Bellatrix fussed at him. He also wasn’t sure an adult would approve his plan to contact Charlie. He only had a few days of his semester left, and he was supposed to be studying. He would be back home with them soon.

He stood in front of the floor and concentrated on his oldest brother. He scrunched up his face and thought very hard. He realized that he didn’t know where exactly Charlie was, so he just thought about Charlie himself. The floor flicked a small amount of green, and then Harrison disappeared!

Rodolphus and Regulus were watching him in fascination as he tried to work the floo without speaking or floo powder. They were startled when the floor flared green, but they both screamed when he disappeared. That little flare wasn’t enough to transport someone, and he never stepped into the floo. He had just dissaparated to Merlin only knows where. His 3 year old nephew was alone in just his pajamas and pull-up.

He came to his senses quickly, and he cast detection and locator charms, but there was no sign of the boy. Resigned, he spoke to Regulus gravely, “Go wake up Trixie and your brother. I will awake Lucius and Severus. Let’s meet back here in 5 minutes.”

Meanwhile at the Dragon Preserve, it was already noon. Charlie was sitting down to lunch with his coworkers and classmates when a toddler suddenly appeared. The child crashed into the floor and immediately puked. After he was done retching, he sobbed. No one had moved to check on the child yet because they were all so stunned. Finally, one of the woman dragon tamers stepped forward and cleaned up the child with her wand. She lifted him up and set him on her hip. She was taking him back to her seat so that she could make sure he was alright when he suddenly crying out a name, “Charlie! Charlie, help me!”

She tried to soothe him, and every head turned to face Charlie Malfoy. The 20yr old red head quirked a brow and tilted his head as he tried to figure out who the child was. Without thinking, he stood and went to the woman holding the child. He comforted the sobbing scared toddler, “It’s alright, little guy. Uhh, I’m right here.”

At the sound of his voice, Harrison launched himself around Charlie’s neck and held on for dear life. Charlie didn’t sense any danger, and his presence clearly helped to calm the distraught child, so he slowly walked back and forth as the child calmed down. He would figure out his identity when the boy was calmer. Charlie was used to comforting children, as it was a skill quickly acquired when you grew up with five younger siblings. He ignored the catcalls and cooing from the other dragon tamers and classmates.

After about 15 minutes, the boy had cried himself to sleep in Charlie’s neck. The large feat of magic had worn him out. Sensing that he was asleep, Charlie carried him back to his seat. He debated waking the boy immediately or letting him have a short nap. He allowed the boy to sleep on him while he slowly and carefully finished his lunch. He cast a sound dampening charm around himself so that the boisterous activity wouldn’t bother the boy while he napped.

About 45 minutes later, the lunch hour was coming to an end. Charlie gently eased the boy from his neck and he propped him up on the table so that he could study his face. He had his face scrunched up as if in protest of the loss of contact, and his right thumb was securely in his mouth. The platinum blond crazy hair reminded him of Harrison, but this couldn’t be him. He coaxed the boy awake gently, and he gasped when beautiful emerald eyes stared sleepily back at him. He gently pushed back the boy’s fringe, and he saw the lightning bolt scar. He sighed, and he couldn’t help but wonder
what trouble his new little brother was in now. And he thought the twins were trouble makers! He immediately hoped that they weren’t involved with this.


The boy smile proudly and answered, “They’re sleeping. I wanted to see you, so I tried to floo here. I think I appated though.”

Charlie wanted to smile at the mispronunciation of apparate, but he was worried about his brother. He fuzzed, “Harrison Sirius Malfoy!...”

At the name, many of the other people in the room gasped and started whispering. “That’s Harry Potter!” “That’s the boy who lived!” “Why is he a baby?” “Why is he alone?” “He’s so cute, no wonder You Know Who couldn’t kill him.”

Charlie ignored everyone around him and continued scolding. Luckily, this was another skill that he learned from having so many younger siblings. He scolded, “…That was very naughty! Don’t you know how dangerous that is? You should have waited to call me when an adult was present!”

At that rebuke, Harrison’s tears started anew, “Didn’t you want to see me, Charlie?”

Charlie softened minutely, “Of course I wanted to see my baby brother, but you went about it the wrong way. I have half a mind to put you over my knee right now. Flooing unsupervised without permission! You didn’t know where I was or if it was safe to floo here!”

Harrison’s eyes went big, and she whimpered, “Charlie! You can’t spank me!”

In response, Charlie just laughed, “Why not? I’m an alpha, and I’m your big brother now. I’d say those things give me plenty of authority over you, whether you’re miniaturized or full-sized. You think I’ve never taken Ron or Ginny to task?”

Harrison was speechless, so Charlie picked him up and continued talking, “Come on. Let’s go to the main office to floo mom and dad. I’m sure they’ve realized you’re missing by now. Honestly, Harrison, how could you put them through this again? You just got back from being kidnapped! One of these days, your luck is going to run out.”

The boy was crying and apologizing now, “I’m s-s-sorry, Ch-Charlie! I-I wasn’t thinking. I j-j-just w-wanted to s-seeee y-youuuuuu. Drusilla had Regulus, and I wanted you.”

Now Charlie was very confused. Drusilla? What did Regulus have to do with anything? He took pity on the sobbing boy again, “I know, buddy. It’s ok. Mom and Dad will handle this. I didn’t mean anything. If one day your luck does run out, then you’ll have a bunch of family members there to look after you. Dad, Draco, Me, Uncle Rodolphus, the Twins, Regulus, Regulus Jr, and even Aunt Bellatrix would do anything for you. Not to mention, your Alpha is one of the scariest Wizards of all time. Professor Snape would kill anyone standing in his way to get you back.”

Harrison only seemed to cry harder. He thought about how his life used to be: lonely, hated, an unwanted freak stuck in a cupboard. He compared that life to his current life: loved, accepted, spoiled, cherished, etc. He was ashamed that he was so selfish and careless this morning.

Charlie rocked and swayed as he walked, “Hush now, baby brother. It’s obvious your current age has some manipulation on your behavior. Children aren’t known for making the brightest decisions. I’m sure no one will be angry with you. They will all be relieved that you are back safe and sound.”
As they walked into the main office, he was much calmer. Charlie was smirking that he was nearly asleep again. He had forgotten how much work toddler’s could be. Their emotions were so delicate at that age, and they overtired so easily which caused havoc on their already fragile emotions.

Charlie told his supervisors what happened, and he got permission to be gone until dinner. He threw the floo powder in, and then he stepped into his parent’s chamber at Hogwarts. It was eerily quiet, so he figured they might all be out searching for Harrison. He exited the chambers, and then he made his way to Professor Snape’s chambers, then the Black’s chambers, and finally up to the headmaster suite.

Professor Dumbledore answered the door. He welcomed Charlie and a sleeping Harrison into his chambers with a confused expression, and Charlie immediately explained his odd morning. Dumbledore’s eye twinkled like a proud grandfather at hearing about Harrison’s apparition, but Minerva was quick to remind him how foolish and dangerous an act like that was. Albus just waved off her concern, “Nonsense, Minerva. Children will after all be children. That was a fantastic bit of uncontrolled magic, and it speaks to the power Harrison has within him. He will be a wonderful wizard, and he is in the unique position to prove to the general wizarding public that while submissives have different personalities and needs, they are not weak or helpless creatures.”

Minerva just pressed her lips together and ‘hmnnmmphed’ at him while nodding her heads towards the fireplace to remind him to contact the family. He smiled innocently at her and strode to the fireplace. He called Lestrange Manor, and Remus was the one to come to the floo, “Albus, thank goodness! This place is a madhouse. Can you come through at once? Harrison disappeared this morning!”

Albus frowned at seeing the normally even-tempered man so frazzled, and he nodded and answered, “Of course, Remus. All is well. Young Harrison is currently with me, and I will bring him and Charlie through with me.”

Remus breathed a sigh of relief and stepped back as Abus, Minerva, Charlie and Harrison stepped through. The house was chaos. All of the adults were sitting in the family room while Rodolphus and Regulus went over the story again and again searching for clues. Narcissa and Bellatrix were sitting off to the corner of the room with all of the children, and they both had sad faces with red puffy eyes. Narcissa was holding a protesting Draco in her lap, while Bellatrix was holding Drusilla tight to her bosom. Sirius was sitting in the loveseat with Regulus Jr in his lap. Remus went back to his position next to his husband and son. Lucius was coming up with plans and back-up plans to find Harrison with Regulus and Rodolphus.

Albus was nearly heartbroken when he saw Severus on the couch with his twins. Fred and George were practically restraining him while consoling him and trying to get him to think through a plan before going off half-cocked. He could see the desperation and sadness coming off of all of them. Severus didn’t want to lose the mate he had waited his entire life for, and the twins didn’t want to lose the father they had just gotten.

Everyone was so caught up in their grief and planning, that they didn’t notice the newcomers immediately. Severus was the first to respond. He smelled his mate’s grief and tears. He growled and ran to Harrison. He took the little boy away from Charlie, and he carried him back to the couch to be with him and his sons.

The almost feral growl from Severus snapped the other veela out of their own clouds, and they all looked to see Harrison with Severus and the twins. He was scenting all of them and marking them as his. Lucius, being the only other person that would be safe around Severus right now, approached slowly. He sent calming pheromones to his younger brother and made eye contact asking if he could
Severus obviously didn’t perceive Lucius as a threat, so he continued slowly. He joined his brother, his nephews, and his baby on the couch, and he scented them all as well. Severus didn’t especially like that, but he didn’t argue either. Lucius was asserting his authority and reminding Severus that he was part of a larger pack. No one moved except for the people on the couch for about 5 more minutes. Slowly, Severus came back to his senses. He looked up to Lucius and apologized and submitted with his eyes.

The older veela nodded his head in acceptance and forgiveness, but then he nudged Severus in the direction of Rodolphus. Severus stared wide-eyed at Lucius. He knew what his big brother wanted him to do, but he wasn’t sure if he would be able to do it. He wasn’t sure if he trusted Rodolphus enough to submit to him as the supreme alpha of their pack. He begged Lucius with his eyes not to make him do it, but Lucius was firm. He just raised an eyebrow and nodded towards Rodolphus again.

Rodolphus was floored as well. For his part, he just stood there watching the interactions between the brothers. It was clear that Severus truly respected and trusted Lucius. He didn’t realize that Lucius placed that much trust in himself, to trust him with his little brother. Rodolphus watched on patiently, waiting for Severus to make a decision. If he rebuked Lucius publically, there would be consequences, but if he submitted to Rodolphus, then he would forever remain under his care. Once he claimed fealty to an older alpha, it couldn’t be taken away. All three alpha veela knew how serious this situation was. Lucius was asking Severus to choose. Be a part of this family in whole, or just be a part of mine.

Even in this situation, Severus was looking to Lucius for advice or permission. Rodolphus wanted that. He wanted the younger alpha to look to him for that guidance. He and Lucius had a similar relationship, but it wasn’t nearly as close as Severus and Lucius. The tension was building in the room. Rodolphus watched on as Severus silently pleaded with Lucius not to make him submit. Lucius just raised an eyebrow towards Severus and gave him a pointed look.

In resignation, Severus stood, notioned the twins to follow him, and secured his hold on Harrison. Rodolphus waited with bated breath. He watched as Severus knelt before him and bared his neck. Severus was still holding Harrison tight to his chest, and his twins were standing behind him with matching confused expressions. They didn’t know nearly enough about Veela considering the family they were now in. Lucius quickly went and explained the gravity of the situation to them, and they nodded and then fell in line on either side of their father.

Rodolphus nodded thankfully to Lucius and stepped forward to embrace all of the Princes in a large group hug. He bit down on Severus’ neck to claim him as part of his family, and then he continued to scent the group before him. He felt Severus’ tension slowly drain from his body, and he spoke sincerely to the younger alpha, “Severus, you are now my younger brother as Lucius is my younger brother. I look forward to building a strong relationship with you and your family. Please endure my overbearing protectiveness as my veela gets used to having new pack members to care for. Also note that I am not nearly as lenient as Lucius when it comes to disrespect and obedience.”

Severus gave him a nod with slightly fearful eyes, and he laughed, “Have no fear, as the baby brother, you will be held to the rules less strictly than Lucius.”

Severus blushed at being called the baby brother, but he nodded his acceptance. After Rodolphus was done scenting them, he released them. Narcissa ran up and embraced Harrison as she scolded, “Don’t ever do that again, young man! Rodolphus told us what happened. Playing with the floo network! The floo is not a toy! If I ever catch you doing that again, I will spank you every night for a
While she was scolding him, Rodolphus, Lucius, and Severus were discussing who was going to punish him. Severus didn’t want to be the one to punish him, and he thought Rodolphus should do it since he is the supreme alpha and Harrison was trying to fool him earlier. Lucius agreed. He opted to stay behind and catch Charlie up on the family changes since last night. Charlie didn’t know about all of the children being de-aged or about Drusilla yet.

Rodolphus took a contrite Harrison from Narcissa and carried him out of the room to the nursery. As he was heading up the stairs, he heard Draco yell, “Charlie!”

He was glad he didn’t have to explain to Charlie why no one had told him immediately what had happened to Draco. Lucius had decided to allow Charlie to focus on his studies for the last week before worrying him needlessly. As Charlie was not currently officially under Rodolphus’ command, he couldn’t do anything about it.

Rodolphus sat on Harrison’s bed, and he turned the little veela so that he was facing him in his lap. He leveled a stern look at the child while he lectured, “Harrison, I am saddened that you would try to use the floo without permission and unsupervised. I know that you know by now that it was wrong, but you must be punished. We all love you too much to allow such poor behavior to pass. Do you understand, little one?”

Harrison nodded miserably and responded, “Yes, uncle. I’m very sorry. I won’t do it again.”

Then he tipped the child over his left knee and secured his legs with his right leg to make sure flailing legs wouldn’t kick him. He divested the tiny boy of his trousers and underwear, and he commenced the spanking. It didn’t take long for the toddler to start crying, and it took everything in him not to end the spanking immediately. He turned the little bottom before him a dark pink, and then he added a few slaps to the sit spots. Then he stopped. He replaced the boy’s clothes and perched him on his knee. He held him tight and rocked him back and forth until the cries stopped.

When the boy was quiet, Rodolphus tilted his head up and teased, “We need to work on your acting. Your fake sleep this morning was terrible. We all knew you were planning something, so Regulus and I followed you. I spelled the floo jar’s lid shut. I was just about to scold you for doing something so foolish when you suddenly disappeared. It scared the life out of me, child. We immediately woke everyone up and started thinking of ways to get you back. Let’s try to just enjoy the rest of the weekend together, alright? No more shenanigans. My old heart can’t take it.”

Harrison promised and responded, “You’re not old, Uncle Rod. Grandpa is old.”

Rodolphus laughed with him as they headed down the stairs to the rest of the family. By now, it was nearly lunch time. He ordered the elves to make a large brunch, and he watched over his family while cuddling his nephew. His wife was playing quietly with Narcissa, Drusilla, Luna, and Regulus. Lucius had the twins in a private conversation on one side of the room, and Remus, Sirius, and Charlie had Draco and Reggie on the other side of the room teaching them about metamorphagus and animagus. He leant back in his seat and enjoyed his current place in life.
Charlie was frustrated with his father for not updating him about the major changes in the family, but he understood why he made that decision. He decided to let the matter go since they knew the children would age back 1 year per week, and they were all otherwise healthy. He was also very happy for Hermione/Drusilla and the Lestranges. He watched on as Remus and Sirius talked to Draco and Reggie about animagus and metamorphagus. Since they were both of Black ancestry, it was likely that they could have those natural traits.

Sirius had just transformed into Padfoot to demonstrate to the kids. Draco sat quietly and listened to Remus explain, but Reggie was not paying attention. He had a serious look of concentration on his face before he suddenly transformed into a miniature puppy version of Padfoot. Remus and Padfoot stared at the puppy for a few seconds before all hell broke loose. They were both embracing the little black puppy, and he was yipping happily. Remus conjured a mirror so that Reggie could admire himself. He looked between himself and Padfoot scanning for differences. He was an exact miniaturized replica except his eyes were more blue while Padfoots were more silver to match their human eye colors.

Regulus looked across from where he was playing dollhouses with the girls and saw his brother in his animagus form and the puppy. He smiled to himself, and he transformed into a canine as well. He wasn't a grim like his brother, but he was black wolf. He approached slowly so as not to scare the pup, and he walked up to Padfoot first.

When Padfoot looked towards the wolf, he rolled over onto his back and showed his belly in a classic submissive stance. Padfoot eagerly embraced the wolf and licked at his face. The three dogs rough housed and tumbled for a while until Padfoot got tired. He transformed back to Sirius, and then he sat on the couch with Remus to watch while his brother and son played together. He noted the sizes of the two forms, and he wondered why Reg's wolf was so small. He was just slightly bigger than Reggie's puppy.

Author's Note: I'm going to give werewolves the ability to shift into their wolf on demand like an animagus. I just want Remus to be able to play with his family.

Draco pouted while he watched the dogs play. He wanted to shift too, but he didn't know how. Reggie was younger than him. It wasn't fair. After watching the dogs play for a while, he stormed away to find his mother. She would give him attention. Remus rolled his eyes at the obvious jealousy in the de-aged Malfoy brat.

Sirius nudged Remus and nodded his head, "Go play with the pups."

Remus shook his head at Sirius, "Regulus is hardly a puppy. I doubt your brother would appreciated being sorted with the children."

Sirius smiled and shrugged his shoulders, "Eh. I don't know. Reg has always been a little needy. He
just wants acceptance. I think he'd take it any way he could get it. Besides, with the size of his wolf, and the way he's acting, he's definitely a cub!"

Remus nodded his acceptance and followed Sirius shifted into Moony. The wolf was huge, and it dwarfed both pups and Padfoot. He walked slowly up to his son and plopped down on his haunches so as not to intimidate him. The last time Reggie saw Moony was the night of the shrieking shack incident from his 3rd year.

The pups stopped playing as Moony approached, and little Padfoot yelped and hid behind the wolf cub. Regulus looked fearful up at Moony and resisted rolling onto his back. He needed to protect the pup behind him. He whined at Padfoot, but Padfoot just rubbed his head onto Mooney and licked his muzzle. Neither the pup or the cub moved, both frozen to the core. Moony sat there patientely waiting on either of the younger canines to make a move. Finally, Padfoot went over to them and picked up his son by his scruff and carried him over to Moony. He dropped the puppy off at Moony's feet, and then he watched as Moony calmly scented and rubbed his face on him.

Sensing that Reg's cub was still nervous, he was about to go embrace him when another black wolf suddenly appeared. Padfoot breathed deep to figure out who this wolf was, and it suddenly all made sense. Regulus's wolf was a cub because Rodolphus was his alpha. Padfoot saw that his brother was tended to, so he focused on Moony and their pup.

Regulus's cub was an exact replica of Rodolphus' wolf much like Padfoot and his pup. The owner difference was the eye color. Regulus had the same color eyes as Sirius (gray blue), and Rodolphus had brown eyes. He cuddled with his family, but he kept watch over Regulus and Rodolphus as well. Much like he and Moony were scenting and cuddling with their pup, Rodolphus was nuzzling and playing with Regulus. It made Padfoot very happy to see.

Padfoot and Moony were playing with their pup. He hadn't looked over at Regulus and Rodolphus for a few minutes, so he was very surprised when he saw Bellatrix's black panther nuzzling both wolves and playing. He had never really been close with Bellatrix after he was sorted into Gryffindor, but he couldn't deny that she doted on Regulus.

An elf suddenly popped into the room to alert them that brunch was ready. All of the animals transformed back into their human counterparts, and Rodolphus led them into the dining room.

As expected, Rodolphus took the head of the table, but he stopped Lucius from taking the seat to his immediate right. He motioned for Lucius to take the other head of the table with his family, while he beckoned Regulus to sit to his right where his heir or second in command should sit. This was noticed by all of the adults present, and Regulus blushed in response. Lucius took up the other end of the table, and Charlie sat to his right. Narcissa sat to his left, and Bellatrix sat to Rodolphus' left. The rest filled in the other seats. Lucius and Rodolphus shared a nod of understanding, and the brunch commenced.

Harrison was passed around the table, and the adults shared the responsibilities/joys of feeding him. He didn't remind them that he knew how to feed himself. He just soaked up the attention.

That afternoon all of the animagi, except Rodolphus and Bellatrix, played hide and seek for hours while Lucius, the twins, and Narcissa watched the rest of the children. They brought all of the children into his and Narcissa's room to lay them down for a nap together. Draco insisted that 8 year olds didn't need naps, and Lucius didn't bother to argue with him. He just sent Draco with the twins while he calmed the Drusilla and Harrison down. When they were finally asleep, he left them alone and went to find Draco and the twins in the library. The twins were reading him a book about dragons, and he was fighting sleep. He shifted into his own animagus form, a white tiger, and joined the other animagi in their fun. Narcissa was the only adult that had never been able to shift.
Rodolphus and Bellatrix were currently in his study. He had the doors locked and warded so that they wouldn't be disturbed. They wanted to talk about Regulus and his needs. Rodolphus started, "Dear Trix, what do you think about Regulus and his current mental state?"

She didn't need to ponder that question for long, "I think he is immature and self-conscious. I think he was forced to be adult even as a child, and now that he's an adult he wishes he could be a child. I think he needs more love and affection than your average adult, much less man."

Rodolphus nodded in approval, but he didn't say anything. She stared at his peculiar expression and asked, "What are you thinking, Rod?"

Rodolphus ignored the question and asked his own, "Did you notice his wolf form?"

Bellatrix rolled her eyes, "You would have had to been blind to miss it. It's clear that he respects you greatly by the way he emulates you."

He smiled back at his wife, "Don't be jealous, Trixie. He adores you as well. You practically raised him as it is. Would it be so bad if we took him in?"

She stared at her husband, confused, "Rodolphus, he is 25 years old. He's too old to be adopted, and I hardly think he wants to play happy homes with us."

He retorted, "But you just said that you think he is childish. You saw him last night as we tucked in Drusilla. He wants that for himself. Did he receive that growing that?"

She snorted, "Ha! From Aunt Walburga?! That woman was about as loving and cuddly as a dementor. No, he never received bed time stories or had the luxury to be tucked in. He was a Black Wizard, and he was supposed to be strong. After Sirius was practically disowned, they put even more pressure on poor Reg to be perfect. He has always been trying to gain acceptance. Azkaban seems to have knocked down his shields. He is certainly childlike."

Rodolphus sighed sadly, "Can you blame him? He was a child only a few years older than Drusilla should be when he was imprisoned. It's a miracle we are all still sane. He has spent his entire adult life behind bars pretending to be someone else, and we have been his only constants. I want to try something with him. I want to adopt him."

Bellatrix looked at him like he was crazy, "Rod, he's 25! He can't be adopted. We can support him and nurture him, but the ministry wouldn't allow it."

He looked at her with the most serious face and said, "So let's de-age him."

Bellatrix pondered that for a moment and then spoke, "They do act exceptionally close already. Ok. This might just work. When do we start?"
Rodolphus beamed and grabbed his wife into a hard hug, "Immediately!"

After the children's nap, the family decided to take an outing to Diagon Alley to purchase appropriate clothes and toys, etc for the children. The men and women split up. The women took the children except for Reggie. He stayed with his parents. Draco complained of how unfair it was that Reggie was younger but he got to go with the men while Draco had to go with the babies. Narcissa was tired of his poor attitude so she swatted him twice as a warning to behave. Regulus felt bad for the kid, so he volunteered to go with the women and children as well. Then he put Drusilla onto his back and stood very near to Bellatrix.

Rodolphus watched Regulus' body language. He looked very nervous, almost scared. He told the men to go on ahead without him, and then he took Regulus to the side.

"Are you ok, Reg?"

In response, Regulus just shrugged his shoulders. This made Rodolphus frown, "Come on, kid. You know I like verbal answers by now. What's wrong? I can tell something's wrong, so don't lie to me. You won't like the consequences."

Regulus looked around nervously, and then whispered to Rodolphus, "This is the first time I've been in public since being pardoned. I'm nervous. People are staring at us. How can you be so calm? I'm worried they are going to retaliate or something."

Rodolphus wrapped him a tight hug and reassured him, "Regulus, you are with me and Trixie. There's nothing to worry about. We won't let anything happen to you. Would you feel better if I stayed with you and the women today?"

Regulus looked down, embarrassed, but shook his head.

Rodolphus frowned again and warned, "What did I say about lying, young man?"

This made Regulus' head pop up, and he turned to shield his behind away from Rodolphus. The man just smirked at him, "As if that would stop me from walloping you good if I thought you deserved it. Nah, kid. I'll let that be your final freebie. Now let's go catch up with the girls so we can get out of here."

He sent a house elf to tell the men that he wouldn't be meeting up with them, and then he continued on his way with his arm round Regulus.

They stopped at Madam Malkin's first, and they were all fitted for a new wardrobe. Narcissa was sure to make sure the children's clothes had growing charms as they would be growing rapidly over the next few weeks.

Regulus technically didn't have a cent to his name. His brother took over the Black vaults, and he was just released from prison. He had never had a job. As everyone was being fitted and measured, he stood off to the side, ashamed. Rodolphus and Bellatrix noticed his awkward body language, and they went to talk to him.

Bellatrix opened, "Reg, baby, is there a reason you are sulking in the corner and not being measured for a new wardrobe like the rest of us?"

Regulus blushed and nodded his head. Rodolphus rolled his eyes and gave him a quick swat, "You're on thin ice, young man. I've already spoken to you once about verbal responses. Now, answer Trixie!"
If possible, Regulus blushed even more and quickly looked around him to see if anyone had noticed Rodolphus spanking him in public. Rodolphus just chuckled, "Don't worry about them, lad. You better worry about me if you don't answer Bellatrix. Times may be changing in regards to family values and discipline, but there are still many traditionalists like myself who wouldn't bat an eye at my disciplining you in public. Catch my drift?"

Regulus nodded his head furiously, "Yes, sir. I'm sorry. I'll do better."

Then he took a deep breath and mumbled his reason for not being fitted, "I'm not getting measured right now because I don't have any money. Sirius is Lord Black, and he named Junior his heir, so I don't even have access to the heir vault anymore. I've never had a job before, so I don't have any savings."

Rodolphus was silent, but Bellatrix answered, "Baby, we know you don't have any money. We want to provide you with what you need, everything you need. We've been taking care of you for years now, and I always took care of you before Azkaban. What's different this time?"

Regulus looked down as a single tear trailed down his cheek, and he mumbled, "I'm an adult now. I shouldn't have to be looked after. I should be able to take care of myself."

Rodolphus wrapped an arm around him and answered, "Nonsense, kiddo. You're practically my heir at this point. You've got the full financial support of the Lestrange Vaults."

Regulus looked down and mumbled, "But I'm not your heir. You have your heir back now. You don't have to keep bothering with me. I'll just go ask Sirius if I can stay at Grimmauld Place."

Bellatrix gasped at his response, and she tried to hide her raw emotions. Rodolphus grabbed his chin and forced him to look in his eyes, "Now listen hear, young man. We are not 'bothering with you' or simply tolerating you. We are supporting you because we love you. Merlin! I am your father, and you will not talk so poorly of yourself in my presence."

Bellatrix smiled at her husband's blunder, and Regulus stared at him slack-jawed. Rodolphus didn't realize his mistake, and he didn't understand why Regulus was so shocked.

"What? Why are you staring at me like that? Has no one ever told you they loved you before? He asked.

Regulus came out of his own shock and wrapped his arms around Rodolphus. In that moment, he had a decision to make: ignore the father comment and continue as they have been, or embrace the change like he actually wanted to. Before he lost the nerve, he spoke, "My parents never said they loved me. You're the only real father I've ever known. Thanks, Dad."

Bellatrix was surreptitiously wiping the tears from her face. Damn them for making her show emotion in public. Rodolphus was now just as shocked as Regulus. He pulled his wife into the embrace, and they held each other a little longer than was socially acceptable. When they pulled apart, they were all a little misty-eyed.

Rodolphus spoke to Bellatrix, "Excuse us, my dear. There is something I need to do with our son."

Regulus blushed again, and Bellatrix smiled at the pair and beckoned them on. Rodolphus led Regulus out of Madam Malkin's and down to Gringott's. They ignored the strange stares they received, and they walked up to the head teller. Rodolphus greeted him, "Good afternoon, Ricbert. I'd like to formally change my heir."

The Goblin didn't acknowledge the wizards right away. He continued writing for a few more
seconds before he set his quill down and addressed them, "Very well, Lord Lestrange. Please follow me to the appropriate office."

He lead them into the bank to Hiknol, the Goblin in charge of the Lestrange account. As they were approaching the office, Bill Weasley happened to be walking by. Bill stopped and spoke with them for a moment, "Hello, Regulus, Lord Lestrange. How are you today?"

Bill smiled sweetly at Regulus as one did to a younger child, and Regulus blushed. Rodolphus didn't miss the interaction, and he filed that away to ask his son later. Their conversation was friendly and brief, and Bill ended it with a strong hug for Regulus and a firm handshake for Rodolphus.

Regulus was once again blushing, and Rodolphus enjoyed the beautiful blush on his son's face. If that interaction was anything to go by, he would need to investigate into the eldest Weasley a little more. This didn't concern him too much based on his dealings with the younger ex-Weasley's in his family. They were good kids. Bill obviously was an upstanding wizard if the Goblins trusted him in their bank.

Hiknol was as friendly as he ever was, which is not at all. He greeted them gruffly, "State your business. I am a busy goblin after all."

Rodolphus just smiled at him, "Yes, of course. I'd like to make Regulus my heir, equal with my daughter Drusilla. They can decide at a later time who will be the head of the house. I'd also like to make a separate account for whichever doesn't become the head of the family so that they will always have financial freedom."

Hiknol eyed the two wizards and answered, "Very well. Have a seat. Let's discuss this quickly. I see no direct relations between you and Mr. Black, so you cannot name him your heir when there is someone more suitable."

Rodolphus frowned, "My wife and I plan to blood adopt him."

Regulus gasped and stared at Rodolphus. In response, Rodolphus squeezed Regulus' knee and smiled at him in support.

The Goblin didn't even blink before he responded in a droll tone, "Fine. He will have to be de-aged first. Do you have an age in mind?"

Now it was Rodolphus' turn to gape. He stared at the goblin, confused, so the goblin repeated his question, "Age?"

Rodolphus shook his head to clear his mind and asked, "Are you capable of de-aging him? We were going to ask people to help us find a way, but you can do it now?"

The Goblin gave a big-toothed grin, "For a fee of course. Shall we proceed?"

Rodolphus asked the Goblin to give him a moment, and he turned to face Regulus. The young man looked so much younger than his 25 years, and he had such a hopeful look on his face. He addressed him, "Reg, son, this is all going a lot faster than Bella and I expected, but this is what he want. Is this what you want?"

Regulus numbly nodded his head to confirm, and Rodolphus gave a warning growl, "Now more than ever, I need a verbal response."

Regulus gulped, "Yes, sir. Please, I want this more than anything. Do you think Sirius will be mad at me?"
Rodolphus embraced him, "No. I don't think he will be mad at you. If he truly wants the best for you, then he will be pleased with this turn of events. We just need to get your mother here."

Before he finished that sentence, Bellatrix was popped into the room half-dressed. She had apparently been in the middle of trying on an outfit when a rude little goblin whisked her away. Regulus blushed and looked away to give her a little privacy while Rodolphus transfigured her attire. She leveled a glare at Hiknol, and she demanded an explanation.

When the goblin was done, she turned to Reg and held him in tight hug. They followed the goblins deeper into the bank to the ritual room. Regulus was nervous, and he didn't hesitate to hold both of his parent's hands. He was about to be de-aged anyway. He asked in a nervous voice, "What am I going to be de-aged to?"

Rodolphus answered him, "I was thinking we would make you and Drusilla twins. Is that acceptable to you?"

He nodded his head, and he remembered immediately to answer, "Yes, sir. I would like that. Will I be 5 years old too, or will I just de-age to 14 and wait for sissy to catch up?"

Bellatrix smiled at his moniker for Drusilla, and she asked the Goblin if he could age the same as the other children. He gave her a look that clearly said he thought she was stupid if she had to ask whether the goblins were capable of such simple magic.

In the end, the let him choose. The goblins took him alone into the ceremony room, and they made the anxious parents wait outside in the hallway. An hour later, they were pleasantly surprised when a 5 year boy with black ringlets ran out to them. Rodolphus lifted the boy easily and swung him around.

The blood adoption ritual would take place in a different room in the bank. When the little family arrived the location, they were happy to see that their entire family, including Albus and Minerva, were awaiting their presence. Albus twinkled at the adorable boy, and Minerva and Cissa cooed at him. He blushed and hid his face in Rodolphus' neck. The man couldn't help but hope that his son would still blush as beautifully as he did now when he was a Lestrange.

When Rodolphus set Regulus down, Sirius walked over and knelt in front of him, "Reggie, baby brother? It's surreal seeing you like this."

Regulus stared at his feet to avoid eye contact with his big brother. He asked hesitantly, "Are you mad at me, Siri?"

Sirius' face was anguished as he tilted his little brother's head up to make eye contact and responded, "No, baby. I'm so sorry. I never should have left you with our parents. I was so selfish, but I was your big brother. I should have protected you from them. Can you ever forgive me? I'm happy for you. Rodolphus and Trixie are going to take proper care of you. We'll still be related with Black blood, but you're going to be a Lestrange now. I don't care what our blood relations are, you will always be my baby brother. I won't make the same mistake twice."

Regulus threw his arms around Sirius, and the brothers embraced each other willingly for the first time in many, many years.

The Goblin interrupted the touching family moment, and pushed them all into positions. Regulus decided to change his name so that it wouldn't be so confusing with him and his cousin Regulus in the same year at school. He figured his initials right now were RAB, and his adoptive father had a brother named Rabastan, so he would just take his adopted uncle's name. His new name was:
Rabastan Arcturus Lestrange.

As it turns out, the goblins do blood adoptions a little differently. There was no pain or blinding light as the child transformed. The family was able to watch the transformation slowly. It was strange to watch as his features melded into the perfect combination of his new parents. They stood the twins, which is exactly what they were now, next to each other. He and Drusilla were nearly identical in every way except for their hair. He inherited Bellatrix's hair color, but he retained the sleek softer curls from his father. Dru had her mother's hair, black wild, and curly. Bellatrix huffed that he also looked so similar to Rodolphus. She was hoping that one of them would look more like her. The twins had stunning eyes. The were black on the outside that faded to the lightest brown just near the pupil.

The twins giggled and hugged each other, and their parents soon joined them. Rodolphus lifted Dru, and Bellatrix lifted Rabastan, and the family left the bank. The crows parted to make way for the family, and ended up back at Madam Malkin's to get a new wardrobe for their new baby boy. He was a shy thing, and he hid in his mother's neck until she set him down. He tried to hide behind her, but Madam Malkin was used to dealing with children. She promised him that the sooner he was cooperative, the sooner he would be able to go back to his mother, and she promised him a sweet if he was good. Rabastan thought back to when he was little the first time. The memories were really foggy, but he didn't remember every being offered a sweet for doing what he was supposed to do anyway. He decided to bravely step up onto the dais and allow her to get his measurements.

As promised, he was done in about five minutes, and madam malkin handed him a sugar quill. He ran back to his new mother and decided to roll with it, "Look, Mummy! Madam Malkin gave me a sweet because I was good!"

She smiled tenderly at him and picked him up, "Yes, baby. Now let Mummy and Daddy speak with Madam Malkin while you suck on that quietly."

The adults chose colors, styles, robes, etc, and the family was soon leaving the shop. Lucius had made dinner reservations on the alley, so he led his family to the restaurant. Charlie had to leave right after the blood adoption to get back to the reserve, so Draco was currently in a sour mood. Lucius was close to dealing with him right there, but Narcissa urged him to take a breather. Draco was clearly overtired, and he didn't have any cousins or competition for attention when he was 8 the first time.

Draco wanted to sit with the 'big boys' (Fred and George) at dinner, but Narcissa had insisted that he sit between her and Luna. Luna giggled at Draco's childish antics, and that seemed to make him even more upset.

This was the tipping point for Draco, and he lashed out verbally at Luna, "Don't make fun of me, you little submissive. You are beneath me."

The family was dumbstruck over his words, and Luna was immediately heartbroken. All light seemed to leave her little body, and she crumpled into herself and leaned away from Draco as she tried to hide her tears. Bellatrix was sitting on the other side of the little submissive, and she was shocked by her nephew's words. She had already had an emotional enough day. Everyone had seen her openly offering love and support to her children. Now this distraught submissive was practically in her lap crying.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes and mumbled "Merlin, help me" to herself before she pulled the petite girl completely into her lap started swaying slightly back and forth. No one else the table had moved from being dumbstruck by first Draco and then Bellatrix.
Lucius was just about to take his son to task when the doors to private room they were in burst open and an angry Charlie walked in. He took one look at his two more submissive mates, and he knew what had happened. Their bond had alerted him, and he made his way to them immediately. He leveled a dangerous glare at Draco, and then gently took Luna from Bellatrix's hold. Draco knew how much trouble he was in, and he refused to look Charlie in the face after the first scary glare.

The family all waited to see how Charlie would handle this. It would be his first time in his capacity as an alpha in his relationship to provide discipline. No one in the family knew that the jovial Charlie could even show the angry emotion he was currently displaying.

He calmly, but sternly called out to his other young mate, "Draconis, come to me, now."

Lucius was mildly impressed by Charlie in this situation. He looked to his wife and reminded himself how lucky he was that he never had to take her task. He looked at Severus and noticed him hug Harrison a little tighter to himself. No doubt, he was remembering the first time he took Harrison across his knee. Narcissa gently nudged Draco towards Charlie, and Draco slowly made his way over to his mates.

His head was bowed, and he whimpered a little with every step. Lucius was shocked again. He didn't know his son could even make that noise. He knew that Draco would be submissive to Charlie only, but he was currently making the submissive distress call. It rang out to all of the alpha's seated at the table, and it took a lot of restraint to not answer the call.

When Charlie was closer to Draco, he knelt down and tipped Draco's chin up to look him in the eye. He wiped the stray tears with the thumb of his free hand as he spoke, "Oh, Dragon. That tongue of yours will certainly be your downfall one day. You're lucky I'm up to the job. You've gone and mated yourself to a dragon tamer."
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

New update! Wooo! I'm off the rest of today and tomorrow, so I'm going to try and update again. I'm trying to get back into it, I swear!

Fair warning. This chapter is rough. Angst, full speed ahead. There's mush and comfort too. I'm not totally heartless. I'm trying to get back into the main plot of this story, really!

Draco was still making the submissive call, and he had big fat guilty tears running down his face. This was the first time Charlie had been mad at him, and he didn't like this feeling. He didn't know what to do with his childish emotions in his shrunken body. First he was jealous of Reggie with his transformation. Then his mother wouldn't let him go with the big boys while shopping. She even swatted him public! Then Luna was laughing at him. He had reached his breaking point, and he snapped at her.

He felt guilty about lashing out at her. They were still bonded despite their current ages. He was still her 2nd dominant mate. He didn’t even mean those stupid things that he had said, and he felt terrible for making her cry. He knew he was in trouble and deserved to be punished, but he couldn’t handle Charlie looking angry at him. His emotions were all over the place. He was tired (though he’d never admit it to the adults because he was a big boy), cranky, hungry, and awful feeling. He just wanted Charlie to pick him up and hold him tight. He wanted his alpha to take control and make everything better.

He was two seconds from a full blown meltdown when Harrison suddenly made his opinions known. Harrison was previously in Sev’s lap, but the man was so absorbed in watching the scene before him that he didn’t notice his own submissive trying to get down until it was too late. Harrison jumped between his older brothers and gave out to Charlie, “No! Bad, Charlie. Not nice to make Dray cry.”

Charlie tried to suppress his chuckle and take Harrison seriously so as not to offend his baby brother. He tried to reason that he wasn’t being mean and making Draco cry. He explained, “Draco’s upset and crying because he was naughty. He’s in trouble, and he’s about to be punished.”

Draco blushed at Charlie saying he was naughty like some child. He was clearly a big boy, and he didn’t appreciate that. He whined, “Chaaarrrliiiieeee!”

This explanation didn’t work for Harrison, and he continued to argue. Charlie took a deep breath and assessed his mates and his baby brother. He glanced briefly to Lucius for support, and his father gave him a solemn nod. He then pulled Harrison close to him and said, “Harrison Sirius, what did I tell you when you showed up at the Dragon Reserve alone? You need to listen to me because I have every right to punish you too if you don’t act right.”

He was interrupted from his lecture by two deep growls: one from Severus and one from Rodolphus. He ignored the growling, and he continued addressing Harrison, “Draco is very much in trouble for being mean to Luna. He is going to be punished no matter what you say. You have no right to interfere right now. You need to go back to either Severus or Daddy unless you want to be punished too. Do you understand me?”
Rodolphus growled again, and Severus made to stand up. Charlie seemed a little less sure of himself, but Lucius quickly stood and intercepted his little brother before he could reach his eldest son. He maintained a firm grip on Severus’s elbow as he led him away from Charlie and addressed his family at large, specifically the two upset alphas, “Rodolphus, it is your belief that every younger family member is answerable to their elders. This is no different. Harrison must obey Charlie. You cannot allow him to disrespect his brother. You may be soft on him because he’s the baby of the family, but he still has to abide by the family rules. Same to you, little brother. Harrison is your submissive, but Charlie is an elder alpha in our family. That gives him the right to punish fairly. You both need to come to terms with that.”

Rodolphus blushed slightly at being reprimanded, and he nodded his head in acquiescence. He knew he’d been beat, by his own rules no less.

Severus, on the other hand, didn’t relent. He jerked his arm from Lucius’s grasp, and he securely picked up Harrison. He glared at his older brother and growled out, “Harrison is my submissive. As his alpha, I should have the ultimate say over what happens to him.”

Severus then stormed out of the restaurant. Rodolphus was furious at his behavior. He made to follow his newest brother to address the poor behavior, but Lucius gently stopped him. He sighed sadly and his eyes moved to the direction of the Prince twins as he said, “Just let him go. He’s got a bad temper. He’ll need time to calm down, and there are more important things than correcting his behavior right now.”

Rodolphus followed Lucius’s gaze to the twins. The twins sat there speechless, for once. George couldn’t help but feel a little abandoned, but Fred was just mad. Their Dad had just stormed out of the restaurant and left them there without even a second thought. After the sting of rejection was still so new from their first family, this brought up those feelings anew.

George hunched down into himself and fought back tears. Sirius had always had a soft spot for the little pranksters. It didn’t change now that they were Snivellus’s sons. He circled the table and sat between them. He wrapped an arm around each twin, and they leaned in for comfort. George lost the battle with his tears and asked morosely, “What’s wrong with us, Uncle Siri? Why does everyone leave?”

Every heart at the table broke at George’s question. Sirius squeezed him as tight as he could and promised, “Oh, Georgie. It’s not you. It’s nothing you’ve done. Sniv-Severus just has a wicked temper when it comes to things he cares about. He didn’t abandon you. We may have had our differences in the past, but your father is very loyal to those he loves. You, Fred, and Harrison make the top of that list. I promise that he will realize his mistake and beg for forgiveness. He’s been alone a very long time, and he’s not used to being a father just yet. Give him a little more time.”

The other adults listened with baited breath as Sirius spoke to the twins. They almost stopped him when he started to call Severus by his hateful childhood nickname. They were all shocked by how the Grimm animagus actually stood up for Severus. Maybe fatherhood was changing his for the better.

While all of the family drama was happening, Remus took stock of all of the heavy emotions, tears, anger, etc and decided that their dinner was over. He discreetly paid the tab and asked if the restaurant had a floo that could transport them back home without going back into the public eye. The family was a sad state. Luna was back in Bellatrix’s lap, who was suspiciously wiping her eyes. Damn emotions. She was going soft! Draco was trying to melt into Charlie. Narcissa was silently, openly crying onto Lucius’s shoulder while holding onto Drusilla for comfort. Remus had been carrying Rabastan and Reggie around with him to distract them. He was paying attention to the
sitting at the table, and he was very proud of Sirius for his speech.

Remus carried the two 5yr old boys to Rodolphus and handed off Rabastan to his father as he told the supreme alpha of the family that the meal was paid up and they could use the restaurants floo to head home. Rodolphus then led his family to the floo and watched them all head back to Lestrange Manor.

George had whimpered at the loss of contact when Sirius tried to pull away to walk to the floo. Lucius had been watching his nephews closely, and he saw the trouble. Sirius was still recovering from Azkaban. It was hard enough to carry his 5 yr old son, nevermind a 16 yr old. He also didn’t have any Veela or werewolf genes for strength. Lucius calmly walked over and picked up George like he would have picked up the other children. He expected an argument from the teenager, but he just snuggled into the older man and held on tight. Lucius whispered, “It’s ok, Georgie. Uncle Luc will handle everything, Little Prince.”

George just nodded and gave a little squeeze in acquiescence. Lucius shared a quick meaningful glance with the other alpha’s in the family before he carried George through the floo.

Once they arrived at the Manor, the family split ways. Lucius had hoped to coach Charlie through his first punishment, but the bundle in his arms came first. He wished Charlie well and reminded him that he could ask for help if he needed it. Then he carried George and led Fred up to their room.

Rodolphus traded Rabastan to his wife for Luna, and then he sent Bellatrix, Narcissa, and his children off for privacy. He cast a quick tempus, and he saw that it was nearing 7PM. It wasn’t that late, but it had been a trying day, and the children were most likely drained. He hoped that Narcissa would lead Bellatrix through an appropriate night time routine: bath, brushing teeth, pajamas, story, etc.

He walked into the living room and sat down in the loveseat with Luna ready to supervise and provide assistance to Charlie if he needed it while dealing with Draco.

Charlie held Draco out and lifted his chin to make eye contact as he spoke, “Little Dragon, you were very rude to Luna today. Do you want to explain why?”

Draco just shook his head no.

Charlie chuckled, “Let me rephrase. Tell me what was going through your head that made you say such hurtful things to Luna.”

Draco flushed and sobbed, “I don’t know. I just had all of these emotions, and she was laughing at me. I wanted her to feel like I felt….bad. But as soon as I said it, I regretted it. I just felt worse. I made her cry, Ch-Charie!”

Charlie tutted and pulled him in again, “I know, Little Dragon. We are going to take care of that though. I want you to go stick your nose in the corner while Rodolphus and I speak with Luna. Then we will close this business for good, ok?”

Draco sniffled and wiped his nose, “Yes, sir.”

Charlie kissed his temple and then set him down. He steered him in the direction of the corner with a light swat to his bottom, and then he took a seat on the sofa next to Rodolphus and Luna. His submissive was no longer crying, but she was clingy and dried tear tracks were on her face. Rodolphus handed her over to Charlie but kept rubbing her back. They sat close together and comforted her together while Draco served his corner time.
8 minutes later, Luna was practically asleep, and Draco was seriously fading in the corner. He called to him, “Come on, Little Dragon.”

Draco turned from the corner, and he was a mess. His hair was mussed. His eyes were red. His face was splotchy, and he also had tear tracks dried on his cheeks. Charlie extended a hand to him. He shifted Luna so he could put each of his submissives on one of his knees. He wrapped his arms around them both and squeezed tightly. He kissed each of their foreheads, and then he addressed them, “You were both in the wrong today. Luna, you shouldn’t have laughed at Draco for acting his current age. That was uncalled for, especially since you know that he is already sensitive about that. Draco, you said some mean things to Luna, and I don’t ever want to hear those words from your mouth again. Now, it’s been a very long day, and we are all exhausted. I think we can let today’s incident go without much else.’’

With that, he stood up both of them, and he gave them each 3 mild swats. The punishment was over before they even realized what happened. He grabbed each of their hands, and he gently led them up the stairs to their room. He set them on the bed next to each other and had them make up while he got their night clothes ready.

He decided that he was going to take care of them completely tonight. He drew up a hot bubble bath, and then he led them into the bathroom. He put each of them into the tub. They were each blushing a bit, but it was a testament to how tired and contrite they were that neither one fussed about being undressed in front of the other. He bathed them, and then put them to bed.

The room was equipped with a single bed in one corner and a bunk bed in the other corner, but he wanted to sleep together tonight, so he enlarged the single bed. He tucked them in, and then he went to bathe himself quickly. When he exited the bathroom, two blondes were snuggled together as close as possible and sound asleep. He took a picture of them being adorable, and then he carefully separated them enough to squeeze himself between them. He kissed each of them on the temple/forehead before he succumbed to sleep.

Unbeknownst to him, their uncle Rodolphus had disillusioned himself and watched the entire scene. He wanted to be there for Charlie in case something happened. He stood off in the corner while he readied his mates for bed. He was impressed by the calm confident young alpha. He watched as the trio slept peacefully for a moment before opting to go find his own brood. This was his first night with two little ones after all.

On the way to his bedroom, he checked on the twins. He was surprised to find the twins, Sirius, and Lucius all in Severus’s bed. The twins were sandwiched between the two men, and they were all asleep. Rodolphus shook his head that none of them were dressed properly for bed. He spelled them all into pajamas. Then he took a photo of them for blackmail purposes, and he quietly left the room.

Rodolphus started making his way down the hall again when he spotted Severus carrying a sleeping Harrison up the stairs. Severus looked guilty as he tried to avoid eye contact. Rodolphus quietly but assertively told him, “I told you that I was not as lenient as Lucius, and now you are going to find out for yourself how strict I am. Your behavior today was appalling. Put Harrison to bed, and then go find a corner in my office to plant your nose.”

Severus blushed and went to argue, but Rodolphus held up a hand, “If you’d rather not have privacy, then we can do it right here. I won’t give you another warning. Do as your told, baby brother.”

If possible, the potions master blushed even deeper and nodded his head in consent. He quickly did as he was told.

Rodolphus walked on and groaned. So much for an early night with his family. He stopped by
Remus and Sirius’s room to let the wolf know that Sirius was sleeping with the twins. Then he made his way to the heir suite. He found Narcissa and his wife playing with his children while bathing them. The women were fully clothed, and their robes were nearly soaked from so much playing. He laughed and snapped another photo, then he accio’ed some fresh night clothes for them. He told them that Harrison and Severus had just arrived, and he said that he was going to deal with Severus tonight.

Bellatrix agreed, but Narcissa took pity oh him, “Please be gentle on Severus. He’s had a rough life, but he tries so hard. He’s a good man, Rodolphus.”

Rodolphus weakly smiled at her, “I know, Cissa, but he must be punished for his behavior tonight. He set a terrible example for the children. What kind of big brother would I be if I didn’t follow through with my promises?”

Rodolphus made his way to his office thinking hard about his upcoming conversation with Severus. He didn’t want to jeopardize his tender new relationship with the man, but he needed Severus to come to terms with the expectations of being in this family. Lucius may let him run amuck, but Rodolphus believed in a certain order.

Outside of his office, he took one last breath and prayed, “Merlin, grant me the strength to deal with wayward younger brothers.”

Entering his office, he was immediately enraged to find that Severus was not in the corner where he was supposed to be, but rather sitting nervously in the seat across from Rodolphus’s desk. At the sound of the opened office door, Severus turned slightly in his chair to look at him. Rodolphus masked his anger and raised a questioning brow towards the potions master before walking to his desk chair. He addressed the younger man icily as he took a seat with all of the grace and confidence of a Pureblooded alpha Lord.

“Is there a reason you chose to disregard my instructions regarding where you should be right now?”

Severus gulped silently and tried hide his anxiety. He had expected Lucius to be with Rodolphus. He was now realizing that he’d have to deal with Rodolphus alone. He was interrupted from his thoughts by a hard tone, “I asked you a question, Baby Brother. You would do well to answer promptly as my patience for irascible younger brothers is rapidly coming to an end.”

Severus quickly debated in his head the best answer. Should he just apologize politely? Could he lie? After all, he fooled the Dark Lord for many years. Surely he could fool Rodolphus. He must have taken too long again or given his thought process away because, Rodolphus was soon interrupting his thoughts again, “Severus. You better not be considering lying to me. It wouldn’t end well for you. You are in enough trouble as it is. A simple answer doesn’t require you to think anything over. You decided that you didn’t need to obey my directions, and you deliberately sat here rather than go to the corner.”

Rodolphus paused in order to give Severus a chance to correct him or argue his case. Severus just looked down and worried his lip slightly. Rodolphus had never seen so much vulnerability or emotion in Severus as he had recently. He wanted to have mercy on the younger man. He took a calming breath and then continued his lecture, “Your silence speaks for your guilt. I’m very disappointed in you. I understand that our relationship is new, and I was taking that into consideration. I decided that a little humiliation in corner time and a private one-on-one conversation would be enough to push past your actions today, but you’ve just changed my mind.”

At that, Severus’s head jerked up with a surprised expression. He tried to plead his case, “Rodolphus, I-“
Rodolphus interrupted him, “No. I think you need this. I think you were testing me. I gave you a direct order, and you deliberately disobeyed. Did you think I wouldn’t follow through? That I would just give up and wash my hands with you? Do you think so little of me and the promise we made? Family means so much to me. When you submitted to me, I called you my brother. Family is forever no matter how naughty or stubborn little brothers are.”

Severus was staring at him in genuine surprise. He didn’t think Rodolphus actually cared about him that much. He thought that Rodolphus was only putting up with him for Lucius’s sake. He spoke sadly, “I’m sorry, Rodolphus. You’re right. I was testing you. I’m not sure if I’m happy you passed the test though.”

Rodolphus chuckled at the little joke, “Despite the consequences you’re about to receive, you will be happy. Come along, now. It’s time for little brothers to pay their dues.”

Then Rodolphus stood from his desk chair and walked around to the straight-backed chair next to Severus’s. The younger man’s face blanched in trepidation of what Rodolphus was going to do. He groaned and minutely shook his head in disbelief when Rodolphus sat on the chair and patted his lap. No way was he going to allow Rodolphus to put him over his knee like some child. He hadn’t been spanked like this by anyone but Lucius, and it was extremely personal and embarrassing.

Rodolphus didn’t allow him to argue. He just calmly said, “I’m not changing my mind about this. You acted childishly, baby brother, so I’ll treat you like one.”

He was really playing up the baby brother act. It was in an effort to help provide some humility, but also to help Severus become more acquainted to hearing himself referred to as such familial terms. He patted his lap again and spoke, “Come now. My patience is wearing thin. If I have to get you, I will use Trixie’s hairbrush on your bare bottom.”

Rodolphus had to hide his smirk as Severus’s eyes shot open, and he blushed terribly. He started counting. “1”

Severus made eye contact and pleaded silently, but he made no movement towards Rodolphus.

“2”

He verbally begged now, “Rodolphus, please. Please don’t do it this way.”

Rodolphus just shook his head and replied, “This is your last chance. Once I stand up, it will only be worse.”

He waited another second before he solemnly sealed the younger man’s fate.

“3”

Severus panicked. He was already ashamed and embarrassed of the way he was acting. He had withstood torture and the cruciatus from the Dark Lord himself. A little spanking shouldn’t be so intimidating.

He fled the office. Rodolphus was so shocked by his out of character display that he didn’t react in time to catch the man. Severus ran to Lucius and Narcissa’s room. He didn’t stop to knock. Rodolphus may claim to care to for him and be his new brother, but Severus just needed Lucius right now. For so long, Lucius and Narcissa were all he could depend on. He needed a sense of normalcy. He just threw the door open and briskly approached the bed. He groaned inwardly when he only spotted Narcissa in the room. She was just pulling the covers up and laying down when he barged in, so she was frozen as he walked towards her.
She recognized his anxiety (and fear?) immediately, and she abruptly sat up and questioned, “Sev? Sweetheart, what’s wrong? Come here.”

She opened her arms and patted the middle of the bed to encourage him to join her. He didn’t even hesitate. He climbed into the other side of the bed and crawled into the middle next to her. She reached up and wrapped her arms around him, and he returned the embrace.

He didn’t say anything. He just held onto Narcissa for a second. Rodolphus was right on his trail, so he followed Severus quietly. He observed from the doorway, but he didn’t interrupt the private moment they were having.

Narcissa made eye contact with Rodolphus and glared questioningly at him. The juxtaposition of her death glare and the tenderness she was showing to Severus wasn’t lost on Rodolphus. Narcissa just held him close, rubbed his back, and gently swayed with Severus until he was ready to talk. Rodolphus made to enter the room, but Narcissa held him at bay with her accusing stare.

She spoke sweetly to Severus, “Sev, are you ok? What’s wrong? How can I fix it? Let Sissy take care of you like I used to.”

Severus gave a small chuckle and just shook his head. Only he was ever allowed to call Narcissa Sissy. He mumbled into her shoulder, “Where’s Luc?”

She immediately looked to Rodolphus and directed him to go get her husband with her eyes while she answered to him, “He’s on his way, Sev. Just hold on. He’ll fix everything.”

Rodolphus returned with a groggy but worried Lucius soon. He took one look at Severus clinging to Narcissa, and he scrambled to get into bed on the other side of his brother. Rodolphus smirked from the door. The irony wasn’t lost on him. Severus ran to avoid a childish punishment only to be sandwiched in bed between his big brother and sister like a scared child with their parents.

Rodolphus continued to observe from the doorway as Lucius practically put Severus into his lap. As soon as Lucius was touching him, Severus broke down. He clung to his older brother, to the man he trusted more than anyone, the man who had always been there for him, the man who practically raised him.

He quietly sobbed, “Luc, I’m sorry! I’m so sorry. Please forgive me.”

Lucius was really worried now. He pulled Severus in even closer and kissed his temple as he spoke, “Of course, Sevv. You’ll always be forgiven. You’re our little brother. Narcissa and I love you. Always.”

Severus cried harder, “You weren’t in the office with Rodolphus. I thought you’d left me. I thought you didn’t want to burden with me since Rodolphus was here now. I didn’t think you’d want to put up with a disappointment like me.”

Lucius didn’t hesitate. He quickly flipped his brother over his lap. He landed 10 quick stinging swats, and then he held him arse-up over his knee while he lectured, “Severus Prince! We have spoken many times about your self-deprecation. We would never leave you, and I would never pawn you off to Rodolphus. It’s been a while since we’ve been in this position, little brother. I think this is well past due with your behavior today and now tonight. I’m going to settle this here and now, and then we will talk.”

Severus tried to get away from Lucius, but it was no use. Lucius didn’t waste any time. He wandlessly and wordlessly spelled his brother’s trousers and pants to his knees and commenced
spanking him. Severus fought harder when he felt the air on his rear end. Narcissa was still in the bed with them, for Merlin’s sake!

Lucius just cast a sticking charm to hold Severus still and then placed a dozen firm swats on the backs of his thighs while lecturing, “Don’t fight this, Severus. It will only be worse for you. I know you remember the rules. I won’t hesitate to get my hairbrush!”

Severus whined, “No! Luc, please. Rodolphus already threat-“

He stopped himself from finishing that sentence. He’d already said too much. Lucius didn’t miss a beat, “What? Rodolphus already threatened what?”

Severus didn’t say anything, so Lucius started spanking his thighs again as he asked, “Did Rodolphus threaten to spank you with the hairbrush as well? Answer me, little brother!”

Severus cried, “Yes! Yes, Luc.”

Lucius paused in his assault and let the man catch his breath while he spoke, “Hmm. Based on the color of your rear end, I can assume that he didn’t follow through with his threat.”

He smirked at Rodolphus, “Getting soft, old man? You wouldn’t have ever let me off of a punishment. Ha. And you told him you were more strict than me.”

Rodolphus looked at the youngest man whose backside was rapidly turned a dark pink and smirked back, “I never got to follow through with the punishment because Severus ran to your lovely wife for protection.”

Severus groaned at hearing Rodolphus rat him out to Lucius.

Lucius stilled completely, “Oh, really? Narcissa bring me my hairbrush. It’s time this naughty bottom got what it has coming to it.”

Severus started squirming again. He begged, “Sissy, please. Don’t bring it to him.”

Narcissa stood still unsure what to do. She felt for Severus, but she also agreed with her husband. None of the children were allowed to run from a punishment, so Severus couldn’t either. He brought the hairbrush to her husband. She knew Severus would feel better once this was over.

Lucius immediately started to land smacks to he upturned bottom. His method was firm and consistent. He hit every area of the bottom. After a while, Severus was just about at his breaking point. He started to pepper the man’s sit spots while he lectured, “You are a part of this family, little brother. This family now includes Rodolphus and Bellatrix. If I have to be held accountable to Rodolphus then so do you. Your behavior was appalling today. You disrespected me in public, and that cannot happen. I have never let you get away with such behavior, and I won’t start now. I know that Harrison is your submissive, but he is MY SON! You do not get the final say over him and his punishments. He will follow by the traditional rules of this family, just like you.”

Severus was sobbing now. Narcissa was rubbing his calves just trying to make some contact with him to provide some comfort. Lucius was relentless. Rodolphus was surprised by how strict and efficient Lucius doled out the spanking. He didn’t think he would have the strength to continue with the youngest alpha sobbing as he was.

Lucius slowed down his assault as he focused on Severus’s thighs. Severus’s cries increased at the slaps on the tender area. Lucius continued his lecture, “Furthermore, you are not the only one dealing with abandonment issues. You stormed out of the restaurant and left behind your sons. I spent the
evening, with Sirius Black no less, trying to console George. You owe Sirius a thank you, and you owe your sons, Charlie, and Rodolphus an apology.”

He paused to allow Severus to take catch his breath and take in what he was saying. He rubbed Severus’s back for a second. He considered ending the spanking there, but then he decided to make it stick. He picked up the brush, and he accented each word with a spank, “If (SPANK) I (SPANK) ever (SPANK) have (SPANK) to (SPANK) repeat (SPANK) this (SPANK) lesson (SPANK), you (SPANK) won’t (SPANK) sit (SPANK) for (SPANK) a (SPANK) week (SPANK). Do you understand me, young man?”

Severus sobbed, “Yesssss, L-luc! Yes. I p-promise. I-I’m s-so s-s-o-r-r-yyy”

Lucius lifted his brother from his lap and pressed a chaste kiss to his forehead. He wanted to just hold the younger man, but he needed to be firm. He and Narcissa could cuddle (ahem…comfort) him after his corner time. He tapped Severus on the hip, “Okay, Sev. You know the routine. Into the corner.”

Severus didn’t even bother to whine or argue for fear that Lucius would continue the spanking. He stood from the bed and reached to pull up his pants, but Lucius stopped him, “Leave those where they are. Leave that naughty bottom on display.”

Severus blushed profusely, but he obeyed. Knowing he had no choice, he kicked off his trousers and left his boxers around his ankles. He was past the point of being embarrassed in front of Narcissa like this. She’d seen him naked more times than he could remember. In school, she’d even disciplined a few times after Lucius had graduated. Those times were their secret. Severus had agreed to submit to Narcissa for a spanking in order to avoid her telling Lucius about his misdeeds.

Lucius and Rodolphus left the room to speak privately in the hallway. Severus calmed down. Twenty minutes later, gentle hands were replacing his boxers and guiding him back to the bed. Narcissa put him back in the center of the bed. He gasped and squirmed until he finally rolled onto his stomach.

Severus still had the occasional sniffle. He leaned into his older brother, and Narcissa leaned into him. They were glued to each other providing comfort. Lucius spoke again, “It’s going to be ok, Sev. Everything is fixed. Rodolphus wants to speak with you tomorrow, but he agreed to let my punishment stand for everything.”

He chuckled to himself as he continued, “You know, Sevvy, you should have just let him punish you. He said that he wouldn’t have been nearly as strict. Enjoy being the baby brother. Rodolphus just wants to spoil you now.”

Severus gave a small wet laugh and groaned. Narcissa squeezed him, “I told you Lucius would fix everything.”

Severus nodded, “He always does.”

Lucius just smiled to himself and cuddled closer as he answered, “Hush. Sleep now. We will fix everything else tomorrow.”
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Mostly filler. Trying to get back into the storyline. Rounding up some sub plots. Expanding the family.

The residents of Lestrange Manor all slept late, except for one. Harrison had gotten plenty of sleep last night, so he awoke early like usual. He ran into his siblings room. All three of them were snuggled together in one bed. He cheered and then climbed into the bed to join them. He jumped on the bed, singing, “Rise and shine, sleepyhead’s. The sun’s up, so it’s time to get up.”

Draco just groaned and buried his face further into Charlie. Luna giggled sleepily at Harrison. Charlie performed a tempus spell and groaned loudly. 6:15AM. He spoke firmly to Harrison, “Baby brother. I love you, really, but I’d love you more if you left us to sleep for a few more hours. I’m not getting up until at least half eight. Why don’t you go see what Momma and Daddy are doing? Hmm?”

Harrison giggled happily and agreed, “Ok, Charlie!”

Luna sleepily laughed again, “Daddy’s not going to be happy about that, Charlie.”

Draco just groaned again, “Well that’s his problem, not ours. Less talking, more sleeping.”

Harrison sped through the halls to his parent’s room. He barged into the room screeching, “Wakey! Wakey, Momma, Daddy!”

He crawled onto the bed and jumped between his parents only to fall onto another body. Said body grunted, “ooof” at the impact of the bony child.

Harrison was confused for a second, and then he was very happy!

“Sev!! You’re in bed with Momma and Daddy! Did you get a scared from a bad dream last night? Daddy’s the bestest at protecting from scary monsters and dreams. I hardly ever get the scary green light dream anymore. Daddy keeps the monsters away. Don’t worry, Sev’us. I’ll help keep you safe too.”

The adults knew exactly what he was talking about when he mentioned the ‘scary green dream’. Harrison was happily babbling though, so they didn’t want to harp on that memory and bring up sad emotions. Narcissa happily laughed at Harrison promising to protect Severus while Lucius joked, “Hear that, Sevvy? Your little submissive will save you. Isn’t that thoughtful?”

Severus withstood the teasing well and smiled sweetly at his little mate. He pulled the little boy into his lap, and he solemnly vowed, “Thank you, little one. Hopefully there will never come a day that you will have to make good on that promise, but I appreciate the sentiment none the less. Just like Daddy, your alpha will always be there to protect you, take care of you, and guide you. Understand, baby?”

Harrison hugged him, “Yes, alpha. I like those things. I don’t like punishments though. You don’t have to do those, ok? Just lots of cuddles! And treats!”
The adults all laughed at his innocence. Lucius saved Severus from having to respond, “Nice try, limpet! As your Alpha, Severus has to discipline you as well as all of the other things. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be helping you to be the best you could be. It’s a necessary evil. You want to be your best, right?”

Harrison snuggled into Severus’s arm and scrunched his face up, “Yes. But I’m already the best boy, so I don’t need it, right, Alpha?”

He was giving Severus the biggest and most adorable puppy dog eyes when he asked. Severus hugged him close while his parents laughed. He responded, “Yes, Harrison. You are the perfect little Slytherin.”

Harrison had settled down since coming into the room, content with his alpha holding him. He was with all of his most favoritest people, and he gave a big yawn. Narcissa saw the time, only about 6:30, so she decided more sleep was the best way to spend their Sunday before returning to the castle tomorrow morning.

Across the Manor, everyone was sleeping peacefully. No one stirred for another hour. Rodolphus was the next one to wake. Similar to last night, he made his rounds quietly checking on everyone in his family. He smiled when he peered into Lucius and Narcissa’s bedroom. He accio’ed his camera to record the scene: Severus had his face buried in Lucius’s chest. Narcissa was lying with her head on Severus’s back, and Harrison was sprawled across all of them with his thumb in his mouth and Sal and Pads in his arms.

He made his way to the Prince’s set of rooms, and he had to snap another picture. Padfoot was snuggled tightly between two black-haired twins with hair sticking everywhere.

He laughed quietly when he made it to the heir suite. His children were cuddled in the bed together, but they weren’t in human form. There were little black panther cubs curled together in the center of the bed. He snapped another picture, and then hurried to wake his wife.

Bellatrix grumbled about being woken so early, “This had better be worth getting up before 8AM on a Sunday, Rod.”

Rodolphus just continued leading her through to the heir suite. Upon entering, she cooed at the cubs and avoided the temptation to cuddle them. She spoke quietly but excitedly to her husband, “Rod! Do you realize what this means?!”

Rodolphus kissed her and answered, “Yes, Trixie. Rabastan’s gotten the Black metamorphagus trait!”

Bellatrix hugged her husband as they looked over their children proudly. She thought briefly about whether she wanted to voice her current thoughts, then she spoke, “Rab, I think it’s time we get back into touch with Andromeda. Her daughter is the only other Black with the metamorphagus traits. She may be able to help Rabastan with it. We don’t know about Drusilla yet. Maybe she’s got the trait too or maybe she’s an panther animagus like me. Oh, the possibilities!”

Without another thought she transformed into her panther form, and she climbed into the bed with her children. She wrapped her long body around them, and she started to groom their faces to gently wake them up.

Not wanting to be left out, Rodolphus changed in his wolf form and joined them. The family enjoyed being together and playing with the cubs for a while before Bellatrix suggested they go to Gringott’s to check the family vaults for information regarding metamorphagus.
Rodolphus was about to suggest the children stay and play with their cousins when Rabastan asked cheerily, “Daddy, can I come with you?! I want to go to Gringott’s again!”

Rodolphus looked at his son skeptically. Most children didn’t like the stuffy, boring bank or the grumpy goblins. He silently asked his wife, and she shrugged in response as if to say ‘why not?’

He told the little boy he could go, and Rabastan jumped up and down cheering, “Yesss! Do you think we’ll see Billy?!”

Bellatrix and Drusilla looked confused, and Rodolphus just asked, “Who’s Billy?”

Rabastan just giggled, “Billy, Daddy! We saw him there yesterday, remember?”

Rodolphus thought about their trip yesterday, and then he remembered, “Ah! William Weasley. The Weasley heir. You’re right, we did see him yesterday. That doesn’t mean we’ll see him today though. Gringott’s is a very large place, and I’m sure he’ll be busy.”

His son deflated, “Oh, ok.”

Rodolphus and Bellatrix shared an inquisitive look between themselves, and Drusilla squeaked, “Bubby’s got a crush on Biiiiiiiiiii!!!”

The parents laughed while Rabastan whined, “No, I don’t, Dru. You’re mean!”

The children continued to banter for a bit before the parents broke them up to help them get ready for the day. Rodolphus directed the house elves to have breakfast ready in 30 minutes for everyone.

Back in Lucius’s room, the adults were all awake and talking under the influence of silencing spells to avoid bothering Harrison. Lucius told Severus about how the twins were upset and felt abandoned. He told his younger brother about how Sirius really stepped up. Severus felt awful, like a failure.

A house elf popped in to tell them breakfast would be ready in 30 minutes, so Severus excused himself to go take care of his sons. He gently kissed Harrison on the temple and then handed him over to Narcissa.

Severus wasn’t surprised to find Padfoot and the twins still asleep. None of them were known for being morning people. He turned the lights onto the dimmest setting, and he walked carefully to the bed. He woke the black dog up first. They shared a meaningful gaze. Sirius was saying that Severus had better make this right, and Severus was apologizing and thanking the animagus. They each nodded in understanding, and then Severus quietly crawled into the spot that Padfoot was lying between the twins.

Both of his son’s subconsciously snuggled closer. George blearily opened his eyes, “Pr’fessor?”

Severus’s heart shattered at hearing his new son call him Professor and not dad. He committed to fixing his terrible mistake as soon as possible. He squeezed his son, “Yes, Georgie. I’m here. Can we talk?”

George sat up a little and answered, “I guess.”

At the same time, Fred was just starting to wake up. He reached out to the middle of the bed but he didn’t feel fur, “Uncle Siri? Why’d you change back? Padfoot was warm.”
Severus chuckled, “No, Freddie. It’s me.”

Fred sleepily smiled and wrapped his arms around his dad’s waist and buried his face in his dad’s side, “Oh, Dad. Good morning. Would you two mind keeping it down? Bloke’s trying to sleep around here.”

Severus laughed again but answered, “Actually, we need to talk, all three of us. Can you sit up for me? Breakfast will be ready in about 25 minutes, so I need to speak with you.”

The family of three sat in the bed and faced each other. Severus spoke genuinely, “I want to start off by apologizing for yesterday. I wasn’t thinking clearly. My veela was firmly in control, and I was feeling threatened. I didn’t mean to make you think I abandoned you, Georgie. I would never do that. You are my sons. I may not have been there the day you were born, but I’ll be there forever now. You are my flesh and blood. You two and Harrison are my life. It’s still so new, getting used to caring for people other than just myself. Do you think you can forgive me?”

Fred didn’t hesitate, “Of course, Pops. You’re forgiven. Just remember this next time I do something that warrants punishment, ok? We all make mistakes, right?”

Severus grinned, “You little Slytherin. You really are my son. You aren’t the only trying to worm his way out of discipline with me this morning. Harrison had a very similar argument earlier.”

George didn’t answer or make any movement. He seemed to be withdrawing into himself, so Severus reached over and pulled him into his chest. He wrapped his arms around both of his sons, “What is it, George? Have I messed up so terribly that you need more time?”

George just cried miserably, “How do I know? How do I know you are telling the truth? Molly left me after 15 years of being my mother. What if you get tired of me too?”

Severus and Fred both hugged George, “Oh, Georgie. I’m not like her. She is a terrible person. I’m here to the end, no matter what. I love you. Let your Dad take these burdens away from you.”

George cried harder, “I want to believe you, but it hurts. It just hurts so much. I can’t handle any more rejection.”

Severus pulled George even closer. He put the young man on his lap like he would Harrison. He tilted his chin up so that he could look into those beautiful green eyes, and he promised, “I, Lord Prince, do hereby swear on my magic that I will never abandon George or Fred Snape/Prince. I swear to take care of them and love them forever, so help me, Merlin.”

A soft light bound the oath, and Severus held his son as he cried, “It’s, ok. Daddy’s here. I can handle everything.”

At breakfast, the whole gang was bright-eyed and bushy tailed as Severus and his sons walked in. Harrison was sitting in Charlie’s lap and twisting his hair up until he saw the twins. He jumped up and reached for them, “Gred, Feorge! Morning! Want to fly today?”

Draco and Reggie were soon agreeing happily, but the adults were looking nervous. Remus, ever the voice of reason, was the first to speak, “Boys, you can’t fly on your old broomsticks like this. It’s dangerous. Why don’t we pick out something else to do today. What about chess, gobstones, hide and seek, coloring, puzzles?”

Draco whined, “Father, I’m a big boy, r’member? I can still fly my broom just fine!”

Draco realized that his father was about to disagree so he switched tactics. He crawled into Charlie’s
lap and gave him the most innocent, begging puppy dog eyes, “Alpha? Can I fly today?”

Lucius was smirking at his manipulative little Slytherin son while Narcissa scolded, “Draco Lucius! How dare you disregard Remus and your Dad to try and manipulate Charlie!”

Draco at least acted a little more contrite, until Charlie agreed to take Draco flying together on his own broom. Draco celebrated and Narcissa fussed, “Honestly, Charles. You shouldn’t let him play you like that. He needs to learn that he can’t always have his way.”

Charles just gave her a lopsided grin, “It’s alright, Mum. I’ve got to head back to the preserve tonight, so I want to have fun with him just as much. I love flying!”

Narcissa beamed at being called Mum by Charlie. She wished that Draco would lighten up a little as well. She planned to call her and Lucius Mum and Dad much more while Draco is temporarily de-aged. Maybe he will finally give up those formal monikers.

Draco whined a little at the mention of Charlie leaving, “It’s only for a few more weeks until graduation. I promise.”

Harrison and Regulus were both whining about not getting to fly, “What about Harrison, Daddy? He wants to fly too. Daddy fly with Harrison?”

Regulus chimed in too, “Yea. I want to fly too. Daddy, Papa, can we fly?”

Remus wasn’t sure, but Sirius, ever the daredevil, wasted no time agreeing, “Sure, pup. Daddy will take you up. We’ll mop the floor with your cousins.”

Remus rolled his eyes, “Dear, I’m not so sure about that. In any case, it’s not a competition. They are just flying for fun.”

Sirius and Regulus laughed conspiratorially, “Of course, it’s a competition, Remy. Junior and I will make you proud, right, pup?”

Regulus laughed and reached across to be picked up by Remus, “Of course, Papa. Daddy and me are the bestest flyers.”

Draco and Harrison started to argue about how THEY were the ‘bestest’ (“Bestest is even a word, Harrison. Don’t say that. It sounds plebian.” Draco drawled.)

The family all laughed at their antics. Rodolphus ran his hands through Rabastan’s hair and asked, “Are you sure you wouldn’t rather stay here and fly with your cousins in stead of going to Gringott’s?”

Rab blushed and nodded. Drusilla answered, “There’s no chance he’s staying if he can possibly find his mate.”

The table went completely silent, except for the other children.

Sirius was the first to respond, “Mate? How could he have a mate? He’s 5.”

Bellatrix looked upset at the possibility of her new baby having a mate already. Narcissa, having been through this herself, comforted her.

Rab yelled as he ran from the room, “Druuuuuu. You said you wouldn’t tellllll.”

Rodolphus looked back at his daughter and raised an eyebrow, “Did your brother tell you that in
confidence, young lady?"

At her guilty nod, he continued, “That wasn’t very nice of you to tell everyone his secret. I think you should go spend 5 minutes with your nose in the corner. Then you can go apologize to your brother.”

Drusilla guiltily got down from her chair to follow her father’s instructions. She only sniffled once or twice while in the corner.

Bellatrix was upset, “I’m with Sirius. How can he have a mate at 5 years of age?”

Lucius speculated, “He’s five now, but he isn’t really five. He’s a newly de-aged young man who will very soon be 14 years old. Who knows how his magic is responding? Look at my children. Harrison, Draco, and Luna are all underage, and they’ve all found their mates.”

Narcissa comforted, “It’s ok. It’s not all bad. You will still have your children. You will just have another one or two…or three now.”

Severus protested, “Hey. I am not your child.”

The rest of the table laughed, and Severus blushed in response. Lucius quipped, “Please, we’ve been caring for you longer than any of our other children, Sevvy. You were are first-born.”

Remus, much to Severus’s delight, brought the attention back to Rabastan, “It sounds like you know who it is. Are they a good person? Can they be trusted with Rabastan?”

Rodolphus nodded seriously, “Yes. He comes from a light family. He’s a wizard working for Gringott’s, so you know he’s morally sound. Goblins only hire those they can trust. It’s William Weasley.”

Charlie perked up, “Bill?! That’s awesome. I wonder why he didn’t tell me.”

Rodolphus smiled, “I’m not sure he even knew until yesterday. He may not know yet. Rabastan is very good with premonitions. I must say, though, that their interaction yesterday was suspect. We saw Bill after Rabastan was de-aged, right before the blood adoption. Even though they’ve met multiple times in the past, William and Rabastan have technically never met.”

Drusilla whined from the corner, “Daddy, has it been 5 minutes yet?”

Rodolphus sighed, “No, Princess. 1 more minute. Future reference there is no whining or talking while in the corner. That will make your time start over from now on. I’ll let it slide this time since you didn’t know.”

The adults continued talking, and Rodolphus called his daughter from her time out, “Dru, Princess, come here. When you make a promise you need to keep it. It’s very bad to lie or break promises. It’s make people not trust you. You are going to be very important and influential on day, and people need to be able to trust you. The only reason you ever break a promise is if someone could get hurt. That being said, you can always come to me or Mummy or any other adult in our family to talk something out, understand?”

Drusilla nodded miserably, “Yes, Daddy. I’m sorry. I have to go talk to Bubby now.”

He pulled her in for a hug and kissed her forehead, “Good girl. Be sure to use your manners and excuse yourself from the room like a proper young lady.”
She faced her family, curtsied, and spoke, “Good morning, family. Please excuse me. I will see you all later.”

She looked everywhere for her brother, but she couldn’t find him. After searching for 15 minutes, she ran back to the sitting room where all of the adults had situated themselves to digest their breakfast before splitting their ways for the day. Her parents weren’t there, so she went to he first adult she saw, “Uncle Lucius, I can’t find Rabastan anywhere! I’ve looked everywhere!”

Lucius was worried, “Sweetheart, calm down. I’ll cast a locator spell. Point me, Rabastan Lestrange.”

He was guided out the front doors of the manor and to the side of the house where a large tree was planted. He peered up into the tree, and he saw a black panther cub that looked like a miniature version of Bellatrix’s. He wasn’t expecting that. Either this was an actual panther cub or Rabastan was a metamorphagus. He called up, “Rabastan Arcturus Lestrange, unless you want your father finding out about you leaving the house and climbing trees without supervision, you had better come right now, young man.”

The panther suddenly turned into a little bird and flew down to the ground. When his feet touched, he morphed back into his normal 5yr old self. Lucius gently grabbed his arm and turned him to the side before he landed 3 firm smacks to his rear end.

Rabastan whined and blushed while he tried to rub the sting away and glared up at Lucius accusatorially. Lucius just sighed, “Don’t glare at me, young man. That was incredibly reckless and dangerous. You could have been hurt. I have half a mind to haul you over my knee for a proper spanking. I suggest you follow me inside now before I change my mind.”

Rabastan didn’t know what came over him. Before he realized his foolish mistake, he stomped and foot and yelled, “No, you’re not my Daddy. I don’t hafta!”

Lucius saw red. How dare this runt speak to him that way. He lifted the boy and braced his foot on the tree at the same time. He carefully set the boy over his upraised knee and commenced spanking the upturned bottom. After ten moderate smacks, the boy was no longer fighting. He was sniffling and apologizing.

Lucius landed two more spanks, and then he lifted Rabastan onto his hip, saying, “Since you chose to be naughty rather than follow me, I will just have to carry you.”

Then he started walking into the house. When he entered the foyer, Bellatrix was walking through to the sitting room. She stopped when she saw her son sniffling. “Raby, baby, what’s wrong? What were you doing outside? Did you hurt yourself?”

Embarrassed to admit what he was doing and not wanting further punishment, he just hid his face in Lucius’s neck. Bellatrix turned to Lucius for an explanation. He simply said, “We had a slight temper tantrum, but it’s been dealt with. Don’t worry about it. We’re going to freshen up, and then it will all be behind us.”

Rodolphus heard the explanation, and he wasn’t happy. He frowned at his son and followed Lucius up to the boy’s room. He kissed Bellatrix as he passed her to assure her that everything would be fine.

Back up in the heir suite, Rabastan was no longer sniffling. Lucius set the boy down in his lap. He
spoke with care, “Rabastan, I know that being 5 and having all of these emotions is new to you, but I can guarantee that disrespecting or disobeying me or any of the other adults is not the best option for you. There are better ways to handle your emotions. Do you know what you did wrong and why I punished you?”

Rabastan nodded, “Yes, Uncle Luc. I was disrespectful to you and had a temper tantrum. I’m sorry.”

Lucius smiled and tickled his nephew’s side, “None of that. Don’t cry anymore. It’s been settled. You’ve have an emotional last day. Why don’t you take a brief nap, and then we can start the day over, hmmm?”

He tucked the boy into his bed, and he transfigured an extra pillow into a black panther. “This will have to do until we can get you your own stuffy. Sweet dreams.”

He leaned down and kissed the boys temple. He rubbed his back until he fell asleep, and then he quietly led Rodolphus from the room.

Of course, Rodolhus wanted the whole story, so Lucius told him what happened. He wasn’t pleased, but he agreed not to bring it up again. Lucius was very fair in his actions.

The men went back down to the sitting room to the other adults. They walked in on Bellatrix and Narcissa talking about floo calling Andromeda. Lucius looked confused, so Rodolphus quickly filled him in.

Sirius spoke up, “I think it’s great that you want to get back in touch with Andy, but she might feel best if we do this in neutral ground. I don’t think she’ll trust you enough to come here, and she might feel overwhelmed if we all show up at her house.”

The sisters looked at Sirius, shocked. Narcissa spoke, “I didn’t realize you were so close to Andy, Sirius.”

Sirius shrugged, “She was there when I was realized from Askaban. She helped to clean up Grimmauld place a little. Before I went away, she was the only family I had. We were both cast out. She used to watch out for me some. Kind of like Bella watched out for Regulus/Rabastan.”

At the mention of how their family used to be, both sisters felt guilty. Remus wrapped his arm around Sirius and squeezed to comfort him. Lucius spoke, “Maybe Andromeda will agree to meet at a public restaurant in Diagon if Sirius asked her to. That will give the boys time to fly, and Rodolphus can meet us at the restaurant when he leaves Gringott’s.”

The family agreed, and Sirius flooed to the Tonk’s Residence alone. He dreaded this because he hadn’t told Andy about marrying Remus or adopting Regulus yet. She would be sad that he hadn’t told her. He opted to wait to tell her until she was meeting him at the restaurant.

Andromeda was skeptical that her sisters suddenly wanted to reconnect after all this time, but Ted and Sirius were able to convince her. She agreed to go to lunch with them, but they would only get once chance.

When Rodolphus, Bellatrix, Rabastan, and Drusilla walked into Gringott’s, Rabastan started looking around nervously/frantically. He wasn’t holding anyone’s hand, and he wasn’t paying attention. Somehow he wandered off by himself and got lost.

He looked around, and he didn’t recognize this part of the bank. He was scared, and he didn’t see his
parents anywhere. He morphed into his wolf cub, and he tried to sniff his way back. He found a scent, and he started to follow it. He passed a few goblins who gave the wolf cub a funny look and a wide berth. He followed the scent deeper into the bank. It was getting scarier, darker, and colder. He was really scared now. He stopped and considered his options. Turn around and try to go back or keep following the scent. He knew going back wasn’t really an option, so he kept going.

He heard a clacking noise in the distance. As he followed the scent, the noise was getting louder. He could also smell smoke and hear a deep rumbling. A goblin yelled at him that he shouldn’t be here, and he whimpered. The goblin started coming towards him, and he rolled onto his back and whimpered even louder. Unknowingly, he was emitting the submissive distress call.

Almost immediately, strong arms were lifting him up. He yelped in fear, but he settled down quickly when he smelled who was holding him. Billy! He excitedly began licking the man’s face and whining happily.

Bill looked at the wolf cub confusedly. Why did his Veela react to the distress calls of a cub? Surely this wasn’t a child’s animagus, but that’s the only thing that made sense. He just held the cub close to his chest and purred back at it.

His supervisor, Rignak, smiled at him, “Congratulations on finding your mate, young William. May your vaults fill with gold and your lives with happiness.”

Bill looked shocked. His mate? Is that he was responding to the distress sounds? He thought that finding his mate for the first time would be more magical or impactful. Sure, he felt abundantly happy right now, but he didn’t feel bonded.

Bill was still dazed, so the goblin spoke again, “It’s Sunday. You shouldn’t be here anyway. Take your little mate back to his parents, and spend the day with him. Go now, before I change my mind. Goblins aren’t known for being nice.”

Bill just nodded slowly, “O-ok. Um, thank you, sir. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Bill then started walking….in the wrong direction. The goblin called after him, “William, you’re going the wrong way. Head up to the Lestrange family vault.”

Bill shook his confusion away, “Oh, um, right.”

Then he continued walking. TO THE LESTRANGE VAULT?!
Bill carried that nuzzling little wolf cub, his mate, his MATE. His mystery submissive mate to the Lestrange vault. THE LESTRANGE VAULT! It was one thing for Harrison and Charlie to be adopted into the Malfoy family, but the Lestranges actually all did time in Azkaban.

He would have Bellatrix Lestrange as a mother in law. Could this be any more terrifying? The little cub was still happily purring. It showed no signs of wanting to return to human form, and he didn’t want to make it. He was making the cub happy, so he was pleased.

He stared at the cub in his arms trying to figure out who it was. Could this be Hermione? He groaned and hoped it wasn’t. That would not go over well with Ron/Regulus. He knew that it was recently discovered that Hermione was actually the long lost Drusilla Lestrange. He shook his head. It couldn’t be her because they’d met multiple times.

He remembered seeing Lord Lestrange with a de-aged Regulus Black yesterday. Why would those two be together? He remembered that he had felt drawn to the boy. He stared at the cub again. Could this be Regulus? But him and Regulus had met before too. They were friends in school, secretly.

He musing was interrupted by a high pitched squeal, “Raby, baby. There you are!”

Bill looked up in shock as a very worried Bellatrix Lestrange tried to take the cub from his arms. He acted on instinct and shielded the cub with his body as he growled threateningly. Bellatrix didn’t take well to that, and she lashed out, “How dare you, filthy blood traitor! Give me back my son before you contaminate him!”

Rodolphus could see this was going downhill quickly. He pulled his wife back and scolded her quietly while Drusilla happily ran up to the newcomers, “Bill! Thank goodness you found Rabastan! Mommy and Daddy were worried sick when he disappeared. All the goblins would say was that he would be found and returned.”

Bill stared at the child he supposed used to be Hermione. Charlie had told them that they were all de-aged. Hold on, she had called the cub Rabastan. Rabastan Lestrange was dead. That doesn’t make any sense.

Rodolphus started to approach Bill, and the younger alpha pulled Drusilla behind him and growled. Rodolphus wanted to smile at his protective instincts. He liked that this man was also willing to protect his daughter, but his threat was misplaced and inappropriate. Rodolphus decided to be firm, “Excuse me, William, but you’d better rethink growling at me if you want the opportunity to mate with my son. You will learn quickly that my family is very traditional.”

Bill continued a low growl, but Drusilla grabbed onto his robes, “It’s ok, Bill. Daddy won’t hurt us. We were all just excited to get my brother back.”

Rodolphus continued to come closer, and Bill’s veela was caught between wanting to lash out at the possible threat and wanting to comply. He could see that his mate was starting to get distressed with the tension in the room.

Rabastan whimpered in his wolf form, and then he transformed into his human form. As soon as he was human again, his and Bill’s magic formed a bond. Ahhhh. That was what he was expecting. He stared at the adorable boy in his arms, and he knew that his life was now complete. He would do anything for this still unknown boy. His identity didn’t matter. Just one problem stood out I his mind,
why was his mate so young?

The boy opened his mouth and a sweet melody came out, “Hi. It’s ok, alpha. Daddy is good. You
can trust him.”

Bill looked torn, but he decided to trust his little mate. He gently set the submissive on the ground,
and Rabastan ran and jumped on his father, “Daddy, I got lost. But I changed into my wolf and I
followed a smell all the way to Billy! It was scary, but I saw a dragon! A real dragon! I can’t wait to
tell Charlie!”

Rodolphus laughed, “You have to be more careful, love. What if you were hurt while you were
alone? We just got you. We can’t lose you.”

Rodolphus summoned his wife over. He handed off his son to her. She fussed over him while
Rodolphus extended his hand to Bill and formally introduced himself and his family.

“Heir Weasley, I am Lord Lestrange, and this is my wife, Bellatrix, and my daughter, Drusilla.
Considering you are now part of this family, please dispose of formalities and call me Rodolphus.”

Bill still slightly stunned and nervous in the presence of the notably formidable ex-death eaters and
Azkaban dwellers, warily shook the offered hand and replied, “L-lord Lestra-, uh, Rodolphus. Please,
just call me Bill.”

Rodolphus spoke again before Bill could stammer out any response, “I think we’ll stick with William
for now. It is after all your name, and it’s a fine, strong name. No need to ruin it with common
nicknames. Now, I can see that you are clearly confused. I’m sure you never intended you mate to
come from a dark family, but I can assure you that we have changed. We may not be the paradigm of
light, but family means everything to use, and you will be cared for just as your disowned siblings
are being cared for. You have nothing to fear from us, so please rest a little easier in my assurance.
I’m sure you have a lot of questions, so why don’t we go sit and talk somewhere. I just need a few
more minutes, and then we can head to a tea shop to talk.”

Not waiting for acknowledgement of what he’d said, he suddenly turned and accio’d a few books
that he was perusing. He placed the books carefully into a bag to protect them, and then he shrunk
the bag and put it away in the pocket of his robes. Then, he turned to address his family, “Alright,
let’s head out to find a place where we can all sit comfortably and converse with young William.”

Rabastan jumped up from his mother’s lap and shouted, “I know! Let’s go to Florean Fortescue’s!”

Rodolphus looked at his exuberant son unimpressed, “Raby, it’s barely half 10. We will be meeting
the family at noon for lunch. You don’t need ice cream right now.”

At his son’s crestfallen expression he amended, “But, who says we can’t have what we want every
now and then. Just don’t get used to having ice cream before lunch because this will not become a
regular occurrence.”

Rabastan whooped, “Yes! Thank you, Daddy! Can I be a cub now, too? That’s my favorite animal
to be!”

Bill looked confused at the confession. Could he be more than one animal? His mate was clearly a
Black considering he was calling Bellatrix his mother, and he bore all of the Black characteristics.
Interesting.

Before, Rodolphus had granted permission, the child was already turning back into the little black
wolf cub. He ran circles around the inhabitants of the vault as they made their way through the bank.
The goblins sneered and smirked at Bill knowingly as he picked up the cub once they reached the main atrium of the bank. He didn’t want his little mate to cause too much of a scene.

Their little group was getting strange looks and stares. Why was Bill Weasley with the Lestranges and why was he carrying a wolf cub through Diagon Alley? The Lestranges were used to be stared at, so they weren’t affected. Bill, however, was getting more frazzled the longer it took to get to the ice cream parlor.

Finally, they arrived. Florean greeted them jovially and told them the flavors he was offering today. Everyone had ordered except for Rabastan because he was still in cub form. He wiggled in Bill’s hold as he transformed back into human. Florean was surprised at seeing the child transform, but he didn’t comment on it.

Bill insisted that he could pay for his own ice cream, but Rodolphus immediately dismissed his concern, “Nonsense, William. As of today you are family. You will be treated just like my actual children, and I won’t hear any more about it. Understand?”

Bill thought snidely in his head that Rodolphus was being a bit high-handed, and he wasn’t sure if the treating him like one of his children (currently 5yr olds) was such a good thing.

He was distracted by his thoughts by a sharp tone, “Excuse me, young man. If you have something to say you can say it to my face.”

What?! Bill blanched. Had he said what he was thinking out loud? He looked up to the Lestrange Lord, guilty and more than a little nervous. Rodolphus just calmly scolded, “You will find, William, that I don’t tolerate disrespect. Now, once more, do you understand?”

Bellatrix was smirking at Bill’s discomfort. She loved to see Rodolphus when he was all authoritative alpha.

Bill mulishly nodded, “Yes.”

Ever one to drive the point home, Rodolphus raised an eyebrow, “Yes, what?”

Bill blushed even more as his little mate interrupted, “Billy, you’re supposed to say ‘Yes, sir’.”

“Yes, sir.”

Rodolphus nodded, “Excellent. You will learn what I expect. Now, let’s join your mother and sister at the table.”

Bill stopped. This was too much too soon for him. He stood still staring at where Rodolphus, Bellatrix, Drusilla, and his mate were sitting. He couldn’t do this. He was getting really freaked out, and his breaths were coming in heaps. Rodolphus took pity on the young alpha and went to speak to him. As he got closer, he could hear the young man mumbling, “Not my mother. Don’t have a mother. No mother. No mum. No brothers. No family.”

Rodolphus, thinking that Bill was speaking poorly of his wife, was ready to light into the young man. As he was just about to begin his tirade, he heard ‘No brothers. No family.’ This stopped him cold. William was referring to his own blood traitor mother who had abandoned the entire family. He lost all but one of his siblings in that debacle.

Rodolphus thanked Salazar that he was such a large man because Bill was pretty tall himself. He
pulled the slightly shorter but lithe man into his arms. Bill was in a full blown panic attack. He steered the young man onto the bench between him and Bellatrix in the hope that her new mothering instincts would kick in.

He was pleasantly surprised when they did. She summoned a calming draft and held it to his lips. It was a testament to how out of it he was that he so easily accepted an unknown potion from the ex-death eater. Bellatrix rubbed his back while she directed his head to land on her shoulder and cooed at him, “It’s alright, William. We are your new family, and we will get you through this. I think you’ll find that we are hard to get rid of. Seeing you like this reminds me how young you are. I was willing to mother Regulus when he was your age, so I can mother you too. You’re just a young man without a loving mother. That woman didn’t deserve you.”

She continued crooning at him until he calmed and his eyes weren’t so glazed over. When he could think straight again, he took a deep breath and sat up. He blushed, embarrassed at the panic attack, at being nurtured by Bellatrix Lestrange, at being weak in front of his submissive, and in front of his new father in law.

He looked down at his nearly melted ice cream and sighed. He tried to pull away completely, but Bellatrix wasn’t having that, “No, dear. Don’t be ashamed. Your mother, the woman who gave birth to you, raised you, and was supposed to love you more than anything, left you. She left you and disowned your family. This is still a fresh wound for you. I meant what I said. She didn’t deserve you. No good mother could ever do that to her children.”

Bill stared into her eyes as she spoke. He had heard horrible things about this woman, how crazy she was, terrible acts she committed, etc, but he’d never met her before. It was hard to grasp that this was the same woman.

Bellatrix continued, “I know you’re grown, but everyone needs a mother. I’d love to fill that role for you.”

Bill looked at her, lost. She reached forward and placed a kiss on his forehead, “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I promise to not to baby you…too much. I’m afraid you’ll have to bear with some of my overbearing mothering. It’s still all so new to me. I’m trying to settle in, but I’ve got years to make up for. What do you say, William?”

Bill gave her a barely perceptible nod, and he mumbled, “Even when Molly was my mother, she was always too busy. I was the oldest of 7, so I didn’t get a lot of attention. Dad tried, but he had to work a lot to keep us all fed and clothed. I think it might be nice to be mothered for once.”

She pulled him in for a long hug. When the hug broke off, Rodolphus was placing a fresh cup of ice cream in front of him. Bill thanked him and commenced eating.

There wasn’t much time until the family was supposed to meet everyone for lunch, so they quickly went through Rabastan’s history. Bill asked a lot of questions, and by the time they left, everyone was on the same page. This time, Bellatrix walked with an arm around Bill while he was carrying his young mate as they traversed Diagon Alley.

The family was waiting nervously in the restaurant on Diagon Alley. Lucius had rented out the entire back room to provide a little privacy. He didn’t want anyone catching wind of the reunion. A reunion like this would be front page news. “Black sisters reunite after being estranged for many years.”
Lucius was torn from his musing as the door to their room opened. Sirius calmly led Andromeda, Ted, and Nymphadora Tonks into the room. It was so quiet you could hear a quill drop.

Narcissa and Bellatrix sprang up and stood awkwardly in front of their middle sister. Narcissa wrung her hands together while Bellatrix looked down. The tension was so thick. Harrison pulled Rabastan along as he ran up to the newcomers, “Auntromeda!”

Andromeda was grateful for something to break the tension. She immediately dropped to her knees and embraced the excited boy. Only one boy ever called her that, “Harry! You’re adorable and pint-sized. How’d this happen? I knew that you were blood adopted, but why are you so young?”

She was spinning the boy in her arms as he replied, “Potions. Not Harry no more! Harrison Sirius Malfoy!”

Rabastan, after seeing how his old cousin embraced Harrison, threw caution to the wind, and exclaimed, “Andromeda! I missed you.”

Confused, but not wanting to hurt the precious boy’s feelings, returned the hug to him as well. When she stood again, she turned to face her sisters one more time. She opened her arms. Narcissa was the first to jump into them. She cried, “Andy, I’m so sorry. We’ve lost so much time due to ignorance and stupid feuds. Can you forgive me?”

Andromeda just held her baby sister and rocked, “Of course, Cissy. It’s been so long. Mistakes were made on either side. What’s important is that we are here now trying to fix this rift.”

She looked up and made eye contact with her big sister, “I’ve missed you both so much, Bell.”

Bellatrix stepped forward and embraced them both. All three sisters were crying. Andromeda soon pulled Sirius into the hug too, “Get in here, Sirius. We can’t have a proper Black family reunion without you. If only little Reggie was still alive….”

Sirius stiffened in the hug, and the other men laughed. Narcissa scolded, “Sirius Orion Black, you mean that you haven’t told her yet?”

Sirius tried to back away from the group hug as he sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck, “Ummm. Well, you see.”

Ted spoke up and saved the day, “Why don’t we all have a seat and get completely caught up?”

They all sat down and made full introductions. Andromeda cooed over Sirius’s son, but she fussed at him again for not telling her about getting married or adopting him.

Andromeda stared ahead trying to grasp the great influx of news, “So let me just get this straight. Little cousin Regulus was a metamorphagus, and went to Azkaban pretending he was Rabastan Lestrange. He’s now been de-aged and blood adopted by Bellatrix and Rodolphus, and he is re-named Rabastan. And he’s still a metamorphagus. The blood adoption didn’t change that. Molly went crazy and disowned Charlie, Fred, George, and Ron. Ron was adopted by Sirius and Remus, and his name is now Regulus. Sirius and Remus are married. Congratulations, by the way. Severus adopted Fred and George, and Lucius and Narcissa adopted Charlie. Charlie, Draco, and Luna are mates. Harry, sorry, Harrison and the other children were attacked by someone pretending to be Severus, and they were all de-aged. Then you found out that Drusilla was still alive, and you just got her back. And you just found out that Rabastan is mated to Bill. Whew.”

Narcissa smiled at her sister, “Ravenclaw. You always were intelligent. There’s just one other thing… well two. Harrison and Severus are mates. Harrison and Rabastan are both submissives.”
Ted gasped, “Male submissives? Two in one family. That’s incredible. I wonder if it has anything to do with the Black blood running through their veins or if it’s because of traumatic childhood events or a combination.”

Andromeda interrupted her husband’s rambling, “Ted, do stop. Sorry. He has a special interest in psychology. That’s the half-blood in him. His dad was a psychiatrist, a muggle mind healer. So do you have any leads as to who could have impersonated Severus and attacked the children? I’m sure it’s the same person who put Harrison’s name into the goblet of fire. Speaking of the tournament, what are you going to do? A 3 yr old can’t compete.”

This time Ted interrupted her, “Dear, now who’s rambling?”
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

A long break. Finally an update. Bear with me. I'm trying to get back into the story and not abandon it. If you're looking for other quality fics right now, I've recently come across two that I really like:

- "Our Happy Family" by Snap_da_Dragon
  https://archiveofourown.org/works/18484417/chapters/43798945
  Features: Percy/Oliver Percy adopts Harry and a de-aged Severus

- "Resurrection" by Sugahhuney
  https://archiveofourown.org/works/11094153/chapters/24751230
  Features: Snape/Male OC Harry goes back in time with his older memories, and he gets adopted by Snape and his betrothed.

Quick Recap:

Rodolphus (alpha veela, head of entire family) and Bellatrix Lestrange
- Drusilla – formerly Hermione Granger – currently 5yr (de-aged) – no mate….yet
- Rabastan – formerly Regulus Black – currently 5yr (will age back same as Drusilla) – submissive mate to William (Bill) Weasley (21yr old Alpha veela)

Lucius (alpha veela) and Narcissa Malfoy
- Charlie (20yr alpha veela), Luna (13y submissive veela), Draco (8y – deaged switch veela) – all mates
- Harrison (3y - deaged)- submissive mate to Severus Snape

Remus (alpha werewolf) and Sirius Black
- Regulus – formerly Ron Weasley - (5yr – deaged) – metamorphagus – no mate….yet

Severus Snape/Prince (alpha veela; adopted brother of Lucius)
- Fred (16y) – no mate….yet, but interested in Angelina Johnson
- George (16yr) – no mate….yet, but dating Marcus Flint
- The twins haven’t received a creature inheritance yet. It’s highly likely that they will considering the amount of Veela blood in all of their families, and they were blood adopted by two Veela’s. Debating whether to make one a submissive and one an alpha vs leaving them as without inheritances vs ???

I’ve only left one Weasley brother out of the story, Percy. I’m not sure what to do with him. I’ve never really liked hit character much, but I’m currently reading a fic by Snap da Dragon (Our Happy Family) that is quickly changing my opinion. I may work him into the story. It would require a lot of angst and retribution, but it could work! Nothing wrong with a little groveling.

End of last chapter:
They all sat down and made full introductions. Andromeda cooed over Sirius’s son, but she fussed at
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New Chapter

The family sat scattered around the table in the private dining room of the restaurant as they became reacquainted. The family reunion was going so well that Narcissa offered for everyone to come back to Malfoy Manor. Everyone agreed to extend their visit, but Rodolphus suggested they all retire to Lestrange Manor in stead since that was where everyone was currently residing. The revelation that the entire family was currently residing together at Lestrange Manor brought forth a whole new conversation.

They were currently heatedly discussing Severus’s attack and suspects when Harrison sleepily toddled over to the man in question. Severus was mid sentence when the little boy pulled on his sleeve and whined, “Sevvv?”

The normally dour and stern man didn’t hesitate to reprimand the rude interruption, “One second, Harrison. Adults are speaking. It’s rude to interrupt when someone is speaking unless it’s an emergency. Is this an emergency?”

Harrison huffed and shook his head sadly as his little fist rubbed his eyes sleepily, “s’not emergency.”

Severus didn’t lose stride of going back to the conversation, “Very well. Let me finish this conversation, and then I can entertain you. As I was saying, I suspect the perpetrator—…”

Andromeda, who was sitting next to Severus, watched as Harrison battled with his options. He was clearly overtired and in need of a nap. His little body couldn’t handle anything else right now. She was just about to pull Harrison into her own lap when he lost his battle with his temper.

He stamped his foot and cried, “Alphaaaaaa.”
The women had to hide their amused facial expressions and their urges to coo at the adorable toddler about to have a temper tantrum. Severus was torn. Half of him wanted to turn to mush from the sheer cuteness of his little mate, and the other half of him wanted to immediately remind him that such behavior was unacceptable.

He quickly glanced towards Lucius for guidance, and he used the man’s unimpressed expression as a clue. He took hold of Harrison’s little chin and tilted it up so that they could make eye contact. The child was still whining, and he had big crocodile tears rolling down his face. It almost was enough to make him change his mind, but a stern clearing of Lucius’s throat kept him on track and he pushed his emotions away and looked down at the child as he scolded, “Harrison Sirius Malfoy, what did I just tell you?”

He paused for a second to allow the child time to answer, but it was clear that he was too worked up, so he continued his lecture, “I said that it was rude to interrupt someone, and I asked you to wait a little while. You chose to disobey me and throw a fit. This behavior is unbecoming, and I will not stand for it.”

This little sternness was enough to put Harrison over the edge from fake tears to real sobs. Severus, not used to handling small children didn’t recognize the difference. He threatened, “Young man, if you don’t stop this crying, I will give you something to really cry about.”

Harrison looked up at him, wounded and shocked, then he ran around the table to Lucius. He crawled into his dad’s lap, and he buried his head into the crook of the man’s neck and tried to hide behind the long blonde hair. He whimpered, “Daddaddyyyyy. S-ee-vv’s me-ean t-o-o y-you-rr H-harr-y.”

The entire family ignored the slip. It was the first time that he had referred to himself by his old name since he had become Harrison. Severus felt terrible and guilty. His submissive thought he was mean? He stared as his older brother rocked his little mate and cooed at him. Lucius made eye contact with the worried man, and he tried to reassure him that all would be well with his eyes and his words.

Lucius promised, “Shhh. Shh. Little one. It will be ok, Harrison. Severus didn’t mean to upset you. You did have a little temper tantrum, and you both overreacted a little. It’s ok. You’re just overtired, and you didn’t handle being fussed at well. This will all pass soon. You will be back to normal, and you won’t have to deal with all of these extra feelings and naps. You will be a teenager again soon.”

Andromeda made a quip about how nothing would change because teenagers by definition were emotional and dependent on naps and sleeping all of the time. The adults laughed at her joke, but Harrison didn’t hear it over his crying. Lucius stood and tried to calm him, walking back and forth, but nothing was working.

Severus made his way over to his brother and reached out for his mate. Lucius pulled the little boy away from himself in an effort to hand him over to Severus, and Harrison sobbed and tried to hold tightly to his Daddy.

Severus embraced them both and rubbed Harrison’s back while whispering, “Harrison, baby, you have to calm down. You will make yourself sick. Come on, now. Come see alpha.”

That was all it took for the child to practically jump into his alpha’s embrace. He wrapped his arms and legs around Severus, and he cried into the man’s neck, “’m sorry! I’m s-orr-yyy. Don’t waannnnaa be badddd.”

Severus was glad that he was seemingly forgiven for being mean, but he sighed at his submissive’s words. He promised, “No, sweetheart. It’s all okay. You aren’t bad. You are a wonderful little boy,
and I love you very much.”

Harrison was slowly calming down, and he was hiccupping, “Not really a little boy. ‘m big boy.”

Severus smirked and had to stop himself from pointing out that only a little boy would claim to be a big boy. Instead he just squeezed Harrison and placed a kiss on the side of his head as he said, “Oh, Harrison, you are right. You are a big boy, but you will always be my little one.”

Harrison just nuzzled his alpha and sleepily replied, “kay.”

Rodolphus had been handling the tab, and he chose this moment to address his family, “I think it’s time we all head to our house. Harrison and the other children can go down for a nap when we get there.”

Draco, had other plans and chose this moment to complain loudly, “Aww. I don’t want to nap. I’m not a baby. I wanted to fly again, Uncle Rodolphus.” Turning puppy eyes to his father, he asked, “Father? Can’t I fly?”

Sensing that Lucius was just about to turn him down, he added, “Please,…Dad?”

Lucius tried to school his expression. He was overjoyed. Draco had finally called him something other than Father. He was also proud of the manipulative little bastard for using the moniker at an opportune moment for him to get something he wanted. His son was a true Slytherin and politician, and he would do the family name justice one day.

He was just about to reward his son when Regulus, Drusilla, and Rabastan all yelled out their own opinions on a nap.

Regulus: “If Draco doesn’t have to nap, then I don’t want to nap either. I want to fly too!”

Rabastan (from where he was snuggled in Bill’s lap) was a little quieter, “Billy, do I have to take a nap? I’d rather spend time with you.”

Drusilla spoke loudly over the other two, “Nooo, Daddy! You promised to play Princess Panthers with me today!”

The other adults smirked at ‘Princess Panthers’, but Rodolphus was not pleased with all of the whining. He addressed his family loudly and sternly, “That’s enough. Everyone under the age of 25 will be going down for a nap!”

He glanced in William’s direction when he said this to gauge the young man’s response. After all, it was only a few hours ago when he had declared he would treat the young man the same as his other children. He wanted to see how his newest son would react to a little authority. He couldn’t imagine he was used to being forced to nap or being cared for as the oldest of seven children.

Bill’s head shot up and he looked questioningly at Rodolphus as if to silently ask whether he truly meant to include him with the children. Rodolphus just stared back at him with a raised eyebrow as if daring him to disagree.

Just as Bill was about to speak, Rodolphus continued speaking, staring Bill straight in the eyes, “If I hear any more complaints or whining, I will personally administer discipline and then force a naptime potion down said person’s throat.”

Bill’s eyes widened comically. He had a pretty good idea what ‘discipline’ Lord Lestrange would administer. He had already been informed that this was a traditional family. Having come from the
opposite of a traditional family, Bill didn’t have much experience with corporal punishment or any punishment for that matter. He had always been well-behaved enough to fly under his parent’s radars. They had more important things to worry about. Bill suddenly wondered if he was currently in a precarious situation. He had no choice but to submit to Lord Lestrange if he wanted to be around his mate. He sighed, what was his life now?

Rodolphus watched as a parade of emotions crossed the young Weasley’s face. He would have to teach the young man to school his expressions better.

Ted laughed outright and lightened the mood, “Look, Andy, it seems no matter your upbringing, no children ever want to nap.”

Andromeda laughed as well, “Oh, our Dora was the worst about nap time. I can’t remember the amount of times we found pillows arranged in her bed and the window open.”

She smiled supportively to Bellatrix, “I’m sure that’s something we will be able to bond over. Most people’s children can’t just turn into a bird and fly away. No fear, they will always come back when their mischief is managed.”

Bellatrix looked appalled and worried at the mention of something she had never even considered before. She quickly went and scooped up Rabastan and held him tight, “Raby, baby, don’t ever to that to me. My heart wouldn’t be able to take it.”

Rabastan didn’t struggle in her hold. He’d been abused and touch starved enough that he didn’t mind being babied in front of everyone and his new alpha. He just cuddled further into her, “Don’t worry, Mummy. I’ll never leave you.”

The family cooed at him, and Bill once again saw a new side to this ‘dark’ family. He’d seen more love and acceptance today than he’d seen in quite a while. Rodolphus was watching over everyone with fond looks. He caught the eye of his Weasley son, and he nodded minutely in acceptance.

He led his family through the floo to his manor, and he instructed his elves to get everyone situated. The children were to nap or have quiet time for at least an hour, and the adults would be reconvening in the sunroom for tea.

Once everyone was disbanding, he was left with just William holding his son awkwardly in the foyer in front of him. It was clear that the young man didn’t know where to go. Rabastan was already asleep in his arms, and William was gently rocking back and forth. Rodolphus motioned for him to follow quietly, and then he led them to the matching heir suites right next to the master suite. He gave the man a brief tour of the manor on the way, and he promised a better tour later in the day.

He opened the door to Rabastan’s room, and he led them in. He went to pull back the bed clothes, and he transfigured his son’s clothing to pajamas. Taking the hint, Bill gently placed his sleeping mate into the oversized bed. The boy reached out in his sleep trying to find contact, so Bill quickly transfigured an extra pillow into a wolf cub that matched the boy’s version. He set the little wolf into Rabastan’s arms, and he brushed back the curly black hair gently as he set a kiss on his forehead. He had completely forgotten that Rodolphus was in the room with him until the man was leaning over his mate as well.

Bill growled threateningly briefly until a stinging sensation reached his ear. Rodolphus had wasted no time in twisting the young veela’s ear in his hand. Bill dropped to his knees in surprise and pain, but he didn’t bow his head in submission. Rodolphus stared him down. He watched as William’s eyes glanced quickly to the sleeping form and back up at him, and then he slowly bowed in head and bared his neck in submission.
Rodolphus veela purred at the younger man. He quickly kissed his son on the forehead, and then he embraced William. He bit down on the bared neck, and he claimed the young man right there. He heard a small noise from the door, and he looked up to find his wife and Lucius watching the scene unfold. He held the young man until the pain passed, and then he led them all through to his study.

He could do much worse for a son-in-law. William was a pure blood, and he would be Lord Weasley one day. Rodolphus would make sure to have the Weasley Lordship re-instated. He looked back at the dazed redhead following slowly, and he noticed his wife’s wistful expression. He was amazed with her responsiveness. After she went crazy, he’d never thought he would have his Trixie back. He thought his dreams of a family were long gone, and he had never felt happier. He nudged his wife towards their son’s mate, and she quickly started mothering him.

She wrapped her arms around him. For all that William was a tall man, Bellatrix was a tall woman too. She could easily have been classed as an Amazon on sheer size alone. She was 6’1”, and she was not delicate. She matched heights with the slight young man, but she seemed to dwarf him as he was currently shrunk him on himself.

She rubbed his back and held the back of his neck as they walked. He was currently rubbing over his bite mark, dazed.

When they reached the study, she pulled him to lie down on the sofa with his head in her lap while Rodolphus and Lucius sat gracefully in the armchairs across from them. Rodolphus and Lucius saw the possessive gleam in Bellatrix’s eyes, and they knew their plans for the afternoon had just changed. He called an elf to update the family that it would be a few hours before they would be rejoining them. He asked the elves to show them to the family wing, and he offered them quarters to relax and freshen up as well.

He settled back into his chair and looked at the couple on the sofa, thinking. Soon, the redhead was sleeping peacefully. Bellatrix continued carding through his long red locks contentedly. Narcissa entered the study quietly and smiled at her sister. Being an experienced mother, she wasted no time caring for the young man in her sister’s lap. Bill’s resemblance to her eldest (Charlie) was uncanny, and for a second she thought he was Charlie. They weren’t identical like Fred and George, but they could easily pass as twins. She transfigured his clothes into a pair of pale blue pajamas, removed his boots, and covered him with a thick afghan.

She wasn’t oblivious, and she immediately noted the claiming bite that the young man was holding on his neck. She cast a silencing bubble around him, sat in Lucius’s lap, and sent a questioning glare to Rodolphus.

Lucius smirked and spoke gently to his wife, “Easy, Narcissa. He may look like Charlie, but Bill belongs to Rodolphus now. He isn’t yours to protect. I suspect Bellatrix has that in hand anyway.”

Rodolphus held up his hands and explained, “Rest, Cissa. Luc is right. Young William is now mine. That mark will never fade. I have claimed him as my son. I couldn’t adopt him like you adopted young Charles. I will restore the Weasley Lordship, and he will be Lord Weasley one day.”

Bellatrix spoke up, “Our son. You claimed him as our son.”

Rodolphus smiled at her, “Yes, dear. I claimed him as our son. We haven’t had a chance to discuss it yet. I must admit that it was a little rash, but it would have come to pass eventually. I’ve just moved up the timeline a bit.”

Lucius interrupted, “A bit? Rodolphus, you have just met the boy today. You prayed on his weakness and lack of family, and you used it to your advantage. You have just forced a lost boy,
because that’s what he is, to be your son. What if he resents you when he realizes the implication of what has just happened?”

Rodolphus argued back, “I didn’t coerce him, Lucius. You make it sound as if I plan to torture the boy. I’ve given him a family, something he wanted. I’ve made him my son in a legally binding way based on Creature Law, and I given him protection and benefits he didn’t even know existed before. Don’t play me a villain. You only adopted Charles out of resent and necessity.”

Lucius was a little cowed, but he didn’t back down. He smiled, “Fair. I just want to make sure you do the right thing by him. Our families are highly intertwined, and I don’t want to see anything bad happen. I must admit, I’ve developed a soft spot for these Weasley’s.”

Lucius continued, “You can’t treat him like you treat your others. He is not a child, though he will need guidance and love.”

Rodolphus argued, “Bella and I cared and tended to Rabastan for years as an adult before we adopted him. Do not presume that I cannot care for an adult child.”

Surprisingly, Bellatrix was the one that spoke next, “Rod, you have to notice the differences between Bill and Raby. Even as Regulus, he was always needy and childlike. It’s no wonder he’s a submissive. This manchild in my lap is another being altogether. We are treading new waters. He raised his six siblings, and he is all alpha. There will be times of dissent between you and he, and you cannot treat him as a child in those moments. He obviously respects you enough based on the bite on his neck, but he may grow to resent you if you treat him as a child.”

The door to the study creaked open, and a shy Rabastan crept into the study clutching his new wolf cub plushy. He padded over to the sofa, and he climbed on top of his mate and snuggled down to go right back to sleep.

Unbeknownst to the other adults chatting, Rabastan’s presence ended the silencing bubble. Bill lay quietly pretending to sleep as he listened to the adults talking.

Narcissa was the next to speak, “Bellatrix is right. Bill is used to caring for himself and others. He won’t want to be treated like a child. He will most likely struggle with the line of authority in this family, but he will adjust. Just give him time to adjust. Charlie is coming along beautifully. I can’t imagine not having my handsome redheaded boy now. I suspect that Bill will be a wonderful addition to this family.”

Lucius agreed, “Yes. I’m ashamed that I was so hesitant to adopt Charlie. I’ve guaranteed his position at Hogwarts if he wants it next semester. He will be around more, and I look forward to having an adult son. Bill is a curse breaker, and the goblins trust him. That says something about his character. He’s obviously a fine young man.”

Rodolphus nodded, “Yes. He tried to protect Rabastan and Drusilla from Bellatrix and I when we first met at the bank. He is very brave, a true Gryffindor. We will have fun teaching him to be more Slytherin.”

Bellatrix giggled, “I don’t know. Something tells me he won’t need much help to be sly. He’s been listening to our conversation since Rabastan joined us.”

Caught, Bill blushed and squirmed a little. He tried to sit and distance himself from Bellatrix, but she pulled him sit closely to her side. He blushed even further when he realized he was in pajamas.

Narcissa saved him, “Don’t worry dear. I transfigured your clothes to make you more comfortable.
You remind me so much of Charlie. We all look forward to getting to know you. You will have to forgive us if we are a little too much at times. We’ve lost so much time as a family, and we are trying to make up for it. Please feel free to be yourself around us. You may call me Aunt Cissy, understand.”

If it was even possible, the young man blushed further and nodded. Rodolphus rolled his eyes and gently reprimanded, “Young man, in this family we always answer properly and verbally.”

He nodded again, “Yes, sir. I understand, Lady Malf- uh, Aunt Cissy.”

She beamed at him, and he smiled back at her. Rodolphus spoke again, “While I admire the respect, I wish to have a personal and close relationship with you. This family has turned over a new leaf. I would like you to address me as Dad, if you are comfortable with it.”

Bill looked up at him shocked. Bellatrix kissed his cheek, “It’s ok to have more than one Dad. I’d like you to call me Mum as well.”

He numbly answered, “Yes,……M-mum. It’s ok. Arthur and I aren’t that close. I can call him Father to keep you separate, if that’s what you want.”

Rodolphus frowned, “William, I want to make you happy. I’ve claimed you as my son, and it’s my job to keep you happy. If you are uncomfortable with something, please let me know.”

The redhead seemed to dwell on that for a bit, and then he looked up with a cheeky expression, “In that case, Dad. I’d like it if you called me Bill.”

Lucius laughed out loud, “A true Gryffindor…..Ha! He’s a Slytherin hiding in Gryffindor colors. Welcome to the family, son. You’ll fit in nicely.”
After the children woke up from their naps or ‘quiet times’, Draco made sure to usher everyone out to their quidditch pitch. All of the adults flew, and Nymphadora came over when she was finished with her auror shift to meet her family. Regulus and Rabastan spent most of the day with their new favorite uncle, Ted. He was surprisingly good on a broom.

Draco took a surprising interest in Nymphadora, mostly due to her metamorphagus ability. He was insanely jealous when she and Rabastan bonded over their shared Black family trait. He was beginning to feel sorry for himself. He wasn’t a metamorphagus like Rabastan, and he didn’t develop his animagus form early like Regulus. Drusilla and him shared the top position in their class, and he wasn’t the baby of the family either. He tried not to dwell on this. He loved his new little brother, but, Merlin, this was his family first! It wasn’t fair that he wasn’t the special one!

It turned out that he wasn’t even fully an Alpha. Well, he was, but Charlie would always be his Alpha. He wouldn’t even be the head of his own family one day. He was nearly an adult. Even de-aged, he was MUCH older and more mature than the others. He was tired of being grouped with the children. He’d have rather hung out with Fred and George than be forced to nap. The twins were fun, and they were really sneaky. He’d have to try to spend more time with them.

Draco tried to set his feelings aside. He was trying to turn over a new leaf. He schooled his emotions as best as possible and was thankful for once that his family had expanded so much as it allowed him to blend into the background.

With so many players, they were able to split up and form makeshift teams for some pick-up quidditch matches. By the time nightfall came around, everyone was tired and sore. A house elf popped in and announced dinner, and they lazily made their way to the dining room.

Harrison could not be coaxed out of his Momma’s lap at the dinner table. He’d planted himself there, exhausted…and a little cranky, right after the last Quidditch game. The adults wouldn’t let him fly alone, but he was happy to fly with a different adult every game. He liked flying with Uncle Siri the best because he was the most reckless.

Uncle Moony was the most careful, and therefore the most boring. Sev was a close second because he didn’t even like to fly that much. Daddy was fun, but he was afraid of Momma, so he was more careful than Sirius.

Harrison currently had his face hidden in his Momma’s neck, so his back was to the table. He had one thumb in his mouth, and the other was wrapped tightly around Narcissa’s shoulder.

Rodolphus insisted on manners at the dining table, “Harrison Malfoy, I expect you to have better table manners. You should turn around and face the family. Don’t be rude.”

In response, he only whined sadly, turned his head briefly and gave his Uncle Rod the saddest puppy eyes he’d ever seen. Rodolphus caved under the power of his gorgeous green puppy dog eyes, and
the family was able to refrain from laughing at the family’s head. Lucius, however, was able resist their charm. He gently and firmly transferred Harrison to his own lap, but he turned him so that they were back to chest and Harrison was facing the table. He whispered in the boys ear, “I know you’re sleepy, little one, but you need to eat something. The sooner you eat, the sooner you can go have a….”

Narcissa promptly interrupted him, “A SLEEP! The sooner you eat, the sooner you can go to sleep.”

Lucius raised an elegant eyebrow at his wife in question, and she quietly whispered that Harrison would only fuss more if he knew that he had to take a bath still. He was overtired, and she wanted to avoid a meltdown.

The other parents all understood. Even Draco wasn’t chatting as amiably or lively as usual. He was sitting quietly snuggled as close as possible to Luna. Lucius made a mental note to address Draco’s odd behavior later.

Lucius held tightly to Harrison and watched his two other children for a while. Draco seemed more than just tired. He had an underlying note of sadness in his aura, not even Luna was making him better. He watched on as Luna whispered to him and tickled him. He responded mostly in the way she wanted him to, but he wasn’t truly happy. After a bit, Luna gave her own sigh and just wrapped her arm around her de-aged mate and kissed his temple. Draco didn’t let her pull away. They finished the rest of the meal stuck to each other. Lucius couldn’t help but wish he was the person Draco was clinging too.

Without Lucius noticing, Severus had stood and excused himself and his sons. Lucius didn’t realize until his little brother was pulling a sleeping Harrison from his arms. Harrison fit right into his alpha’s arms and snuggled into his neck. He breathed a large sigh of content at his alpha’s normal smell.

Lucius allowed his little brother to take his baby without argument. He was looking at Draco again, and he felt he had larger concerns that Harrison’s nighttime routine. Severus would take care of him.

The blond alpha called out to his son, “Draco, love, come here for a bit.”

He held his arm out. When Draco slowly approached him, he scooted his chair back and patted his lap to indicate that he’d like for Draco to sit on his lap. Draco was bewildered and embarrassed. He whined, “Faattthherrr. I’m not a baby. I’m too old to sit on your lap like Harrison.”

Lucius chuckled and ignored his protests as he pulled his son onto his lap, “Nonsense, Dragon. You’ll always be my little boy. Allow me this comfort before you re-age to your teenage self and won’t fit here anymore, please.”

Draco just huffed in response.

Lucius hugged his tighter and placed a brief kiss on his temple, “Besides, I want to have a closer relationship with you this time. Might you consider giving up the formality and just calling me Dad.”

Draco blushed and huffed again, “Fine, but I will never stoop to calling you such an infantile name as Daddy like Harrison and sometimes Luna.”

In the nursery (Harrison’s room), Severus was getting pajamas ready for after his little mate’s bath. Harrison was snoozing on the sofa when Severus came to pick him back up to carry him to the bathroom. He whined when he was disturbed, again. First his Daddy took him from his Momma. Then Sev took him from his Daddy. Then he was finally able to rest on the couch. He wished they
would just let him sleep already.

He watched, eyes half mast, as his alpha carried him into the bathroom. He nearly sobbed when Sev turned on the taps, “Noooooooo. ‘m sleepyyyy. Don’t wanna bath.”

Severus wasn’t taking no for an answer, “I’m sorry, young man, but you are absolutely taking a quick bath before bed. You are filthy from a long day playing outside.”

Harrison couldn’t see reason, and he just started crying earnestly. Fred, curious about why his pseudobrother was crying, came to investigate. He walked in as his father was trying to strip the little boy’s shirt off. Seeing the tub filling and the obvious tired expression, he came to the right conclusion.

He added bubbles to the water and soothed, “It’s ok, Harrison. Look, bubbles will make it all better. Don’t cry. It will be over quickly, and then you will feel better and clean for a good night’s sleep.”

He just continued crying, “Why’s Harry only one that’s gotta bathe?”

Getting sudden inspiration, Severus eyed his son and then asked his little mate, “Would it make you feel better if Freddie bathed with you, baby?”

Fred nearly choked. He blushed all the way down to his toes. The only reason he didn’t put up a fuss was because Harrison nodded and was visibly trying to calm down. The little boy turned to Fred and lifted his arms in the universal symbol for ‘up’.

Severus smirked evilly, and spoke, “Perfect. I’ll make sure to get both of my boys squeaky clean!”

Harrison giggled while Fred blushed even more and glared at his father, promising retribution.

Fred was gently setting Harrison into the tub when he asked, “But what about Georgie?! He needs a bath too! Can’t forget Georgie, Alpha!”

Severus balked a little at that. It was funny to humiliate Fred a little. This twin could take it, but he wasn’t sure about his other son. George was more sensitive than Fred. He was about to respond in some excuse about George not needing to bathe right now when said twin peeked his head into the bathroom.

Harrison squealed happily at seeing George, and his soon returned the enthusiasm. He walked to the tub and kneeled beside Harrison as he ruffled his hair. He spoke to his brother, “Freddie, I came to see what’s taking you long.”

Fred was standing awkwardly about to start undressing, and he looked to their father for help explaining the situation.

Severus quickly explained, “Harrison was adamant that all of my boys needed to bathe, so Fred was just about to hop into the tub. I was going to come find you, but you’ve just saved me the hassle.”

George blushed too, and Severus smirked at how similar and different his twins could be at the same time. He could see that Fred was embarrassed by the idea of being bathed by his new father, and George was embarrassed that he wanted to be bathed.

Fred wasted no time in joining Harrison in the large oversized tub, but George hadn’t made the first move. Severus took pity on his sensitive twin. He pretended to be overly sweet and tender for Harrison’s sake. He could tell that George really wanted to be cared for, even if it was a little embarrassing. “It’s ok, Georgie. Hop into the tub with Harrison and your brother, so that Daddy can
take care of all of his boys.”

Harrison, feeling particularly needy, crawled into Fred’s lap as soon as he was in the bathtub. George was slowly taking off his clothes. Fred was distracting Harrison and getting his hair wet, so Severus took a moment to whisper to George, “You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. We can give Harrison an a simple explanation.”

Lucius, having been shunned by Draco’s need for independence, had been observing silently from the hallway since George entered the bathroom. He called Narcissa to come see, and they both watched as Severus spoke gently to comfort his son. They were very proud of how Severus had changed for the better. They’d always known his gentle side, but they were glad he was including others now.

As soon as George was in the tub and a little more decent (covered by bubbles), Narcissa grabbed Lucius and drug him into the bathroom. The twins blushed again and scrambled to make sure all of their important bits were covered.

Narcissa cooed and teased as she snapped a picture, “Oooh. How adorable! Since when did family baths become a thing?”

Harrison giggled happily from the tub as Fred was rinsing out the shampoo from his hair, “Momma! Sev is taking care of his boys!”

Severus rolled his eyes, but Lucius knew this was the perfect opportunity for some fun. He teased, “I can see that. What about Severus, though? Doesn’t he need to bathe too? He was my first boy. Can’t I help take care of him and his boys?”

Severus got a very worried expression and threatened, “Don’t even think about it, Luc” at the same time as Harrison squealed, “Yeeessss, Daddy! Sev can join us in a bubble bath!”

Delighted at getting the response he wanted from his son, he waved his hand and transfigured Sev’s robes into some black swim trunks. He wanted to tease his brother a little, but he wasn’t completely heartless. He knew that Severus wouldn’t want to be completely starkers in front of his sons, and he had no desire for Harrison to see the man naked any time soon.

Fred quickly caught on to what Lucius was planning, and he egged his dad on, “Come on, Daddy! Uncle Lucius has to take care of his boy just like you!”

Lucius laughed heartily, but Fred’s plan backfired when Lucius responded, “Oh, Freddie. Severus won’t be bathing anyone. His boys are my boys by default. I’ll be bathing every last one of you. I’ll be sure to get every last inch. Narcissa will have to help since we want to get everyone to bed promptly.”

Fred’s mouth just dropped open in shock and embarrassment, and Severus wanted to die of mortification. George, Narcissa noted, was suspiciously quiet during all of the teasing. Harrison was overjoyed at having most of his family here with him, but he had the dredges of overtiredness all over his face.

Narcissa decided to act quickly to prevent any further meltdowns or tantrums. She summoned the soap and a soft flannel. She took to washing Harrison while Lucius made a big production of getting Fred and Severus ‘all squeaky clean’. It did a great job of keeping Harrison entertained and happy.

Using he motherly intuition, she didn’t allow Lucius to ‘bathe’ George like he had Fred and Severus. Instead, she gently treated him just like she did Harrison. She took the time to wash his hair as she
gently scratched his scalp. George looked like he was about to have his own little meltdown, and everyone (except Harrison) noted his predicament. Lucius ‘helped’ to dry off Harrison, Fred, and Severus while Narcissa took her time with George.

She could tell that this was something he desperately needed despite his age. She wondered about his inheritance for the millionth time. The twins hadn’t presented yet, but their majority was coming up. She had a sneaking suspicion that George wasn’t going to be an Alpha like Fred.

She hummed as she rinsed him, and then she helped him out of the tub and over to his father waiting with a warm fluffy towel. Sensing that those two needed a moment alone, she led everyone else out of the bathroom. Fred was carrying Harrison, and she followed them first to Fred’s room then to the nursery. Lucius had exited the bathroom in the direction of Draco and Luna’s room.

Back in the bathroom, Severus was delicately drying off a still blushing George with such care and devotion. When he was dry and covered in his towel, Severus pulled him in for a hug and whispered, “Daddy is very proud of you, Georgie. Thank you for letting us care for you.”

That was the breaking point for George. He cried quietly and held tight to his dad. Severus sat on the edge of the tub and pulled his son into his lap until he calmed down. Once he was sufficiently calmed, he led his son to the twin’s room and then went to his own room to dress. He asked George to meet him in the nursery as soon as he was dressed.

Narcissa was still in the nursery with Fred and Harrison. She had expanded Harrison’s bed, and she had both of them tucked in on one side. She was showing them some books to choose a bedtime story, but she was waiting on Severus and George to start it.

When they walked in, Harrison was cuddled as close to Fred as he could get, and he was gently carding his hands through Harrison’s curls. Narcissa was obviously struggling not to coo at them. Severus motioned for George to hop in on the other side of Harrison, but Narcissa stopped him and spoke with determination, “No, Sev. You get in first. That way you can sleep between Harrison and George.”

Severus sighed, “Narcissa, I am a grown man, and I am quite able to sleep on my own. I have done so nightly my whole life.”

She didn’t miss a beat, “Don’t take that tone with me, Severus Tobias. I know for a fact that you used to sneak into Lucius’s dorm at night for a cuddle, so don’t act all tough now. I realize that you are an adult, and Fred and George are nearly as well, but we’ve all lost so much time together. Isn’t it better to spend as much time as possible together while we are able?”

Severus mumbled under his breath about nosy interfering older sisters, and Narcissa sent a stinging hex at him.

Severus reached back to dull the sting on his rear, and he spoke, “It’s not as if Fred and George will ever be allowed to move out. No doubt, their spouses will just move in with the rest of the family. If my experience has anything to show for…”

She cast a lip lock charm on him, and she pushed him towards the bed, “Yes, yes. We know. You hate being cared for. You’d rather be left alone and miserable. Too bad, young man. Into bed with you.”

He silently finite’d the lip lock charm and whined (ARGUED! Greasy potion master’s in their 30’s did not WHINE…), “Cissa, You are only 5 years my senior. I hardly think that gives you the right to call me a young man.”
Lucius walked in and cast another stinging hex at Severus as he scolded, “Get into bed and do as you’re told, Sev. You are not too old to listen to your elders.”

Severus huffed and rubbed at his rear again. Sensing he would lose this battle, he chose not to argue again. He just crawled into the bed on the other side of Harrison, and then he lifted the covers to invite George in as well.

Narcissa asked where Draco and Luna were, and Lucius informed him that they were in the playroom with Bill while Rabastan and Drusilla were getting ready for bed. Lucius showed her a picture of Bill with Draco on his back while they were chasing Luna around the playroom and Narcissa rolled her eyes and tutted, “Honestly, should they be getting so riled up right before bedtime?”

Lucius smiled knowingly at his wife, “Don’t worry dear, I asked Bill to corral them to us as discretely as possible. They should be here any min…”

They all three ambled into the nursery right then. Luna was giggling and out of breath, and Draco was urging Bill to go faster.

Lucius expanded the rocking chair Narcissa was using so that they would all fit, and he summoned the children to him. Draco and Luna went easily. He pulled Draco into his lap again, with a little fussing from the younger blond, and Luna happily settled into his side. Bill stood awkwardly in the doorway unsure whether he should leave or if the invite included him. He didn’t want to overstayed his welcome and ruin his tentative relationship with his new family.

He looked in the bed at his little brothers and Professor Snape. He’d never seen this side of the man, and he was happy to see that the daring duo were truly being cared for. He was still getting used to his brothers with black hair in stead of red.

Professor Snape was the one to break his reverie, “We don’t have all day, Mister Wea-, Bill. Kindly join them on the rocker so that the story may begin, and we can finally get some sleep.”

Bill’s face grew hot as he replied, “Yes, Professor.”

Severus just rolled his eyes as he watched the eldest Weasley boy arrange himself on the expanded rocking char with Luna on his lap. He spoke quickly and with determination, emphasizing the young man’s name, “BILL, you are now a part of this Merlin forsaken crazy mess of a family. Rodolphus has claimed you as his son and me as his brother, so you are now my eldest nephew. I know it’s every Gryffindor’s dream, right? Now, you will address me as Uncle Severus, not Sev or any other diabolical shortening of my name, understood?”

Bill smiled and nodded. A brief raised brow reminded him of Rodolphus’s earlier admonition that all responses were to be proper and verbal, and he quickly amended, “Yes, sir, um Uncle Severus.”

Narcissa reached up to gently run her hand through Bill’s hair in approval, and then she opened the book on her lap and started reading. When she was turning the page to the third page, the door to the nursery opened and revealed all of the Lestranges. Rodolphus didn’t hesitate to conjure a sofa large enough for his family, and he sent a quick patronus to Remus and Sirius to join their impromptu story time.

Rabastan fussed from his father’s arms about Bill holding Luna in stead of him, but Rodolphus quickly calmed him quietly, “Easy, son. Let the little moon have this for a moment. Her alpha’s are not able to care for her right now, and Bill is awfully similar to Charles. How would you feel if you were kept away from Bill for extended amounts of time?”
In response, Rabastan just turned into his wolf cub form and let out a little whine. He didn’t move from his daddy’s lap though. Narcissa paused the story just long enough for the rest of the family to come. When they arrived, Regulus saw that Rabastan was a wolf, so he turned into his animagus form too. Bill gave a start at seeing his brother transform so effortlessly, but he didn’t comment. He just beamed proudly. Sirius smirked at Bill as he also transformed and showed off that Regulus’s form matched his. Not to be left out, Remus transformed into his wolf, and the family of canines curled up together on the rug for story time.

Once everyone was finally settled, Narcissa re-started the story from the beginning. She, Lucius, and even Bill took the time to make up different voices, and she turned the book around to show the pictures on every page.

Harrison was passed out cuddled between Fred and Severus before the book was even re-started. Drusilla was fighting the sandman in Bellatrix’s lap, and Rabastan’s little wolf had curled into Rodolphus’s neck and was clearly asleep. Regulus was still awake and nuzzling into Moony’s side ready to wrestle, clearly overtired and fighting sleep. In the bed, George was asleep with his head resting on Sev’s chest and his arms wrapped around his father.

All of the adults carried a slumbering child out of the nursery quietly. Lucius easily maneuvered Draco onto his hip. He relished the closeness of his little boy, and he wished that he had spent more time like this when Draco was truly little. Bill carried a sleepy Luna, and he helped Narcissa and Lucius put them to sleep in their room.

Padfoot saved Moony from their young puppy’s teeth. Reggie was currently gnawing on Moony’s ear playfully. Padfoot picked up Regulus by his scruff and carried him from the nursery to his and Moony’s room. He didn’t bother to transform back to his human form. He just jumped into their bed with his pup curled around him.

Regulus whined at being put to bed and tried to keep playing, but Moony gave a little growl indicating that it was bedtime, so he curled up in Padfoot’s belly.

The next morning, Moony was awoken by a weird sensation. It took him a minute to realize that he was still in his wolf form. He looked down at his family. Padfoot was sprawled across most of the bed, and Regulus was snuffling into Moony’s large furry tail.

Remus was embarrassed by how long it took him to realize that his son’s form was different. He was still black like the miniature Padfoot, but he wasn’t a puppy anymore. He was a wolf cub! Remus very carefully transformed back to himself and woke Padfoot. He held a hand over Padfoot’s muzzle and whispered for him to transform back.

As soon as Sirius was himself, Remus motioned towards their son. Sirius did a double take, but he noticed immediately that Reggie was a wolf. He transformed back to Padfoot and smelled the cub. He confirmed that this was Reggie and not Rabastan playing a trick. Then he transformed back to himself and whooped joyously, “Remy, our boy’s inherited the Black trait! He’s a metamorphagus! My mother is rolling in her grave right now!”

Said cub whined at the noise, and Sirius scooped him up and carried him around while he ran to wake up the rest of the family. Soon, everyone was coming to breakfast, and they all exclaimed over the wolf cub, except Draco.

Draco felt even sorrier for himself. Great, he thought, another metamorphagus in the family. Why couldn’t he have inherited it from his mother?!
Everyone was excitedly talking and congratulating Reggie until Lucius’s eagle owl carried in the morning paper.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

I realize it's been a very long time. I'm sorry things have gotten busy in life. With that said, I just had to re-read the fic from start to finish. There are definitely some discrepancies, but I figure that's pretty normal for amateur writing. This chapter is mostly fluff. I've got a little chart now with ideas and plots to write from. Hopefully, I've gotten my writer's block out of the way with this nothing chapter, and I'll be able to get back into the story.

“Lestranges, Blacks, Malfoys, and Weasleys…Growing Again or Danger to Us All” By Rita Skeeter

“This reporter is pleased and slightly concerned to be the first to update you on the ever-growing family. With such a large and affluent base, some readers worry that this notoriously dark family may be trying to take over the Wizarding World. Just what is going on inside Lestrange Manor?

Previously, the family was all of the news when they took in the majority of the disbanded Weasley sons after Molly’s embarrassing departure. It seems that the Lestranges proper wanted a Weasley of their own to match the Blacks, Malfoys, and Prince families. They were seen with the eldest Weasley son, William, yesterday in Diagon Alley. Witnesses say that the family (Rodolphus, Bellatrix, recently rescued Drusilla, and newly de-aged and adopted Rabastan) entered Gringott’s alone, but they exited about an hour later with a dazed William (Bill) Weasley carrying a wolf cub. The newest son, Rabastan, de-aged former Regulus Black, was no where in sight. It wasn’t until the wolf transformed back into Rabastan at Florean Fortescue’s that we find out he can already shift. Is this left over from his days as Regulus Black or is this a new found ability. We know that the Black’s have a history of metamorphagi. More on that to come.

Inside the ice cream shop, Mr. Fortescue refused to give a statement saying that he valued the privacy of his clients, but there were others present to observe the strange gathering. Witnesses agree that Bill Weasley nearly had a panic attack, and then he was nurtured? Comforted? CUDDLED by infamous death eater Bellatrix Lestrange. They say that each of the elder Lestranges were acting downright paternal towards the young man. Why was Bill with the Lestranges in the first place? Why was he so dazed? Why was he accepting comfort from both of the Lestranges? Continue reading to find out.

Sources say that after the encounter at Fortescue’s the Lestranges plus Bill Weasley met up with the rest of the family (Dynasty? Kingdom? Empire? Royal Family?) at a private restaurant. Two very exciting and surprising things happened there. 1) It was revealed that Rabastan Lestrange was a submissive, and Bill Weasley is his newfound Alpha. Hence, the shock and dazed expression. It appears that Bill was at work at Gringott’s yesterday when he first came into contact with his new mate. It can be shocking for the eldest son of a family that has been the paradigm of light to suddenly be mated to one of the Darkest families in history. 2) The other shocking thing is that waiting at the restaurant was the estranged Black sister, Andomeda, and her muggle-born husband, Ted Tonks. After years of separation and animosity, the Black sisters have officially made up and re-united. Sources say that the party all left to head towards Lestrange Manor where they could continue the reunion.

Just what is going on with this large family, and what does it mean for the Wizarding World? What will happen if He Who Shall Not Be Named ever returns like Headmaster Dumbledore suspects? What does Dumbledore think of this growing power? With so many powerful Wizards with Alpha
Veela inheritance, are the rest of us left at a disadvantage? Would it even be a fair fight if they chose to assert their authority over all of us?

Some readers have expressed concern that there may be ulterior motives to this growing family. Some have even speculated that this family combined could be more powerful and worrisome than the Dark Lord. There are so many very powerful and wealthy witches and wizards, and they have members from both the Light and Dark. Severus, Lucius, Bellatrix, and Rodolphus were all saved from Azkaban by Albus Dumbledore. Just where does he fit in all of this? Is this the beginning of a new Wizarding World Order?"

As soon as Lucius finished reading the article from the Prophet aloud, Fred swore, “Merlin’s fucking balls.”

Severus glared at him and smacked the back of his head. The younger children and Sirius laughed, and Narcissa scolded, “Fred James Prince, do not speak like a low class bum unless you’d like your bum to be red and stinging.”

Fred was embarrassed by the juvenile reprimand, but he nodded his head in understanding regardless. His ear was suddenly stinging as his father twisted it in his hands and reminded him to answer respectfully. He was quick to amend, “I’m sorry, Aunt Cissy.”

Feeling cheeky, like usual, and a bit miffed, he muttered something under his breath about nearly being an adult and being allowed to speak how he’d like. He must have forgotten about all of the Veela’s and their exceptional hearing. He soon had multiple very displeased older men, including Bill, frowning at him. Severus dismissed Fred to his room, but Bill knew better, “I’m sorry, Uncle Severus, but he shouldn’t be left to his own devices. The twins do much better with supervised punishment. Fred, I know I raised you better than this. I think you’d better go plant your nose in that corner until we are done here.”

Fred argued back to Bill, “No way. You aren’t the boss of me anymore.”

Sensing an argument coming, Rodolphus quickly stood and addressed the two boys, “Fred, I’m not sure what’s come over you, but you absolutely still have to listen to your brother... Now march and go plant your nose in that corner as he suggested. If there is one more word out of you, then you will be doing so without the ability to sit.”

If there was one thing Fred had learned about Rodolphus, it was that he didn’t make idle threats, and he didn’t accept misbehavior. He quickly stood, blushing, and made his way to the corner. On his way, he felt his dad gently grip the back of his neck in appreciation, and it made him feel rotten. While in the corner, he tried to listen to the family’s conversation, but he couldn’t help but think and concentrate on how different this family was from his old one. Molly and Arthur wouldn’t have cared so much about him cussing or acting out a little.

He didn’t know why he bucked that small amount of authority just now. It just bothered him briefly. Oh man, he was in trouble. What was he thinking?! Snape may have been really cool so far, but he was still the greasy git of the dungeons. His Dad was going to kill him. Would he disown him? What about Rodolphus and Lucius? He was pretty sure they only put up with him because of their interest in his new Dad. Maybe he could stay with Remus and Sirius if things went south. He was almost an adult. He could probably even stay with Arthur if needed to.

At some point, he sagged against the wall in defeat. He suddenly realized that he had no control over anything in his life right now. He was at the mercy of his new family. Narcissa rolled her eyes at all
of the men in her family, and she moved to comfort her nephew. In a family of Slytherins and politicians, no one missed his body movements. They just all chose to ignore him for now. Being an experienced mother, she couldn’t ignore it. Besides, it was against her that Fred made his first transgression. She could certainly handle a little teenage angst.

She excused herself from the table, “As exciting as all of this is, today is Monday. We have school and lessons, and Andromeda, Nymphadora, Dumbledore, and Minerva should really be included in this conversation. Why don’t we table it for now, and we can all meet in the headmaster’s office later?”

She didn’t wait for confirmation. This was one of those times where a Black witch had spoken, and it would come to pass. There was no use fighting.

Narcissa walked up to Fred, and she startled him when she placed her hand on his shoulder. Fred turned and apologized, “I’m sorry, Lady Malfoy.”

That in itself told everyone where Fred’s head was. Narcissa sighed sadly and then turned to glare at all of the men. She led him from the room to her and Lucius’s room, and she could be heard as they walked away, “Sweetheart, it’s still Aunt Cissy. Let’s have a little conversation before we get you off to school.”

Once they made it to her bedroom, she led him over to the bed and took a seat next to him. She reached across and held onto his fidgeting hands as she spoke, “Fred or do you prefer Freddie? I’ve heard Severus refer to you as Freddie multiple times now.”

He just shrugged, “It doesn’t matter.”

Narcissa frowned, but she let it go. The twins were normally pretty confident, and it was hard to see one of them, especially Fred (the ring leader) acting so unsure and down. She spoke gently to him, “Freddie, you are not in a lot of trouble. Please don’t be so hard on yourself. According to Bill and Charlie, you didn’t have much of a guiding hand growing up, so I understand how hard it can be to suddenly have so many rules and people watching out for you. It can be stifling, but it is the way of this family and that will never change. Your father is still held accountable to Lucius and now Rodolphus. We understand that you will need an adjustment period, but you were blatantly disrespectful earlier. That will never be tolerated.”

Fred just nodded, “Yes ma’am.”

Narcissa reached up to pull his head onto her shoulder and card her fingers through his hair as she soothed, “Another thing that will never change is your status in this family. You’re stuck with us, dear. Always. Now, we need to handle the little issue of your disrespect, and then you will have a fresh slate.”

She felt him flinch slightly on her shoulder, but he didn’t make a sound or pull away, so Narcissa continued, “Normally the men handle all of the punishments, but I’m perfectly capable. Since your blunder was against me, I feel that I should administer it.”

Fred blushed and wanted to argue, but he was nervous. He looked into Narcissa’s eyes, and he didn’t see any judgment or negativity, so he just agreed and resigned himself to his fate.

Narcissa motioned for him to stand before her, and she angled her lap so that she could pull him across her lap with his upper body resting on the bed. She accio’ed her hairbrush, and then she pulled down the young man’s sleep pants as he groaned, embarrassed.
She gave him a short warm-up with her hand, and then she paused, “Fred James Prince, why are you getting this spanking?”

He flushed red, and answered, “I was disrespectful to you and talked back. I’m sorry, Aunt Cissa.”

She rubbed his back, “It’s ok, Freddie. We’re taking care of it now, and then it’s over. Hold on tight, I tend to go quickly to get it over with.”

Then she raised her hairbrush and brought it down with a solid smack on his right cheek. Fred had to hold his breath at the sudden impact. He hadn’t expected her to be so heavy handed after the light warm-up. He made sure to hold himself still. He was adamant that he would not cry from a spanking from a dainty woman….no matter how mightily she wielded her weapon of choice.

He groaned silently as the smacks kept coming fast. She was right. She was quick and methodical. She covered each cheek, sit spot, and upper thigh, alternating sides. Ugh. He was not going to be able to sit down today…and maybe tomorrow.

She started lecturing about a minute into the spanking, “In this family, we value honesty and respect. You will learn quickly or you will stand for the forseeable future. You WILL NOT be cast out or disowned no matter what you do.”

Ugh, that cut him. How’d she know what he was worried about. He started crying a little, but he was still fighting it. He was fighting the tears so much that he hadn’t noticed the door opening to admit his Uncle Lucius. Hearing the man’s voice shocked him, “It’s ok to cry, Fred. Your dad still cries when I handle him. Crying is not a weakness. It’s cathartic. Let go, Freddie.”

And he did. He collapsed over Narcissa’s lap, and he cried out all of his pent up emotions. Narcissa stopped spanking him immediately, and observed her handiwork before she drew up his boxers to preserve his modesty. His entire rear end from his buttocks to the middle of his thighs was a dark red. He had kicked off his sleep pants during the spanking, so she left them on the floor.

She rubbed his back while he sobbed and whispered sweet nothings to him. Lucius helped Fred up and laid him out across their bed as a knock sounded on their door. Narcissa went to answer the door. A teary-eyed George was standing there miserably, looking lost. He quickly scanned the room until his eyes fixed on his brother. Narcissa pulled him to the bed and nudged him to signal that it would be ok to provide comfort. Fred was quickly sandwiched between George and Lucius. Narcissa, not one to be left out, crawled into the bed on the other side of George and pulled the covers over everyone. She kissed both of their temples, and set a timer for 10 minutes. They all needed to get ready for school. Fred wasn’t able to eat breakfast before, so they would need to be there in time to catch a quick bite to eat.

George latched onto Fred, and they both calmed down together. Harrison soon joined them, running and diving on top of the twins. They laughed and held the little boy tightly between them. Lucius and Narcissa shared a loving look over their heads as they watched the twins cuddle with their baby.

A throat clearing from the doorway ended their reverie. Not a second later, the alarm Narcissa had set was going off. Severus entered the bedroom where all three of his reasons for living were located. He stood near the foot of the bed, and he opened his arms to all three of his boys. Harrison and George didn’t hesitate to embrace the man, but Fred hung back briefly. Narcissa nudged him, and reminded him, “Freddie, your dad loves you. Always.”

Fred stood from the bed and embraced the man and his brothers as well. If he shed a few tears when his dad whispered that he loved them all dearly, well no one seemed to notice.
Severus ended the moment as soon as Fred started to pull away. He sent the boys off with a quick playful swat in the direction of their room, “You’ll have to hurry if you want to eat breakfast in the great hall before class.”

Fred whined and rubbed and stinging bottom, “Awww, Dad. Did you have to smack me so hard just now?”

Severus just rolled his eyes, “Please. That was just a little love tap. I’d be happy to show you a real smack if you want to compare the difference.”

Fred smirked and replied cheekily as he ran out, “No need. I took excellent notes last time. As far as comparisons go, Aunt Cissa has you beat, Dad. That woman has a mean swing!”

They all laughed, relieved that Fred was back to acting normal.

Severus stood with Harrison in his arms, and he turned to face his brother and sister, “What are we going to do with those two troublemakers?”

Lucius just smiled, “They say that your children are doomed to be at least three times worse than you as a child. I’d say they’re making good on that on wives tail, and you love it. Those twins are something special.”

Severus didn’t say anything in response. He just kissed Harrison on the forehead and then tossed him onto the bed playfully towards his parents.

As everyone was getting ready to go through the floo, Drusilla came running into the foyer, “Mummy, can I go to school today too?”

Bellatrix sighed. She figured this would happen eventually. She answered delicately, “No, baby. You can’t perform magic like the other children. I suppose we could bring you for meals so that you could see your friends, but you can’t attend classes.”

Drusilla seemed pleased that she’d be able to at least attend meals, but she was worried, “But what will I do all day if I’m not in class?”

Sirius laughed and tweaked her on the nose, “Oh, you never change! You’ll have fun, of course! Dru, you’re 5 again, sweetheart. Play outside, explore this large manor, work on your shifting, play with your brother and cousins. Merlin, there’s even a library here if you get bored.”

She looked skeptical, “Play? All day? But what if I forget my lessons by the time I’m big again?”

Remus, ever the scholar, spoke up, “She’s right, Siri. It wouldn’t hurt to find a tutor for the children. I’m sure there are plenty of things she and the others could learn or re-learn. She and Harry weren’t raised in a wizarding house, and Reggie didn’t have any tutoring as a child either.”

Sirius mocked betrayal, “Oh, Remy, not you too!” Then he turned to little RJ, “Sorry, bud. I tried, but your Papa thinks you should be tortured with more school while you’re out.”

Drusilla looked pleased with this revelation, but Draco and Reggie looked horrified. Regulus whined, “But Daddy! I’m only 5, right?! What happened to playing?! Don’t let Papa do this!”

Moony had on his stern face, and Sirius noticed it. It was only one step away from his spanking face. He schooled his own behavior and soothed his son, “None of that, Regulus John. I was only joking.
Of course you will get a tutor. There will still be plenty of time for play. Papa is absolutely the boss. If he says that you need a tutor, then you will have the best tutor possible. Papa and Daddy are a team, and we agree on this. I think you need to apologize to Papa, little boy.”

Downtrodden, Regulus turned to his Papa. His face looked a little stern still, so Regulus nervously transformed into his wolf cub form. He walked up to Remus and stood on his hindpaws with his forelimbs reaching up to his Papa’s knees.

Remus’s face softened, and he picked up his cub. Regulus nuzzled into Remus as he whined softly. Remus held him tight and scratched his ears.

Lucius interrupted, “As sweet as this all is, we need to go if we are going to make breakfast. Which of you kids want to come for breakfast? Afterwards, you will come back here with Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Rodolphus.”

Of course, all of the children wanted to come, even Rabastan, who was also in his wolf cub form. Regulus was a black cub with piercing blue eyes while Rabastan was a russet wolf with light green eyes that matched Rodolphus.

Remus carried Regulus through the floo, and Sirius carried Rabastan. Fred carried Harrison. Draco held Luna’s hand. Lucius carried Drusilla. Finally the family made it to the Great Hall just as breakfast was being served. The cubs were complacent with going with their carriers. Draco, Fred, George, and Luna were going to the Slytherin table. Harrison was already running (toddling) up to go see Albus and Minerva. That just left Drusilla.

She quietly tugged on Lucius and Severus’s robes, and the two men knelt down to her level. They were aware of the majority of the great hall staring. This was the first time they’d seen Hermione as Drusilla Lestrange.

She could feel all eyes on her, and she tried to hide behind her uncles as she asked, “Where do I go? I’m not a Slytherin, and I don’t think the Lions like me anymore.”

Both men looked between the Slytherin and Gryffindor tables. While the Slytherin’s were mostly looking on curiously, many of the Lions were glaring at the de-aged Lestrange girl. Lucius glared back at the Gryffindor table, and many of them looked away, afraid. Severus scooped up his niece and carried her to the Slytherin table. He set her down between Marcus Flint and George (maybe there was an ulterior motive there….he could have just as easily set her between Fred and George), and then he addressed his snakes, “We will have a proper meeting later to update everyone with things they should know, but for now know that Drusilla is to be treated with care at all times. She is my niece, and therefore an honorary snake. Any untoward behavior will be swiftly and harshly dealt with.”

Then he knelt down again and spoke to her, “Stay with Fred, George, or Marcus at all times, ok?”

She nodded and wrapped her arms around him thankfully, “Thank you, Uncle Sev.”

He just hmpphed. Blast. Everyone thought they could call him Sev now. He kissed her temple briefly. Out of habit, he kissed George’s temple too as he stood straight and started to walk away. He hadn’t realized what he’d done until he heard the gasp of surprise from most of the great hall. He turned to look at his son. Poor George was blushing bright red, thoroughly embarrassed, and Fred was laughing at him.

Severus sent a stinging hex to Fred’s bum as he turned to walk towards his seat at the staff table. He heard Fred yelp, and he grinned. The good mood didn’t last long. When he reached his seat, Albus
and Minerva were giving him fond knowing looks. Merlin, what was happening to him? He was going soft. He just reached across and stole Harrison to put him in his own lap. He wasn’t ashamed to use his mate as a distraction.

When he looked up, the majority of the students were still staring at him open-mouthed. He glared at all of them. Unfortunately, a glare isn’t as powerful with an adorable toddler in your lap. He prayed to Salazar for a distraction, and he was rewarded soon enough. Minerva and Albus were gushing over the wolf cubs, and Sirius and Remus were proud as peacocks telling the rest of the staff about how they both inherited the metamorphagus trait.

Albus picked up one of the cubs without knowing who was who, and he brushed his hands through the soft fur. He scratched the cub’s ears, and he praised him on being so clever to figure out the transformation at such a young age. Unknowingly, he had Rabastan Lestrange in his lap. The young cub was completely still at first, but he loosened up as Albus continued petting and praising.

He rolled over onto his back to present Albus with his belly for scratches, and the headmaster laughed, “Oh, you know how to make a Grandpa proud for sure! I’ll bet you and your cousin will give your grandmother a heart attack one day. I’d love to see you with her in her cat form!”

Rabastan morphed into a cat to try and match Minerva’s tabby. He was very close, but his color was similar to his wolf. Albus hugged the kitten close and bragged to his wife, “Look, Minnie! He’s trying to be like Grandma!”

Minerva reached across and stroked the kitten, “Excellent, love, but it’s time for breakfast. Honestly, Albus, you are the adult here. Make sure the children eat breakfast. You can all play later.” Then she turned her attention back to the little red-brown kitten, “Turn back into a boy now, so you can eat breakfast.”

Both metamorphagi turned back to children, and Albus was a little surprised to find Rabastan in his lap. They hadn’t properly met yet, but he didn’t break stride and introduced himself and Minerva, “Well, hello little Rabastan. It’s nice to finally meet my newest Grandson. I know we knew each other before, but that was so long ago, and everything has changed now. Let’s count this as a fresh start. I’m your Grandpa, and Minnie here is your Grandma. Welcome to the family.”

Rabastan shyly smiled at his new grandparents and hugged the powerful wizard. Then he remembered Bill, and he said, “It’s nice to meet you and Grandmum, Grandpa, but I’m not your newest grandson. Billy is! He’s my alpha, and Daddy claimed him as a son too!”

Albus chuckled in his grandfatherly way, “So he is, child! You are right. Congratulations on finding your mate. I’m sure you will be very happy together. If I remember correctly, you and Bill have quite the history.”

Meanwhile at the Slytherin table, Draco was pouting and watching the interactions between the two metamorphagi and HIS grandparents. This was just totally unfair. Now the little brats were showing off to Grandma and Grandpa, and they were his grandparents first! First he had to share his parents with Harrison and his mates. He loved all of them, but he sometimes missed how things used to be. Then he gained a whole bunch of new family members. He was a Black first. Why couldn’t he have gotten the Black transfiguration trait?! He couldn’t transform into an animagus! What was wrong with him? In his pity party, he had forgotten that he was also special. He developed into his Veela inheritance very young, and he was very powerful. He was also tied at top of his class with Drusilla. None of that mattered to the little prince right now. He was focused on the attention that his two new cousins were getting.

His temper festered. He swallowed it down for now, but he didn’t know how much longer he could
hold onto it. He needed some one-on-one time with his Alpha. Why did Charlie have to be so far away? Rationally, he knew it was just over a month until Charlie would live with them forever, but he had the mindset of a 9yr old right now. A month was forever!

Marcus sensed the inner turmoil in the young veela, and scooted closer to him to wrap an arm around him. Draco huffed and threw Marcus off of himself. George was embarrassed that Draco would act so rudely to his boyfriend and glared at him. Draco glared back and retorted, “Don’t look at me like that you Weasel. He’s your boyfriend not mine. My alpha may be your old brother, but I don’t have to listen to you. I’ve been in this family longer, so if anything, you should listen to me.”

George was left speechless by Draco’s hateful slur. Marcus was fighting a weird feeling in his chest. He wanted to defend his mate…… (mate? BOYFRIEND.) He wanted to defend his boyfriend and give Draco what he had coming. Before he could act, Fred was already grabbing Draco by his ear and hauling him up the staff table.

Draco was struggling and fighting Fred with every step. Fred landed a solid smack to the seat of Draco’s trousers and threatened more if he didn’t desist. Draco flushed red, humiliated that Fred would treat him that way in front of the entire school. The adults in his family all watched on in rapt attention and curiosity. Severus and Lucius stood to meet them in the side room of the Great Hall for some privacy.

Once they were in the private room, Fred told Draco to plant his nose in a corner, but the brat turned on him and yelled, “I already told you and George that I don’t have to listen to you. I’m an Alpha, and you’re nothing.”

Lucius grabbed Draco by his upper arm, turned him to the side, and delivered three scorching swats. Draco was furiously trying to rub the sting out of his bum while his Dad lectured, “Draco Lucius, I’m not sure what’s come over you lately, but you absolutely have to listen to Fred and George, especially right now. They are older and in charge of you when the adults are not around.”

Severus smirked at his nephew, “As to your other argument, Fred may not have presented yet, but it would take a dunderhead to miss the signs that he will also be an Alpha Veela. Take a good look at him, and think about how many other Veela are in the family. We have strong genes.”

Draco wanted to argue more. He didn’t know what his argument was, but he wasn’t ready to concede. He was amped up and hurt and ready to fight. His Dad noticed this and physically picked him up and carried him to the corner. He was fighting and squirming, “Put me down. I’m too old for this. I’m not a baby!”

Lucius ignored him and stuck him in the corner with a soft, “You don’t have to be a baby to be loved and held. There is no age limit on a little comfort. I’m sorry you were raised differently the first time, but this time, we’ve all seen the wonders that familiarity can do. I plan to hold you tight as much as possible.”

Draco cried, “Why? What’s different this time? Why wasn’t I enough to make you realize that before? How come you only realized that after Harrison came around? What’s wrong with me? Why am I not good enough? Harrison is the baby. Regulus and Rabastan are both metamorphagi. Even Drusilla is an animagus. What’s wrong with me?”

While Draco was ranting and having a meltdown, Fred was relaying the breakfast incident to Severus. He gently patted Fred on the back as he dismissed him and told Fred not to worry too much about Draco. Lucius would get to the bottom of things and fix everything. He always did.

Lucius knew resolving this issue would take longer than the few minutes he had until his first class.
He sent a patronus to Sirius asking him to cover their classes alone today, and then he explained to Severus that he was going to take Draco alone for the day.

Draco was overtired by now, and he didn’t argue when Lucius picked him up. He hid his face in his father’s neck when Lucius carried him into the Great Hall to converse with his wife. He explained that he was taking the day off to spend with their son, and they would both be home this afternoon in time for dinner.

Narcissa rubbed Draco’s back gently and placed a kiss on the back of his head before they took the floo to Malfoy Manor to spend time bonding.

As soon as they came through, Lucius transformed their clothes into night clothes and carried him up to the master suite. They settled down for a short nap, and then they resolved to start their day over and get past Draco’s insecurities.

When they woke up, Lucius took the time to promise Draco that he was still loved, and that there was nothing wrong with him. They spent a few hours bonding over things they both loved, and Draco apologized for his poor behavior and promised to be better. Lucius opted not to punish him, and he flooed Charlie to see if he would be able to entertain Draco for the afternoon.

Draco spent the afternoon shadowing Charlie and helping where he could. He really enjoyed his time with his father and his alpha. The other workers at the dragon reserve only teased a little about how cute and tiny Draco was right now. Draco preened under the attention. Charlie finished up a little early in order to spend more time with Draco.

Lucius had mentioned that Draco was feeling left out, so Charlie made sure to pamper him. They flooed to Malfor Manor so that they wouldn’t be bothered by everyone else at Lestrange Manor, and Charlie spoiled him for two hours before bringing him home to Lestrange Manor for dinner. Draco, Fred, and George made up with hugs and an apology from Draco, and everything was right again….for a little while. With a family this big, there was always some kind of drama.

A few days had passed since Draco’s little meltdown, and the newest drama involved George, Drusilla, and Regulus. Drusilla had developed a crush on Marcus, and Regulus and George weren’t taking it very well. They were both insanely jealous. Severus tried to make George see reason that Marcus wasn’t going to leave him for his younger cousin, but George had deep-seated abandonment issues.

Regulus didn’t understand why he was so jealous when Drusilla wanted to hang out with the dumb older Slytherin. She had always been his best friend and now she suddenly wanted to hangout with someone else. The adults thought the situation was all very cute for a little while.

After two weeks of this behavior, they’d had enough. George was sulking, and he was ignoring Drusilla. He wasn’t being overtly rude, but he refused to talk to her. Rabastan didn’t like the tension, and he tried to smooth things over with his sister and his cousins. He liked George and Regulus, and he didn’t like the discord.

Regulus was constantly sad, and no one knew what to do about it.

One day at dinner, it all came to a head. Drusilla, George, and Regulus got into a heated argument at dinner, and the adults also got a little heated. Lucius and Narcissa were the only adults to keep their calm over all of this because none of their children were directly involved.

Lucius raised his voice loud enough to drown out everyone else, “That’s enough! This petty squabble has gone on long enough. Mr. Flint is George’s boyfriend, and that is final. Drusilla’s little
crush ends here. Nothing good can come of continuing this endeavor. It’s hurting both George and Regulus, and it will only end in tears for Drusilla as well when she realizes that Marcus is only humoring her for the sake of remaining in good standing with the family.”

Drusilla cried out, “That’s not true. Marcus loves me too.”

Narcissa scolded her, “Young lady, your uncle is speaking right now, and you will hold your tongue. Do not yell at him.”

Bellatrix defended her daughter, but Rodolphus stopped her, “Trixie, honey, Lucius and Narcissa are right. This will only add strife for Drusilla if we allow this to continue. Look at the stress it’s putting on George and Regulus. They may be young, but it’s obvious Regulus and Drusilla are destined for each other.”

The last statement was met with mixed reactions. Sirius wanted to argue that they were too young to be thinking of such things, but Remus assured him he could also sense they were made fore each other. Remus held him while he pouted a little. Drusilla blushed and whined, “Daddyyyy! Don’t say that. He’s my best friend!”

Regulus blushed too and denied it, “Yea, Uncle Rodolphus. Drusilla has always been my best friend. I don’t want to marry her. I just always want to be around her.”

Remus laughed, “Oh, kiddo. That’s because she’s your mate. You may not understand these emotions in your little body, but remember that you’re actually 14 years old. It’s not unusual to start developing these feelings now.”

Harrison smiled happily from his alpha’s lap, “Does this mean that everyone is going to be happy again? I wouldn’t be happy if someone was trying to take my Sev away from me.”

Severus squeezed him, “Hush, little one, that will never happen.”

Lucius spoke up, “Yes. Now, let’s move on to happier things. It’s only a few weeks until Christmas. School lets out in 1 week, then we will have a few weeks to spend all of our time together. Charlie moves home right before Christmas, and he will soon join the Hogwarts staff as Care of Magical Creatures professor and magical veterinarian. I think we should take the children back to Gringott’s for a check-up this weekend. Everyone seems to have aged some except for Harrison.”

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