Oi Malfoy

by IWillGoDownWithMyShips, ladyroxanne21

Summary

Now that Harry and Draco are married, they still email each other whenever they can.

Notes

Sequel to Oi Potter and An Oi Potter Wedding.
I'm Draco and Chrissie is Harry :-)

If you are new here or coming back to reread this story and aren't prone to leaving comments on each chapter (We *seriously* love comments *pouty face*), please remember that at the top of the page - you may have to scroll back up again - there are buttons and one of the ones close to the left (it might be the first one, I didn't check, sorry) says: "Entire Work." If you click this button, you will be able to read the entire work that's posted so far in one long go without having to click next for each chapter.

Thank you and happy reading! ^_^
Sunday at 1:14 AM

My dearest Harry,

You are currently sleeping on a towel on the sand, basking in the sun. Our honeymoon has been so far beyond my wildest expectations so far that I want to let you sleep while you can. As I sit here watching you, I am filled with so much love. Also, I'm stroking a little something I bought you when you weren't looking... A solid gold chain in a length that will fit snugly around your neck without choking you. It's your collar and it has a pendant that says: Property of Draco L Malfoy. I can't wait to give it to you!

Love you,

Draco
Monday at 9:42 AM

Hello Husband Mine,

It’s my first morning back at Unity House after our whirlwind wedding and honeymoon and I already miss you like crazy! Who’s the bloody Hufflepuff now?

There is obviously still so much work to do, but when I walked up to the finished outside structure this morning I was pleasantly surprised to find that an office space had been Greg’s first priority. I’m surrounded by the noise of magical construction and the smell of wood and paint, but I have a little space to do my paperwork in relative peace.

I hung up a few pictures already, that sweet one where Teddy made us kiss, and one of the whole wedding party. Damn we all look good!

Remind me again why we live here and not on our tropical paradise? I miss the sunsets and the romance and watching your fit arse in some wet swim trunks. Just a couple more days and we’re off again to ... where’s our next destination?

Greg complimented me on my “cute necklace” already. Now I’m sitting at my desk thinking about you collaring me, your hands fastening it on me while I knelt for you. Well, I should probably ask the crew here if they need an extra hammer because I could pound nails with this thing!

Oh! Do you have any plans for Wednesday? I was going to take Teddy to a couple different play areas to get some ideas for a play structure. I know the wizarding designers have some great ideas but I want muggle elements so the muggleborn Kids will have something that feels familiar. What do you say, want to go play at a bunch of parks with us?

Hope you’re having a lovely lunch with Pansy and Blaise today, don’t give them TOO many details!

I’d better run if I want to hide in the loo and take care of this problem before Hermione gets here!

Love you,

Harry Malfoy
Monday at 2:25 PM

Good afternoon my darling husband,

Yeah, that's not going to get old any time soon.

I'm emailing to let you know that I'm probably going to be late for dinner tonight. Now that Pansy's honeymoon is officially over, she and Blaise want to get a bit more work done on our company before she returns to Russia. We're getting together with Theo and Pansy's cousin Derek Parkinson (he was five years above us in Hogwarts so you probably don't remember him at all) to go over how exactly we're going to go about combining muggle technology with magic. Pansy thinks that we should start by buying a bunch of muggle tech and playing with it until we figure out how to replicate it with magic. It's a place to start, shrugs.

Speaking of starting, I forgot to tell you this morning before you left that I'm going to be planning a fundraiser for Unity House. It'll probably have to replace one of our weekend honeymoons, but I'm certain it'll be worthwhile. I'll talk to Greg and see about how long it'll take him to finish building the House and School, and I'll plan the gala for the weekend after that - using the Great Hall - or the equivalent in your school - as the event venue.

I'd absolutely love to go to parks with you and Teddy on Wednesday. That'll be the perfect time to show you the brochures I have for Nassau and Machu Pichu. You can tell me which one sounds better for our second mini honeymoon.

Salazar damn it! Now that I know you're in the loo thinking about me, I'm going to have to take a loo break of my own! So I'm going to go do that and think about that night I followed your advice and suspended you from the ceiling of the villa we were staying in - face down so that you could see me as I touched your chest and followed the happy trail down to your gorgeous shaft. Having you helpless and dangling from the ceiling as I sucked you off is going to be one of my favorite memories for *years* to come!

Love,

Your husband and fiercely possessive dragon

P.S. I only told Pansy and Blaise the bare minimum necessary to get them hot and bothered, hahaha!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about dinner with his in-laws.

Tuesday at 8:52 AM

Good Morning Husband,

I appreciated the heads up on you being late for dinner, but I did not count on how uncomfortable being the third wheel and watching your parents flirt would be. I am really glad that they’ve accepted me and feel safe enough around me that they’ve taken off their Malfoy masks, but after four courses of foreplay I wanted to ask them to put the masks back on!

I was thinking about your muggle tech problem and I have an idea. You guys seem to be struggling with how to replicate the features with magic, but what if you focused on trying to convert the muggle devices to run on latent magic instead of electricity? Something like a muggle battery but develop a spell to fill it with magic. Just a thought.

I would love to look at your brochures, but I am already thinking Machu Picchu, still nice and warm but different from the tropical beach island we just came home from. Maybe save Nassau for when it’s really gloomy and rainy here at home.

Ugh, I need a new chair for in the office. Between my punishments and my rewards, my bum is awfully tender. I need a lot more cushion. It seems like everything has just fallen into place, remember when I was worried that once they were implemented I may not like the D/S dynamic? Yeah, not an issue. You suspending me from the ceiling was even better than I had imagined. Everything has been better in reality than in my fantasies!

I love the idea of doing the gala at the school! We will have a great hall, not as large or grand as Hogwarts’ great hall of course, but it should do well for the event, especially if we get it done on schedule and the weather is nice, the great hall will open up into the gardens so people can mingle outside as well.

Ernie brought me a preliminary list of orphan kids in the muggle system that have shown signs of magic, we’re going to schedule some interviews next week I think. Do you, Pansy, or Blaise have any idea how to start tracking down the kids “orphaned” to Azkaban? It’s looking like the house will be ready in three weeks!

I’d better get going, I have to prep for some interviews today, I’m interviewing the caretaking staff for Unity House. Maybe I should put on MY Malfoy mask!

Loving You,

Your Harry
Tuesday at 11:17 AM

Good morning to you as well my darling husband,

Merlin's inverted nipples! My parents can be so embarrassing! I'm so sorry you had to witness that, but then again, I hope to be just as embarrassing to our kids someday, so perhaps you'd better get used to it.

Harry, you're brilliant! I don't think people tell you that often enough. But don't let it go to your head because you're still a moron too, more often than not.

I don't think I mentioned this last night, but when you transformed and lay on my chest so that I could pet your soft black fur, I felt more at peace than I could remember feeling in a long time. I have to remember to read up on Animagus transformations so I can transform too.

Machu Picchu it is! I've never been there before, so it'll be an adventure for both of us.

I know you like being spanked, but if it's causing you problems with your chair, we could save the spankings for Wednesday nights so that you're only sore at work one day each week. Just a thought.

Alright, so I'll plan the fundraiser for six weeks from now so that there's time for everything to be finished and I have time to send out invitations and organize everything. Perhaps ironically, there's more involved in a fundraiser than there was with our wedding.

I'll ask Blaise and Theo to help me track down the family registries so that we can see which of the people sent to Azkaban had kids now in the system. That said, you might have much better luck simply asking Minister Shacklebolt to look into it for you. Maybe have him ask for a clerk or his secretary to write a report for him. They'd have access to all the records necessary in ways that might prove difficult for me and my friends.

Good luck!

Love you,

Draco
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

AO3 is being really wonky for the last couple of hours, so I apologize if the formatting sucks. I'll fix it later. I'm just happy that it's finally responding enough to let me post. I hope.

Wednesday at 3:22 PM
My Patient, Tolerant, Forgiving Husband,

I did not mean to laugh at you when you got stuck talking potty training techniques with that sweet couple with the toddler at the park. Did you think parenting was going to be all sticky baby kisses and sleepy snuggles? Three words: So. Much. Poop. I'm proud of you for being so patient with those ladies though. I think you deserve a reward, demand it and it shall be yours My Liege!

I know I brought the camera with for business purposes, but I caught a couple of sweet pictures while I was at it. You going down the slide with Teddy; both of your faces flushed, hair blowing back behind you, matching giggles. Well you can't hear the giggles in the picture, but I will know they were there.

I really loved that climbing wall at the third park we went to. And we won't have to have all the safety harnesses and such, just cast a permanent cushioning charm at the base of the wall and that should do the trick. Between the school and Unity House we will obviously need a very large play area, but what do you think your parents would say to us creating a small one at the manor? Between the woods, the lawns, and the peacocks I know the kids will have plenty to play on, but I thought it might be nice. Ooooh, we could do one like that fifth park we went to where it was all wooden and built like a ship. We could have a pirate ship or a tree fort, OR we could make a huge castle since, as Malfoys, they will obviously be practically royalty!

So I am what, a brilliant moron? Good ideas for the tech, and then too dim to think about asking my friend Kingsley to get me a list? I do already have a short list from the ministry, but I know that with the war and some families not being sure of where to cast their allegiances and having backup plans, that maybe there were kids who had been sent to safety with relatives or something like that you all may have more access too. I mean, it's not like anyone would have been able to find me from a registry when I was growing up. Only a handful of people knew where I was until I went to Hogwarts.

Oh! Greg agreed to stay on after everything is built. It will be part time so that he can continue to build his skills in other areas, but I think he may have fallen a little in love with this project. And it helps that a certain blonde has already been hired on as one of Unity House's first caregivers! I had no idea Luna was interested but she showed up for the interview and even if she weren't my friend I would have hired her! She has ideas that seem so out there that everyone seems to underestimate her, but she is bloody brilliant. She has already mentioned that she hopes to create a small hobby farm on the grounds that will cover a lot of areas; teaching the kids responsibility, learning about care of animals, as well as utilizing the farm fresh ingredients for use in their own food.

Hey Hey Hey now, those are MY spankings! I earned them fair and square! I was only saying that I needed something besides the beautiful but hard wooden chair that was in my office. I just added a
beautiful navy velvet cushion to the seat of the chair and now my bum feels lovely.

I've got a super long day tomorrow, trying to get everything set in place for our weekend so I can leave tomorrow night knowing Unity House is in good hands. While I'm doing that do you want to delegate so gala prep so it can get started while we are gone? I know four wonderfully talented women who managed to create our dream wedding in a week, who knows what kind of gala they could come up with if they had six whole weeks? Put Narcissa on it and ask her if she'd be willing to meet up with Molly, 'Mione, and Pans this weekend?

Love,
Your Little Fox
Chapter 7

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco tells Harry a little more about the darkness inside him.

Wednesday at 4:38 PM

Husband of mine,

Yeah, no, you're still getting spanked for laughing at me. I'll try not to let other children turn me off from having our own. Thank Merlin for house elves! My reward shall be a very thorough full body massage that culminates in a delightful ending.

I had fun playing with Teddy. I didn't think I'd be the type to like kids. I thought I'd be one of those parents that plays with their child for an hour or so each day, and then lets the elves and maybe a nanny take care of them the rest of the time. Now I'm thinking that I might actually enjoy raising our kids. Although, I'm now of the opinion that we shouldn't rush into them. Let's continue with the plan to conceive them in about six months, but since I'll have to make the potions, I'm going to reserve the right to wait a full year if I think we're still too busy with everything else in our lives. Plus, I'm seriously enjoying this time with just you.

If you want it, we'll build a castle and a pirate ship and anything else you think our kids should have. But lest you think I had a sad childhood with nothing to play with, I had lots of toys, and I had a broom, and the woods and pond and lawn itself are full of things to do if a little boy is curious enough and not afraid of frog spawn and climbing trees.

Yes, you're a brilliant moron. I'm glad you realize this, it'll make helping you overcome your inadequacies easier. Darling, this right here is an prime example of your moronness, you know I'm a snarky dragon and yet you didn't pick up on it, sigh. I'll need a copy of that list to help us with our research. But the bulk of it will probably have to wait until we come home.

Good for Greg. I hope he finds happiness and honestly, he and Luna would do well together. I love her ideas too since food fresh from our garden always tastes so much better than anything else.

You know, if you continue to deserve spankings every night, I'm going to have to look into paddles and other things to help my poor hand. Perhaps a variety of things - softer, harder, wooden, silk, leather, etc. I'd bought a lot of toys to play with a while back but since I myself do not really enjoy being spanked and none of my previous lovers asked for it more than once or twice, I'd never bought those sort of implements. I *did* buy a cage for Blaise so that he couldn't get carried away and try to bugger me with his massive shaft.

Speaking of, if you are still a little disappointed that you missed out on that, I was serious when I said that I'd be willing to let you have anything and everything you want. I am secure enough in the knowledge that you love me that I wouldn't be jealous or upset - so long as you told me you wanted to before actually doing it. Going behind my back for something I have no problems with would be one of the few ways you could hurt me. But it's not something you have to decide on right away. We
can always save that for our 20th anniversary when we've shagged each other in every way possible a million times and are looking for a little variety.

Or, if you want to really experience the dark urges of the dragon inside me, I can just tie you up and sit back and watch as Blaise proves just exactly how he fits into any hole despite his size. You think *you* are a deviant? I warned you that there was a beast inside me that I'm keeping a tight reign on. Just keep this in mind the next time you tell me I can do anything I want to you - it may not be what you think it is.

But back to business. I've already talked to my mother, and she's sent an owl asking if Molly would like to help. As for Pans, she's already back in Russia with her husband, so she wouldn't be able to help as much, but will more than likely be willing to attend and donate. Plus, she's going to come back for a day or so every other week to visit with us as we figure out the ins and outs of muggle technology. I actually think you were onto something big when you suggested creating batteries that run off magic, because not *only* would they refill themselves whenever they were in areas of high magic concentration, but then they'd *also* work in areas they normally can't. And should they be in areas of low magic, a simple spell would recharge them in an instant.

That said, a simple parchment enchanted to send messages instantly like an owl but without the owl, that's the thing we think will be the biggest seller and it wouldn't actually need batteries. So we definitely have a few different projects to work on.

In any case, I have our plans finalized and we're all set to go to Machu Picchu Friday. Our Portkey leaves at 2PM so that we arrive mid morning local time and can check into our hotel. That just means that we can sleep in and not have to worry about being late.

Love you so much,

Draco
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Harry is excited to go to Machu Picchu.

Friday at 1:53PM

Fellow World Traveler,

We’re leaving today! We’re leaving today! I’m so excited I could throw up! Is it 2:00 yet? Maybe I’d be more relaxed if I had been the one who got a full body massage last night!

I think our original 6 month plan still works, and if we wait a year we wait a year. We have our whole lives to be parents, we’re still young, and we’ll never get this time in our relationship back. We should savor it. Did that sound convincing? I’ve spent a few weeks trying to drill that into my head every time my chest tightens with how empty my arms feel.

I really like your idea of the spelled parchment. From a business standpoint I would think it would have a large profit margin. The cost would really only be a piece of parchment and the time it takes to spell it. You could price it to be affordable to the majority of Hogwarts students. Then things like the battery adaptions of muggle electronics could be your higher end inventory that’s for a more exclusive market. Are you thinking of opening a shop or selling to existing shops? I’d be willing to bet that George would be eager to sell the parchment in his shop if you’re going that route.

Oh my spoilt rich boy. I am well aware that you had plenty of things to play with as a child. I know you were lonely from companionship from being the only child, but I’ve never worried that you lacked for toys. And really, who needs toys when you have ponds to jump in, woods to trample through, and a garden full of bugs to discover? I’m thrilled that you enjoy buying me clothes because I have a feeling that I am going to be covered in mud more often than not while discovering the outdoors with the kids.

I left a copy of the lists on your desk, it will be waiting for you when we get home. Can you believe I already have three “home” interviews next week? Greg thinks we could possibly have enough of the house complete next week to bring some kids home if needed. For the most part we planned on waiting another two weeks until it is fully complete but he made sure to make the kitchen, two bedrooms, and a bathroom ready in case our interviews uncovered a living situation that needed to be dealt with immediately.

Oh Greg, you should see him stammer and blush when Luna is around. It’s adorable. You should give him a nudge in the direction of asking her out or we’ll all end up having to watch them dance around each other for years and no one wants to deal with that! Luna is very confident and secure in who she is, but she’s still a little self conscious about initiating friendships. I think it comes from her being so isolated for her “weirdness.”

Mmmmm paddles. Um, I must make a confession. I think maybe the spankings aren’t working. I may act up on purpose because I crave them. So they’re not really a deterrent. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you earlier. Maybe you should come up with a punishment that will actually curb my behavior and spankings could be part of my ... regular maintenance? You’ll do what you think is best, I just
wanted to be honest with you.

Keeping with the honesty, I’m not sure how I feel about you sharing me. I swear I don’t still feel like I “missed out” on anything. I’m very torn on the issue of you watching Blaise have me. On one hand the thought of being with anyone but you kills my sex drive, and that’s not just trying to stroke your ego, instant erection killer. But when I turn it around and think of Blaise as an interactive, pretty sex toy you’re using on me for YOUR own pleasure? Right back to peak frustration levels. This is something I think we’d need to discuss at length, and there’s always polyjuice! Blaise would give up a hair wouldn’t he?

Eeeeeeek! It’s almost 2:00! Meet you at the port key!

Love you more than anything,

Your Harry
Chapter 9

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco describes their day.

Saturday at 12:08 AM

My beautiful husband,

I love watching you sleep. I could sit and stare at you for hours. We're currently in our Imperial Suite of the Sumaq Machu Picchu Hotel, and this weekend has been wonderful so far. We walked around hand in hand all over this amazing place full of history and ingenuity. Every time someone would give us a curious or - at times - hostile look, I'd stop and kiss you. I *love* showing everyone that you belong to me. Has anyone in all of space and time had a husband as perfect as you?

My favorite part of today was when we returned to the hotel - after our fabulous dinner - when we had two whole hours (plus a few minutes) of luxury in the Aqlla spa. We were bathed in steam, soaked in a Jacuzzi - sipping on champagne - pampered with body scrubs and face masks, and then massaged until even you calmed down, my excitable little mutt.

Well, actually my *favorite* part was when we returned to our room and defiled the bed. You tied up with a red arse just waiting for me to pound you into the bed has very quickly become my favorite sight. I'm not entirely sure how I survived so many years without you in my bed and in my heart. Well... you were always in my heart.

Tomorrow, our last day here, we're going on a shopping and fine dining tour of Aguas Calientes. I'm quite looking forward to it. Maybe we can find something perfect to add to our souvenir collection - or at least the one we're starting. We picked up a little golden turtle in the Gili Islands, I'm wondering if we can find a little golden statue of Pachamama or maybe the Temple of the Sun.

I'm already planning out our next mini honeymoon, but strangely, I sort of miss Teddy. I'm so glad we decided to go home each week to spend time with our families too. But now it's time for me to return to bed and snuggle up with you.

Love as warm as the sun,

Draco
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Harry loves public claimings :D

Sunday at 7:16 PM

My Dragon,

Now I know why you're grumpy when you're woken up, you spend all night watching me sleep! Well, except that you're NOT grumpy when I wake you up ...

We just got home and you're off going over some boring paperwork with Lucius.

I'll be honest that I was excited but a little nervous to go somewhere like Machu Picchu with you. With a beach it's pretty easy to have a lazy loving holiday, we beach, we eat, we shag, lather rinse repeat. But somewhere where there are things to discover what happens when you want to move on to the next attraction but I want to meditate at the Temple of the Sun? Will we fight? Give in to the other and miss out on what we truly want to see? But it really worked. It helped that everything was so beautiful and awe inspiring that it wasn't exactly a pain to stay in one area a little longer.

Walking around hand in hand with you is my new favorite thing. You get so possessive! I've never liked attention, be it positive or negative, but when people looking at us gets me public claimings? Yeah, I am ok with it!

I'm certainly not perfect! But I think I might be perfect for you! Just like you are perfect for me. You push me to try new things, expand my horizons, and for once in my life have the security and love to learn who I am. I give you a safe space to let out your inner hufflepuff, someone to show you that you can enjoy things that don't always fit into your upper crust world, and I love you unconditionally. I loathe the phrases "better half" or "he completes me." We are complete, good, whole people alone. But you complement me, I'm better with you, I love you!

I already love our collection, and I think my favorite part is knowing that we will continue to add to it. The little statue is perfect! But, I think the album of our adventures is my favorite souvenir. Right now all of the pictures are of the two of us, freshly in love. Some day it will be the two of us exhausted but happy to have escaped for a weekend away while we leave our children with their grandparents. Some day the pictures will be us having a holiday somewhere we have to do no walking because I am too fat to move. Some day the pictures will include a little blonde head poking out of the sling one of us is wearing. Our future is my favorite part of us. Is that crazy?

Ughhhhhhh, that spa. I didn't think I would like it. I don't like being touched by people I don't know and love, but being with you made it ok. And I just felt myself drift into relaxing. It was almost like when I float into subspace. I just felt adrift and floating, but also anchored? I don't think I am making sense, but I think I might be becoming a snob who could live inside of a spa!

I missed Teddy too! Andi is bringing him to Unity House on Tuesday as it's the only day I don't have a home interview set up. Think you can sneak away and join us for lunch and a couple of trips down the newly installed slide?
Tomorrow is my first interview, I am so nervous. It's a little girl, 8 years old, in a foster home in Cardiff. What if I say the wrong thing and muck it up? What if her caretakers won't allow her to come? What if she hates me and doesn't want to come? I obviously need to dress muggle, but I don't want to show up looking like a door to door salesman. What do you think? Black trousers and my dark grey jumper? Would that make me look too authoritarian? Maybe I should wear jeans and a colorful shirt? But I don't want to look like someone they couldn't entrust children to. I'm going to lose my mind!

Ok, I have to go get out of my own head. I'm going to find Narcissa and see if she has any gala updates. If not we can always talk gardening while we wait for our men to finish up Lords Malfoy business.

All of My Love,

Harry
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Draco finds Harry asleep as a fox on their bed.

Sunday at 10:23 PM
Aww, my adorable little mutt! I finally finished up with my father, only to find that you'd transformed into your tiny little fox form and curled up for a nap on our bed. I'm going to let you sleep for a little bit, and then I'm going to wake you up by rolling you onto your back and shaking you roughly as I pet your tummy, hahaha.

So, that paperwork you mentioned (Lords Malfoy has a majestic ring to it that I just love!), it was my father going over everything we own so that in the event of his untimely death, I'll know what to expect inheritance wise. He also wanted to transfer ownership of the Malfoy Apothecary into my name so that I have a stream of income to offset all the money we plan to spend on our honeymoons. But don't think this will obligate me too much as the shop has been run by the same trustworthy manager for about 80 years. He apprentices several would-be potions masters so that we have a continual stock of rare and unusual potions to sell for lots of money. For example, Felix Felicis - which is actually rather difficult to brew and takes a long time - is stocked in our Apothecary and goes for an enormous amount of money. We sell an average of one bottle a year, but the profits from that bottle alone are enough to keep the shop running for the entire year even if nothing else sold, but of course, we sell lots of other things too.

Also, dad signed over another of the many vaults in our name to me as a wedding present so that I have a nest egg should I need it once we decide to have children. All in all, we don't have to worry about money. Not that we really needed to in the first place, but hopefully now you'll never stop and wonder just how much we spend on our honeymoons because it doesn't matter.

I'm glad you liked Machu Picchu since it was fascinating to me and I loved being able to share in the wonder with you. I'm also happy to read that you liked all the times I stopped and kissed you. I was afraid that your aversion to attention would make it weird for you. Strangely, I myself have a strange relationship with public displays of affection. On the one hand, it's not the done thing. Proper purebloods are supposed to act like they have no idea what sex or love is while in public and save all affection for private. On the other hand, kissing you in front of others (strangers whose opinion means nothing to me) is one of my favorite things to do. I know I've threatened several times to just shag you in front of everyone even though I've gotten embarrassed whenever I've had an opportunity (in front of people we know), but the reason I threaten it is that the idea of doing so really does turn me on. I want to spread you out and make you squeal in front of an audience that is extremely jealous because they're not able to touch you without me hexing them. I want to prove that I am in absolute control of your pleasure, and then watch as I give just one lucky person permission to pinch your nipples and lick your bellybutton as I use my hands to stretch you open. Then that lucky person can suck on your glorious shaft while I take you - your legs draped over my shoulders.

And then I often dream about putting you in a dragonfly harness and forcing you to orally please anyone I deem worthy while I stand ready to punish you if you don't do an excellent job. It's like
when we were in that spa and I could look over and watch you being massaged. Those hands on your body turned me on because I knew they were making you feel *so* good. I nearly asked if they would give a happy oral ending if I paid extra, just so I could watch your face flush in pleasure and hear your cries without any sort of distraction.

If you ever think *you* get confused by your sexuality, try being someone who simultaneously wants to keep you all to myself while watching you with others, Merlin!

Anyway, good luck tomorrow, and to answer your fashion question, you'll want to wear casual black trousers with a crisp white or gray button up shirt under a plain waistcoat in any color of your choosing, but probably best in blue, dark green, or gray. That way, you will look professional and trustworthy (and muggle) without looking too formal or like a sales person. And don't worry, the girl will naturally love you. It may take a few tries for her caregivers to trust you, but once you help them realize that you are uniquely qualified to help her, they'll agree.

Now, I really must wake you from your nap since I worked myself into quite a state. Love you more than I love myself.

Draco
Monday at 2:12 PM

Draco!

Unity House has our first child! My interview went wonderfully! Her name is Elena, and like I said before, she's 8. She hasn't been in an unhealthy situation, so she will be coming two weeks from today. But she has been in and out of the system for most of her life. Her caregivers were very receptive once knowing she'd have a home somewhere good for her, and the ministry will be taking care of the legalities. I know every interview will not go this smoothly, but it was such a good experience for my own optimism.

Thank you for helping me de-stress last night; both the calm, cozy, cuddles in my fox form and the decidedly not calm shagging.

So, young Lord Malfoy, I am very glad to know that our honeymoons are not pushing us to the poor house, but you are fully aware that my vaults can and should be used as well right? I want to know that I am contributing to our family as well. The Malfoy's may be as rich as Midas, but the Potter and Black legacies weren't exactly slumming it.

So where are we off to next? I am enjoying letting you decide where we're going on our tour of the world, but I can help plan if you ever get sick of it. If you're not sick of it I suppose I will have to continue to let you pamper and surprise me each trip. Oh, the things I do for love!

Um, but, er, so I've been wanting to talk to you for a while about some of the things you've mentioned in emails, but I get so embarrassed when I try to talk about it in person. Apparently I have no problem begging you to pull me around on a leash but other things make me so nervous. Since I was able to allow my love for you to come out in email before I was able to say it to you, maybe I can type what I can't manage to stammer out.

We talked about this in our first conversation into safe sex, but I still know I have very very few hard limits, I won't do any bodily fluids besides cum and saliva, and I might enjoy humiliation but never to the point of feeling unloved, unattractive, or unwanted. For example, I like being your slut, but I wouldn't want you to tell me I'm ugly or stupid. I like the idea of you telling me that I'm easy or gagging for it, but I wouldn't want you to say that I'm gagging for it and no one would want me. Other than that, I really do mean it when I say I can't manage to stammer out.

If we took my and your fame out of the equation, pretended the Prophet didn't exist, pretend that people wouldn't blab our business .... I really really really want to be publicly claimed by you. It's like my collar, knowing other people can see your mark of ownership on me gives me an indescribable feeling. I could practically come in my pants just thinking about people seeing me kneel at your feet, I would need some serious hardware to avoid shooting off 2 seconds into you taking me in public. And while I don't have any desire to touch, be touched by, or service any others, I definitely desire doing things that will make you feel good. So if that's any of those things you've mentioned in your emails or any other situations you come up with, knowing I'd be completing your fantasy would be giving my submissive side exactly what it craves.

But, our fame isn't out of the equation, and the Prophet does exist, and people rarely are able to keep their mouth shut. So where does this leave us? If you just want to think about these things as a
fantasy and as dirty talk to keep me at peak frustration then obviously that is ok for me. But it seems like this pulls itself out of fantasy for you and into something you truly desire. I suppose we could polyjuice or something along those lines, but I don't think it would feel right. And we'd also only have an hour to play.

I don't know how to work around these concerns, but you've managed to fulfill every single one of my fantasies that I wish I could find a way to give you yours.

Ok, enough of that, back to work. There's so much paperwork to do and not enough time to do it. I'll see you tonight at home.

Yours,

Harry
Chapter 13

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco tells Harry about their next Honeymoon

Chapter Notes

Chrissie and I are up to about the 40th chapter or so, and so while I probably *won't* be posting 4 times a day like I did with Oi Potter (because I don't actually know how long we're going to go on for and I don't want to post it all at once and then miss it, you know?), I've decided that I'm just a little impatient to get y'all caught up on the plot, lol. I mean where we're at right now is *so good* and y'all are so far behind, lol. So, I'm going to post 4 times today so that you at least get something juicier than was already posted :-D

Thursday at 7:17 PM

My beautiful husband,

I'm so sorry I've been out of it the last few days. I've been in conference with Theo and Blaise and Derek Parkinson nearly round the clock. I've barely had time to come home and shag you before falling asleep. Then you're gone in the mornings when I have to wake up and go back, but there's good news...

We did it! We successfully made a charmed parchment that works as a way to communicate back and forth! Sort of like these emails, but the parchment fits in your pocket and can be taken anywhere. Each parchment must be named, but then once it is, all you have to do is write on it with your finger the name of who you want to send the message to, the message you want to send, and then it just sends it. I'm so excited! We're currently in the testing phase to be sure that the charms last long enough to be viable as a product to sell, but so far, it looks good.

So, the next place that we're going on our honeymoon - tomorrow at 11 am - we're portkeying to Glastonbury for the festival. It's a three day event, but it sounds fun. The Weird Sisters are performing - the muggles having no idea that the magic they do in their "magic" show is real. There's also a band I like called DarkStar that's performing. Other than that, you can drag me around to see whatever you like, or tell me to drag you around to see what might be interesting.

Here's a link to the festival for you to look at if you have time before we leave tomorrow. You'll probably wake up before me, so you'll be able to see if there's anyone you're interested in seeing.
Glastonbury Festival - 1999

Love you to the moon and back,
Draco

P.S. I may or may not have something devious in mind for the camping at the festival.

Chapter End Notes

Oh! Funny tidbit, when I sent the email with the link to the festival to Chrissie, I didn't actually talk with her about it until later. And when I did, I mentioned that I found it so funny that the Weird Sisters AND DarkStar were listed, that it just had to be fate! And she messaged me back admitting that she had wondered if I'd made an entire website just to throw that tidbit into the story, lol. She was like: "Talk about dedication to the craft!"
No, I didn't create a website just for a story, but I can tell you that if I was getting paid for it, I'd totally do that, lmao :-D
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Harry's excited about the Glastonbury Festival.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday at 9:46 AM

Good morning my love,

Congratulations on the charmed parchment! I knew you guys would figure it out!

Don’t worry about being gone so much this week, I’ve barely beaten you home every night. These home interviews are killing me. One in particular was pretty rough and I think we’re going to have our first Unity Kid Monday morning, provided the Ministry gets the legal end taken care of. But I have to put it out of my mind, I’ve done everything on my end so worrying won’t do me any good.

Merlin’s Bollocks! Shite! Where do I even start with the festival? Obviously the Weird Sisters. And DarkStar, isn’t that the newer band with the ridiculously hot lead singer? But seriously? Al Green? Blondie? Lenny buggering Kravitz?!? The Godmother of Punk herself Patti Smith! Are you kidding me? This is going to be amazing.

I like that we’re doing something so different from our last two trips. There are definitely worse things I could think of than to have the same awesome honeymoon every weekend, but having each destination be a completely different trip has been awesome so far!

Wait ... camping? Like camping camping? Or like Malfoy camping?

I’m typing this while you sleep away the morning. I’ll have to wake you soon so you have time for your beauty regimen before we need to take the portkey, but you’re so peaceful and you’ve been working so hard. I just want to add another blanket and climb in and snuggle you up.

I think I may have a very grumpy dragon on my hands if he doesn’t have time to do all of his beauty rituals. But you’re also a grump when you’re woken up. Oooooooh I know how to wake you up and keep the grump away!

I’m going in!!!!!!

So much love it’s painful,

Your Harry

Chapter End Notes
I'm watching the third installment of A Very Potter Musical, and I'm sort of on the fence about the series. It's funny, but at the same time, a lot of it is the sort of stupid humor that I have to be in the right mood to enjoy, lol. However, Evanna Lynch is in it, so it might be better than I expect, lol :-D

Anyone else seen it?
Chapter 15

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about how one of his fantasies was fulfilled at Glastonbury Festival.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Public frotting. Others touching Harry at Draco's command/permission.

Saturday at 3:49 AM

Oh my glorious husband,

I feel like I'm high right now even though I haven't taken anything. I'm not even drunk! You drank a bit but I don't think you got pissed, just... pleasantly buzzed. We're in our tent and you're passed out, but not from drinking too much, no, from being shagged dirty rotten.

This place! I never knew such a place existed! It's as if someone designed a place specifically where everyone could be themselves, and then added music. I'd only ever heard of the two acts I mentioned before coming here, but now... I wish this festival lasted much longer than three days!

You brought me to the Pyramid Stage to see Lenny Kravitz and we stayed to see a group of fully dressed men (and not particularly well at that) who call themselves the Barenaked Ladies - which makes no sense to me, but I liked them anyway. We wandered around and did things as they caught our attention. Meanwhile, I had a leash in one hand (I still can't believe you let me walk you around on a leash!) and your hand in my other.

Then - sometime after midnight - we found ourselves in a part of the festival called the Lost Vagueness in which it seems that there are no rules. Men can wear designer gowns - if they don't mind them getting muddy - and women can wear paint and not much else. A small handful of people around the festival simply went naked as they liked! I was shocked and amazed by this. We're camping in a part of the festival called the Bushy Ground, and there seems to be a few other people who don't mind getting naked and just sitting around a fire chatting.

I may have just found my heaven!

But getting back to the Lost Vagueness, this is where I nearly had an orgasm just watching you. You'd gotten tipsy by this point and let me strip your shirt off. We were in a cabaret and I was able to bold as brass lick your nipples and not only did no one seem to care, but several looked to be enjoying the show. No one even questioned the leash! But then someone helped you change into a costume - and I use the term loosely here - of nothing more than satiny knickers and thigh high stockings held up by a garter belt. A man taught you how to dance, after a fashion, and all the while, I held onto your leash, making it clear that you had my permission to have fun, but not my
permission to be more than five feet from me.

People wanted to pinch and grope you, simply for the fun of asking my permission. I quickly earned the nickname of the little king. You'd have a little fun learning to dance, but then you'd seem to feel guilty or something, so you'd look over at me and see me, well, I was probably giving you smoky bedroom eyes because I was that bloody turned on. Then, apparently reassured, you'd get a little more into it, growing bolder and flirtier. Showing off for me, making me harder than the stone Hogwarts is built from.

I tugged on your leash and insisted you sit on my lap so that I could kiss you and grope your arse as others massaged your back and - this seemed to be very popular - pinched your nipples. We frothed our way to a lovely little orgasm, and people cheered. I got to have you in front of an audience and they cheered!!! I wanted to force you down on your knees before me and make you lick me clean, but I thought that might be pushing it - even for a place that didn't seem to mind a shocking amount of naughtiness. So, I decided it was time to leave.

We had to trek halfway across the bloody festival grounds just to get back to our tent, but then I pounced on you like I was a leopard and you were my prey. I'm not sure I could have stopped from ramming you into the bed if my life depended on it! I would have died a happy man. A very happy man!

But enough of that. I know this email won't actually be sent until we get home - because they have no internet here - but I wanted to write this down so that I'd remember every detail. Also, I forgot to ask you what you thought of our tent. You mentioned that you'd never ever go camping again, and so I nearly didn't choose this festival as one of our honeymoons, but you *also* said that you love music, so I took a risk. The outside of our tent looks like it can barely fit two people laying on top of each other, but the inside is a spacious flat with all the comforts of home. I suppose that it's what you referred to as Malfoy camping. We have a plush bed, an actual bathroom with toilet tub and shower, and a kitchen stocked with a lot of gourmet food. We could even call in one of the elves to attend us if we liked, but that's probably not going to be necessary.

I'm going to go back to bed now and watch you sleep until I drift off. We have silencing charms so that we don't hear the music that never stops, but that's just fine because if I wake up early, I can sit outside our tent at a fire with others and just listen and chat. And probably watch someone naked walking around, ha ha.

Tomorrow, I know we have no real plans but to walk around and see what we find, but I heard about a place called the Beat Hotel in which musical instruments are provided and people can just play whatever they like in an impromptu jam that lasts until 3 in the morning. It sounds like something else I'd love. Maybe I can persuade you to try playing a simple beat on some drums while I strum on my guitar - yes, I brought it with, ha ha.

Love you so much that it makes my heart burst from my chest,

Draco
Monday at 11:16 AM

Husband Mine,

Thank you thank you thank you for the amazing weekend. I needed this weekend to get out of my own head. The music alone could have done it. Then the near constant shagging. But, not having to even think about where to walk, just being able to follow where you lead, was exactly what I needed. Merlin, you're perfect!

The music! We saw so many amazing artists, the ones I knew already, and we also got to discover new music. Could we try to make this an annual adventure? Between the music and the freedom of expression this could be a perfect getaway for us.

Was our public display everything you wanted it to be? I was really nervous, but the look on your face was worth it. Did you really like the "costume"? Obviously you've seen me in knickers before, but the garter and the thigh highs were new. I think they must have been magical in some way because I felt a confidence I have never felt before. I felt like maybe I was actually as attractive as you seem to think I am. The leash was exactly what I needed to let go though, I know if I had been dancing without it in that crowd I would have been constantly worrying about being separated from you, or becoming overwhelmed, but the weight on my neck and the occasional tug were all the grounding I needed.

This "camping" experience wasn't so bad. Honestly with how amazing the festival itself was I probably would have even be willing to regular camp if we couldn't otherwise attend. But I was thrilled with the Malfoy method of camping. Apparently running water and no fear of snatchers is all I really needed. I'm quickly becoming accustomed to the high end lifestyle, don't let me get too spoilt rich boy ok love? This family only needs the one Ice Prince ... or Little King I suppose!

Ok, I need to take a couple of deep breaths and prepare myself. Our first Unity Kid will be here in about an hour and we're not sure yet what to expect. The Ministry was able to handle the legal end and a small group went to go pick him up an hour ago. They thought my staying back to make sure it was ready and welcoming for when Mackenzie got here would be best so I readied one of the boys' rooms, baked a batch of cookies, and distracted myself emailing you. Don't be surprised if I am late home tonight, I'm not leaving here until little Mac feels comfortable. I'm so happy we've managed to get him out of a crappy situation but it breaks my heart that he was in one in the first place. Well, I knew what I was in for when I signed up for this project. I'm just so glad I'll have you to hold me and stroke my hair when I come home and break down tonight.

Thank you for being you.

Love Always,

Your Harry
Chapter 17

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Notes

When I realized that Chrissie and I just keep on going full steam ahead and are approaching the 60th chapter, I decided that I'm probably going to post four chapters a day after all, lol. So, since I only posted two before midnight here, I'm going to post another two before I go to bed, and then when I wake up, I'll post another four for 'tomorrow' - unless something dire happens to stop me. Enjoy ^_^

Monday at 7:21 PM

My wonderful and loving husband,

Since you are not home yet, I'm assuming that you are either having a lot of fun helping little Mac settle into his new home, or you're having a hard time reassuring him that everything is going to be alright now. What sort of situation was he in? What are the names of these muggles that were supposed to be taking care of him, and where exactly do they live? Note, I had absolutely nothing to do with it if they disappear in a couple of months.

Family is everything to me. You may or may not know this, but my parents took very good care of me growing up. Sure, I had a more pureblood upbringing in which elves cared for me a good portion of the time, but my mother taught me how to dance and play piano. She taught me to pursue my interests and learn to play the guitar and draw and things like that. My father taught me how to ride a broom and play Quidditch. They always gave me almost everything I could ever want or need, and that's how I feel parents should be. Perhaps those who don't have a fortune cannot literally give their children everything, but they should still at least try to do what they can. It angers me when I hear of children being abused.

Don't worry, if you need me to hold you when you come home tonight, I will do so with no questions asked. But be aware that thinking about a child in a bad situation has put me in a grumpy mood and I'll probably need you to hold me in return.

That said, I also had something good happen today. We met with George Weasley and he agreed to sell our parchments in his shop on a trial basis. They are being sold with a warning that they are still an experimental product and may not work for very long, but that all feed back on them will be welcome and useful. We've decided to call them Insta-owls - because it's like getting an owl almost instantly after being sent. So far, things look pretty good.

As for our public display, it was everything I hoped our first such experience would be. My goal now is that the next time we are in a place where we can get away with such antics, I'm going to tie you to something and caress you with a fluffy peacock feather in a way that doesn't tickle, but makes you squirm nonetheless. I'll let others pet you or maybe even lick you and set a charm to see how long you can last before you either erupt like a volcano or *beg* me to take you in front of everyone.

Salazar's pendulous bollocks! I'm getting hard just thinking about it!
If you come home and check your email before looking for me - and I'm not in bed waiting for you - you can find me in the bathtub. It'll be the perfect temperature if you care to join me. And I'll be edging so that I'm still very ready for you no matter how long you take. Perhaps, if you time it right, you'll catch me at the perfect time for a quick release to calm us both down before we retire to our bed and hold each other.

Love you like Romeo loved Juliet,

Draco
Monday at 8:25 PM

Hey Romeo,

I just finished up getting Mac to sleep, came into my office to grab my jumper and head home, and saw my email from you. I want to hurry to you, but this is probably just the breather I needed so I don't accidentally splinch myself on the way home. I feel as though there are parts of me you might just miss.

He seemed to settle in pretty well, we gave him a little tour, fed him dinner, and even read a few stories to him. But he did not want me to leave before he fell asleep so I ended up sitting on the rocking chair next to his bed. He was in a bad situation, but it wasn't the muggle family's fault. I guess in their area the system is very crowded and this family took in more kids than they could afford. Not enough beds or space for everyone, just enough food to keep going, not enough attention to go around. I understand that their motives were pure but I hated that this sweet little boy was in the situation. He's only 5 years old and he's never had his own bed Dragon! I at least had my own little cot in my cupboard!

I think he will feel much better once we get a few more children here, he's a little freaked out by the quiet. It's like every time I went back to the Dursley's for the summer it took me forever to fall asleep not surrounded by the sleep sounds of my dormmates. You never think you'll miss Ron's snoring, but then .... No, I missed noises, but no one will ever miss Ron's snoring!

I'm so glad you had a wonderful childhood. I think it's funny that you mention that it doesn't take a fortune to give children what they can, because we all know that you were spoiled with things, but the things you mention about your parents are what they taught you or did with you. You didn't mention giving you everything you wanted until after you mentioned their true teachings. I've really been loving kneeling in the garden with Narcissa, caring for our flowers, and someday your mum and I, and any or all of our children will do the same. And while I am sure they will love the brooms and toys we buy them, I would hope that they will remember kneeling in the dirt with their Dad and Grandma. Annnnd now I'm crying. It's been an emotional day!

Congratulations for the second time in a row! I knew George would see how brilliant your ideas were! Since the parchments are in the development stage I wonder if you could offer a reward or a discount or something for any customer that reports a flaw. Kind of an incentive to "beta test" like the muggles would say. That way instead of waiting until they stop buying them or until you get complaints about a faulty product, you actually have a bunch of sneaky Hogwarts students tweaking your design for almost no effort on your part.

I'm so happy that your fantasy was everything you hoped for! And I'm really glad it didn't bother me like I thought it might. It was all about you and I, the others were essentially props, willing props happy to help, but still props. Does that make sense? Oh my Love, I don't think the tempus charm will be necessary, I am more likely to need an incentive to NOT erupt or beg you immediately.

Well I think I am calm enough to avoid splinching! I'm off to join you in the tub or in our bed, we'll see where you are. Can't wait to blow off some frustration with you and then fall asleep in your arms. Although by the time you read this we will already have blown or slept.

Love you enough to not accidentally suicide pact ourselves,
Juliet .... Harry

P.S. You know I'm just teasing, I can't get enough of your inner romantic.
Chapter 19

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco found a child like Harry asked.

Tuesday at 9:46 AM

Harry!

You'll never guess! I know it took me a while, but I tracked one down! You've already left for Unity House, so you'll probably receive my owl (I'm sending Melissande since she's old enough now to start delivering mail on her own) before you receive this email, but I'm sending the name and address for a little girl named Delphini. She's only a month or so older than Teddy. I have no idea whose child she actually is, but she's currently in the care of Euphemia Rowle - a crabby and bitter old witch if I've ever met one. I can't imagine that she's a good caregiver, and so I'm hoping that you'll have the ministry on your side if she doesn't want to give Delphini into your care.

I've got to run for now, I've got to talk to George Weasley about your beta testing incentive plan. I'm thinking we'll offer a piece of chocolate for every valid bit of feedback. Maybe Weasley will have other ideas too. See you tonight.

Love you so much that it hurts when we're apart,

Draco
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about what happened with Delphini.

Tuesday at 7:42 PM

My Own,

My head hurts, my eyes hurt, my heart hurts. I’ll be home late tonight. As you did, I sent an owl earlier to just update you on lateness, but I also wanted to send you an email so you knew exactly what was going on.

Kingsley and myself made our way to Euphemia Rowle’s earlier today. I went straight to him when you gave me the information and when I told him a one year old was placed in her care he decided that he would likely need the power behind his position as minister to handle her. He wasn’t wrong.

Our intention was to start out politely and ask some basic questions as to Delphini’s care, the woman may be unpleasant but that doesn’t have to mean a child isn’t being cared for properly. As we walked up to the house she began unleashing a string of hexes, curses, and jinxes at us. Well we didn’t just go through a war for nothing so we were able to shield ourselves while Kingsley alerted the backup he had prepared for a situation just like we were in. Once they showed up he sent me back to Unity House to prepare for Delphini’s arrival, whether or not her care was adequate, Mrs Rowle had just attacked the Minister, she was going to have a new home herself by the end of the day.

I called a quick staff meeting to prep for her arrival and once everything was set I spent the afternoon pacing at Unity House’s emergency apparition point. When Kingsley showed up with little Della (that’s how she says her own name) in tow I put on my new Malfoy mask and got to work.

She shied away from everyone until she saw Greg and then she held her arms out to him. He looked at me in a panic and then Luna walked him through caring for her. With a little support he was able to get her fed, cleaned, and dressed without much fuss. I know that isn’t his job but he just did what needed doing. We have all severely underestimated him!

It seems as though her very basic needs were being met but that she had no interaction with anyone or anything outside of feedings and changings. She took a little nap right after being clean and full and I excused myself for a few minutes to lock myself in my office, set up silencing wards, and cry myself hoarse. Took some deep breaths and joined my team back in the living area.

While Della had been arriving, Mac was outside with Maya (one of the caretakers, you’ll meet her soon I’m sure) and while I was having my temper tantrum he had come inside. Well he has designated himself Della’s protector, sat himself right next to her sleeping cot, and glared at anyone who dared to so much as breathe near her. I wonder if he might be empathic because he told us that she was scared and needed us all to be nice to her and to be quiet. I’m not ashamed to admit that I was a little terrified of a five year old!

I’ve spent the evening filling out paperwork and trying to keep things as calm as possible. Once I’m
sure she’s asleep for the night I’ll be home.

I hope your day went better than mine. Can I please beg a favor of you tonight? Can you make me forget about today for at least a little while? I need you. I love you. Hopefully I’ll be home soon.

Needing you,

Harry
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Draco reminds Harry to take time to breathe when necessary.

Wednesday at 10:14 AM

My sensitive and caring husband,

Since I know you're going to be stressed today, I wanted to take a moment to remind you of how I took care of you last night. I started by forcing you to straddle a chair, and then tied your hands and feet to it. Knowing that your head hurt quite a bit, I started by massaging your back and neck - and I was right to tie you up first because you kept protesting that it should be you pampering me. But after a few minutes and a sharp order to stop struggling, you finally calmed down enough that the massage was able to relax you. Then I moved on to your head and face, until you reported a marked reduction in pain.

And that's when I untied you from the chair and put you in an elbow harness. Using our new - I forget what you called it. It's basically a cushioned and padded table-like thing shaped like a person on their hands and knees. I had you drape yourself over the table, and then gave you the spankings I know you love and crave. But then I took it farther than I usually do. You asked to get out of your head, so I added in some mild stinging hexes, slowly increasing the intensity until you reached oblivion. At which point, I carried you to our bed and stroked and held you until you returned. I fed you squares of dark chocolate and made sure you had plenty of water - one small sip at a time.

Just stop and take a few moments to remember how you felt last night should you find anything too difficult to handle today. But hopefully the worst is over now and it'll be - well not exactly smooth sailing, but at least a lot calmer than when she first arrived.

As for me, I had actually spent yesterday having a lot more fun than you. After meeting with George Weasley, I returned to our headquarters for the company - which is Blaise's living room until the company takes off and needs an actual office or building - and since we didn't have much to do other than play with muggle tech to see how it works, I asked if I could practice tying them up. Thus, I spent the day tying Blaise, Theo, and Derek up in various different harnesses and ties so that I could learn more about what I was doing and use them on you in the future. One doesn't learn a perfect elbow harness just by reading an online tutorial, I hope you realize. It was not sexual in the slightest - beyond a lot of innuendo and flirting - but I felt an unexpected thrill nonetheless.

I canceled my original plans for this weekend's honeymoon - or more precisely, shifted them to next week - and booked us for the weekend in London's Café Royal Hotel. This way, we can have a spa day - we've been booked for the celebration for two package in the Akasha Suite - and we can do a little shopping and sightseeing in London, but you'll be close by and on call if you should happen to be needed for anything at Unity House. Although, I think it would be best to only tell one person who can be trusted not to call you for every little thing, only those that genuinely need your attention. That way, you can rest assured that you'll be there if needed, and yet still be away on a mini honeymoon like we planned. Plus, pampering in a spa never hurt anyone. I've got us all set to check
in tomorrow night after you get back from Unity House, no matter how late that might be. We can simply sleep and start on the fun in the morning.

Love you the way a drowning man loves air,

Draco
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Harry is quite keen on RENT ^_^

Thursday at 5:56 PM

MY sensitive and caring husband,

Between yesterday and today I took a lot of deep breaths and reminded myself who I belong to and how He cares for me. All it took was those breaths and the occasional touch of my pendant, and I was ok. I really needed the other night, and then of course last night’s sweet and loving shag.

I guess Euphemia is refusing to give up any info on how or why Delphini was placed in her care. I think they’re planning on getting the wizengamot’s permission to interrogate her via veritaserum, so hopefully by the time I go back in Monday we’ll have some background.

We have quite a few kids coming next week starting with Elena on Monday. So next it promises to be hectic around here, but they’re all coming from safe homes so while it will be crazy, it shouldn’t be heartbreaking.

Della and Mac are really settling in. She’s still very reserved and shy with everyone but Mac and Greg, although she’s definitely warming up to Luna. And with her two boys she has become quite the little empress. We’re not sure if she can walk, she just regally lifts her arms to be picked up and then points her minions in the direction of her choosing. I’m so glad the Park was finished ahead of schedule, the kids have been out there for the last hour, Luna pushing Della on the swings and Mac climbing the wall like he’s part spider monkey! I’m thinking they will both sleep hard tonight.

I think I’ll sleep hard tonight too. It’s been an exhausting week. I cannot wait to be pampered at the spa this weekend! And strolling the streets of London with my gorgeous husband while getting kisses every time he feels possessive? Living the dream!

Ooooh, can we go to the theatre this weekend? They’re doing RENT at the Shaftesbury Theatre, it’s not too far away from the hotel! Please please please?!? I promise I’ll let you practice all of your harnesses and ties on me as long as you’d like in repayment! I can’t believe you talked Blaise, Theo, and Derek into being your guinea pigs! What good friends they are... or they get off on it and were doing it selfishly. Oh well, either way I got mine!

Surprisingly enough, I should be home very soon, I think I’ll even make it in time for us to have dinner near the hotel. I just want to do a quick check in with this weekend’s caregivers, give Luna our destination, wave at Della and get big hugs from Mac (Della might be reserved with me, but Mac is definitely my little buddy!)

Off to do my rounds so I can get to you!

All of my love,

Harry
Chapter 23

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about a shop called Regulation.

Thursday at 10:22 PM

My poor tired husband,

As suspected, you went right to sleep after we checked into our hotel room. That's just fine since that was what I had anticipated, but I didn't have nearly as exciting a day as you, and so I am still wide awake and watching you sleep, which is one of my favorite things to do.

Our spa booking is tomorrow at 2 and will only last about an hour and a half. Thus we'll not only have time to do a little shopping in the morning before eating lunch, but we'll also have plenty of time to get dinner before going to see the play you want. I already called down to the concierge and arranged for tickets. I also asked to see what there was to do around London as - I mentioned this before - I've never really been in the muggle areas before. I now have a list of things we might like to see and do, but I don't want you to feel rushed, so we'll only pick one or two things from the list and just see what happens.

I'm still disappointed that there wasn't really a small gold statue of any sort at Glastonbury to add to our souvenir collection, and had to settle for a tiny replica of the Pyramid stage, but I'm almost positive that there be plenty of things to choose from for souvenirs here. I might needed to talked into only buying one, ha ha!

So guess what... I found a shop in the Islington area of London called Regulation. It's a shop dedicated to gay men, bondage, and kink, so, I'm dead certain you'll want to pay it a visit. Maybe buy some more toys to go with your table and paddles. What do you think?

But for now, I'm going to try out something I think might be a kink of mine. You sleeping. Not only can I watch you sleep for hours, but the more I do, the more I want to wake you up and have you again, or not even wake you up, just take you. I'll do so respectfully tonight by waking you up enough to ask for consent, but I'm thinking that I might just surprise you one of these nights with a load in your sleeping mouth - or whatever comes to mind at the time.

Yes... molesting you while you sleep sounds fun...

If my love were an ocean, there would be no land,
Draco
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Harry can't wait for Draco to wake up.

Friday at 9:36 AM

Good Morning Husband of Mine,

One of the many benefits I get of you watching me sleep at night is that I wake up earlier than you and get to watch YOU sleep! Also, being woken up in that delicious way where I am not sure if I am having an amazingly detailed erotic dream or if it's you bringing me awake in your talented sexy way.

I am very glad you woke me up enough for me to consent ... this time, because you didn't know how I would feel. However, reading your email, yeah, yeah let's do that thing. For future reference, I am giving you my permission to use me in my sleep whenever you want to. Again, I reserve the right to take that away in the future or during specific times, but for now ... molest away Sir! I'm sitting at the little desk in our suite, rock-hard, and waiting for you to wake up so you can correct this situation your email caused. Ooh, I could even potentially go to bed plugged occasionally so I would be prepped when you want me.

Hmm, what do I think of going to a store where it will be mostly gay men, who share similar kinks, and where we will most likely avoid all judgement for our delightfully deviant sex life? That's a tough one. Yes! Of course I want to go! Oh! Did you um, since you packed us, do we have my ... is my leash here?

I'm excited for shopping, for walking around with you, and Merlin am I looking forward to RENT tonight! You spoil me so much. But, I am counting down the minutes until our spa experience. I've been so tense this week that I feel like I'm creaking around without an oil can like the Tin Man in The Wizard of Oz. Oh! I bet you haven't seen Wizard of Oz have you? It's an amazing, but very old, movie. Hermione got a television set to work at Unity House, so in a few weeks once the kids are settled in, we should have a movie night. Popcorn, jammies, and the Wizard of Oz! Fun for all ages! It does NOT do real witchcraft or wizardry any favors, but it's fun to see what muggles have managed to tell themselves about magic.

I've actually been thinking a lot about having some fun, consistent events at Unity House. Something like Friday nights always being movie nights or Sunday mornings being pancake breakfast day, or Wednesdays being Kids make the dinner night! Some fun routines to help build them some structure and stability while being fun. Also, then I consistently get pancakes.

As far as souvenirs go, I should definitely keep you to only one souvenir per ... location. So, if you want to get something to add to our collection from say the play tonight and then something from whichever tourist attraction we go to tomorrow then that wouldn't be too excessive I think.

I'm getting all weepy again just thinking about it, but how did we get here? My hot, snarky, Slytherin Prince, who gives me all the love I can handle.
Enough of that! You're starting to do that squirming thing you do right before you wake up so I am going to go play with my favorite toy so the top of my head is the first thing you see!

Love to love you baby,

-Me
Well now, my kinky husband,

It seems I have permission to have my wicked way with you while you're sleeping. Be prepared to never sleep again! Haha...

We bought enough stuff that I really think I'm going to have to remodel one of the rooms in the Manor into a play room. And bonus, when my father comes in to ask me what I'm doing, I can be like: "I can't decide, should the swing be here or here? And should the spanking table be here or over there? Do you like the rack of paddles and whips? That one is Harry's favorite. Oh! Should I have a cage, or do you think it would be better to have a stripper's pole? Or both? Wait, dad! Where are you going??" Buwahahahahaha!

Speaking of movies, we haven't actually gotten around to going to see any, and that was the first thing you asked me to do with you. We'll have to see one this weekend. Just pick one and we'll go. As for a movie night at Unity House, I think that's brilliant. Make it Wednesday and we'll invite anyone who wants to come - that way the kids get exposed to more people in the Wizarding World than just the handful that work there. Plus, you could print an invitation in the Profit and sell a limited amount of tickets each week, and get more people involved in Unity House, along with having a small but steady income to buy the children treats and toys with - although, purebloods love to be seen as charitable, so toys probably won't be a problem.

I'm not sure if I mentioned it, but I checked in with my mother on Thursday and she says that plans for the fundraiser are coming along swimmingly. She, Andromeda, Molly, and even Granger have basically taken over for me and treat me as if I'm underfoot if I try to look in on them and offer my input. They're also testing out the Insta-owls for us - networking with Pansy from Russia. So, the important part is that the gala is on track and not something you have to worry about.

Thank you again for the wake up, but I have to go now, you're finally out of the loo after dinner and we have just enough time to Apparate to the theater.

If my love were a desert, you would see only sand,

Draco

P.S. I hope you don't mind that I've been using your leash in normal muggle public. We've been getting such looks! But fuck them, right?
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Harry is still giddy about RENT ^_^

Saturday at 8:22 AM

Good morning my deviant!

Last night was amazing! I hope you enjoy terrible singing, because you're going to be serenaded with "I'll Cover You" forever! I love love love musicals, but I normally keep that hidden away with my secret wedding obsession. RENT has the most amazing story-line, and the music .... Gah! And I got to sit in the audience with the love of my life, holding hands, just being normal. When I was alone in Grimmauld, thinking about the reality of my sexuality, I just knew this was another thing that made me a freak. Just another thing where I would never get to do "normal" things like walk down the streets holding hands with my husband, never sit in the audience of my favorite musical watching my love attempt to contain his gasps of surprise during La Vie Boheme. You make me feel special, but I am in awe of how much you make me think I deserve "regular" things.

And then the not normal things! When I asked you if you packed my leash, I meant just for when we were in Regulation. Then you just clipped that onto my collar and started walking, so I followed. It was perfect. Probably not something we should do all the time, but on our honeymoon or on our way to purchase things for our play time? Perfect.

So .... we're going to have a sex dungeon? Hooray! I'm so excited! But I think you seriously underestimate your father's reaction to it. He may act the pureblood prude, but are you forgetting a very drunk conversation I had with him? Then again, you are his baby, so maybe he's a prude when it comes to you? I hear parents can be like that, not wanting to know that their children have become adults.

So when you wake up I am going to shag you rotten, then we should grab some breakfast (or lunch, you are such a late sleeper!) and then we should go see The Mummy. That's one of the movies I suggested before, the one set in Egypt in the 1920's. Then we should come back here and shag some more. What? Can't a guy have a one-track mind on his honeymoon? Fine, we don't have to shag, I will just practice my Dragon riding skills! You're lucky I'm persistent, can you imagine if I had given up the first time you turned me down for a date?

I am going to quickly send off a message to Hermione to see if she'll start the plans for a Wednesday night movie night. For a while I think we should keep them low-key, we don't want to overwhelm the kids. Maybe limit it to our family and friends and the families of the caregivers for now? Definitely starting with Wizard of Oz this week! Now I'm curious, do you think Teddy will stick with his blonde imitation of his Unca Dwayco, go turquoise, or attempt some thick, glossy, dark hair like little Della's? I haven't seen him around other kids his age besides at Mommy and Me classes, and muggle parks, where I always keep his hat on.

But now I am wondering about how to integrate this regular event without the kids being on display. What if we limited the tickets to people with children that are Primary-School aged? Start the process of getting people familiar with the school (which still doesn't have a name! Eeeek!) We can do an
outdoor movie in the courtyard between the schools, the Unity kids can come over in their jammies because it's basically just happening in their garden, but it won't have that "gawk at the orphans in their natural habitat" feeling. And especially for our Unity kids that are school aged, it will give them a chance to meet a few of their peers before we officially open the school.

I'm so glad the gala planning is going well. It's a good thing I could delegate that kind of stuff to you, sorry our party planners kicked you out of the planning process! It's such a shame that you've had to use all of that energy to plan our amazing honeymoons.

Wow! The Insta-Owls have quite a range on them! I can't believe they're able to use them to message Pansy in Russia. You astound me. I thought you were brilliant when you used your brains to make mean badges and craft songs to torture my friends, but then you use them for brilliant inventions. Haha, my husband is better than yours!!!!

Ugh, I've run out of things to say, I've already shot off a message to 'Mione, and you're still sleeping! It's like you were awake and active well after I had fallen asleep last night, whatever were you doing?!? I think I might climb under the covers and snuggle you until you wake up.

With One Thousand Kisses,

Your Harry
Chapter 27

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco is now a fan of musicals :-)

Saturday at 11:56 PM

My sleeping beauty of a husband,

I must admit that I wasn't sure I was going to like this musical play you were so keen on, but I did. Perhaps it was because the play was so inclusive to people like us. In any case, I'd probably be willing to go see other musicals with you. Maybe we can try to squeeze one in whenever one of our honeymoons happens to be in a place where one is playing nearby.

Want to know a Slytherin secret? There's a reason that it was so easy for me to teach my entire House the Weasley is our King song, and that's because one of the pureblood values is musical talent. Almost everyone in the House can play an instrument, and we often had impromptu sessions where someone would start playing something and others would just join in. It nearly always ended up with most of us singing and dancing - unless we were playing an instrument. Thus, when I was writing that song, I was just idly playing the piano and sort of singing it to myself as I composed it; the rest of my House heard me and started singing along. I not only taught them the song without effort, but I let them think that singing it at the Quidditch match was their own brilliant idea. In other words, I out Slytherined my entire House, hahaha!

My point with that story is that I would not mind living in a world in which everyone suddenly burst into song and dance at random. I get the feeling you wouldn't mind either, my adorable little mutt. As for the fact that my father might have a much less horrified reaction to our play room, I'm trying to block that out, honestly. I think it might be rather creepy to bond with my father over our mutual sexual deviances - but I suppose that it's better than him throwing me out of the Manor and disowning me over them. Hmm... Maybe bonding won't be so bad after all, and MERLIN! I just realized how wrong that sounds! I don't mean it like *that!*

Speaking of bad things, I didn't hex that muggle that not only gave us a hostile look today, but also shouted vulgarities at us. So, if he turns up on that muggle telly thing you've told me about as missing, it wasn't me. But *damn* the temptation to turn him into a frog and feed him to Melissande was *powerful!* Grr...

Moving on, I loved the Mummy and am looking forward to seeing that Wizard of Oz movie and - Oh! What's this? An owl just arrived...

Uh-oh... So... my mother just sent me an owl saying: *Heads up* - along with a copy of the Daily Prophet.

It seems that since we were so close to home this time, we were followed by at least one reporter. It seems that sending a small press release to the Prophet after we got married did *not* curb their
desire to treat us as the biggest scandal to hit the Wizarding World since it came out that Bartemius Crouch had helped his son escape from Azkaban and was murdered for his trouble. The Prophet published several pictures of us walking around London - you on your leash, us kissing, shopping at Regulation, me nearly having you in the top box during the play.

Salazar's deformed left testicle! We look like utterly salacious deviants in this article! I'm going to be public enemy number one again! I'm biting my nails and fighting the urge to Apparate to my closet. But I'll try something you suggested a few times, I'll wake you up and have you hold me for a change. Maybe between that and stroking my Komboloi, I can get through this mild panic attack without my closet.

If my love were a star and you looked up at the sky at night, you'd see only light,

Draco
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Harry has a plan to deal with the Prophet.

Sunday at 2:46 AM

My Love,

You’re finally asleep after your panic attack. I’m so glad you let me comfort you. I’m not glad that you are stressed, but I’m so pleased I can be here for you. Once I had you situated with your head in my lap while I stroked your beautiful, soft hair, I had plenty of time to start thinking of our plan of attack. It was that or start planning for the disappearance of Prophet reporters, and the timing of their disappearance would make us prime suspects. I already have to find and hurt the obscene muggle who hurled insults at my love, I should really limit the revenge schemes.

I have two strategies, just wondering which you prefer. I have both of them written up and ready to be sent out, I just need to know which one. Or obviously let me know if you have a better plan, but by your level of panic I assumed you hadn’t gotten to scheming levels yet.

First option: we lie. Of course we were kissing, of course we were sitting much too close at the play, we’re on our honeymoon. But the leash and shopping at regulation? That’s what happens when you lose a bet to Blaise Zabini!

This would be the press release: Misters Draco and Harry Malfoy would like to address the recent publication concerning their honeymoon in Muggle London. They will not apologize for their public displays of affection, they are newlyweds and were acting as such, however they would appreciate an apology from the reporters that decided these two men’s honeymoon was for the public’s consumption. As for their accessory choices and shopping locales Harry Malfoy chose to comment, “Do not make bets with your husband’s Slytherin friends without being prepared to be walked around Muggle London on a leash.” No other comments or interviews will be given at this time.

Second option: we spin this as a way to be poster boys for normalizing this lifestyle choice.

This would be that press release:

Misters Draco and Harry Malfoy, despite having had their privacy violated, will make this one comment on The Daily Prophet’s article. “We are both consenting adults, what may seem deviant to one person, can be an important part of someone else’s life. We make no apologies for who we are, or what we enjoy. We ask that you respect not only our privacy, but that you also respect the rights of any consenting adults to make their own life choices.”

I can see pros and cons to both options, and I think either choice is both mature and acceptable. You say the word and I’ll send the release off to our lawyers.

Honestly, the people who know and love us won’t care, the rest of the wizarding world can kiss my arse. We’ve got this. To help you get even calmer, when you wake up I suppose I will allow you to sing for me.
Draco Malfoy, I love you, I choose you, I married you, I’m going to create a family with you. Everything else is second to that. You can stroke your Komboloi, you can look at your wedding ring, and remind yourself that both are symbols of my love for you.

If you want, I can even break into song, but trust me when I say no one wants that.

Always and Forever Yours,

Harry Malfoy
Sunday at 11:16 PM

My supportive rock of a husband,

It's Sunday night and we're home in our own bed - Well you are, sleeping while I watch you again. I just wanted to take a few moments to organize and purge my thoughts so that I can hopefully lay down and sleep.

First of all, thank you so much for holding me last night. It made a world of difference. I know you *say* you love me, and I guess I believe it most of the time, but there's always that little bit somewhere buried way down deep inside that cannot believe that *you* love *me.* I've done so many terrible things in my life that - Merlin! I'm only 19 years old and I've plotted murder and - trying as little as possible - nearly won a war before I just gave up and joined your side. I couldn't be open about it - of course - but I was on your side since about halfway through sixth year. I did what I had to, but my heart wasn't really in it. Probably why it took me so long to fix that mother buggering cabinet.

Also, when it came to plotting that murder, here's something I've never told anyone before - and I can show you my diary from the time if you want proof, but... Well, so, my task was to see to Dumbledore's untimely death by any means necessary. My very first plan was this: I was going to enchant something with a sleeping curse and then *happen* to run across Dumbledore when he was on his way to his office or something, and ask him if he could help me figure out what the curse on the object was, and then when he took it from me to inspect it - thereby activating the curse and falling into a sleep - I would have cast an Avada Kedavra on him. The Unforgiveable Killing Curse is actually painless, I don't know if you knew that, but it is. The only reason people fear it so much is that there's no way to shield yourself from it, and the sort of person who would use it is by definition, heartless and thus someone to fear. In any case, I could have done it - I'm almost certain - simply because there would have been no struggle and no pain. I'd have shoved my emotions in a locked box like I did in Seventh Year, cast the curse, and then been considered a Hero to my cause.

I went with my second plan instead, which was buying an expensive cursed necklace and having it delivered to Dumbledore. I *told* myself that it was because I didn't think I hated anyone or anything enough to successfully use the Killing Curse - but really, I think I knew that the Headmaster would recognize instantly that the necklace was cursed and contain it. I mean I know he was gay and just a little flaming at that, but I highly doubt even he would have received a gorgeous opal necklace and went: "Ooo! Shiny! I simply *must* put it on at once!"

My *third* plan was to once again wait until I 'happened' upon Dumbledore alone on his way to his office, and then trip just right so that I stumbled into him 'accidentally' with a knife in my hand that stabbed him in the heart. Done right - with Crabbe and Goyle looking out at either end of the hall to warn me if witnesses were nearby, I probably could have escaped the scene of the crime and hidden
the murder weapon in the Room of Hidden Things - or vanished it or any number of other ways to permanently get rid of it (such as order my house elf to drop it into an active volcano or the bottom of the ocean). But I went with plan number four - which was to poison a bottle of wine that I had a reasonable expectation would be given to Dumbledore as a Christmas gift - that clearly wasn't. The poison was fast acting enough that if it worked, Dumbledore wouldn't have suffered for long, but not instant. Thus, someone as powerful as he was probably could have summoned and taken an antidote in time to save himself. Or just Apparated to Madam Pomfrey - or Slughorn, or Snape for that matter. In other words, I think I knew he'd survive that attempt too, but it was crafty enough to look like a serious plan.

My fifth plan was to obtain a spider so venomous that it could kill with a single bite in a matter of an hour or so. The problem was that the effects of the venom are gruesome to watch and quite painful. It would honestly be kinder to just use the Killing Curse. Also, even if I Disillusioned the spider, petrified it, and then levitated it over to the back of the Headmaster's chair in the dining hall (when he wasn't there) so that he'd practically sit on it - and then ended the petrification spell so that the spider would bite him - there was still a large chance that the plan would go all pear shaped and someone else would be bitten. And actually, when I mentioned this plan to the Dark Lord - in an effort to appear to be doing something productive, and also because I would have needed him or probably my Aunt or mother to order the spider for me (since I was in school at the time) - it was the Dark Lord himself who vetoed this plan because he was certain that Dumbledore would sense a Disillusioned and Petrified Spider on his chair and dispose of it before it even had a chance to harm him.

And so, my sixth and final plan was to just do it. Use the Killing Curse on him if and when I had the chance. Letting the Death Eaters into the school was sort of my plan to help the real plan work out - plus it was something that tickled the Dark Lord's fancy enough that I managed to string him along for nearly a whole year as I desperately tried to make the Merlin cursed cabinet work. But then, when it came right down to it, I didn't have the time and privacy to center and focus on gathering up all my emotions and locking them away. I know I *could* have done it if I had been allowed to remain behind for a few minutes before going after Dumbledore - the fact that I did it all of Seventh Year proved that I could - but I was rushed and told to lead the battle, so to speak. And so, when it came right down to it, I didn't become a murderer solely because I couldn't calm down enough to go through with it. I couldn't shove my emotions aside and turn into a cold hearted bastard.

And fuck! I have no idea how I got onto this subject. Let me reread my email and see if I can remember where I was going with this...

Oh, right, does any of that sound like person who deserves to be loved? I actually *can* plot out and execute a murder if I want - I just don't want to. But here's the worst part - I've dwelled on it so many times since then. I've almost obsessed because I failed at something and I hate that. So now, I have a rather intricate plan that I could use if I ever found myself in the position of needing to murder someone again. And the interesting part is that I wouldn't need magic for most of it. I'd hide and use a muggle sniper rifle, and then Apparate away and transfigure the rifle into a stick of wood and simply burn it up in a fire. If I was closer to the victim, I might transfigure the body too and get rid of both at the same time.

But, erm, moving on. I'm impressed that you came up with two workable plans so quickly. I'm also happy that you supported my decision to be "out and proud," as it were. I figured that we're *always* going to have the Daily Prophet hounding us, and the more we try to deny our true nature and hide it, the more they're going to use it against us and the scandals will just get bigger and bigger. So, while snuggled up in bed together this morning, we decided to just tell the truth and dare anyone to say something about it. Now that I know I have you to be my rock and my strength, I can handle anything they naysayers try to throw at us. Plus, erm, I have absolutely nothing to do with their disappearances, and it's not my fault if after I turn them into frogs and mice and other perfectly
healthy living creatures, they get eaten by predators.

Also, we spent enough time in the spa again today that I'm feeling quite relaxed and ready to take on the world. Tomorrow, I actually plan to come with you to Unity House so that I can meet little Mac and Della before I head on over to Blaise's to see if any progress was made while we were gone.

Lastly, I wanted to say that I loved how you *allowed* me to play my guitar and sing for you. It was one of the best things I could have done at that moment - so soon after waking up and agreeing to be you and me against the world - or at least the Daily Prophet. So, I decided that I'd remind you of the song I sang, just in case you forgot.

With all my heart, I love you baby
Stay with me, and you will see my arms will hold you, baby
Never leave, 'cause I believe I'm in love

_Sweet love_ hear me callin' out your name
I feel no shame; I'm in love
_Sweet love, don't you ever go away_ 
It'll always be this way

Your heart has called me closer to you
I will be all that you need
Just trust in what we're feeling
Never leave, 'cause baby, I believe
In this love

The song goes on, but do I really need to?

If my love could grow wings, I'd be soaring in flight,

Draco
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Harry assures Draco he still loves him.

Monday at 4:54 PM

My Dragon,

You are deserving of love.

It’s been a long Monday back. So much to do, so many kids coming this week. Elena got here this morning, and her arrival was delightfully void of drama. We met her and her former foster family at the train station in Godric’s Hollow and had a lovely walk back. She took a little time to herself to unpack and settle into her room, and then joined us at the Park just in time for your arrival. I thought it was funny when you said you were come "with me" to Unity House. I've met you you night owl, I figured 7:00 A.M. might be a bit early for you!

You are my favorite person.

Watching you in that little group of children was wonderful. You are so good with kids. Too many adults either talk down to kids like they're little morons, or they have no idea what to do and ignore them. You just wedged yourself in there, answered as many questions as you could, and when you ran out of steam for question answering (that Elena never stops does she?) you started singing songs with them. You're a natural!

You make me feel loved.

Did I tell you that I had an unexpected resume sent to me for the Headmaster/mistress position of the school? Hermione. Hermione "queen of all" Granger. I will be interviewing all qualified applicants, of course, but Hermione running a school seems like the perfect fit. And, like Luna, she didn't mention that she was going for the position. I just remembered because I was talking about Elena and her nonstop questions and realized how much she reminds me of Hermione. Now we just have to fill Unity House with troublemakers to pull her out of her own head!

You are kind and generous.

Merlin! You are ONLY 19 years old. You are only 19 and you have been through a war, a war started before either of us were born. A war you were thrust into at a young age. Yes, you plotted murder, there is no changing that fact. You chose the wrong side, whatever your reasons, and continued on until you realized how wrong that choice had been and were stuck. And still, you didn’t do it. Dumbledore, before he accidentally cursed himself and signed his own death certificate, was a hard man to kill. But, when you joined the death eaters, you would have had unlimited options for killing or harming, and you didn't. The only person you've really successfully managed to hurt is yourself. Deep down, you were a good enough person that you had to practice strong occlumency to hide away the parts of you that knew your actions were wrong. I was a killer at 11, and again at 17, am I unworthy of love?
You are amazing in bed.

Oh my love, my sweet silly dragon, my heart. You are the worst evil villain of all time. You either tried to figure out the least painful ways for him to die, or you came up with overly dramatic plans. You were trying to give an old gay wizard a shiny cursed necklace? You thought about training an attack spider? Give him wine with a slow enough death that he would have time to get to an antidote? Remember that time you bullied me by drawing a picture of me, folding it up into a pretty bird, and then blew it to me like a kiss? Oh my Draco, remind me to never let you plot our revenge schemes.

You're brilliant.

Of course you'd dwell on utilizing muggle ways to commit murder. Magic is not the answer to everything. Voldemort probably would have won if he had tried just throwing me out the window as a baby instead of casting Avada Kedavra on me. I will remind you that there are no conjugal visits for Azkaban prisoners in case you ever DO decide to wander back over to the dark side.

You're so loyal to your family and friends.

We got so many owls today! I think my new favorite stress relief is watching Howlers disappear in a puff of smoke when they hit the wards. The poor owls look so confused. There were quite a few nice letters that actually made it through the wards though. I will bring them home and we can go through them, but a number of gay witches and wizards as well as those that practice alternative lifestyles sent us thank you notes for making a statement as to the acceptability of choice. Thanks for wanting to do the out and proud thing, I think it's making some people feel less shamed or wrong for wanting what they want.

You're a fantastic Uncle to Teddy.

Oh! You had already left to go flirt with Blaise, I mean .... work with Blaise, when Kingsley came by. Apparently Euphemia talked and Della is a Lestrange; specifically Bellatrix and Rodolphus's child. So you now have another cousin! I thought she seemed extra cute for some reason.

You have the best ideas for Holidays.

Well, I am going to finish up some paperwork and then head home. For once I might actually beat you home tonight! But we've got a longer day tomorrow, we have three kids coming in one day! Yikes!

You are deserving of, and have all of, my love,

Harry

P.S. I think you need to restock your supply of headache potions. The one I took when we got back from London yesterday tasted off, didn't help my headache, and I've felt off all day.
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Draco asks about what happened at the end of First Year.

Monday at 11:28 PM

My wonderful husband,

It's emails like your last that make me certain that you are too good for me, but I'm selfish enough to take advantage of this fact and enjoy it for the rest of my life.

So, you've reminded me that I really need to ask you about what happened in our First Year. The whole school was talking about how you went into the locked and forbidden third floor corridor and defeated the Dark Lord - but see, at the time, *no one* really believed he was still alive. Thus I thought - same as everyone - that you'd simply gotten into some sort of trouble and spun a wild story to get away with it. Over the years, I learned that the Dark Lord was actually still alive, so I thought maybe you had seen him or something back in first year, but I don't know any facts on that other than the Dark Lord did rage once or twice about how you always managed to luck your way into defeating him - such as during your struggle over the Philosopher's Stone. But suffice it to say that I don't know any of the details.

Therefore, I had no idea that you consider yourself a murderer since age 11. And how exactly does that work? Since you obviously didn't kill the Dark Lord. Also, I did hear something about Professor Quirrel coming between the two of you and accidentally dying in the attempt. Bumbling oaf! Was he actually trying to protect you?

I think it's hilarious that you mention I talked to the kids as if they were people when in truth, I was being snarky and sarcastic to them. Elena asked why the sky was blue and I told her that it was an ocean above the clouds, and so, blue like water. Then she asked why water was blue and I told her that it was because merpeople had blue pee. Then she asked what merpeople were and I told her that they were people who lived under water and could only murmur because their mouths were always full. I finally started singing simply because my brain was starting to hurt and I was running out of snark. I taught them my good morning song, which is naturally brilliant. So be aware that they're probably going to sing it to you every morning for the rest of your life.

So wow, Bella had a baby? I wonder if my mother knows this? And I also wonder why she didn't just do so openly? I mean the LeStrange fortune is big enough that having a proper heir would have been welcome. Hmm... you know, I'm pretty sure I was considered Bella's only heir - after my mother. But considering that Rodolphus is still alive and in Azkaban, it's entirely possible that the fortune is still in his name - although Rabastan died in the Final Battle, so he's not around to use or contest the fortune being willed to my mother or me. Which is basically my way of saying that I'm fairly certain that by the time Della grows up, she'll have enough money to live off of no matter what she wants to do. But it might be best not to tell her that until she's learnt the family secret of how to maintain and grow a fortune rather than waste it.
Actually, speaking of Della, I saw the way you looked when you were holding her. Actually, the way you looked when holding or interacting with any of them. You looked like you were on the verge of crying from how badly you wanted kids, and so I've decided that since there is no such thing as truly ready to have kids, we may as well do that now. I sort of lied when I said I had to brew the fertility potion because I had already brewed a batch back before Pansy's wedding. I had some with me; remember how I had talked about taking one and letting someone get me up the duff? Anyway, I put them back in my cabinet when I returned home.

You think my headache potions went off? I'll go check them out and brew new ones if need be.

Love you so much that I feel like you've slipped under my skin, invaded my blood, and seized my heart,

Draco
Tuesday at 8:29 AM

My Dragon,

Are you sure? Very sure? Very very sure that you’re ready for kids? I’ve been trying so hard to keep my aches hidden. I don’t want to pressure you at all. We don’t have to start trying right now if you’re not ready .... but I’m hoping with all my heart that you mean it and we can get started!

I thought I was doing such a good job of controlling my reactions to babies. I can’t help it! Teddy is obviously the smartest baby to ever live. And Della has those aristocratic Black features that I’m sure I’ll see on some of our babies. And the bigger kids? Mac is so protective and Elena is bloody brilliant.

But seriously, no pressure. I can wait.

Ok, first year. I’ll give you the quick version. Quirrel was hosting Voldemort’s .... essence? within his body. That turban wasn’t for show, it was hiding the parasitic dark lord. When we realized that the Stone was at Hogwarts and that whoever was helping Voldemort had learned how to overcome the last of the magical defenses and no teachers were going to do anything about it, we went in.

There were a number of obstacles to get through, and when I got to the end, Quirrel and his cranial growth were trying to figure out how to get the stone out of the Mirror of Erised. I ended up with the stone because I knew how the mirror worked and when Quirrel tried to take it from me they both realized I couldn’t be touched because of my mother’s protection. So I did my best to hurt him by touch. Well, my best worked, and Quirrel died while Voldemort fled the host.

So at the age of 11, I killed professor Quirrel.

Still love me?

I guess technically I only killed Quirrel and helped Voldemort off himself, but I did kill a century old basilisk when I was 12. I wonder if I should add that to my count?

I’m really glad I wasn’t the one to kill Bellatrix though. Can you imagine me trying to help raise Della while also being the person who effectively made her an “orphan.”

Of course you were being snarky and sarcastic with the kids, that’s how you treat people in general. Elena kept looking at me and giggling after your answers, I think she just wanted to see how ridiculous you were going to make your answers. Blue pee! You are the weirdest!

Yeah, I definitely think that batch of headache potions had to have been off in some way. I took it after I had taken my glasses off, so I suppose it could have looked different, but I didn’t notice a difference until I tasted it. It had a fruitier taste than the usual chamomile and lavender taste. I thought maybe you had brewed it and tweaked the recipe but then it didn’t touch my headache and you don’t
botch potions so I assume there was something else wrong. The shag that evening did more to relieve my headache than anything else!

Oh well, I still feel weird but I don’t have the headache anymore now so it’s not a big deal.

Love Always,

Harry Malfoy (future dad!)
Chapter 33

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Draco realizes what happened.

Tuesday at 10:57 PM

Sweet Merlin's slaggy mother, Harry!

First of all, I'd gotten distracted last night and didn't have a chance to check my potions cabinet, but tonight - after I'd shagged you unconscious - I was a little restless. It's a bit unfair that I seem to be energized after such vigorous and energetic sex, but I was once again watching you sleep, and imaging what our kids will look like.

To answer your question, yes, I am very sure. I want kids. I've said that many times, and even though I think it would be the rational and reasonable thing to wait to have them until after we're 20, well, it's not like we need to worry about supporting them or caring for them - or loving them. All the things that most people our age need to worry about, we simply don't. So there's no reason to wait other than to enjoy time alone together.

But I also want to give you everything your heart desires, and you want kids. So with no real reason to need to wait, I decided that I don't want to wait either. And it's probably a good thing that I did because, well...

So I got up to do something - anything - to stop from watching you until I decided to pounce on you, and I happened to remember that I needed to check on the headache potions. Upon opening my cabinet, I noticed that I'm actually out. We must have taken more than I thought - unless they were simply shoved in one of our carryalls. That said, headache potions are a sort of emerald green, and fertility potions are just a shade or two lighter, and have a fruitier taste. So, based on what you described in your email, I'm dead certain that you took a fertility potion.

Which means that ready or not, we're about to be parents. Here's the thing that might just convince you that I'm serious about my decision to go for it after all... I'm not panicking. I don't need to go to my closet, and I don't feel the need to wake you up and have you hold me while I curl into a ball and stroke my Komboloi. I'm... I'm actually excited.

More than that, I think I've gone mad. See, I spent quite a bit of time thinking about how I'd have to carry my own Malfoy heir that I'm sort of disappointed that I'm not the one carrying our child after all. So, I've just taken a potion myself. I'm about to tie your hands to the headboard and thoroughly molest you in your sleep, but I'm going to prepare myself first because I'm determined that we're *both* going to be pregnant, and that we're going to go through this journey together.

So, since you'll probably wake up before me in the morning and read this before I have a chance to tell you in person, surprise! You're more than likely pregnant. Also, if all goes to plan, so am I.

Love you so much that if I had a flower every time I thought of you, I could walk through my garden
forever,

Draco

P.S. I'll make more headache potion tomorrow since I sense we're both going to need it - along with anti nausea potions.

P.P.S That bit about Professor Quirrel is insane! Good thing he's dead because I'd have make him disappear...
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Harry reacts to what Draco did ^_^

Wednesday at 7:46 AM

Draco Malfoy!

You did what now?!?

I just giggled my way in to my office this morning. Last night was yummy. I’ve not done that before. It was so good and so hot, waking up to the helpless feeling from being bound and then the first thing I see is you taking your pleasure by riding me! Merlin you are so bloody fit!

I will say that it did nothing to change my preferences. I would be happy to do that again, but I definitely prefer you filling me.

I thought this was just a fun little shake up in our current pattern. I had no idea you were sperm-jacking me!

You did it so you could have my baby! While I’m having your baby. OUR babies. Holy Shite!!! Are we seriously pregnant? How can we tell? Do we go to a healer? Is there a spell? So they’ll be .... almost twins?

Ok I have to finish this panic attack before the kids start arriving. I need to focus and not daydream about silver eyed babies all day! I’ve got things to do!

Thank you for making all of my dreams come true. There has never been a better husband in the history of husbands. I love you more than I ever thought was possible!

Love Always,

The other father of your children!
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

In which Harry meets Viona.

Chapter Notes

Now that Chrissie and I are on Chapter 100ish and still going strong, I've decided to double up - so to speak - by posting two emails per chapter, solely to cut down on the number of total chapters when all is said and done. At the moment, I'm still only planning on posting 4 emails a day, which will now be two chapters instead of four, but since we are so far ahead, I might consider posting three times. We'll see how it goes :-)

Wednesday at 9:54 AM

My excitable little mutt,

Ugh! You were right about the weird feeling. It's like I've got a bubble of water above my groin making me feel just a little queasy. It's subtle, but I'm focused on it since I know it's there.

As for how we can tell if it worked, give it a few more days for it to fully take, and then we can cast a pregnancy test spell. After that, unless you feel like something's wrong, we can wait about 4-6 weeks to go see a healer. I'd also suggest waiting until we've seen the healer before announcing our news to anyone, but I suppose that if you blurt it out to your friends in excitement, that can't be helped.

Now to switch the subject so I stop dwelling on my lower abdomen, I'm headed to Blaise's today to flirt - er - work. We think we've nearly redesigned a battery to hold and use magic. If it doesn't quite work the way we want it, we might just have to try using crystal - which is traditionally used to store magic.

I hope you have a good day and look forward to hearing all about it.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind, and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind,

Draco

Wednesday at 5:22 PM

My patient Husband,

I sent the owl again so you knew I would be home late tonight but I thought, while I had a moment to breathe, that I would explain why. Normally I could just tell you when I got home, but I wonder if
I will be home before even my night owl husband goes to sleep!

Yesterday, as you know, was our busiest day of incoming kids so far. And today, we were supposed to get our last child for now.

First to arrive yesterday was the set of 6 year old Muggle-born twins, Hannah and Lauren. They have already turned Unity House upside down. They look like tiny angels, they're quite small for their age, they have miles of blonde hair, tiny little button noses, big expressive blue eyes. They almost look like they could be Luna's! But they are hiding a deviousness under that angelic façade! I had to cast a charm on them to show who was who because they kept trying to switch places. They are trying to teach Mac and Della how to say naughty words, they tried with Elena but she was NOT having it! Our team is going to have to keep a sharp eye on these two! They're actually very sweet and funny, they're not being malicious, so I'm having a hard time not finding it to be adorable. But I have to keep a tight hold on my "serious adult" face.

Then yesterday afternoon right before we started dinner, Eric came. He's 12, so he's the oldest at our house so far. He never got his Hogwarts letter because Voldemort was in charge at the time he should have gotten his letter. I believe he will be going to Hogwarts this fall as a first year. He's quiet and I worry about him. I have a feeling things have been rough for him until now. I'm hoping being around these younger kids will allow him to be a little kid for at least a little while.

This morning we had who we thought would be our last child, Cassiopeia Mulciber. She's almost 2 years old. So rambunctious! I'm glad we have wards to keep the kids from falling out of windows or wandering off the grounds, because just blink and she's taken off!

Then, as I was getting ready to do my rounds and say goodbye to the kids, there was a banging on the wards. I sent a quick patronus to Kingsley because I wasn't sure what I was in for, and made my way to the edge of the property. There was a young woman, probably about our age but I didn't recognize her, sobbing and saying "take her, I can't do it, it's too much." She pushed a baby into my arms and said a spell that Kinglsey (who apparated over so quickly I'm glad he wasn't in the loo) told me was an old pureblood spell to strike an heir from the family. Then she apparated away on the spot.

Love, you may want to make sure you're sitting down before you read this. There was a note, she's six months old and her name is Viona ... Crabbe. She's Vince's. He must have gotten this woman pregnant right before the final battle. Maybe over Easter Hols? It's going to be a long night, she hasn't stopped whimpering, I think the disinheriting spell upset her. If you want to come here tonight you're welcome to. I'm sure you had a long day working on the batteries with Blaise, so I understand if you don't want to, but I know despite how everything ended, that Vince was important to you. If not, I will see you when I get home.

I love you and our little water bubbles.

Yours with Everything I am,

Harry
Thursday at 1:13 AM

Oh Harry...

It's been a *long* night! The moment I read that you had a baby fathered by Crabbe, I Apparated right to you without even thinking about it. Viona took to me so much that I couldn't put her down until she fell asleep. Thus I brought her home with us. This may well be the first time you've gone to bed without us shagging first, but I was too busy pacing back and forth with a scared and fussy baby.

She's finally asleep, snuggled in bed with you, and even though I am tired, I can't sleep yet. So I thought I'd sit down and write my thoughts. They're a bit disturbing, so do *not* read on unless you feel you can handle your heart breaking just a little bit.

There's an *old* and archaic pureblood tradition that is mostly no longer used, but from time to time... Well... As I understand it, it happened to the Dark Lord's mother. And if that biography Rita Skeeter wrote about Dumbledore has any sort of truth to it, then it sort of happened to his sister too. But basically, it used to be the done thing that girls weren't sent to school *if* they had a brother who was the rightful family Heir. See, she just wasn't important enough to waste the money on when her fate was to be married off the moment she was old enough anyway. It was her mother's (or a servant's) job to see to it that she knew enough magic to make a good wife, but...

So, Vince had a sister. She was actually a year older than him, and while I think she probably did receive a Hogwarts letter, attendance is not compulsory. That's one of the reasons that the Dark Lord immediately made it so. HE wanted to know exactly how many magical children there were in existence and he wanted to be able to control them all. Anyway, her parents had Vince and decided that she wouldn't go to school because they saw no point in educating her. She was more than likely going to be married to Greg the moment he graduated, but well, you prevented that by winning the war.

I probably can't prove it without confronting her, but that young woman was more than likely Olivia... Vince's sister. Had Greg been with you, he would have recognized her. Honestly, she is the only one left who *could* have performed a disinheritance spell on Viona. I'd bet my last Galleon that Olivia probably packed up, emptied the last of her family vault (the Crabbes and the Goyles were both less wealthy to begin with, but the Crabbe family had really declined in the last few years. There probably wasn't much left for her to live on), and fled to some place where she could start over. A place where the name Crabbe meant nothing to anyone. I really don't think we'll ever be able to find her if we tried to look.

So now that I am a little calmer, I'm going to try sleeping. I have Muffy keeping an ear out for Viona. If she starts to whimper or cry, Muffy will make sure she's fed and changed. Don't feel like you have to bring her with you to Unity House in the morning, she'll be just fine here with me.

I love you so much that every time I look at you, it hits me all over again like a punch to the gut,
Thursday at 8:24 AM

You Softie,

Yeah, Muffy will take care of Viona ... is that why I didn't hear a peep out of her last night and I woke up to her between us? This might have been the hardest it's ever been to leave in the morning. A flushed, squishy baby and the handsomest man on the planet snuggled up in my bed and I had to go to work! The two of you sure tuckered yourself out last night, her tears and your pacing and rocking had to be exhausting.

I have some damage control to take care of today. The unexpected arrival of Viona, the aurors coming to take my statement, on top of the fact that these kids are all in a new place means we have some serious calming to do today. I just made pancakes and the kids are working off the sugar at the Park for now.

The kids were disappointed to miss out on their movie night we had planned for last night, so we rescheduled it for tonight. You don't need to watch Viona all day, you can bring her by whenever you both wake up, but can you get her here by 6:00 so you don't both miss movie night?

I'm so horrified for poor Olivia. I know this goes without saying, but we are not playing by those stupid "boys are the heirs and girls get married off" shite with our children! Luckily for us we have the Black, Potter, and Malfoy lines to continue so we really won't have to worry about leaving anyone out of a legacy. I'm sure we could even resurrect the Peverell line since I'm the last descendant. I feel so terribly for Viona having been abandoned by the only people she knew, but I think she can have a wonderful life with us in Unity House, and Olivia will have a fresh new start wherever she escaped to.

I'm actually relieved that she can't be found and severed the line, it means that there's no way Viona will have to worry about being ripped away from the home she grows up in. I talked with the lawyers this morning and even if she came back for her right now, she has no legal recourse.

I am the last person who would stick up for Voldemort, and I'm not starting now, but if you take away his intentions he did have the occasional useful idea. There really should be a mandatory listing of births. Witches and Wizards shouldn't be hidden away and miss out on education because their families have archaic beliefs about the usefulness of females. Not that anyone should be forced to go to any specific school, but there should be a system of checks and balances to make sure there isn't abuse or neglect. I don't think this will shock you, but raising children to feel like they have little worth or a place in the world is just about the worst thing I can think of.

Are we still going to our mystery getaway you rescheduled from last week? It's been over 24 hours since our last shag and I am pretty sure I am going through withdrawals! We can reschedule again or we can escape tomorrow morning, whichever you want, but I WILL be getting at least 2 shags tonight to make up for this trauma I am suffering from! If we don't go anywhere this weekend I am going to ask Narcissa to garden with me, I think I could use the stress relief that comes from the earth.

Can't wait to snuggle up in your arms, eat popcorn, and just feel normal with you tonight.
Missing you,

Your Harry
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry go to Tokyo.

Friday at 12:11 AM

Darling Harry,

You are currently sleeping, and since it's just the most convenient time for me, I suppose that I've fallen into the habit of writing you each night before I go to bed.

I'm not sure how we'll deal with being parents for real, but at least we know we'll have some help. My mother volunteered to watch Viona while the two of us had some alone time. My mother gave me a look that plainly asked when I was going to get around to giving her grandchildren already. I almost told her the news, but decided not to until it's confirmed by the healer. I think it's rare when using a fertility potion, but things can go wrong and result in miscarriage. I can't get *my* hopes up only to have them dashed like that, let alone my mother's. So I'm going to be certain before telling her.

Sitting in a room full of children, in between your legs with your arms around me while I hold a baby, watching a ridiculous old movie might just be my new favorite thing to do. Wednesday night movies *must* become a regular thing. I insist on it.

So, there's been a change of plans for tomorrow. We are still going on our honeymoon, but we're not going to be alone. I had originally planned on a shopping and fine dining tour of Tokyo, and that part hasn't changed. What has changed is that I decided that we're bringing Viona with us. There's nothing on the schedule that's sexual - such as visiting Regulation - so there's no reason to leave her behind. She's currently on my lap as I type (as much as I can in any case) drinking from a bottle and giving me a look like I'm her favorite person in the world. How can I leave her?! So she's coming with. And therefore, so is Muffy. I figure that if Viona starts fussing very badly in public while we're at dinner or something, I can have Muffy take her to our hotel room while we finish up, but...

Well, if the past two nights have been any indication, Viona is so much less likely to fuss if she's in my arms at all times, so I don't actually anticipate her acting up in public. I'm more likely to need Muffy to watch her while she naps so that I can get a shower and possibly nap myself. I can already hear you asking me about you - why don't I expect you to watch her if I need a nap? Well, I'm assuming you'll either be napping too, or you'll be grateful for Muffy taking her for an hour or so each night before going to bed. I'm thinking ahead, my fluffy little mutt.

Oh! Before I forget again, you need to tell Luna that you're going to be late on Monday. See, with the way the time zones work, we're going to be leaving here at 9:05 AM and arriving a little after 6 PM Tokyo time. That means that we'll have time to go to our first dinner and do a little shopping before we are basically going to our hotel for the night. I've packed a sleeping potion for all three of us so that we can go back to sleep so soon after waking up, but then we'll have all day Saturday, Sunday, and Monday - which I booked basically because we're missing most of Friday due to the time zones. Monday at 6:14 PM, we're scheduled to Portkey back to London - thus you'll be late. I personally would advise a short day of work, because you'll probably be ready to go to bed by noon.
or so. But you might attempt to stay up a bit later than that so that your schedule's not thrown off too much. Still, come home and garden so that you're not pushing yourself too hard and can go to bed the moment you just can't stay awake any longer. There's a very important bubble full of water that needs you to take it easy.

Lastly, don't worry about pureblood sexism in our family. I could have been a girl with a hundred sisters and my parents would have sent us all to school. The true irony is that I actually *don't* need an education - or didn't, I suppose - because I have so much money that it's not like I need to work. But my family has always believed in doing anything we want, and so, having an education is useful for no other reason than giving us a variety of things to choose from. For instance, I like brewing potions - also a family trait. We own an Apothecary for a reason. If I wanted, I could take it over when the manager retires - hopefully not anytime soon!

My point is that no matter how many children we have, nor what sex they are, they'll get the education they want. If one or all of them should happen to want to go to muggle school, I'll let them. Although I can't imagine that muggle school is anywhere near as fun as Hogwarts can be, but it'll be their decision. Probably. I might have to be reminded I said this...

When we first touched, my heart grew high, on gossamer wings that touched the sky,

Draco

Friday at 7:48 PM (Tokyo time)

My Dragon,

As your habit has become writing to me after I fall asleep, I fear my habit has become talking to you about things I can't bring myself to talk to you about in person. I know that you love me, I know there's nothing I could say or ask for that would make you stop loving me, but sometimes I just can't make my mouth form the words. Maybe it's for myself so I can read what I've written and make sure everything comes out the way I've meant it.

We just got back to the hotel after dinner and shopping on our first night in Tokyo, and for once I am not the first one asleep. It helps that I only pretended to take the sleeping potion so I could take some time to write to you. Don't worry, as soon as I send this I will take my potion like a good little puppy and get some sleep.

I promise I will take it easy, I don't want to do anything to harm our little water bubbles. Speaking of them, with all of our talk of dragons, and how they're our bubbles of water. I really really really want to discuss the possibility of naming one of them if it's a boy Orion Levi ... for the Leviathan. I could be talked into a different first name but it's one of the star names that I actually love so I thought it would be fitting for a Malfoy/Black baby!

You know how you and I never do anything partway? How we decided to have kids and even that wasn't enough and we both decided to be pregnant? How you go to pick out A cake for our wedding and order three? How you email me once to "apologize" and we turn the emails into a love affair and get married? Well, I think, um, ok this might not be any easier in email either.

So, you know it's not, to steal your phrase, the "done" thing to borrow a baby from the orphanage your husband runs and take them on a trip to Tokyo right? Do you realize that since Viona got to
Unity House two days ago she has spent a grand total of 3 hours there, all of them in your arms for movie night? You know that your mum doesn't need to "watch" Viona for "us" because she supposedly has caregivers at Unity House whose job description is to literally care for her?

I don't say these things because I want you to stop. I'm not trying to point out some flaw. I'm trying to say that sometimes our heart just knows when things are right. Like how I knew I wanted to marry you before we even went on a single date. Like how the first time you held me in your arms I knew I wanted to spend every night for the rest of my life in those arms. And even how from the moment we met, we have always mattered to each other. Something just clicked, and it's taken work to get us where we are now, but the pull was always there.

I'm getting a bit rambly because I am nervous. But, what if we told your mum that we were giving her a grandchild? And no, not the pregnancies. What if you can't let Viona go because your heart already knows she's ours? Draco, you are fantastic with kids, all of the kids at Unity House are special and you are wonderful with them, but this is different. I know it was so long ago that I mentioned I would be willing to adopt if it felt right, am I crazy for wanting this? Am I crazy for wanting Viona to be a big sister in 9 months?

If this is too much and the idea of having a 15 month old and 2 newborns in less than a year freaks you out, or if I've misread the situation and you are just attached because you feel some obligation to Vince, we don't have to even discuss this. But if you feel the way I think you do, I think we should have the lawyers start drawing up adoption papers.

Ok, per usual when I type out one of these terrifying emails, I am going to sign off before I chicken out and delete everything. I am going to take my sleeping potion, and climb into bed with you two. I am so excited to see everything Tokyo has to offer tomorrow, so I had better get my rest.

Love,

Your definitely pregnant husband

P.S. Oh, did I forget to mention I cast the pregnancy spell since it's day 5 for me, I couldn't wait another second, congratulations Daddy!
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Draco responds to Harry’s idea to adopt Viona.

Chapter Notes

Apparently I'm just so used to posting four times a day, that, well...

Saturday at 10:29 PM

Harry...

I swear you live to rattle me! I'm currently in the bathroom of our hotel room because you and Viona are asleep and I don't have a proper closet to sit in. But I'm not overcome with panic, and I don't need to wake you to hold me.

See, we spent all day walking around Tokyo and doing touristy things. I had Viona in a Mei Tai carrier on my back and she was rather happy since she was able to look around. We took things slowly and ate at an interesting restaurant on my list for lunch - and another one for dinner. I felt a bit like young parents just having a day out on the town.

When night fell, we came back to our hotel and you and Viona both were tired out. We had Muffy watch Viona while we made love (both of us too tired to shag very vigorously), and then you went right to sleep. I rocked Viona for a bit before laying her in bed with you, and then sat down to read your email.

Either you completely forgot to mention the fact that you cast a pregnancy spell test - unlikely - or you just wanted me to read it for myself. Alright, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt, we were rather busy today. In any case, knowing that it's real, that it happened, that we're *really* going to be parents in 9 months (actually 10)... I'm utterly rattled, but in the best possible way. My hands are shaking and I feel like opening the window and shouting out for the world to hear that my husband is pregnant with my baby.

Probably best if I don't because muggles, but you know what I mean.

In any case, I'm having sort of the opposite of a panic attack, which is why I'm in the bathroom - sitting on the floor - writing to you. Actually, I'm going to take a bath when I'm done writing this email because the tub in our Kiku Suite of the Hoshinoya Hotel is amazing. I'm mean sure, I have what could arguably be called a better one in my suite in the manor, but this one has a meditative quality to it that I just can't resist.

But before I do, I just wanted to say one thing...

WE CAN DO THAT?!?!
Here I was trying to come up with ways that I could legitimately keep Viona until she felt up to trusting other people to care for her. I thought maybe I'd have to register to be an official caregiver at Unity House so that I could be assigned her more or less permanently. I also thought maybe I could just keep my mouth shut until you told me that I absolutely had to give her back, but Harry...

There's probably a reason I can't let this little girl go for more than a few moments at a time, and it has nothing to do with any sort of obligation I might feel toward her father. I look into her eyes and I...

I can't describe it. I'm trying and I just can't.

Yes, I'd love to adopt her. I never thought for a second that I would be allowed to. That *we'd* be allowed to, but since you say that we can, I want to. I mean, I'm never going to let her go back to Unity House for longer than a couple of hours anyway (not that I have anything against Unity House), so why not make it official?

I just need to make it clear - probably more for my own benefit than for yours, although I think you'll probably try to argue with me - that, well... Once we adopt her, she'll be our daughter in every way and never want for anything, but she *won't* be my Heir. My Heir will be one of our true blooded children. It's not about love, I won't love her any less, it's just about - oh... a very long line of fussy pureblood traditions that actually do matter to me. Try to think of it as the muggle monarchy. As I understand it, there can only be one King - or Queen - at a time. There can be hundreds of children who all inherit a portion of the King's lands and money, but he can only give his title to the oldest son (or daughter, but usually son).

Maybe I'm not making full sense to you, but the Manor is protected by centuries of wards that are keyed to our blood. There isn't an actual title to pass down to an Heir, but there are the Manor wards. They are tied to the blood, and the "Lord" - if you will - keeps them intact. And the magic works best if there is only one. It's been over a century since there was more than one possible Heir, so it hasn't been a problem, but I am already fairly certain that we have at least two possible heirs - and we both want more - so, I guess I just needed to say it. If it doesn't make sense to you, perhaps my mother can explain it better.

So anyway, to sum everything up, yes I want to adopt Viona, I'm over the moon that you're officially pregnant, and I'm about to take a relaxing bath. If you can't find me in the morning, I probably fell asleep in the bath. Don't worry, Muffy would never let me drown (or the water grow cold), so I'll be perfectly safe.

Love is like a never ending madness; an eruption like a volcano that has burned me to my core and left me breathless,

Draco

P.S. What did you think of that open air onsen? I'm dead certain I'm going to have to build one on the Manor grounds somewhere.

Sunday at 7:26 AM

Good morning Love,

I'm not sure when you came to bed last night, but I am glad you didn't spend the night in the bath.
When I said I didn't want to have to wake up alone again I did not mean you could sleep other places while I sleep with our child.

Yes, yes we can do that. I kept trying to talk to you and ask you on Friday but kept chickening out, and then when you didn't say anything yesterday I assumed that you had read the email and I had misread the situation and you were doing as I suggested and pretending I hadn't said anything. But you had just been so busy spending time with us that you didn't check your email.

Here's how it happened. I decided to talk with Kingsley Friday morning before we left, this matter doesn't have to be dealt with through the minister, but when the minister is your good friend it's hard not to go straight to the top. I know that as the owner of Unity House, I am responsible for the legality of care for the kids, but I didn't know what the legal ramifications of taking her out of the country were. I gave him the rundown, told him she seems to do best with you, and that you were awfully attached to her as well, and that we wanted to take her with us when we went to Tokyo. He asked me, "I saw the way you two were with her last night, why haven't you started the adoption process yet?" I laughed and responded with "yeah right, who's going to authorize an adoption to a set of 19 year old wizards?" And I won't even be 19 for another twenty days!

Well, here's the bottom line; because Viona has no legal guardians, any adoption is at the discretion of the Department of Children's Services. They have already authorized me as being capable of running an entire orphanage, and they authorized your clearance as a caregiver. I added you when I did the staff's authorization checks because I knew there were going to be nights that we had to stay overnight. So the adoption would be going through the ministry, through a department that knows that we have financially and legally supported an orphanage, and has verified our ability to care for children.

Kingsley could tell I was flustered, I was doing that thing where I ramble nonsense to fill the silence, so he said "and you know I'll vouch for the two of you if you need a personal reference." So ..... are you ready for this??

I'm sorry I didn't mention that I had cast the test! I did it after you fell asleep on Friday night before I wrote the email. And again, when you didn't bring it up yesterday, I assumed you were avoiding talking about it because of your fear of getting your hopes up. I didn't realize you hadn't read the email! I'm a bit dim, let's hope our kids get your brains, and my .... good taste in spouses. Thank you for refraining from shouting about the male pregnancy to Tokyo's muggle public. I'm with you, through it all, but I would rather not have to explain to the ministry why we broke the statute of secrecy. And internationally at that!

I sent off an email to Hermione to see if she could contact our lawyers and let them know to go ahead with drawing up the paperwork. I would have just owled the lawyers but that's a bit of a trip for an owl when the email is instantaneous. So when we get home tomorrow we'll go see the lawyers and figure out what else needs doing. I had told Luna I was going to be late Monday and she told me in no uncertain terms that Unity House could survive without me for one Monday, and that I would be taking the whole day off even if she had to get you to tie me up to accomplish that. I'm sure I will stop in at some point just to see the kids, but I won't be doing anything in an official capacity; no paperwork or anything remotely responsible!

Draco, I know you won't love her any less than our biological children. If I thought that were the case I wouldn't have suggested the adoption in the first place. I know you already love her, and when she's officially ours you'll probably allow yourself to be even more obvious about loving her. But what you're saying about the heir thing, tell me if I have this right, she will be your daughter in everything, you will love her as your child, you will financially provide for her, she will have an inheritance, she just can't inherit Malfoy Manor because of blood warding? Ok, we have enough
properties and funds between the two of us, it's not like she won't be a spoiled little thing who has her daddies wrapped around her pudgy little fingers.

Should we floo your mum and tell her the news? Or should we wait and tell them when we get home tomorrow? I wonder if she already knows, do you think that look she gave you was less "when are you giving me grandchildren?" and more "how do you oblivious boys not realize this is your daughter?" Your mum is so brilliant, I love her.

I loved the open air onsen! But you can tell I was raised in the muggle world because I immediately thought "would that even work in our climate?" We're wizards Harry, you moron! I'm excited for more sightseeing tomorrow, and we can't forget to find a souvenir.

Oh! Must run, Viona just woke up!

More in love with you every day,

Your Harry
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

The boys and Viona are enjoying Tokyo.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late post, I got distracted reading an article featuring a little girl's death and it made me nearly cry and I had to go hug my boys until I felt better and nearly *forgot* to post! But then I remembered, and better late than never, right?

Sunday at 11:32 PM

Dearest Husband,

Can we move to Tokyo when our kids are old enough to take care of themselves? Sort of like retirement for people with jobs - which I suppose we both do have. I found myself close to heaven today when we arrived at the Tsukiji Outer Market. It was shopping and food in the same place at the same time! I understand that this is not so unusual, malls usually have food courts, but this was an experience like no other. We bought samples of food from just about every stall and ate them while we shopped. I also found a perfect souvenir - a little gold neko cat, which symbolizes good luck. It took us from the moment we arrived in the morning to about 3PM just to get through the market, but then we went back to our hotel to rest for a bit and soak in the onsen.

But then...

I worked literal magic - and by that, I mean that I contacted a wizard living in Japan who managed to confound us into a highly sought after and prestigious dinner reservation at Kohaku. This is a restaurant with a highly regarded three Michelin stars, and is not like the restaurants we are used to in which we order from a menu what we want to try. No, this is a place where the chef makes whatever he likes and we eat it. There were nine courses and a dessert. It's probably a good thing we'd had a few hours to digest, because otherwise I'd've had to cast an undetectable extension charm on my stomach. Which is not to say that was a lot of food, just that it was filling enough that an empty stomach was pretty much required.

We had:

1. Broiled Conger Eel and Eggplant topped with Grated Yam
2. Deep Fried Eel and Ginkgo Nuts garnished Pasted Plum and Homemade Blended Salt - this was possibly my favorite, mmm...
3. Hand Rolled Grilled Black-Throat Sea Perch on Sticky Rice
4. Tile Fish Dumpling in Clear Soup
5. Spanish Mackerel with Chef’s Secret Jelly
6. Charcoal-Grilled Kinme Snapper and Fried Mashed Onion
7. Minced Japanese Beef (wagyu) and Shiitake Mushroom - also a favorite!
8. Simmered Butterfish and Japanese Turnip - a close second...
10. Green Tea Mousse and Caramel Soup with Brandy Sherbert

I know that she's only six months old and not quite ready for solid food, but Viona seemed interested in everything we ate, and whenever I gave her a small taste of something, she seemed to love it every bit as much as I did. If this girl travels with us all the time, she's going to be quite the connoisseur!

So, speaking of Viona, now that we're going to be adopting her, maybe it's time to stop our mini honeymoons. I mean only that it's probably not the best thing for a child to be constantly traveling around the world. Don't they need stability? Plus, one of the next things on my list was the Boryeong Mud Festival - which is next weekend - and a massive full moon party in Thailand that features an entire night of fire, drugs, alcohol, and dancing. I mean sure, we could bring her with and have Muffy watch her while we party and recover, but it seems like that's probably not the best idea in the world.

What do you think?

As for my mother, we'll tell her the good news about Viona when we return home, which is tomorrow, so going out of our way to tell her before then would just be a waste of time - and you might be right about the look she gave me, haha. I still want to wait a bit to tell her about our precious water bubbles.

Speaking of, I decided that enough time had passed and cast the test on myself, so... are you sure you won't be overwhelmed by almost twins? I don't want us both to burn out from not only caring for all the kids in the orphanage (aww, you made me an official caregiver!), but also a new daughter and two infants. It's a lot, and I don't want it to be something you regret. I myself am seriously questioning my sanity, but I don't regret it. I was and am serious in that I wanted to carry at least one child, and I can think of no better time to do it than when you're pregnant too and we can be there for each other when we're both achy and miserable.

I'm also glad you understand about the Heir thing, I was agonizing over how to explain it to you.

Oh! Back to the traveling thing, if you do still want to travel, and bring our kids with, how do we handle it when we want to go to places that we want to be free from our kids at least part of the time? I do actually adore the idea of having experienced in world traveling kids by the time they go to Hogwarts, but what if that just puts an enormous amount of stress on us?

But I'd better get to bed before I end up staying up all night and depriving myself of tomorrow's fun - we're going to visit the Imperial Palace and just otherwise relax and take it easy. And by the way, I'm going to make a pest of myself with my mother and Molly when we get home and make sure that the gala is on track and going to be ready. It's in just two weeks after all.

But as I said, bed.

To you, I give the whole me, as I believe you're my destiny,

Draco

Monday at 4:49 PM
My Dragon,

What do you mean am I sure? You're either pregnant or you're not! That was very unclear! You're the one we had to talk into kids, are YOU sure? Because I am ready for my arms to be full ... well, fuller. I will never regret our children. I can promise you that. Will I be exhausted and overwhelmed and sometimes have to lock myself in the loo and cry a little? Yep. But I will also have more love than I ever thought I would have. Hell, I'm Harry The Sodding Savior Malfoy, what would I do if life were calm?

I was supposed to be packing while you take Viona on one last stroll before our portkey, and by stroll I mean you walking around showing off your beautiful daughter to anyone who will pay attention. But you know me, I need a breather, and writing to you always calms me down. The Imperial Palace was breathtaking today. Everything here is like stepping into another world. It would not take much to convince me to come back here! I wish I could go back in time and reassure Little Harry in his cupboard that some day he would be jet setting off to Tokyo with the love of his life and his daughter.

I am glad that most of our sightseeing has included so much walking. I feel like we've eaten nonstop since we got here, and I am not complaining it's been delicious, but I'm already going to get so big soon that I don't need to start out having gained a stone from one weekend!

I am so nervous, we are going to be going home very soon, and we will have our appointment with the lawyers and we need to tell your parents that we are adopting Viona. I was thinking, could we invite Molly, Arthur, Andi, and Teddy for dinner on Tuesday so we can tell them? I want to do it in person but I think our Monday will be too packed. I'm so excited I could explode! We're going to be parents!

I agree that Viona needs stability, I have loved these honeymoons, but she's got to be our priority right now. We should definitely avoid the sex, booze, and drug mudfest! But I don't think we have to stop traveling completely, traveling is obviously very important to us and as we've seen this weekend, Viona is already a pro. Maybe stick to traveling within a time zone or two and maybe just spend an afternoon or a night at the location instead of a long weekend. Unless you don't like the idea of taking your daughter to Paris to fill her wardrobe. But yes, let's stick to home for a while until she's settled in and knows she has a home.

And we have last minute gala planning anyway, so being nearby would be a good idea these last two weeks anyway. So, uh, hey Draco, you wanna go to the gala with me? Sorry, that was totally lame. I was imagining what would have happened if I had asked you to the Yule Ball in 4th year. It sounded much smoother in my head.

I plan on traveling with all of the children, how will caring for them in one of our mega-swanky Malfoy hotel suites be any different than caring for them from the Manor? Slings, carriers, prams, there are a lot of ways to contain the children while we show them the world. Obviously, every weekend would be excessive, but we're not going to just not travel for the next decade or two! I would be willing to bet that we have a whole list of people who would enjoy coming with who would watch them while we have time alone. I bet it would just take so much convincing to ask your mum to come with us to Nassau so she can play on the beach with her grandchildren while we take some time to ourselves. And we will still take vacations alone, just not right now while Viona needs to learn she has us forever.

Our children will be cared for and loved, but we can't forget our relationship either. I don't ever want to forget, that at the center of it all is our love for each other. We aren't just a means to giving each other heirs. You're my husband, my partner, my best friend, we need to stay connected. I think that's
what I love about these emails, in the hustle of life, Unity House, your muggle tech, kids, lawyers, honeymoons, this is such a lovely way to connect regularly.

I also really like the idea of being home for the foreseeable future, we have all those lovely toys we bought and haven't had much chance to use them! My arse has been regular skin-toned for DAYS! I could sit on a regular chair comfortably! I'm glad we at least had Muffy with us for this trip because I could not have gone this long without having you. I have a new kink, Draco the hot dad. Do you have any idea how sexy you are with that carrier? When we get home I am going to worship you, that body of yours that makes my body sing, that carts around our daughter, that is carrying my baby.

Now I am horny and crying. Merlin what is happening right now? I can't stop! I think my eyes are broken, well more broken than usual. Ok, I am going to actually go pack and see if I can stop crying.

Your Lunatic Husband,

Harry
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

They come home from Tokyo and tell Draco's parents the happy news.

Monday at 5:44 PM

My little fox,

Alright, yes that was unclear. I'm pregnant too according to the test, I'm just really afraid now that we're not only biting off more than we can chew, but *also* jumping into a volcano without a powerful cooling charm and boulders tied to our feet. I can handle it no matter how crazy it gets if I have you by my side, but what if you suddenly realize that *you* can't handle it? That it's too much of a good thing, you know?

You apparently cried yourself to sleep after packing, before I came back with Viona, who had fallen to sleep as well, so I have a bit of time to answer your email before I have to wake you up for the portkey.

Invite away. I'm sure my mother will be delighted to host an impromptu (probably early) dinner party, and it will do my father some good to practice getting along with your side of the family. He's going to have to share his grandchildren with them after all.

Alright, so no to the next weekend trip, got it. But just so you know, the Mud Festival is family friendly - and located in Korea. It's the Full Moon Festival in Thailand that's a hedonistic party. I'll plan something more low key and closer to home for the week after the gala. Paris actually sounds perfect. And yes, my silly little mutt, I'd *love* to go to the gala with you. I'm glad you asked, it turns it from a sort of job into a date. A working date, I suppose, but still a chance to be loving and flirty in public.

I now have to keep in mind that this is an event for children because a vision of you on your leash at the gala popped into my head and caught the attention of the little dragon in my lap. That said, since Viona is sleeping, I can easily have Muffy take her into the sitting room and rock her for a while whilst I molest you in your sleep again. I *do* have to wake you up soon after all.

The good news is that since I don't have a trip to plan this week, my entire attention (when not working on magical batteries) can be on our play room. I'm thinking I'll commandeer the suite above ours for it. That way, I can build a staircase from our bedroom directly to it, and then we can have stairs up to a sort of Widow's Walk on the roof where we can have a hot tub to soak in while we gaze at the stars.

I might also scout out the best place on the Manor grounds to build an Onsen. Still not a hundred percent positive on that.

Another brilliant idea! Bring my mother (and probably father) with us on a few of our future trips to watch the sprogs when we want a night to do naughty things! Sort of the best of both worlds there, haha.
But now it is definitely time to wake you up. It'll have to be a quick suck and wank though because the portkey leave in fifteen minutes. Hope you don't mind, hahahahaha!

In anticipation of an endless number of tomorrows with you,

Draco

Monday at 7:12 PM (London time)

I called it!!!

Haha! Months ago I called it! We made Lucius faint when we told him he was going to be a grandfather! Keeled over and almost knocked his head on the end table! Oh that image is going in the pensieve!

I love the idea of our playroom being above the bedroom. And an outdoor jacuzzi to watch the stars with you? You are the most romantic man to ever live. And you’re MINE!

I’m so tired I really should be sleeping, but I’m too wound up!

The lawyers meeting was stressful. I’m really thankful that the Malfoys only employ the best because I can’t imagine what a nightmare of paperwork this would be if we tried to handle this with incompetent lawyers or Merlin forbid by ourselves. We received the legal guardianship, but the actual adoption will take some time to be official. I know no one can take her from us now that we have the legal guardianship but I want it official yesterday damnit! It’s already official in my heart, but I hate playing the waiting game with bureaucratic nonsense.

The best part of the meeting was my time with Viona. You are a little possessive of your time with her, and I don’t feel like she knows me as well as she knows you. She has two daddies! So when you guys were getting into the small print and the contract language I got her all to myself. I sang her a few songs, and she wasn’t even offended by my terrible singing. I just told her all about myself and how I was going to give her every ounce of love she deserves and she drifted to sleep in my arms to the sound of my voice. I love her so much it hurts. Oh no, here come the tears again.

And then telling your parents! You strode into their sitting room and presented Viona like you were introducing the queen! Your mum started crying and immediately pulled Viona into her arms. It was so sweet. She didn’t even seem to mind when her jewelry was being drooled on! And then your father! I know I already mentioned it. And I know you were there. But it bears repeating! Lucius Malfoy took one look at his first grandchild and fainted. If you catch me randomly giggling for no apparent reason in the next few days feel free to assume that’s what I’m thinking of!

After a little bit I left the four of you to talk about our trip and I assume you and your father talked about the business end of the adoption, and headed over to Unity House to check on my kiddos. I missed them so much! When I got there Elena was forcing all of the kids to put on their own production of The Wizard of Oz. Poor Della was relegated to the part of Toto! Hannah and Lauren were doing their best to play a lot of different roles but my favorite was their portrayal of the flying monkeys. You have not lived until you have seen little Lauren launch herself out of a tree to attack the poor scarecrow (side note, the caregivers probably deserve a raise).

I sent off a few owls to invite our dinner guests for tomorrow and then headed home. I relaxed in the garden for a little while, had a lovely chat with your mum about flowers, and went to find you. What
do I find? You sound asleep with our sleeping daughter on your chest.

So I’m doing my calming ritual and emailing you. You are pregnant. Like pregnant pregnant. As in you and I both have beautiful little water bubbles that are our babies! Draco, do you know what this means? Our children will never be lonely! We already knew they would have their big cousin Teddy, who I miss like crazy and can’t wait to see tomorrow, and they will have the Unity House Kids, but they will have siblings that will be their constant companions and playmates and friends! They will never have to wonder if they’re loved! They will automatically start off their lives with an enormous, completely crazy, family.

Too much of a good thing? Too much what? Too much love? Too many people to care for? Too many people to be loved by? I promise you that I will handle all of it. We aren’t alone in this. Our kids will have their grandparents and hordes of aunts and uncles and cousins. We’ve got this babe!

Hmmm, yeah the babe thing didn’t really work for me. Sorry about that.

Sometimes you will panic and we will ship the kids to the garden to play with their grandma while I hold you in the closet. Sometimes I will have one of my rambly brain won’t shut off moments and we will bring them to Auntie Luna so she can teach them about magical creatures that may or may not be real while we go for a fly. But at the end of the day it’s you and it’s me and it’s our children.

The tears again! Draco! Fucking buggering shite! What is going on?!!

Ok I may have cried myself to exhaustion, I’m going to go climb into bed with my family.

My heart is full of you,

Harry
Wednesday at 9:21 PM

Little fox,

This week has been so busy! I actually slept not just Monday night but Tuesday too! Thus it's already Wednesday night and I've only just now had a chance to sit down and check and respond to your last email. Viona is in my lap, half sleeping and half drinking from a bottle, and you're in bed, tired out from movie night.

I now very much am impressed with muggles. We watched a movie called Fantasia that was made in 1940 - long before either of us was born - and it was a true masterpiece of art! I am surprised that it wasn't made by a Wizard - or at least that Wizards didn't claim the inspiration for it and show it to our children. But I suppose that would have necessitated introducing us to the muggle technologies of movies and television. In any case, I know I've only seen a grand total of three movies, but this one is definitely my favorite so far. The best segment in my opinion was the Pastoral Symphony as I feel that nudity in general and especially in art is important. I love that it was shown to be normal in a children's program.

So, now I'm laughing and picturing Elena forcing all the other kids to dance and sing while pretending to be hippos and ostriches, hahaha! But I wish I'd seen the twins as flying monkeys. I might force you to show me the memory.

As for Viona, I don't know why, but I just can't seem to put her down. Well, a big part of that is that she starts to fuss atrociously when I do, but even when she's sleeping or when others want to hold her, I have a hard time letting her go. I think that maybe I'm unconsciously afraid that if I do, she'll disappear or something. I promise I'll try my best to let you have her more often. Especially if it means I get to listen to your adorably hesitant and self-conscious singing. But seriously, whenever you want to hold her, just ask, and if I seem a bit reluctant to give her up, remind me that I wouldn't mind five minutes to myself to go to the loo.

Oh, and that bit where my father fainted, want to know the real reason? It *wasn't* simply because he was going to be a grandfather - or even that he already is because we're adopting an existing baby - but that he couldn't *believe* that I had the gall to take a *Crabbe* and elevate her to the status of a *Malfoy.* It's actually fairly funny, and yes I'll be giggling over it for a while too. But don't worry, he won't treat her differently because of her biological parentage. Didn't you see the way he watched me hold her? I think he's secretly craving grandchildren to spoil too.

I can't remember if you were there at the time, but my mother was holding Viona - she has no qualms about insisting that I share, haha - and she informed me that I was very lucky to have a child without any sort of pregnancy, as hers was rather hard. She started out exhausted and prone to crying over the silliest things, then she got slightly less exhausted but remained every bit as teary as hunger kicked in and made her eat as if she couldn't get enough, and then everything hurt and she couldn't sleep most of the last trimester.

So, my darling husband, I think I solved the mystery of why you keep crying so much and I've been able to sleep. It's a direct result of our precious water bubbles. I'm not complaining, I'll enjoy the extra sleep while I can. Just wait until the last trimester and the lack of sleep has me snarling more than usual. Perhaps I'll look into a safe version of a sleeping potion for pregnancy so that I don't burn the entire Manor down in a fit of exhausted lunacy.
I'm so happy for you that you were able to share our news with Arthur, Molly, Andromeda, Teddy, Granger, and your weasel. I mean I know that Granger had to have known because you emailed her a request to get the ball rolling, but she seemed so happy for us that it was official - as much as possible at the moment. She even hugged me!!! I was a bit flustered and not quite sure how to handle that, but I think I managed to act with aplomb as I returned the hug.

Well, I think I'm going to end this here and sign off for the night. I'm once again tired, and may not even have the energy to molest you before I go to sleep. This was actually one of the reasons I initially wanted to wait a bit before having kids - I figured that we'd probably have sex less often once we got pregnant. That said, I think we've actually been a little more creative about it - such as when I forced myself to give Viona to Greg for a few minutes after the movie so that I could drag you to your office, cast a strong series of privacy spells, and bend you over your desk for a quick spanking followed by a quick shag. How's that for full circle? The same desk that you sat at while emailing me originally while falling in love is now in your office and an instrument that we can occasionally use to *prove* our love for each other.

To you I offer every beat of my heart for I believe you will value it,

Draco

Thursday at 7:23 AM

My Draco,

Oh thank goodness that the crying is normal. I am not one of those men who is ashamed to cry. I have admitted to you multiple times in the past that I have cried, I am particularly inclined towards the overwhelmed with happiness tears. But it has been a bit much lately, I was a little worried that something was really wrong with me .... which made me cry. I've not really ever been around anyone pregnant before so I have no idea what to expect. Maybe there's a book I can read? I know the muggles have a lot of pregnancy books but I doubt many of them are transferable to our situation. "What to expect when you're a pregnant wizard whose husband is also a pregnant wizard" doesn't really flow off the tongue.

I am sitting at my desk blushing so hard. I know what you did here! I'm glad you're finally getting rest but I have been missing my midnight shags, I'm so thankful you're finding different times to have me. Quick suck and a wank before our portkeys, being bent over my own desk, fuck I am addicted to you.

I absolutely adored Fantasia. The music and the animation. One of these days we should probably watch a movie that doesn't contain muggles attempting to explain magic, but usually no magic means no fun. At least that's been my experience anyway. Oh no! I didn't even think about how the children were going to attempt to reenact this one. These children literally have magic and some of them have already displayed quite a bit of accidental magic. I should probably warn the staff to hide all of the mops and watch out for flooding. My favorite scene was the fish scene, but I have always been drawn to water. I loved our Gryffindor common room with it's cozy feeling, but I was a little jealous of the Slytherin common room's views of the lake. To live underwater!

I agree about the nudity, why are we teaching children to be ashamed of their bodies? Did you know I didn't know the word for penis until I was probably 10? Any time I would adjust myself or put my hands anywhere nearby my aunt would shout "don't touch that, it's nasty!" I thought it was called a
nasty for years. And again, I show my own idiocy. Are you sure you want to have children with me? Apparently I am awfully dim.

I was so glad to share our news with my side of the family. But mostly I was just happy to see Teddy. I've been so busy I feel like I've barely seen him! And yes 'Mione knew, but I think you underestimate how much she really likes you. She started liking you when she could see how happy you made me, but now she just legitimately likes you.

That is hilarious that Lucius is being snooty about Viona being born a Crabbe. At least she's a pureblood? Unlike these little half bloods we're growing! Er ... three quarter bloods? How many generations in do we have to be before they're considered pureblood again? Not that I actually care about all that, now I'm just curious.

Draco Malfoy! I shouldn't have to ask you for permission to hold my daughter! She's not going anywhere. She's ours. I do really love watching you with her. Second movie night in a row where I got to hold you while you held her. I'm a spoiled selfish boy and usually get my way and you're the one holding me, but I really do love having you in my arms. It has to be the right angle though, with our height difference it can get really awkward really fast!

Seeing as we aren't going anywhere this weekend, I debated whether or not to go into work tomorrow. I could make up some work for not coming in on Monday, but it's not like they were assuming I'd be in since I don't usually come in on Fridays. So I think I am going to go in in the morning for a half day. Will you either let Viona stay with one of the caregivers at Unity or see if your parents could watch her for a little while in the afternoon? I'd really like to have some time just the two of us. I could pack us a picnic lunch like I did for our first date? I promise to hand feed you again. We could even picnic on the Manor grounds if you want to not stray too far from Viona.

Well, I had better run, apparently I am the only one who can make pancakes according to Mac.

All of my love,

Harry
Friday at 3:47 PM

So Harry, guess what?

It's ready...

Today, as you asked, I've asked my parents to watch Viona for a while so that we can try out our very own play room for the first time. I'll more properly answer your questions in my next email, just wanted to send this one to let you know that our picnic will be taking place in our play room and that we'll be in there for the rest of the day/night - or until we're ready to pass out, whichever comes first.

When I look into your eyes, I can see all the love you have for me, and sometimes, I can even see my own love for you reflected back at me in the vibrant jewels that are the windows to your soul,

Draco

Friday at 3:53 PM

Oh! I can’t wait!

The play room will be perfect for our picnic, you won’t have to worry about getting your clothes messy!

I’m glad I’ll be seeing you in an hour, because my pants have become quite uncomfortable. That’s what I get for wearing those fitted black trousers that you say make my arse look fantastic.

Yours in anticipation,

Harry
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about play night :-D

Saturday at 11:22 AM

Darling Harry,

You know, I really think recapping what happened is almost as much fun as doing it in the first place.

We started out with a picnic, a super sweet Hufflepuff picnic in which we both just lay naked on a large cushion and ate. For part of it, you had my head in your lap and fed me by hand. I continually groped and stroked you - gentle caresses designed to do nothing but tease you. Eventually we were done eating and simply kissed for a long time. Now that we have a baby to take care of, I very much appreciate having some time to ourselves to just do as we like and not have to rush.

After kissing for quite possibly an hour, you were squirming in anticipation, so I tied you in my favorite Dragonfly Harness. I decided to get your maintenance spanking out of the way and had you bend over the spanking table. Once your cheeks were nice and rosy, I used plenty of rope to suspend you from the ceiling again, paying extra attention to safety because the last thing I'd want is to harm our precious water bubbles. Once you were ready, I ran my hands all over your body, caressing and tickling you as the urge struck. I also licked any spot that made you squirm oh so deliciously, eventually culminating in sucking you off.

By this point, you had entered subspace, so I let you enjoy it for a while before letting you down and forcing you to kneel submissively before me. I attached the leash to your collar and led you around the room like a dog for a bit, having you play fetch and do tricks to prove that you are such a good and obedient mutt.

After that, I had you massage me with your hands and tongue, ending by rimming me almost until I orgasmed. Merlin and Salazar! You have a talented tongue! I had to force you to stop before I went off because I was so close and I *really* wanted you to straddle me and ride me. Watching you fuck yourself on my shaft is one of my favorite sights. Honestly, watching you do anything is my favorite sight! When you garden, when you hold a child, when you talk to strangers - it all turns me on and makes me want you so badly I almost can't breathe!

You had a hand on your shaft, and based on the way you were getting oh so tight on my shaft, you were getting close. So I stopped you, carefully held you as I flipped us over, and ordered you *not* to go off as I pounded your prostate into submission. I did relent and cast a spell to help you by making it impossible to orgasm - hovering on the very edge until I took the spell off again.

But see, I really wanted to do something else. Now that we're both definitely pregnant and I'm not 'sperm-jacking' you, I wanted to have you top me. It is something I actually enjoy, and I'm dead certain that it won't be long before we're both too big to have any sort of close sex, so I wanted to take advantage of the ability to do so while we still can. It's strange - well, maybe it's not actually strange to you - but whenever I've bottomed before, it was just sex like any other. This time, I'd *swear* that
it was even more intimate than tying you up and molesting you in the most delicious ways. I was on my back and you were all over me. I'd almost be prepared to testify before the entire Wizengamot that I could not only *feel* you inside me, but that I could feel you physically touching my *heart* with your shaft.

Does that make any sort of sense?

After a good long while, you eventually started begging me to take off the orgasm denial spell, and so, when I felt my climax approaching, I timed it so that we finished together. Then I just barely had the energy - or coherent thought - to Apparate us to our bed. We naturally passed out immediately - not even noticing when Muffy brought Viona to bed and lay her between us.

Which reminds me, I know I tend to hog her most of the time, but don't worry that she doesn't know you or that you love her. She wakes up in between us a few times every night. She knows that you aren't going to hurt her, and she stares at you while you're sleeping as I'm feeding her. She actually can hold her own bottle, but I like doing it for her. When she's no longer quite as hungry, she likes to set the bottle aside and give you happy baby hugs in your sleep. She'll snuggle herself so that her back is to you - usually against your chest, but sometimes against your back, and then she'll wave her adorable little baby hand at me as she finishes her bottle until I hold her hand, loving the fact that my two favorite people are snug and warm in bed right next to me.

So, now, to properly answer a few of the questions from your previous email while you're at Unity House and Viona is napping.

I'm sure the Healer will have something we can read, but if you can't wait that long, drop in on Granger. I'm fairly certain your library has already come up with several books on the subject, haha.

Did any of the kids try to reenact the Sorcerer's Apprentice?

I'm glad we agree on the nudity thing, and that's horrible of your Aunt! Seriously, where does she live? I *promise* I won't do anything to her, I just want to meet her.

Sigh... If Granger actually likes me, I might have to start calling her by name...

Yes, the fact that Viona is a pureblood is exactly the reason that my father won't treat her differently now that she's our daughter. He just has a hard time thinking of a member of the Crabbe (or Goyle for that matter) family as anything other than a... henchman...

As for the pureblood thing, well, as I understand it, your father was pureblood and your mother muggleborn, that makes you what they call a half blood. However, mathematically, your father was one whole, or 2 over 2. Your mother would be the half blood because she had magic from nothing - or 1 over 2. That makes you three quarter blood - 3 over 4. I myself am pureblood, which in this instance equals 4 over 4, which makes our children 7 over 8th blood. Perhaps math is not your strong suit, so I'll make it simple for you, our children will be so close to pureblood that they can call themselves pureblood and not be lying. OR - if you prefer - the term half blood refers to any person containing blood that has magic in it but is less than 100% and more than muggleborn. Meaning they could proudly call themselves half bloods if you think it would make more... I mean *be* more appropriate. I'll support you no matter what you decide to call them. Although I *might* slip up from time to time and tell them they're purebloods and why that can be considered important when it comes to our traditions.

As a side note, ever notice how *no one* ever referred to you as a half blood? People did mention from time to time that your mother was a muggleborn, and so, that would make you 'half blood' the same as a person born from a muggle and a witch or wizard. Well, the reason that no one called you
half blood - not even me - had nothing to do with you being Harry Potter. It was because of exactly what I said, mathematically, you're three quarter blood, and that's pure enough even for the snobbiest pureblood family. Just thought you might not know that and be curious now.

Again, I'll *try* not to hog her quite as much, but I make no guarantees.

Too bad I'm never awake in time to enjoy your pancakes, but based on the food you make for our picnics, I'm dead certain Mac is right about you being the only one who can make them right.

Oh! Viona sounds like she's waking up. Off to dance her around the ballroom as I sing to her.

What a glorious day, when our souls intertwined and our hearts danced together.

Draco

Saturday at 11:52 AM

Mmmmmmm Dragon,

Last night was unbelievable. I keep thinking it's gotten as good as it's going to get and then you throw last night at me. I loved our first date picnic, all learning each other and teasing each other and ourselves with tiny touches. But then last night had its own magic of already knowing each others bodies so well, knowing just which caress would tease. I felt so cherished being held by you while you let me serve you.

Merlin, I love being suspended. If done wrong I am sure it would feel terrifying and restraining, but I always feel like I am being cradled.

And being your good mutt? I always love being leashed, but it actually being used as a leash and not just for show? Unghhhhh. No. Words. And thank you so much for letting me touch you. I love being bound, but I do NOT like the absence of touch, either you touching me or me touching you. Thank you for casting the spell, there is no way I could have kept myself from coming for you!

I really loved topping you as well, you know I love my kink, but just staring into your eyes while I was inside of you was beautiful. I'm not surprised you felt I was touching your heart, because I could feel myself trying to touch your soul. I know, I'm a sappy moron, but I felt so connected to you. No matter how rough or kinky the shag is, I always consider it making love, but there's something so special and sweet when it's not really about our bodies but it's about our connection. I hope that makes sense, I am having a hard time being coherent through my blubbering.

Ending our night in our own bed was the best part (and the sex is amazing so that's saying something!) I love that Viona sleeps with us, I know that she will eventually need her own sleep space, but this time with just the beginning of our family has been wonderful. I'm so glad you aren't adamant about her sleeping in her crib. And now that we have our play room, it's not like we really need our regular bed to be unoccupied if we want to be together.

She snuggles me while I sleep? It's ok, it's ok, I'll be fine, fine I tell you. I'm going to be completely dehydrated at this rate, just a piece of tan jerky with hair.

So, my first instinct was to of course ask 'Mione about pregnancies. But I thought you didn't want to tell anyone until we were past a certain stage? I know she won't spill the beans, she didn't tell anyone
about Viona, but I didn't want to tell people without you. If you don't mind her knowing before anyone else then I will be asking her to do some research for me. I'm going to justify making her work by saying that she loves a good research challenge, but mostly I am just a lazy researcher and want the answers handed to me in her pretty handwriting and color coded!

Oh! There has been fantasia reenactment all morning! But oddly enough not the sorcerer's apprentice yet. No, you called it, and they were dancing like hippos. I've been loving being here. This is the first weekend I've been able to be here. It's nice to be here for fun and not for paperwork. But now that I know you and the Princess are awake I am going to be coming home very soon.

Oh! You want to meet my aunt? And let me guess, when she disappears in a few months you had nothing to do with it? It's ok my love, I promise I have worked through most of that garbage with my therapist. And the best revenge for me is knowing that I have a life full of love where I am allowed to be exactly who I am. I never have to worry about when I will eat. The only chores I have to do are the ones I choose to do. Oh, and I have WAY more money than them.

Speaking of adults who are ridiculous ... I know you love your father Draco, and to be honest Grampy Lulu is growing on me, but the man followed a crazy man with a muggle for a father (muggle, not muggleborn) but still thinks that the dilution of blood is any indication of quality of witch or wizard. I guess you can only do so much about childhood indoctrination.

And Greg is SO much more than a henchman! He's very quickly become one of my closest friends. And what that man can do with a hammer?! He just keeps adding to the Park, at some point I am worried we're going to have a fully functioning amusement park. Lauren and Hannah gave him the big watery blue eyes, twirled their blonde hair around their fingers, and asked him where he thought would be a good place for them to play "house" then went on to say "we understand there isn't an actual house, but we have good imaginations." Surprise! Now there's a tiny cottage-style play house back there!

I admit I get a little pissy when discussing pureblood vs halfblood vs muggleborn. I think one's heritage is important but anyone who has sat down with Hermione Granger for more than five minutes and really listened to her and thinks she's less of a witch than someone born to it is an utter tit. That being said, I LOATHE that wizarding tradition gets cast off as pureblood snobbery that needs to be removed from society. I love the traditions I've learned about and I want to know even more of them. I want our children to know all of the traditions from the moment they are old enough to understand them. Heck, if I weren't the most impatient impulsive Gryffindor I would have courted the hell out of you! The traditional gifts, all of the whole "dance" of courting, it's beautiful.

Speaking of Hermione, Greg, and traditions ... have you had thoughts on Viona's middle name or on her Godparents? I know I tend to go along with whatever you say, but I think I am going to put my foot down pretty hard and say that I truly feel as though Greg needs to be her Godfather, I'd like Hermione as Godmother, but since I am being so adamant about Greg, I will be flexible on whether Hermione is THIS child's Godparent. It's not like we aren't almost halfway to our own quidditch team! She'll have another chance!

Don't worry about hogging Viona, I will just have to work on being more assertive. Watching you fall more and more in love with her every day is the most beautiful thing I think I have ever seen. I told you, Draco the hot dad is my new kink!

It's a bit late for pancakes, but how about I head home, see if I can spy on the two of you dancing in the ballroom, and then you can come keep me company in the kitchen while I bake some biscuits? I found a really good recipe that is sweetened with fruit juices as opposed to sugars and is very soft, so they're yummy for us but would actually be fairly healthy for Viona to gnaw on to start getting used
to something a little more solid than her milk.

See you soon my love,

Harry
Saturday at 10: 52 PM

My adorably teary little mutt,

First of all, you'd better be drinking enough water! If you're not, I'll cast a modified aguamenti in your mouth that makes sure you have a continual slow drip of water going in at all times.

Secondly, I don't mind if you tell Gra.... sigh... Hermione our secret. I know that she can be trusted not to tell anyone else until we're ready, and also, I know you'll feel much better with her doing research for you. I honestly thought that she'd have done it all already so that you'd know what to expect when the time came. Maybe she thinks we won't strictly need the information for a while yet and doesn't want to be seen as pressuring you. In any case, feel free to tell her and if you want me there at the time, I will be, but I somehow think that you'd prefer a little time alone with her since she is your best friend and I'm not entirely sure you've spent any real time with her since we got married.

As for your Aunt, I really am serious about meeting her. I can't guarantee that she won't disappear in a few months, but I want to meet with your family as your loving and supportive husband and ask them why they felt it was in *any* way acceptable to treat a child like they treated you. You mentioned that you have more money than them, so I can play the snobby Heir to a vast fortune and not so subtly point out that you are so far from worthless that *only you* were worth enough to marry someone like me. I'll be so high brow that they'll be begging to kiss my arse and lick my shoes before I'm done with them!

Alright, so my father is still a bit fixated on blood. I don't think that will ever truly change, but by simply having you and your friends and family in my life - and thus his - I'm sure he'll eventually learn to... bend... A little. A very little, but still.

Oh Greg! I'm so happy for him. I think he's so in love with Unity House that he's never going to leave it, no matter how much he needs to earn an income after he's officially done with his job there. So, I think I'll do him a big favor - just don't tell him that it's a favor because I'm going to make him believe it's a necessity. I'm going to have him build dollhouses and toys. I'll pay him directly for them, and then I'll eventually open up a shop to sell them in - giving someone who's having a hard time obtaining a job because of poor war choices a chance to manage the shop for me. I anticipate that I'll probably lose more money on paying Greg and the shopkeeper than the shop makes, but it'll be worth it. Plus, I can put a sign in the shop saying that he can make anything a customer wants - such as a play house - and thus give him legitimate jobs to work too that won't take up too much of his time. I'm seriously brilliant, did you know?

Alright, so, I've just decided that I am going to team up with Macmillan - if he's willing - to do guest lectures at Hogwarts. They have a Muggle study class, right? Well I think it's about time that they have a sort of Pureblood study class as well, and it's *not* to propagate the agenda the Dark Lord claimed to have, but rather to teach the better - the more beautiful traditions. Such as the courting you mentioned. One might think that all of Hogwarts is dedicated to teaching our traditions, but it's really not. They're sort of stripped away from the teaching of magic so that the values themselves can be taught by parents at their discretion. That means that we actually have a whole generation - or more - of people who believe that being a pureblood - or even just a wizard - is better, but they don't really know why.

I know I'll have to come up with at least one lesson plan to show to McGonagall to prove to her that I have the best of intentions with this occasional class, but once I impress her with my brilliance,
she'll naturally agree to my idea.

I have absolutely no problem with... sigh... Hermione being Viona's godmother. If nothing else, I *know* she'll nurture our daughter's intelligence and self confidence. I'm about to cry myself that you want Greg to be her godfather! The *moment* I come to bed, you're getting a kiss!

You baking biscuits might just be my new kink! I must confess that I'm just a little bit surprised that we actually *do* have a kitchen. I half believed that the House elves just magicked everything out of thin air, haha. I mean rationally, I know we have a kitchen and that the elves use it continually, but I've never seen it for myself before, and so I sort of equated it with a myth or a fantasy. But as I said, watching you get covered in flour and bits of other ingredients - while cooing to Viona in a high chair, mmm....

So, it's apparently time to go to bed! I'm so glad that levitating Viona doesn't wake her because she's going to Muffy for a while! Meanwhile, I'm going to thoroughly disturb your sleep!

Your love is an unfathomable chasm and I've fallen so deeply into you that I'm quite sure I'll never find my way free again,

Draco

Sunday at 8:36 AM

My oh so very brilliant husband,

Do not panic, no one has stolen your husband and daughter! We woke up before you so Viona and I decided to head over to see Hermione to talk to her about the pregnancy and let you sleep. You've been so amazing with Viona but you need your rest too!

I promise I’ve been drinking enough water. I’ve been eating enough food. I promise I’m taking care of myself. It was more commentary about the excessive crying that I’m not quite sure where the fluid is coming from! Like when you pack away a 9 course Japanese meal and I have no idea where you’re putting it since you’re so slim.

I definitely needed this time with Hermione. I’ve seen her at the wedding, I’ve seen her at movie nights, she’s stopped into Unity House quite a bit, and now that she’s officially been hired as Traditions School of Magic’s headmistress we’ll see quite a lot of each other. But it’s not the same as one on one time as friends. I didn’t ask her about being godmother, that’s for both of us to do, but she spent quite a bit of bonding time with Viona. I’m sure you’ll be shocked to hear that she read her some stories!

You certainly weren’t wrong, I told her our news and asked if she’d be willing to find me some books and before I had the sentence fully out she was running to her room to grab the two books she’d already gotten for us. Tabbed, annotated, and with a separate book of color coded notes that she’d already summarized. Side note, I heard talking when she ran back to her room and I know Ron is at the Burrow ... it sounded an awful lot like a handsome slag we both know. I don’t get bossy often but you WILL be getting me that gossip!

Maybe, MAYBE, I will bring you to lord your awesomeness over my relatives, but you have to promise that you will never ever ever do something to hurt them or make them disappear. I mean it! They are NOT worth me raising our children alone while you waste away in Azkaban. But not any
time soon, I have to get past this crying at everything phase first, I’m not giving them any window into my feelings!

I love your idea for consigning Greg’s work, and you know I love the idea of letting people who made mistakes be a real part of this better world we’re making for ourselves after the horror of war. But I think you’re underestimating Greg’s talent. I doubt you lose so much as a sickle on this venture!

I’m actually writing this from Unity House. Once we left Hermione’s we came over to have some play time with the kids. I hope you’re enjoying your afternoon to yourself! We’ll be home soon though, I don’t know how much longer the little Princess will tolerate being away from you. She’s out in the park with the kids, Eric and Mac are pushing Viona, Della, and Cassie in the baby swings. When I left them to come to my office for a minute they were all giggling like mad!

And ooooooh do I have some good juicy gossip for you! I was admiring the little cottage and Greg’s handiwork, and Luna pipes up “oh Greg is very good with his hands!” So of course I blush and giggle because I’m apparently an immature little boy and I asked her if she knew how that sounded. Her response? “I simply meant that when we have sex he uses his hands quite well.”

Sex!!!!!!

I have got to get my mind off of those images!

I love your idea of teaming up with Ernie for a wizarding culture lecture series! I know what you mean, but it might be better to phrase it that way than to say pure blood. I know McGonagall and it’s all in the phrasing and the intent. Also, bring her ginger biscuits to sweeten her up.

I could even bake the biscuits if you’d like! I really liked having you both with me while I baked. The worst part of cooking or baking is being alone in the kitchen (except for when you actually want a moment alone then it’s lovely) so having you both in there was great! Viona was watching so intently! She’s going to be a genius, I can already see it in her eyes. She observes everything and just files it all away. And her first sign of massive intellect was when she latched herself on to you! It’s definitely the cleverest thing I have ever done!

Ah, speaking of her Royal Highness, I can hear her shrieking from here, I’m going to go get her and come home to you!

Completely yours,

Harry
Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

Draco gives the gossip ^_^

Chapter Notes

One of my all time favorite chapters, and I think Chrissie feels the same :-)

Monday at 2:13 PM

I did panic!

I woke up around my usual time - 9:30 or so - and found that Viona wasn't in bed with me. I'm used to you being gone in the morning, and she'll usually wake up and babble happily - Muffy giving her a bottle to drink - as I finish sleeping. Then when I wake up, she'll be full and ready to take a quick bath or shower with me - actually, I haven't thought to ask this before, but you shower in the morning before going to Unity House, right? I mean we do occasionally take a bath together before going to bed, but normally we're too busy doing other things to bathe before bed, and so I've been taking my showers (or baths) in the mornings as has been my long habit. I just realized that you must do the same, but for all I know, you only bathe when I make you.

Anyway, she was gone! And you were gone, but I was still half asleep and assumed that you went to work and that it was Monday, so I called out for Muffy and asked her what happened to Viona. She assured me that you had taken her, so I was able to *stop* panicking, but it took a few deep breaths and some stroking of my Komboloi. I ended up having to go work in the garden with my mother just to get my mind off it.

Don't faint, but yes, I know how to garden. I even get my hands dirty! But it's not my favorite, so I went to the owlry and took a few of the owls out for a hunt. You can imagine that they're not the happiest during the day when they'd much rather sleep, but I haven't had a chance to take them out at night for a while, plus they just go out on their own at nights, so daytime bonding it is. That actually got me out of my head so much that it was rather late before I knew it. Late enough that you got worried about me and came looking.

Which led to me releasing the owls to their own devices while you and I made love under a tree in the meadow at the back of our estate. I'm sure the owls went back to their beds, but the baby peafowl - who are looking nearly full grown themselves by this point - got curious enough to come nibble on us while we were preoccupied with each other. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOU JUMP! AHAHAHAHAHAHA!

We all went to bed at a *reasonable* time, and so - for once - I am not writing this while you sleep, but from Blaise's house. Yes, the four of us spent the morning working. We feel *so* close to getting this battery to work, but it's eluding us. So we're taking a break. Which means I have Blaise, Theo, and Derek all tied up again, heh heh heh...
Not that I need to tie Blaise up in order to get him to talk about his sex life. He *loves* talking about it, but I just figured: multitask! Here's the situation.

I'm not sure if you knew this, but before we got married - while most of us were at the spa getting ready - I asked Blaise who he planned to shag, and he told me... It's getting easier to write and think in my head. Hermione. And the weasel. He'd actually told me already that he *did* shag them, which didn't surprise me in the slightest, because I've already told you, he can talk *anyone* into his bed.

What I didn't know until you told me to ask, is that the three of them have been sort of seeing each other ever since. Hermione and her weasel are together as much as ever, but they've both agreed that they want to have some time to also play around with others before they get serious enough to get married and settle down to have kids. So they're playing with Blaise - and actually, Pansy too, when she's in town. Apparently your weasel really gets off on watching Hermione and Pansy together, and Hermione could orgasm untouched just watching Blaise and Ron. I completely understand! The thought of watching him with you does the exact same thing to me.

That *will* happen someday...

Moving on, I'll drop the subject of meeting with your Aunt and Uncle until you feel better in general, and I suppose that when it does finally happen, I might be persuaded to take an unbreakable vow not to harm them. But are you sure a regular - I probably don't mean it - vow won't suffice? I mean, no one would ever be able to prove anything, and my hands would technically be clean. You do know that I could probably find out the information without you even knowing it, and surely it speaks volumes that I haven't...

Fuck, I'm basically digging my own grave here! Alright fine, I'll mostly promise not to harm them ever.

Ooo! Greg and Luna have reached the sex stage already! Good for them! Although I'm not completely surprised since Luna has a very high sex drive and is kinky as fuck! I think I would have been more surprised if she put up with Greg's shyness for very much longer, haha. As far as I know, Greg was still a virgin. I'm not 100 percent certain because there's a night he refuses to talk about in which, erm... well Olivia, but you probably don't want the details of what I think might have happened, but never wanted to confirm.

Yes! You making ginger biscuits for McGonagall! I'll even help a little so that I can honestly tell her that I helped, er, no. It'll probably actually sound like less of a bribe if I just say that you made them for her because you were thinking of her and knew I planned to meet with her. I think I want there to be no hint of possible coercion so that I know she's judging my idea based on its merit.

I'll have to talk to Macmillan this week, and will send him an owl shortly.

But I should probably wrap things up for now. My three business partners (minus Pansy), are at the squirming and ready to be untied stage, so I have to go torture them, buwahahahahaha! But don't worry, it's not sexual torture - or at least, not... Hmm... Do you define tying them up and making them all sexually frustrated but not actually touching them or letting them touch me as, erm, fuck? Did I just cheat without realizing it??! This does sort of cross the line from just flirting to sort of playing. But that said, you *did* find it amusing the last time I tied them up, so hopefully you'll understand that I'm *not* cheating.

Ugh! I think I'm just digging my own grave ever deeper again! Anyway, I'm going to go let them go. See you when I get home tonight.
As I gaze into your liquid gold eyes, poetry radiates from your warm soul. Your lips brush mine and I soar through the skies. Passion seizes me; I loose my control,

Draco

Monday at 3:47 PM

Wait.

What?

You?

Wait.

Ok so, um, I just. Ok I ... I am going to ignore the erumpent in the room for a moment .... Do I shower? You have licked every inch of my body. You have had your tongue in places I didn't realize could have a tongue in them. And you're going to ask me if I shower? The Fuck Draco? I feel like maybe you should check that someone regularly bathes before you rim them. I don't bathe, I just wait for rain. Merlin these babies are going to be not so bright.

So tell me if I read that wrong, you were saying that Luna is kinky and has a high sex drive. And you know this .... from personal experience? Like how kinky are we talking? Stuff we haven't done? Or stuff we can't do because we're lacking in vaginas? Stuff we should do? You're both so blonde and aristocratic looking, and have those icy eyes. So it was like a girl Draco and my Draco getting it on ... kinkily? Is kinkily a word? It is now. I do not do women, but all that blonde hair and pale skin ... wow I think that's the first time I've ever been hard when there was a female in the equation. Huh. Weird.

Why doesn't anyone tell me these things?!? Seriously! Obviously I can let you in on my little secret, I have always been obsessed with you, and I just can't believe Luna never told me! I have to hear about Greg's hands but I didn't get a preview on your moves? Know your audience people! I mean, I guess good for Greg and all that.

And Blaise and Ron and Hermione and sometimes Pansy? WOW. I knew Blaise the unstoppable seduction machine was going to sleep with them after the wedding but it kept going? And Ron and Blaise. Hmmm. Not working for me, Ron's basically my brother. But I bet that dark skin up against pale skin and freckles would be lovely. Oh! I will change the image to Blaise and Charlie in my head! Yep, that's the stuff.

Dragon, you did not cheat. We've talked about this. You didn't touch them? They didn't touch you? You just teased and tied them up and then you'll come home and shag me up against the wall (lovely greeting by the way, always a nice welcome home!)? Yeah, I am so mad. so. so. mad. To make it up to me you will have to shag me up against a wall. Ooooh! Or your punishment can be you must show me how that lovely swing in our play room works. Yes! Once you finish putting Viona down for the night, you will be forced to let me be your sex slave and do anything you want to me! And it must involve the swing.

I'm sorry you panicked about Viona not being in bed when you woke up. It looks like it was just a quick little shock though since Muffy was able to tell you almost immediately that she was with me. Next time I will leave a little note on the pillow or something. I'm really thrilled that you had some
time with your mum and then some time with the owls. Viona isn't going anywhere, you are allowed
to take some time to do things you love.

The peacock situation was not funny! Let's see if you laugh when you have a husband with no bits!

Let me know when you plan to meet with McGonagall and I will make the biscuits the night before. Depending on the time I could even make them the morning of and just have the Unity Kids help me.

I just finished up another set of paperwork. Tomorrow we will surprisingly enough be getting another kid coming to Unity House. His name is Martin and he's almost 11. He was one of the interviews from my first week, and his caregivers didn't think this would be the right fit for him, but apparently since finding out about his wizarding status his accidental magic has gone haywire so they're reluctantly allowing him to come here. I really hope he and Eric hit it off, he's just still so reserved and I hope another boy around his age can nudge him in the right direction.

The last thing I have to do before I head home for the night is try to figure out what Wednesday's movie is going to be. I was thinking The Lion King. Another Disney movie, but this one was made within the last decade. But it has such good music! Or should we go with something more live action since we went animated last week? There's a fantastic movie based on what would happen if Peter Pan grew up, it's called Hook. Ok, maybe I am not making any decisions before I go home. You fried my brain with all of the new information and now I can't think!

You are so in for it when I get home!

Adoringly yours,

Harry
Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Draco explains the Luna thing.

Tuesday at 5:22 PM

Mutt,

Alright fine, the shower thing was probably obvious if I really thought about it, but like I said, I'd never actually watched you do it or thought about it before. And if I'm honestly, I tend to cast a quick cleaning spell before rimming you anyway, thus there was no need to ask. Also, by the time you come home and we shag, you do usually smell a little tiny bit sweaty from your day - and I don't mean that as a judgment. I actually like when you smell a little, and the salt on your skin is tasty - and if it's not, more discrete cleaning spells. Not a big deal.

Oh, heh heh... So... I guess we never actually sat down and did a full accounting of my sexual history. I'll do that in a moment, but let me start with Luna. You see, well, you remember how she was a - erm - *guest* at Malfoy Manor? An involuntary one... Well - and this might be why Luna didn't tell you about it - but while she was here, we got a bit close. It didn't start that way. It was just bleeding complicated all around! Once or twice, I'd sneak down to the dungeon to bring her extra food because they weren't fed much. I had Muffy bring me a minor feast from the Kitchen, and then I'd slip down to the dungeon. I'd wait for her to eat it (the others too), but I'd *have* to wait for her to finish so that I could bring the dishes back and not leave any evidence.

We'd talk. It's a bit funny when I think back on it, because we'd talk about the *weirdest* things. We never talked about what was actually happening at the time, but random things such as the shape of clouds and, er, wrackspurts - whatever those are.

Then one night, I was summoned to the dungeon and ordered to beat her. I didn't really want to, but I didn't have much choice. Once I was finished to the satisfaction of my Aunt, she told me that someone was going to be using Luna that night, and that I could choose to be the one doing it, or I could pass and let someone else. I claimed that I wanted to do it, but really, I was just going to wait a reasonable amount of time and say I did when I didn't actually do anything.

I inadvertently fell asleep - strangely feeling safer in a dungeon with Luna than I often did in my own room. Once I was asleep, Luna freed herself and transfigured my clothes into a strap on. I don't know if you remember this, but I once told you that I'd never bottomed before. Well, that was a lie. What I actually meant by that was that I'd never willingly bottomed for a man before, but I'll get to that in a minute. The reason I know Luna is very kinky with an extremely high sex drive is that from that night on, I was expected to 'rape' her, and sometimes we both pretended like I was for some twisted entertainment, but most of the time, we had privacy and could just shag however we liked. Keep in mind that this was only when I was here, so she may or may not have been raped by others when I wasn't here. I can completely understand why she wouldn't want to talk about it. Just explaining it to you makes me feel ashamed for some reason, even though I know that everything that happened between us was consensual - aside from the first time when she took me without waking me up first.
But... So... Even though she sort of raped me that first time, I don't think of it as rape because A:

I know what actual rape feels like, and it's a *lot* more violent and traumatizing than that, and

B: I was already a little in love with her by that point and would have consented had she asked.

Please keep in mind that there was quite a bit of kinky stuff that came after that that *more* than

made up for any 'bad' you might associate with the first time. Also, aside from me having sex with

her, there's nothing we did that you and I haven't done at some point. Bondage mainly. Her pegging

me was a favorite of hers and how I know I do like to bottom on occasion. Oh! She asked me to

choke her once or twice, so I guess we *did* do something I haven't done with you.

Alright, so, my entire sexual history:

I lost my virginity to Pansy at some point during Fifth Year, and Blaise seemed to take that as a sign

that I was ready to start shagging like a bloody rabbit. It was mainly them, but on occasion, I'd have a

one off with someone in Hogwarts - mostly Slytherins and the occasional Ravenclaw, because they

like to shag when they've been studying too much and need to get out of their heads. I could bring

you through my memories if you absolutely need names and specifics, but I don't really remember

most of their names. The important thing was that we used all the protection spells, and so I'm clean

and never got anyone pregnant.

After my father was sent to Azkaban, a few of the Dark Lord's other minions took this as a sign that I

was fair game. I'd hide in my closet, and most of the time, they'd give up before finding me, but

before that, I had to find out the hard way that there was a reason to hide in my closet. I never told

my mother directly, but I think she noticed because she kept a closer eye on me. She'd intervene

whenever she thought something iffy was going on. It mostly worked. Except when it didn't. But

then I was allowed to go back to school for my Sixth Year. I almost didn't get to go as I was

supposed to take my father's place in the inner circle, but I was given the task of murdering

Dumbledore, so...

I've also told you that I was able to lock away all the 'good' emotions so that I could focus on the bad

in order to actually torture people, well, now you know more about what those bad feelings were. It

might actually make more sense to you how I became so cold and numb. I couldn't really stand those

emotions either, so I locked them up too.

To finish up my history. Right after Seventh Year, I needed to feel again, so I tried a few different

things. I tried drinking. I tried muggle drugs. The Cruciiatus Curse actually did the most to help me.

But I also tried going out to random clubs and just shagging whoever caught my eye. That helped a

little in that it reassured me that I didn't look like the monster I felt like. But then I *actually* felt

better, and I wanted to stop the meaningless one offs (and orgies...) so that I could try to build a solid

relationship. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to do that until I got my laptop and discovered chat

rooms. But by then I was already emailing you, and so, I never actually met anyone. At first, I was

too busy with Pansy's wedding, and then I was with you.

So there you have it, my entire sexual history. I'm sorry if reading this email wasn't the thrill you

expected it to be. I'm tempted to go back and give salacious details so that you know it wasn't all

gloomy - and I'll totally do that later if you want - but at the moment, I'm simply in my closet eating a

pint of Ben and Jerry's as I type this. You're not back from Unity House, so I'm assuming you're still

settling Martin in. I had my mother take Viona so that I could answer your last email in peace. I

hadn't actually read it until this morning, so you probably thought I wasn't ready to talk about it yet

when you got home last night, plus we almost immediately went to our play room and got very

intimate with the swing, mmm... In any case, you'll probably be home soon.

So to wrap this up, I love that imagining me with Luna made you horny, because it's definitely hot, I
I'm glad you don't consider what I did cheating. While I'm on the subject of not cheating, can I have permission to *mildly* sexually torture my business partners? By that, I mean light whipping and teasing with feathers and getting them *very* hot and bothered - not to mention frustrated as fuck, hahaha - without actually shagging them. I know it's hard to define what *is* and what is not actual sex, so I understand if you don't want me to do any of it. I'm *not* trying to talk you into eventually letting me do whatever I want, I just *really* like, erm, teasing them, I suppose. It makes me feel very dominate and powerful.

Please don't feel like you have to say yes if you don't want to.

You are my world,

Draco

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Tuesday at 6:02 PM

Oh my love,

My poor husband. Your prior email shocked me into a string of nonsensical "wait what who the whatsis", and this one was shocking as well. But mostly just heartbreaking for me.

I knew that you hid from the other death eaters. But I didn't realize why. I thought it was cruciatus and things like that. I know you hate pity, so I want to make this very clear that my sobbing right now is coming from a place of sadness that you had to be in that situation and rage that they dared touch what's mine, but never pity. If any of them aren't dead they are going to wish they were. I'm going to throw my name around until they let me at them in Azkaban and if they are one of the few that are still on the run? They won't be for long! You think your anger from me being smacked around a little and not eating much makes you want to hurt my relatives? I have never felt this much rage. And if they are among the dead, I am going to figure out some sort of dark magic that brings back the dead so I can kill them again myself.

Shite, I need to calm down. It's probably a good thing I haven't brought anything breakable in to decorate my office yet because I just accidentally shattered the glass I had sitting on my desk.

Why is there no Ben and Jerry's here?!

You are so strong! How did you get through that and still manage to stay good at heart and then become even kinder and become the most loving, romantic husband anyone could ever ask for? I am humbled by your strength. I picked the best other father for my children. I love and adore you Draco Malfoy.

I'm so glad you and Luna had each other during that dark time. Mostly I am just thankful that two of my favorite people in the world made it out of those times alive, sane, and still with their beautiful hearts.

Hmm, choking, we haven't tried that. I mean it's not something I'm willing to do now, our precious water bubbles are too important, but it's worth looking into for the future.

Wow, I knew you had been with Pansy and Blaise, and you're hot enough that I knew they couldn't have been the only ones, but it sounds like you left a trail! I feel like I should send them all thank you notes for allowing you to practice on them because I got the finished product, and YUM!
Oh, practice, hmm not sure how I feel about you going much further than tying and teasing. And I am not saying that to avoid the question or to just let you have your way even if I don't feel comfortable. I just honestly don't know how I feel. Oh! I have an idea, kind of a compromise, let me know what you think. I want to be there. I will watch, I will watch you tie them up, you will go as far as you had been thinking about going, and if I feel it's gone too far I will either shut it down with a safe word or at the very least let you know you're toeing the line and should reel it in.

Oh, I suppose fair is fair and I should tell you my sexual history.

So I kissed Cho Chang, it was short and terrible and wet, she was actually crying.

I kissed Ginny while we were still together, she would try to move my hands places and I would pull away and get out of it by pretending I didn't want to upset her brothers. Which is ironic because seriously, I hate that misogynistic crap. What just because she has a vagina her brothers get to tell her what to do with it? Barf Barf Barf.

The end.

Oh wait, I had a very close relationship with my hand, and you've met my two rubber friends.

Ok, I was just going to check my email quickly and head straight home to you but I need to calm myself a bit. So I am going to apparate home, but go for a run first. Work off the excess rage. THEN I WILL SHOWER. Then I will come find you.

I love you with everything I am,

Harry
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

Harry demands names.

Tuesday at 11:06 PM
Oh Harry...

You found me in my closet. Perhaps now you realize why it was so hard for anyone else to find me back there, haha. There's nearly twenty years of clothes and other things, the place is a maze, and just finding the back is sort of an accomplishment all on its own. I suspect you might have had a little magical help, but once you found me, you moved the old dementor costumes aside and sat down next to me. Without a word, you pulled me into your arms, and just that was all I needed to remember that the world is a wonderful place. We sat there for a few minutes, and then I kissed you, we got to our feet, and left the closet.

You know, I don't think I'm going to need to go in there as much any more. At least not for hiding or emotional purposes.

I love that you want to take revenge for me, but there's no need. Rabastan was killed in the Final Battle. One of the others was sent to Azkaban and mysteriously died. As for the third (and last), he seemingly escaped justice, but I can assure you that he will never be found. And no, that doesn't mean that I dirtied my hands in *any* way, shape, or form. I simply know that he will never be found. You do not need to worry about him.

I survived it by using my Occlumency skills. I just went elsewhere in my mind until it was over. Also, there's two forms of using memories in a Pensieve. The more popular method is to copy them so that you retain the original and can view the copy whenever you like. The other method involves removing it completely. After it was over, I healed the physical damage, and removed enough of the memory so that I can remember that it happened - the beginning and end of it - plus the after care - but the bulk of the memory (well memories, plural) are in vials in a locked box in my closet. So, most of the time, I don't really think about it. Just so you know, getting rid of the memories *didn't* get rid of the emotions, but I've already told you how I roundaboutly dealt with those. Thus, it may not have been the healthiest method, but I feel that I've survived, coped, healed, and moved on.

Recounting it for you actually proved that to me. I was able to do it - in my closet with Ben and Jerry, yes - but I didn't shake apart and fall to pieces, nor did I try to make excuses for why I couldn't tell you or evade the task by promising to do it later. I felt a bit of the shame and horror I felt originally, but I didn't feel like the fact that it happened to me made me a terrible person. So, while I can't promise that I'll never wake up from a dead sleep screaming from nightmares about it (strangely, I haven't had nightmares at all since we got together), I can promise that I'm not walking around hiding an ongoing battle with trauma.

I have a confession, I had an all consuming waking fantasy while I was explaining the Luna thing about her pegging me. If she and Greg don't work out, would you mind terribly if I invited her to - say - my 21st birthday party, gave her a tour of our play room, and let her peg me again? It's not a pressing need, just, hmm... Something you might actually like to see. However, since I *have* had the experience before, I can live without ever having it again. I actually feel bad for asking you these
sort of questions all the time. It's *not* as if you are not enough for me. You very much are! It's just that... I don't even know how to explain it. I'll think about it some more and try again in a future email, and so I'm revoking my question until then, but I'm leaving it in the email so that you know it's coming at some point in the future.

That said, I'm fucking *giddy* that you suggested watching me tie up and dominate my friends!!! That *will* happen as soon as I can make it happen!

And with that, I am thoroughly hard and ready to join you in bed again. I'm so glad Muffy exists, because it means that she can once again take Viona for a while whilst I molest the fuck out of you!

The song of our love is pure and fair, and the sweet music of it repairs, every hurt or pain inside me there,

Draco

Wednesday at 9:43 AM
Draco,

Name.

Look, I don't care what you may or may not have done to them or what you may or may not have seen done to them. I have killed, I have used unforgivables, I do feel as if most of it was justified or in the case of Quirrell was partly accidental, but let's not pretend my hands are spotless. Also, I threatened to learn necromancy to give them what they deserve, you are not going to shock me or scare me away. I want names.

Also, who was the other unnamed, when was this mysterious death, and who do I have to thank for the mystery?

Maybe it's time to clean out the closet! Yikes, old dementor costumes, whatever would a person need a dementor costume for ...... Not cool, Draco, not cool.

I'm so thankful we have each other. And it's funny, I haven't had nightmares since we've been together either. I know that's not going to last forever though, but it's nice to know we can keep them mostly at bay for each other. I think we should definitely let Muffy know that they are a possibility so that if we ever do start having a nightmare she will get Viona out of our bed immediately. She doesn't need to see her daddies like that.

I'm so glad occlumency works for you. It was NOT something that came naturally to me, I can't ever manage to keep anyone out. Well, I suppose I didn't try after I wasn't a Horcrux anymore, I wonder if that would make a difference. Hmm, worth looking into. But I wasn't awful at Legilimency. I wonder if my failure at occlumency but my talent at legilimency is tied to me emotionally? I've never really done well keeping my emotions off my face. I wear my heart on my sleeve. But I feel like I am fairly good at reading other people and picking up their emotional cues. Except for realizing you wanted me. I guess I am good at picking up people's non-romantic or non-sexual cues.

But I am not playing around .... where do you keep the Ben and Jerry's?

You're revoking your question but leaving it there? For me to what? Think about constantly until you bring it up again? You can't do that! My brain doesn't work that way. There are a lot of factors, will she and Greg still be together, will she want to, will we both still feel that way in two years when you're about to turn 21?
Don't worry about making me feel as if I am not enough for you. I get it. I am very open to kink and talking about sex outside of traditional social expectations. I am glad that you feel safe enough with me that you're willing to ask or question and I love that you tell me your fantasies. I just don't know if I have a sharing kink like you do. Picturing it in the past or as a fantasy is oddly hot, but I'm a little worried that the part of me that has finally found love, that thought he'd never have what we have, will become a snarling rage monster when I see someone touch what is MINE.

Yikes, I am feeling awfully possessive. Hmm, I know I rarely top, but I am pretty sure I am going to need to have you under me tonight. Stake my claim and all that. Or on top of me. Or a little of each. I don't need to be so demanding as to decide what position we'll be using.

So I decided on Lion King for tonight. Make sure you and Viona are here by 6:00. I've become accustomed to having my family in my arms for movie night and I am not planning on changing that!

With all of the rage, I didn't tell you how yesterday went with Martin! He's pretty outgoing, and he is a huge fan of all things geeky. We actually had a really nice long talk about Tolkien. When I went on the initial interview a few weeks ago, I talked to him about being a Wizard and his first response was "Like Gandalf?" And I really hope I was right about his being here being good for Eric too. Eric seemed very interested in our conversation and at one point Martin asked if he wanted to borrow his copy of The Fellowship of the Ring and Eric took him up on his offer.

So just let me know when you need me to come to a .... meeting with your fellow investors!

Gotta run, I promised the kids I would play capture the flag with them!

All of my love,
Harry

P.S. Seriously, name.
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

Draco gives names. Harry does his best not to freak out over the idea of skulls in the closet.

Wednesday at 12:14 PM

Fine!

Since I'm eating lunch before heading over to Blaise's, I'll take a few minutes to tell you...

Once upon a time ago, my grandmother - Druella Black, my mother's mother - became widowed when my grandfather died. Shortly thereafter, she moved to Russia and has been openly living with her boyfriend ever since. He happens to be the head of the Russian Stregge, which is the wizarding equivalent of the muggle mob. After the Dark Lord was defeated, I sent an owl to my grandmother telling her that Dolohov and Macnair had done things to me that would give me the right to break every bone in their body in front of the entire Stregge, force them to eat their own entrails, and then boil their decapitated heads down to nothing so that I could keep their skulls on my mantle. She wrote back that they would be taken care of.

Shortly thereafter, one of the guards at Azkaban accidentally stabbed Macnair to death and - after a couple of months had passed, his skull was sent to me. Around the same time, I received a second skull and a note telling me that Dolohov was not as clever at hiding from the Ministry as he thought (he apparently tried to hide in Russia and join the Stregge). The skulls are in my closet - each in boxes so that they don't stare at me while I'm getting dressed. That said, I did actually do a strip tease for them and play with myself while asking them if the little bit of pleasure they got from me was worth dying for.

And so, I beg you, Harry, do not waste any more time or effort thinking about them. They will not harm anyone ever again. Also, probably best if you never admit to knowing who my grandmother is dating. Incidentally, remember when I was miffed at the Russian Portkey Authority? Please note that I did *not* complain to my grandmother about them. I could have, and then I'd probably have more skulls for my collection, but I really thought that simple rudeness was no reason for execution.

And hey now, I happen to be partial to those costumes. I was wearing them the first time I ever felt a confusing thrill of desire for you.

Good idea! I'm telling Muffy right now to see to Viona if we start having nightmares. She gave me a look that made it clear that I am rather stupid and murmured: "Of course, Master. Muffy would do no less." So... I guess she was one step ahead of us there, haha.

You are probably right about the Occlumency versus Legilimency. I excelled at Occlumency because it was part of my upbringing to hide certain things. I'm sure you probably noticed this already, but even while we were at school, I almost never let anyone know when I was in actual pain unless it was to my benefit somehow, and then I made a scene out of it and milked it for every knut it was worth. Thus, Occlumency came naturally to me. I also *love* secrets, so I suppose that Legilimency came fairly easily to me too. That said, I can see how you are intuitive to emotions and
would excel in Legilimency.

Maybe we should spend an hour or so reading each other's minds one night. Or maybe not. I just realized that there are a few things I don't want you to see, and there are a lot of things I really don't want to see in your mind. So, forget I suggested that.

As for my friends Ben and Jerry, I'm not actually sure where they're kept. In the kitchen stasis would be my guess. I have told Muffy that there needs to be a variety of them in stock at all times, and when I need a pint, I ask her to bring it to me. But... haven't I ever shown you the mini stasis behind the portrait of me as a baby in the bathtub? I have a small selection of things in there that I want to have access to when the impulse strikes me. A pint of B+J, frozen dark chocolate, a cherry cheesecake, mmm, cinnabuns...

Oh, I guess I'm out of cinnabuns now, heh heh.

I can admit that revoking the question was a bit unfair. If you think it's something worth trying, we can ask her, but if not, we don't. That said, let's arrange the bondage thing with Blaise, Theo, and Derek first and see how we both feel about experimenting with Luna afterwards. For what it's worth, I *love* that you're possessive of me, but it also means a lot to me that you're willing to explore my kinks with me. Has anyone in all of history had a husband as perfect as you?

We'll be there for the movie! I'm glad Martin is settling in nicely and that he's helping Eric. Have fun playing with the kids!

The only thing that keeps me sane is you, kissing me softly and holding me tight, I'm no longer a prisoner of my mind,

Draco

Wednesday at 4:56 PM

As long as they've been dealt with, I think I can live with that. I'm going to send your grandmother flowers. What are her favorites?

Um, we have skulls in a box in our closet? Like the closet attached to the room that our daughter sleeps in? I've been sleeping in a room with skulls in the closet? That's .... neat.

Draco, my life, my love, my soul, I adore you, I love your snobby posh pureblood ways, but yes, execution may be a bit much for someone doing their job and not pulling strings for you. Please tell me that wasn't something you had to think about very long?

I think maybe we are going to have to agree to disagree about the dementor costumes.

I know! I will make a deal with you. If you throw away the costumes, and I mean really truly away not just hidden in some room in the manor you think I won't go into, I will wear ANY costume you want to buy for me. Find a different place for the skulls and I will even let you take photos.

Oh!! I had some thoughts on your roadblock with the tech. When comparing quality of muggle technology, the two things that often come up as selling points are battery life, and system memory. Well you are working on the batteries. And it seems like they are storing the magic but you can't quite make them compatible with the tech. Hermione had a fairly easy time converting the telly, because all it does is transmit the information waves being sent into it. But with your devices they need to manipulate the information coming in. What if it's a "memory" problem? As in there is too much going into the device and it doesn't have room to deal with it. And then it hit me ... what if you
added some pensieve material to the excess magic has a place to bleed into? I could obviously be way off, but it might be worth a try.

Ha! Muffy thinks you're not so smart for thinking she needed to be told about taking Viona out during a nightmare! That's so embarrassing for you ....

I wouldn't mind working on Occlumency with you, I have a feeling that you would be a better teacher than Snape was. Yelling "clear your mind" and then ramming himself fullbore into my memories was not super effective shockingly enough. So when you say that there are things you don't want me to see, do you mean secrets? Or more like you know that if I were to see what those nightmares did to you that I would lose my mind? You're allowed your secrets of course, I am just curious as to what is in that gorgeous mind of yours that you don't want me to know.

Is there a "mency" that is a mix of Occlumency and Legilimency? I mean, could I project a memory to you, similar to pulling it out for pensieve viewing? While we certainly don't need to parade through each other's minds, it would be nice to be able to share some memories. I'd be interested to see some of our earlier interactions from your perspective. I think it would be better than a pensieve because with Legilimency you can get emotions and hints of thought as well. I'd love to be able to let you feel my emotions when I saw you striding up to our first date!

You have been holding out on me with hidden junk food? You've been hiding ice cream behind your little baby cutie booty? Can you ask Muffy to stock some Oat of This Swirled? Oh! and maybe some crisps? And watermelon! Yes! Watermelon. Well any sort of melon would be lovely. And those oatmeal biscuits, but not the ones with raisins! And apple juice! Mmmm I would assault someone for apple juice right now. But I won't.

Ya know, I do know a guy whose husband is way better than your husband! (It's me, I'm the guy with the perfect husband! Ha!)

I am just about to go work on dinner with the kids. We're doing a taco bar so there are lots of veggies to chop, and greens to shred, and cheese to grate. So I will see you soon! And I set aside a bit of the avocado for Viona to try tonight. Maybe she won't be mad about not getting popcorn like she was last week. The Princess does not enjoy being kept from things she wants!

My arms are waiting for you,
Harry
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Harry sends Druella Black flowers.

Wednesday at 5:52 PM

My endlessly wonderful Harry,

My grandmother's favorite flowers are Roses - as they are her family emblem (she was born a Rosier). Her absolute favorite are the black ones, but if you can't find black, blue or purple work too. If all you can find are red or white ones, they'll do, but never send her pastel colors! Which is funny because her various homes are decorated in soft colors for the most part - pastels included - with rich bold colors for accents.

You're going to make me get rid of my costumes, sigh... Hmm... Alright. I've just gotten rid of the costumes and the skulls, and no, they are not in any room in the Manor. You'll never have to worry about accidentally (or purposely) finding them.

No it didn't take me long to realize that people don't deserve to die for snubbing me, but I will admit that I did enjoy thinking about setting their skulls on my mantle. I even pictured painting the skulls with the words: Ha! That's what you get for denying me! But please notice that I didn't do that.

And actually, since the offense was relatively minor, they wouldn't have died, just been scared, threatened, and minorly tortured to teach them a lesson. But I didn't think that was fair either, so I kept my mouth shut. I am actually good at keeping secrets, and so I have a lot of them. Some I wouldn't mind sharing with you, but some aren't mine and are useful in keeping my minions in line. Er... I mean my acquaintances.

Moving on, once again, you are brilliant! You're right in that we've been successful in making batteries that work in absorbing and holding magic - we had to use a crystal core after all, but the outside looks just like regular muggle batteries - but the problem we're having is that they absorb so much magic that it interferes with and shorts out the electronics. We were trying to figure out how to ward the electronics portion so that they wouldn't short out, but we just need to figure out a spell or something to use on the batteries to contain the excess so that it can't leak out!

However, that does still leave us with the problem of warding the electronics. Just getting muggle tech to run off magic is great and would be useful to most witches and wizards, but still wouldn't work well in places such as Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade. Places with a high amount of ambient magic in the air. We're hoping that using magic batteries will help protect the electronics from the ambient magic, but it seems to be rather finicky. A little magic is just fine for most devices - so a battery would work well - but too much and it practically explodes. But we'll get there, I know we will.

Well the point of Occlumency is to choose or create specific memories to project while someone else is trying to use Legilimency on you, so yes, we could definitely practice on each other and you'd be able to focus on whichever memories you wanted me to see, and I could do the same for you. The only real problem is that a strong Legilimens could break through the Occlumency and take a good
look around without permission. I'm not truly worried that you'd be able to do so since my Occlumency was strong enough to resist even my Aunt and the Dark Lord, I just thought that it would be intimate to completely open my mind and let you in, but then I remembered all those secrets I have and decided that it wouldn't be a good idea after all, but if you want to share specific memories, we can do that rather easily.

I didn't intentionally hold out on you! I guess I just haven't needed to eat any junk food while you're around. I passed your requests along to Muffy, and she promised to keep the mini stasis full of not only junk food but healthy snacks and the like too because she heard us talking about our precious water bubbles and wants to make sure they get everything they need to grow healthy and strong.

Speaking of our little Princess, she's awake from her nap and so I'll go get her ready for movie night. I'm sure she'll love the avocado. See you soon!

When I look at you, I am literally blinded by the light shining within you,

Draco

Thursday at 2:21 PM

Oh my silly Dragon,

As if I can't find black roses. I think you seem to forget that I have a Neville. I went to see him over lunch today. Spending that time with Hermione this weekend reminded me that I have been a bit absorbed, between Unity House, Viona, and our honeymoons I haven't given enough time to my friendships! I had planned to have lunch with him today anyway, but decided to ask him about black roses while we were eating. After lunch he brought me over to his family Manor and his personal greenhouses. He had a few different types but one had delicate silvery tips, so I chose those. I figured she's responsible for the beautiful silver eyes I am in love with, so she should get a hint of them in her flowers! I sent some of the fully silver ones to your mum for the same reason!

Before I pay up for you getting rid of the costumes and the skulls ... You seemed oddly specific that they aren't in the Manor and that I wouldn't find them. Did you hide them on another property or are they actually gone?

Yeah, I suppose that would be hard to just not use the devices in high magical areas. That completely deletes all Hogwarts students as your customer base! Not to mention not being able to actually sell them in Diagon ... the most popular shopping area for wizards!

Thank you for asking Muffy to get all of those snacks for me. When I opened it up I was a little embarrassed at the sheer amount of things I had requested. I must have been hungry when I was emailing you! I was glad for the stasis because I couldn't imagine eating all of that before it went bad .... and then in the middle of the night I snuck over to the horde and ate all of the melon. So when you notice that, no we weren't robbed, I just ate enough melon to feed a Hogwarts table.

I would normally ask you what you thought of The Lion King last night but between the fact that I saw actual tears on your face during the movie and that I heard you humming Just Can't Wait to be King while you were brushing your teeth that I may not need the answer to that question. Wasn't Viona so sweet trying to clap along to the music? She's probably going to be a musical prodigy. And didn't she look adorable with her messy face from her snack? I might be a tad biased, but I am pretty sure she's the most beautiful baby on the planet.

I think it's funny that you ended up with a lapful. I am not sure if Teddy was more fascinated with his
little cousin, since he kept petting her, or if he was jealous of having to share his Unca Dwayco. Apparently I am chopped liver to the both of them!

I was a little worried that the movie would be a bit babyish for Eric and Martin, but they seemed to enjoy it a little bit and when they got bored they moved away from the group and just talked. I saw Eric smile at Martin! I’ve seen him shyly smile a little and it’s not like he’s constantly frowning or anything, but that was the first time I’d seen his smile reach his eyes.

Oh! What’s the schedule for Saturday? Because I was thinking. The last time we had a fancy event, you ended up having a relaxing morning at the spa to prepare. So if we have time can we go to the spa before the gala? And we can bring Viona and they can paint her teeny tiny toenails!! There is a chance that I snuck to Diagon earlier this week and may have bought her 2 or 3 ... or 10 little dresses. And they can paint her toes to match whichever one she wears!

Which robes are you having me wear? You know I’d panic if I had to make that decision for myself! It is an event for children remember, no leashes, no spankings, nothing kinky that anyone can see. However, I may have bought myself a whole set of undergarments for under my robes that you can see after the gala!

Ugh, I suppose I had better get back to work. It's just constant work work work for me. Wish me luck, I don't want to lose to the kids at the climbing wall again. Oh my rough life!

Too much love for my heart to contain,
Harry
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

Harry is quite foxy ^_^

Friday at 11:14 AM
My darling little fox,

Waking up this morning to find you in your fox form having a romp with a madly giggling Viona was hands down the most adorable thing I've ever seen in my life!

Longbottom must have either an extremely fast delivery owl, or else he managed to get expedited international floo service, because my grandmother already flooed this morning after you left - where did you go? Did you go to Unity House to oversee the last of the preparations for tomorrow? Anyway, she loved her flowers and plans to send you a thank you gift in return. She's impressed with you so far, and that's a good thing. She's also going to send a gift to Longbottom and a regular order to have a dozen sent to her each week to adorn her favorite sitting room.

The, erm... news, is that she's now rather miffed that she wasn't invited to the wedding. I explained that it was a rushed affair and that I sincerely forgot to send her invitation in all the madness. Thankfully, it's my mother who will bear the brunt of her wrath as she really should have double and triple checked to see that I hadn't forgotten to send the invitation. Don't worry, grandmama would never truly hurt my mother, so this just means that my mother has to make a formal apology. Also, I have been told in no uncertain terms that I had better make our next trip - my mother actually has been in contact with her mother and informed her of our wedding and honeymoons - to visit her in the Little Cottage in Kamchatka. If I don't do so within the next month, she will pack up my Aunt Kisa and all their attendants (read, big burly bodyguards) and make a trip to visit us in the Manor. That would stress my father out in a way that would be painful for everyone to see, so I'd rather avoid it. He gets along with her just fine when she's not in our home critiquing everything from the nonexistent dust that she is certain is on all the chandeliers to the imaginary scuff marks she can see on the floors.

So, er... How does a trip to Russia in the near future sound to you?

They are... gone... I promise!

Ooo! Your suggestions on the devices have helped me think the problem through! I think we were right in the first place when we thought we'd have to *redesign* muggle devices rather than just make magic batteries. I think if we replace all the wiring and electrical components with tiny fiber optic cables and plastic or crystal components, we can make what is in essence exactly the same thing as a muggle device, but not susceptible to interference from magic, and bonus! The batteries will work perfectly for them!

And if that doesn't work, I'm going to carve a mobile thingie out of crystal and just layer it with charms like the Insta-owl and be done with muggle tech altogether.

Muffy had already replaced the melon by the time I went into the mini stasis to see if she had put some cherries in there for me - which she had - so I didn't even notice the missing melon.
I may have been humming Just Can't Wait to be King earlier, but it's actually Can You Feel the Love Tonight that's been stuck in my head. I've been singing it to Viona all day, which is a little disturbing now that I think about it. I'm going to have to sing something else to her now.

We can definitely go to the spa tomorrow before the gala. We'll have our hair and makeup done to perfection, our skin and nails pampered and buffed, and Viona can join us for the mudbath, the massage, and the hair and nail treatment. I saw the dresses that you bought her and some of them are so adorable that I nearly squealed and made her perform a fashion show for me. But that black and white spotted one... are you trying to make her look like a cow? I mean maybe a sweet little brown cow like a Jersey would be fine, but a Holstein??? Really!

Not to fret, I have our dress robes pressed and ready to go. We're both going to look rather dashing, if I do say so myself. You're going to be wearing that green set that matches your eyes, and I'm going to be wearing a vibrant set of blue robes that make my eyes pop and looks rather good next to your robes. When we dance, people will want to stop and watch us, and I plan to kiss you every chance I get, so be prepared for that. And while I won't be using your leash, I'll probably hold your hand at all times, or at least when you're not busy doing something else.

Have fun playing - er, *working* with the kids! See you when you get home.

A day without you is a day without the sun,
Draco

Friday at 1:36 PM
My Dragon,

I am so glad you found our romp around the bedroom adorable. I was a little afraid we had woken the sleeping dragon. Turns out we woke the sleeping man who's a sucker for his family!

Neville already has expedited international floo service. How did you not know this? Pansy told him the day of our wedding, in no uncertain terms, that he was the most talented florist she'd seen, she's furious she didn't know it before her wedding, and that he had to send her flowers to her home in Russia at least weekly. When he mentioned that he wasn't sure how well they would keep with traditional owl delivery she said "Then we'll just have to do expedited floo service, Ivan will take care of that!" So now he has a permanently linked international floo that Pansy pays for.

I'm at Unity House. The kids all need to be fitted for their robes for tomorrow. I um, may have sent a message to your tailor that "Mr. Malfoy" was interested in a rush order to be made for tomorrow. What? It's not a lie! That IS my name you know!

Draco Malfoy! You didn't invite your grandmother to our wedding?!? I assumed she just hadn't been able to make it on such short notice. I would love to go visit her at her little cottage. You know you don't have to twist my arm to get me to travel. Although, I'm a little nervous to meet the woman that the man married to Narcissa is afraid of. Maybe we should let her come here and let Lucius take the heat off of us. Tell me more about the big burly bodyguards .... are they blonde?

I kid, I kid, I really would love to visit. Should we go the weekend after we go to Paris? Or should we skip Paris and make sure your grandmother is our very next trip and save Paris for later? Did your mum like her flowers as well? I know they aren't her usual color scheme or flower type, but I couldn't resist.

Oooh cherries sound delicious too! Hmm, or there's more melon now. Do you think the spa will let
me bring my own snacks?

I love when you sing to Viona. I just, I've heard that my mum used to sing to me, but I have no memories of ever being sung to as a child. I can hear how much you love her in every note. And it's just so wonderful, and she's so loved. Oh Merlin, the crew is going to tease me mercilessly when I get out of my office for crying again. Or Cassie will yell at me again, "Hawwy No Cwy!" My life has been taken over by miniature dictators!

Okay okay, so here's the thing with the black and white spotted one; I saw it and immediately thought of you with your rambly nonsense about ending up with dalmatian babies. I cracked myself up so hard that the other customers were looking at me like I had lost my mind. So I had to get it. If anyone can rock a ridiculous black and white spotted dress it is our Princess.

I am so ready to be pampered tomorrow! Makeup? I've not worn makeup before. Ooooh, can they do that black kohl eyeliner on me? Oh wait, maybe they shouldn't because I will probably end up crying it off. But I have been wanting to try eyeliner forever. Maybe it's not the right type of event to try something new, I'd probably look silly with it anyway.

I can't wait to walk around the gala hand in hand with you, and dancing with you again!

I need to go check on the tailor and Maya just told me I have an owl, so I will see you later tonight.

Love always,
Harry
Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

Viona’s adoption came through.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday at 1:48 PM

Change of plans, I am not seeing you tonight, you and Viona need to get over here NOW! I just received an owl from the ministry. I’m going to need to see my husband and our LEGALLY OFFICIAL DAUGHTER right now!

Love,
Viona’s Dad!

Saturday at 2:44 AM

My irrevocable - you’re definitely in it for life now - husband,

We. Have. A. Daughter...

We have a daughter.

I’m too... something to sleep. I don’t know if I’m excited or overjoyed or terrified or panicking. Perhaps I’m all little bit of all of it. I’m currently pacing back and forth in front of the foot of the bed, watching you and Viona sleep. She’s gotten into the habit of snuggling with you when I’m not in bed yet, and it’s adorable to watch. Especially now, when you’ve transformed in your sleep to curl up in her arms.

Fuck! She’s ours! Ours Harry! No one can ever take her away from us! I’m mean not that anyone was ever going to, but still.

Viona Skye Malfoy...

And then we have bubbles...

How did you take my life and turn it so completely upside in so little time???

Salazar, Merlin, Godric, and Dumbledore! I love you so much that sometimes I can’t breathe!

Damn it! At this rate, I’m not going to get any sleep at all before the gala tomorrow. I’m going to have to do something drastic! Good thing Muffy came into the room to change Viona because she can simply take her away for a while. I’m about to thoroughly wear myself out!

You are the one, the precious one, who could only have come from above,

Draco
Saturday at 8:48 AM
Husband,

I slept in a bit this morning as I was thoroughly woken up last night. But I’m still awake before you, which means I get to watch you. You and our daughter. I thought most babies were early risers, but Miss Viona Skye has to be just like her Daddy.

I watch the two of you and even in sleep you’re aware of each other. She shifts and you adjust to follow.

When I was a little boy, I dreamed of what my life would be when I grew up. I wanted an actual room. I wanted to have a friend. I wanted to have at least one person who liked me.

When I found out I was a wizard I allowed my dreams to get bigger. Maybe I could have a cool job. Maybe I could have pub nights with my friends.

And as I gained and then lost more and more people, I knew I wouldn’t have those things. And as I got older, I knew it didn’t matter what I dreamt, because I wasn’t going to live past 17.

And when I did survive, I was too scared to allow myself to dream. So I hid in Grimmauld place. I buried myself in paperwork for this school and orphanage that maybe I might do some day. And I hid some more.

Then you came snarking into my life. Yanked me out of the existence I was in. You threw the world at my feet and all I had to do was take your hand. So I took it.

And even then, I allowed myself dreams, but I never wanted to try to take too much and risk losing it all.

And you yanked me by the hand, pointed to the world you had already offered me, and gave me the strength to grab it.

Because you took my life and spun it upside down I have a life I didn’t even know I could dream of.

I have a job I love and am fulfilled by.

I have amazing friends that support me.

I have a crazy, pieced together family.

I am madly in love with my husband.

I have bubbles to look forward to.

And because you looked into her eyes and knew she was ours, I have a daughter.

Thank you for this life that you gave me the courage to reach out and grab.

If I lived for a million years I still wouldn’t have enough time to show you how much I love you.

Now I am going to wake up my handsome husband and my beautiful daughter, spend the day relaxing with my little family, and spend the evening dancing under the stars with them.

The luckiest man alive,
Chapter End Notes

I'm kicking myself because I had intended to group Harry's tiny email in with the last chapter since it was sent right away after the previous Harry email, but I was so tired when I posted the last chapter that I didn't notice the email there, so, y'all were spared the mini cliff hanger, lol. I supposed when looked at by subject, the email more appropriately belongs to this chapter anyway :-(
Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

It's time for the fundraising gala!

Sunday at 12:26 AM
Congratulations my successful husband,

You are sleeping more soundly than a dead man, and for once, I *won't* molest you. You deserve your rest.

Tonight went beautifully! We couldn't have had a better night if we'd bribed people to be on their best behavior somehow. I think my mother may have spelled the invitations or something to ensure that only people who were serious about giving and supporting Unity House attended, but even then, we had a surprising turn out. I was half afraid there wouldn't be enough room! But our brilliant planning committee anticipated this and had an overflow area out in the yard next to the Park. And actually, the Park itself was rather popular!

You did the sodding savior thing by insisting that you were at the entrance to greet absolutely everyone as they arrived. Which was probably the best impression you could have made, honestly. You had Hermione and Luna by your side to help answer questions and move guests along so that they didn't try to hog your attention all night with so many people arriving.

Meanwhile, I was standing guard next to the donation box, with Viona on my left hip. Both of us looked utterly gorgeous, of course. Our adorable daughter looked baby chic in that turquoise dress you bought her, and she was quite the conversation piece as everyone assumed that she was just another child in the care of Unity House. I'm sorry if that came across as demeaning to the other kids, I didn't mean it to be. In any case, when I told everyone that she was our first child - that we had officially adopted her - the guests were so impressed by our dedication, that they opened their vaults and gave as generously as they could.

As expected, Viona was a near angel as she sat on my lap during the banquet. She's more than happy to taste tiny bits of everything. Someone worked a miracle on the other children as they put on a rather entertaining and funny show - a sort of reenactment of the sorcerer's apprentice, but erm, friendlier to wizard kind. The never ending water was replaced by a warm blue glow that flowed over everything without getting anyone wet or staining their expensive clothes, and yet the light must have been spelled somehow to act a bit like water because the kids - all dressed as brooms - had fun 'splashing' it all over everything.

Then, just in time for the dancing to begin, Viona got tired. She rubbed at her eyes and yawned so hard, obviously trying her best to stay awake and not miss a moment. So I strapped her to me in a beautiful softly golden ring sling where she could sleep cozily as we danced. We were somewhat formal when we began, mindful of the baby in between us, but at one point, I really wanted to hold you close, so I switched her to my back - which quite scandalized a few witches who were certain she was going to fall out of the sling - but she was safe and snug as a bug.

We had one perfect dance. I kept the steps slow and easy for you. You had you arms around my neck and mine were around your chest - your waist is a bit too low for me. I could hear people
talking about us. I mean it's common knowledge that we're married by this point, and we'd definitely talked about each other and sat next to each other like married couples do, but this was the most affectionate we'd been all night, and I think it 'proved' to those who maybe didn't quite believe it was true - or real, or what have you - that we actually do plan to live our lives together.

I heard at least one bit of gossip claiming that you had married me so that I'd financially support the orphanage and that I married you simply to drag my family name back out of the mud. Rather than be offended, I was amused! That is so far from the truth that it really is laughable!

At the end of our perfect dance, I kissed you exactly as I said I was going to. I promptly got lost in it, somehow forgetting that we were at a charity gala. By every indication, you were lost in that alluring world with me. Which prompted Pansmione to enact their obscenity prevention plan. Your girl grabbed you and mine grabbed me and they forced us to dance with them and others until we were both quite ready to drop from exhaustion.

I had fun, and I think you had fun too. Every few dances, we'd take a moment to steal a kiss from one another and get a drink. Hermione helped on that front by making sure that a house elf was practically glued to our sides with a never ending water glass for each of us on a tray. They were charmed to look like tall flutes of champagne, so people probably thought we were either very good at handling our alcohol, or amazingly coordinated despite our near certain tipsiness, haha!

Viona woke up at one point, and I insisted on dancing with just her for one dance. Funnily enough, you seemed to have anticipated this because you signaled the orchestra to play Viona's lullaby - Lauren Hill's version of Can't Take My Eyes Off of You. This meant I naturally started singing the song before I realized it. Also, you sneakily cast a mild sonorous on me so that everyone could hear me clearly without it being too loud.

Salazar's raucous snoring, Harry! You *know* I wasn't paying any attention to anything other than our daughter! You're just lucky that I'm rather talented in everything I do and didn't have to be mortified when I looked up and realized that everyone was clapping for me - that I apparently looked *so precious* dancing and singing to our little princess. I hope you savor the memory because I might just obliviate all the guests in order to retain my bad boy reputation. Merlin! I'm practically a Hufflepuff after this! I might be required to surrender my Alumnus to Slytherin!

Sigh...

But the night in general was a success and I am so proud of you. It helps soothe my ruffled ego that the moment I was burning from embarrassment, you threw your arms around me and snogged me senseless.

The older children performed another funny bit, and then they were all sent off to bed for the night. Under loud vocal protest, Viona was taken away by my mother so that she could go to bed as well. She was rather tired again by that point, even though she'd had a nice long nap in the sling. Oh! I almost forgot my favorite part of the night! Watching you dance with our daughter...

I notice that *you* didn't publicly sing to her, you devious bastard! I may have to punish you...

Anyway, with the kids all in bed for the night, the party was able to be just that - a party. Everyone had already donated as much as they were going to, and so the only thing left was having fun. As the night wore on, people got drunker, and yet astonishingly, ideas flowed much more fluidly. You received so many interesting suggestions! I find it hilarious that someone else suggested what I already had - that you open movie night up to others and sell tickets. I do like your idea of keeping it limited to families with children though. It's the perfect way to socialize the Unity House kids with others before they're tossed into Hogwarts. But I also adore the small and somewhat intimate
gatherings we have currently, so I won't pressure you if you're not ready to expand yet.

Even the best things have to come to an end eventually. We both started feeling worn out as the night danced on. We had to make our excuses and leave the party to the guests - and our girls - because we just couldn't stay any longer. So we came home and went straight to bed - both too exhausted to even shag.

And yet, I couldn't fall asleep just yet, and so I summoned my laptop and am writing this down because I love giving you my thoughts on the things we do. It relaxes me and helps me unwind and fall asleep.

So, my darling loving husband, was your first annual fundraiser everything you'd hoped it would be?

Until I met you, my heart stood still,

Draco

P.S. I had interesting conversations with both Blaise and Luna tonight. *Smirks*

Sunday at 9:38AM
Good morning!

Well, I suppose by the time you read this it will most likely be afternoon. You're a late sleeper even when you haven't had an exhausting night the night before.

I slept in a bit myself, but my internal clock will only let me sleep so late. So I grabbed Viona and we came over to Unity House to see if there was anything we could do to help clean up or calm down from the night before. Well apparently I am ridiculous and the event staff had that covered. Everything was spotless and looked like there hadn't even been a gala last night.

With everything on that end covered I figured I would come play with the kids. Nope, they were so tuckered out that only Della and Cassie were even awake. So now I am sitting out in the sunshine while the little ladies play in the baby-safe part of the park. Della and Cassie are being so sweet with Viona, I'm pretty sure they think she is a very interactive baby doll! But I have the feeling Viona will be crawling any day, and walking not much later, every time they walk away she gets this determined glint in her eye and tries scooting her butt to follow them.

I am looking through the reports from last night, and holy shitting buggering hell, we far surpassed our goals. We received enough donations to pay both the teaching staff of the school and the caregiving staff of the house for the next two years!

It's not a flop! I didn't peak at 17! This matters to people! Oh Merlin I have to stop crying before Cassie comes and yells at me to stop crying!

Too late. And oh my goodness, our Princess does NOT like it when I cry! Sorry baby girl, I am pretty sure you're going to have to get used to it.

Yes, yes I did the sodding savior thing. But if I have to walk around with this recognizable face, and the damn prophet following me everywhere, then I might as well use it for something worthwhile. And on top of the donations I had quite a few parents ask me when the school would be opening because they had children in that age range and were quite interested in having them attend. Those people were quickly whisked away by Headmistress Granger to discuss a few specifics. Her and that undetectable extension charm! She had quills and parchments in her purse so she could add interested parties to her lists and set up meetings with them for a meeting and a tour in the upcoming
weeks!

Don't worry, I know what you meant about Viona not being "just" a Unity Kid. Hopefully each kid currently at Unity House will have that if their parents find them like we found Viona. I do love each and every child at Unity House, they are each special and wonderful in their own ways, but I love them like I would love a cherished niece or nephew.

I was actually thinking about how to utilize your idea for selling tickets to movie night without losing the magic of it being this small intimate affair. What if we left movie night alone, but had an evening, or a weekend afternoon each week where we sold tickets to more of their little performances with a lunch and playtime before or after? They are going to put on these productions either way, so it could be the perfect opportunity to fundraise. And it could be a safe way for people who may be interested in adoption to get to know each child in their own comfortable environment.

I actually purposefully avoided all of their Sorcerer's Apprentice rehearsals because I wanted to see it all as a finished product. Merlin they were fantastic! It was funny and cute without being one of those children's productions that are painful to sit through. And the older kids' bit was hilarious. I had no idea Eric had that in him!

I loved dancing with you. I always love being in your arms, but there's something so special about dancing. I know we had to be good hosts and dance with other people, but I wanted to just dance with you! And of course my dance with my Princess. I suppose it's a good thing that Pansmione had an obscenity prevention plan, I certainly wasn't coming up for air any time soon!

My own dislike of being touched was luckily evened out by the dances I had with my friends and family in between the dances with people I don't really know. Your mum has that same ability you do, to make it look like I can dance because she's so good at it. And dancing with Molly was great, I am sure you noticed me crying, but she spent the entire dance telling me how proud she was of me.

I even danced with Ron, although that is probably less shocking now that I know what he's gotten up to in his free time with Blaise! Oh, and how are you going to tease me with that almost gossip and then just end your email?! Unacceptable!

Yes, the annoying whispered rumors were the only downside of the night. I just have to laugh because either direction the rumor comes from it makes us out to be morons. "Poor Harry, too dumb to realize that Draco is using him to boost his reputation." So I am smart enough to break in and out of Gringott's but too dumb too see I'm being conned? Or "Poor Draco, can't see that Harry is using him for his galleons!" Yeah, brilliant Draco Malfoy who was always ranked 1st or 2nd in our year in every class, got conned by the impulsive Gryffindor who wears all of his emotions on his sleeve. People are stupid.

I am so glad Hermione set up the charmed flutes of water. When I came in and saw the trays of champagne being readied I had a moment of panic. I should have known 'Mione would think of everything!

My little family dancing together was the best part of the night. I could not contain my tears. I had to take the attention off of me crying, we ... uh ... wouldn't want to have to answer questions as to my emotional state! Oh, don't act like you were offended. You love the attention, you great spoiled prat! Although I am a little worried about attempts on my life now because men and women alike were drooling over you.

The gala made the cover of the Prophet this morning. It was actually a lovely article, they must have hired some new writers. And for once we weren't the main photo. I mean the picture of us dancing with Viona in the sling between us was the second largest picture, but the first thing I saw when I
picked it up was a really great shot of the kids performing! The picture of us is really quite sweet though, I think I am going to send an owl off to the prophet and ask for a copy of both pictures. I'd love to hang the one of the kids up at Unity House.

Oh, I was going to tell you, Hermione has the list, but there were a number of people who took quite an interest in the Park. I think initially it was just about getting some fresh air and out of the crowds in the Hall, but there was a lot of discussion about the quality of it and all of the unique features. I mentioned that Greg Goyle was responsible for every square inch of construction and saw a lot of raised eyebrows and calculating looks. So, if you're still planning on starting a consignment type shop of his wares I would strike while the iron is hot.

Yes, my love, my first annual fundraiser was everything I had hoped it would be and more. However, I did have one big disappointment. See, I had bought these raw silk undergarments: knickers, garters, and sheer thigh highs, very similar to, but a much better quality than the ones I wore at Glastonbury. I had them on all night, could feel them against my skin, thought about you seeing them at the end of the night and peeling them off of me. And then we were so exhausted that I fell asleep in my robes.

Ok, enough sitting, Mac just came out to join us, who wants to play on their computer where there are babies to snuggle and little boys to race up the climbing wall with?

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

Draco assures Harry that he groped those sexy knickers thoroughly.

Sunday at 1:58 PM
Oh my silly Harry,

Don't worry, I took a peek (and a fondle) of your silky knickers while you were dead to the world. I must say that you have excellent taste when it come to ladies' fashions.

Alright, so, my conversations with Blaise and Luna. Well, I had already mentioned to Blaise, Theo, and Derek that you'd asked to watch one of the sessions where I tie them up so that you could give approval for how far I am allowed to go while just playing around. All three of them are up for it and I just need to arrange a time that works for you. But last night, I was telling Blaise that we'd created a play room and he expressed deeply eager interest in seeing it for himself. I also told him that at some point in the future, *I* want to see him be a very interactive toy that gives you so much pleasure you explode. He damn near strode right over to you to lay on his: "I'm going to have you now," charm, but I stopped him, reminding him that it wasn't the time.

Which just means that we have some options to consider. I don't want you to feel pressure about Blaise, so I'll give you all the time in the world to think about it before bringing it up again. In the meantime, I think I'm going to invite the three of them over to our playroom one of these nights so that I can tie them up and torture them, heh heh heh...

As for Luna, I was simply dancing with her, talking about how she and Greg are doing, and she said: "Oh, we're excellent. Greg is still so innocent and I'm trying to take my time in thoroughly corrupting him. He knows I have a lot of needs and that he can't meet them all just yet, so I have his permission to play around as needed. Do you remember our time in the dungeon?"

To which I replied: "#Of course* I remember it!"

"Would you mind letting me tie you up and peg you again?" She asked in a dreamy tone that sounds far too innocent for what she was asking. I told her that we had actually talked about that recently, and so I will have to talk with you some more because I understand that this is not something you want to just jump into.

But consider this: You are so very submissive that I really don't think you could ever bring yourself to dominate me. Which is perfect about 98% of the time because I like to be the dominant one - as evidenced by the fact that I plan to tie up my friends for you. But Luna has a talent for domination that is breathtaking to behold. She hasn't used any of the official Shibari Style ties on me, mostly just a tie around my wrists, but Salazar's twisted scrotum! She can make me beg like no one in my life ever has! I think that if you ever want to see me bound and helpless and begging, this might be your best chance.

Just something to think about.

Well, since it is definitely afternoon and you're not back from Unity House yet, I'm assuming that
you and Viona are having a blast. You'll be pleased to hear that I didn't panic that she was missing when I woke up, and I'm having a rather lazy Sunday laying out on one of the lawns and getting to know the baby peafowl a little better. I mean they know me because I was there to pet and handle them all shortly after they were hatched, and I have made it a point to handle them as often as possible so that they don't think I am a stranger that they have to defend their territory against, but it's been a while since I've just sat down and pet them. They are currently old enough that they look like small adult peafowl. It'll actually take two years for them to reach full maturity and a total of five years for their plumage to become fully impressive, but they're well on their way.

The peahens have just come over to see if I have any food for them - which I do. The key to successfully handling any animal is to have plenty of food to bribe it with. And that has now attracted the peacock. Good thing I've warded my laptop to be impervious to curious beaks.

So I'm going to end this email now because I lied, I actually am hard at work doing something, but that's a secret. I'll see you when you get home - if you can manage to find me, hahaha!

A kiss of passion, in a moment's lapse, seems to linger longer, with a fervent fiery flame, burning between our avid lips,
Draco

Sunday at 3:47 PM
My Dearest Terrible Hider,

If I could find you in the back of your closet you truly believe I couldn't find you elsewhere?

Yes, Viona and I are still at Unity House. If she gets fussy I may actually see if Greg will bring her home to you when he's done for the day, because I am in the middle of a ... situation?

I think I mentioned to you that Mac occasionally either senses things or seems very intuitive haven't I? Well I was in the kitchen baking (yes, I will bring some home) and my little Mac shadow followed me in. We were just chatting, and when Mac starts talking you just settle in and ride the wave because he can talk for hours. So he is regaling me with everything that happened last night, and even though I was there, it was so fun hearing it from his perspective. And in the middle of his version of their Fantasia performance, he says "and Della's daddy thought it was hilarious!"

Wait, wait, what? I'm going to need you to back the truck up Mac. I am trying to stay calm, but all I can think of is that Rodolphus must have broken out of Azkaban and somehow polyjuiced or something in order to get into the gala. But nothing terrible happened so what was his game? And now I am hysterical thinking that maybe he was still on the property and just waiting for the right time to make his move. If you think I ramble out loud when I am nervous, you should hear the panicking rambles inside my head!

So I tried to maintain as much calm as possible, and said, "I don't think Della's daddy could have been there last night Mac." And he stares straight at me and says "well of course he was, her mommy and daddy were both there, they just haven't figured out that they're hers yet. It's going to take them a few days."

I contacted Kingsley just in case and asked him to double check that Rodolphus hadn't made his escape, and nope, that thing is still locked up tight. So I am making sure all of Della's paperwork is in order and that I have everything ready to start a set of papers for prospective parents just in case. I am not going to just start assuming she will be leaving us, but I have learned not to underestimate Mac's intuition.
And now my other concern is, if this ends up being true, what do we do about Mac's gift? I'm thinking about contacting McGonagall and seeing if she thinks there is something we should do now so that he can learn to control or train his gift? He's just a little boy, he doesn't need pressure, but I also don't want something like this to spiral out of control and become something that hurts him later on. Maybe he needs to learn Occlumency? Can one learn it this early? I can imagine that he could quickly become overwhelmed in a large group situation like last night, or pick up feelings from people that are less innocent than "he thought it was hilarious".

You know, like if he had picked up Blaise's intention on commandeering me last night! And I've actually been thinking of it quite a bit since we decided to have me watch your tying performance, and I think I really want to try Blaise for you. But he can't kiss me. You are the only man I have ever kissed and you are going to continue to be that for the rest of my life. Well, at least my mouth! Is that a deal breaker for you?

I just, with Luna, I don't know. Here are my concerns:
- I am worried about offending either of you or wasting her time if I end up saying yes and then safewording the second I see her touch what's mine.
- I don't want you to do this without me there, full stop, I would have to be there. But, she's got all those girl parts, is it going to bother you if I am there and completely not turned on? Or will you not even care if I am there?
- She may have Greg's permission to play around, but sometimes what he might be ok with her doing with strangers, he may freak if it's with one of his best friends. I would need to know that Greg is 100% ok with this.
- I hate that I am having such a hard time wrapping my mind around this because I want to meet every single one of your needs and I feel like I'm failing you by not immediately giving this to you.
- Um, well, the one way this has turned me on when I thought about it has been if ... um ... I can touch you or be with you in some way at the same time? I mean, she could tie you up and peg you, but maybe you could also be inside of me at the same time? Or I could be sucking you down?
- I get that you would be in a submissive headspace, but I would need to know that you are still MY dominant. Does that make sense?

Oh, you never answered about this weekend, are we doing Paris and then going to Russia the following weekend? Or are we going to Russia this weekend and putting Paris off for another time?

I'm so glad you've had a relaxing Sunday. I know how you get with your owls and your peafowl. And yes, as a general rule, the key to successfully handling any animal is bribery with food .... why do you think I like hand feeding you on our picnics!

I shouldn't be home too late. I can't wait to see you!

An amazing seeker,
Harry

P.S. Obviously it wasn't an issue for traveling or for our adoption process, but I am curious as to how much longer you'll be on probation?
Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

Harry learns something new about Draco and proves that he *can* find him, no matter what. And that he is tricky as eff!

Sunday at 11:24 PM

AHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

And you thought you'd be able to find me! Boy did you ever look, and I was right, you *do* have some sort of spell that helps you find me. I watched you follow the glowing tip of your wand in my direction until you basically stopped and looked around in confusion. The wand seemed to be indicating that I was in the tree above you, but I obviously wasn't, and it would have been obvious because the tree wasn't that big and so I would have been very easy to see sitting in it.

Or so you assumed (I think). It wasn't until I jumped on you that you stopped frowning in bafflement. But then you held me up and asked: "Oh Hello there, where did you come from?" I simply sat on your hand and preened, turning side to side and waiting for you to put two and two together. "Oh wow! You're gorgeous! An all white monkey that can fit into the palm of my hand. You can't be native to Wiltshire, so did you escape your owners and come here for some reason? You should be careful of the Peafowl, Draco said he was out here with... DRACO??"

Ding ding ding! Give the most gorgeous husband in the world a prize, he figured it out!

I jumped to the ground and reverted back to my human form so that I could receive my reward for being so brilliant. Sure enough, you threw your arms around me and kissed me until my toes curled. And then I kissed you until we were naked on the ground writhing in ecstasy - I cast a ward this time to keep the peafowl from coming over and nibbling on us.

Now that we're in bed and you're sleeping, I have time to respond to your email.

Regarding Mac, I don't think there's too much that can or should be done at this stage. The best thing is to play games in which you encourage him to use his gift, and then gently remind him to ignore it when it seems scary or if he's just not in the mood. Also, when he's around larger groups - especially slaggy adults - we'll come up with a sort of ward for him so that all thoughts are shielded from him unless he specifically tries to read them. I hate to break it to you, but he almost certainly picked up on more thoughts than he mentioned, and he probably picks up on those 'loving' thoughts whenever he's around you and you're thinking of me. So either he just shrugs them off as something he doesn't really want to know about yet, or he assumes that these are normal thoughts and not really worth paying attention to.

Oh Merlin and Salazar's torrid passion! I'm so giddy that I'm going to end up waking you up if I give into the urge to squeal! Blaise has no idea what he's in for! And not that I actually want anything to do with your weasel, but I have to admit that I am a bit jealous that Blaise will be the only person in the world who will be able to honestly claim that he's had the entire golden trio!

I nearly abandoned the email right now in order to molest the fuck out of you, but you brought up
some good points about Luna. Obviously all four of us are going to have to get together to talk about this at some point, but I'm going to wait on that until the weekend after next at the very earliest. But I must say the idea of being inside you while Luna's buggering me has nearly made me lose my load! (And we just shagged not too long ago!)

Have I mentioned that I *LOVE* how open you are to trying kinky things? Merlin! I spend all of my free time thinking up new ways we can be together - new things we can try. I'm going to have to tell you about some of the more exciting ones later on, but for now, have you ever heard of electro play?

So, I've sent an owl to grandmama that we're going to visit her next weekend as I really enjoy living and do not want her to have any reason to make my life miserable. We'll Portkey to Kamchatka on Friday morning, but the time difference is actually bigger than going to Japan. So, if we leave here at 9 AM, we'll arrive there at 9 PM. This will be just in time for a late dinner, but then we'll need to use the sleeping potion trick so that we can sleep at night there and get up at a reasonable time in the morning.

It will more than likely be *just* grandmama and my Aunt Kisa. And by just, I mean just them with a full staff of servants and bodyguards. Her boyfriend and the more colorful members of 'the family' will probably be gone because the Head of the Stregge would quite like the world's greatest hero to know literally nothing about him. If my grandmother should mention (or ask about) her boyfriend, you will vow that the only thing you know about him is that he exists, but is terribly reclusive for some reason. If *she* deems you worthy of the secret, that is fine, but *I* never mentioned it!

Oh! So Kisa's only 9 and she's been raised around nudity, so if she simply walks in and joins us in the hotspring, do not panic. Her actual name is Annika, but we've all called her Kisa since she was a baby. I have no idea why, to be honest, except for that she's adorable and Kisa is a cuter name than the somewhat harsh sounding Annika. She has golden blonde hair and vivid blue eyes. Be warned, I taught her the distinctive Malfoy smirk.

We'll stay in Russia until Sunday night at the very earliest, but possibly until Monday, which means that with the time difference, you might want to decide now how you plan to handle coming home after a full day to it being morning here. There's a twelve hour difference after all. It might actually be best to have my mother put us all in a state of petrification or stasis until it reaches the same time here as it was when we left Russia so that we can then have our nightly routine and go to bed as usual. But that will be up to you as I'm sure you'll probably want to stop in at Unity House at the very least.

So, er, heh heh... well, erm... You see... What happened was... well... I never actually was on probation. Part of the agreement when all charges were dropped was that I had to see a mind healer for at least three visits. Which I did. I'm not really one to tell personal things to complete strangers, so I never truly made use of her in the way intended and stopped seeing her the first moment I could. That said, she *did* suggest that I try writing to everyone I've ever wronged and apologize. I dismissed the advice at first, but then I sort of dwelt on it. So, I made up an acceptable excuse for why I *had* to send out apologies. Layering on all of my best defenses, I *braved* the potential humiliation from the back of my closet.

So anyway, the point is that I don't have to follow any sort of probation restrictions - otherwise I would have violated them repeatedly by just going on our honeymoons with you - as a term of actual probation is to not leave the country without a damn good reason and prior permission from a PO.

Erm, yeah, so I lied. I usually don't lie very often because it's easier to simply keep my mouth shut, but when I do lie, it tends to be bold and dramatic. However, when I'm telling the truth, I also like to throw in embellishments and make the truth bolder and more dramatic than it really is - such as the
time I went on and on in First Year about how I already knew how to fly my broom. I really did, but I think I may have exaggerated the details well into unbelievable proportions. Honestly, I'm not sure, as I once said, I tend to open my mouth and let the shite pour out.

But the good news is that I try not to lie to you. Especially when asked point blank - I answer as honestly as possible. The only time I can think of that I lied to you since we've been married is when I claimed not to hex that muggle when I totally did the moment you were distracted with a kiss. But it was only a turn into a frog for an hour hex, so he's more than likely fine.

Anyway, I should really start on your nightly molestation now.

Underneath a moonlit sky, beneath a blanket of stars, I lay with you in a land afar,

Draco

Monday at 8:46 AM

My love,

Point of technicality: I DID find you, I just didn’t immediately know it was you.

And not that I would ever need to lie to you about how I feel, but you know that I think you make an absolutely gorgeous little monkey seeing as I said that when I thought you were an actual monkey! If Viona thinks my fox form is fun just wait until she sees you! I’m picturing her a few years from now forcing us to transform so she can push us around in a doll’s pram.

Thank you for warding us from the peafowl. They are terrifying when my bits are on display!

I wonder if Mac’s gift is why he’s so drawn to me and follows me around. I feel so good when I’m at Unity House. Like I’m doing what I’m good at and I finally feel like I’m doing something worthwhile. And I absolutely love these children. I think we were very selective when we hired the caretaking staff, and they are all wonderful, but it is their job so they always have to be on alert and they have to do the daily grind that I get to avoid. I just get to be the fun guy who comes and plays with them, I don’t really have to be the one who tells them it’s time to clean their rooms. I wonder if I’m just giving off pure happiness vibes.

And speaking of Mac, I got an owl a little while ago saying that a family has petitioned the Department of Families and Children to start the process for being approved for guardianship or adoption. I won’t know anything about them until they pass the background checks, but it looks like Mac was probably right.

Sooo, Blaise ... I get what you mean about him being able to claim he’s has the entire golden trio but .... outside of our little group of friends, he’s not going to ACTUALLY claim that right? I am out and proud with you, leashed on the streets of London and everything, but I wouldn’t really want it out there that we were experimenting outside of us.

I love how open to kink YOU are!! I am being 100% honest when I say that if we never did anything kinkier than the most vanilla sex ever, I would be fulfilled and happy just having you. But! Being able to experiment and add so many different layers to our sex life has been perfection for me.

... Electro play? Like muggle electronics? Um... I couldn’t say I know much about it. But I’m up for
almost anything at least once!

We can handle the time change however you would like, I’m just wondering what would be best for Viona? As an adult I can power through being tired. If I survived the camping trip from Hell I think I can survive a little portkey-lag, but she’s not old enough to understand. You and your parents are the world traveling pros, you make the call. And as for me, I have no problem taking a day or two off if need be. Now that the kids are settling in and feeling at home, and now that the gala is over, and we’re still a little ways away from the school’s opening, I can just pop in and out for visiting purposes.

Wait a minute, so we’re leaving this Friday at 9am and showing up at 9pm and going straight to sleep? So basically the entire day Friday won’t really have existed for us? It’s like we’re just deleting Friday July 30th? So I get my birthday sooner than I otherwise would?!? Fun! Although I’ll have to make sure that I get Neville’s present to him before we leave.

I’m very much looking forward to meeting your family, and not meeting your grandmama’s reclusive boyfriend who I know nothing about.

Draco. Malfoy. Our marriage exists because you were a big old fibber! I am shocked!

Now, if we want to get very technical: you told me that emailing those you’d wronged was a “term of your probation” right? So, a term of you being able to avoid probation was to go to a mind healer. Your mind healer recommended you contact those you need to apologize to. I was one of those people. So, the logical progression of thought is that messaging me was a term of your probation and there was no lie.

I would have been such a good Slytherin!

Thank you for coming clean about the omission of truth. I never would have found any of that out. I mean how would I have known the actual technical details of your trial? It’s not like I am friends with the minister and had to talk to him about our relationship when I was asking him to officiate our wedding and then mentioning that I hoped your parole didn’t mess with our honeymooning ......

And you say I’m the moron.

I should be home early today. I want to get home and see you and Viona. I miss you both so much it hurts!

Always yours,

Harry
Monday at 4:54 PM  
Oh my bleeding heart Gryffindor,

I'm now very much worried about Della. What if these prospective parents go through the entire process of adopting her, only to back out when they realize that she's *Bellatrix's* daughter? I mean Delphini LeStrange is a rather ominous name to live up to, and even if they change her name to Della NotLeStrange, they'll always *know* who her parents are. What if she grows up displaying weird characteristics that could be construed as a mild form of insanity? WHAT IF SHE ACTUALLY IS INSANE?!?!

Oh Merlin's wrinkled and hairy arse, Harry! SO MUCH could go wrong! Are we *sure* we can trust her upbringing to *anyone*???

I have to calm down and breathe a moment...

No, Blaise wouldn't go bragging about it. He is only free with such details to his closest friends. Besides, he knows who my grandmother is and what could happen to him if he ever pisses me off that badly. He also knows that I'd do some rather terrible things to him myself before I ran to grandmama. So, our secret will be safe with him.

I was doing some reading on kink and fetishes, and electro play caught my attention. Basically, it's using electricity to shock and stimulate one's partner. I, erm... sort of thought it might be a good and rather mild or tame way for you to dip your toes into... erm... well not dominating me, exactly, because I still want to be the one in charge, but sort of, erm, using mild pain to send me flying. I really think having you cast the Crucius Curse on me would traumatize you, and having you watch while I cast it on myself would probably upset you too, so, it's something to try.

You sneaky bastard! I had no idea you knew! And you might be right when you say you'd make a good Slytherin. Not *just* for nearly word for word describing my rationalization, but by being able to manipulate me into confessing the truth without realizing that I was being manipulated. I'm not sure whether to be impressed or punish your audacity. I suppose it can be both. I can be impressed *and* punish you for using your impressive sneaky Slytherin skills on me. AND for calling me a moron.

Hmm... I must think on how...

Oh! I think I heard you come home!

When I look at you, my heart is overwhelmed with love, flowing from my spirit to all of my tiniest veins,  
Draco

P.S. If you promise *not* to bite or maul me, I'll turn into my pigmy marmoset form while you're in your fox form and we'll romp on the bed for Viona's entertainment.

Tuesday at 8:09 AM  
Oh MY bleeding heart Hufflep .... Slytherin,

I am so thankful that you have this giant heart, and that I am one of the people who truly get to see it.
But take a deep breath. 1- Della is not insane. She is a sweet, adorable, ball of fluff, who is bossy and demanding of those she loves and they love her for it. 2- When she was entered into the system I talked to the witch doing the intake paperwork and mentioned that her biological parentage could cause some issues and what are they able to do about making sure that only those who don't care about her parentage are able to apply. Well, they have to sign a non-disclosure agreement which includes agreeing to a very very mild obliviate if they choose to not adopt on basis of biology. 3- I assume you are reading this with Viona on your lap since I am sending it right after I got into Unity House this morning and I know you won't wake up for at least another hour. She's probably snuggled up in your lap playing with your hair while you read this. I want you to look at her and imagine she's biologically part Bellatrix. How about she's biologically part Umbridge? Hell, imagine she's the product of Voldemort. Do you love her any less? Of course you don't, because she is OURS. And if this couple are Della's true parents, they won't love her any less either. And if they choose to not adopt her because of it? Then they weren't truly her parents and she's better off without them.

Oh! You want me to use electro play on YOU? They're your bollocks, you get to make the call. I mean, I do consider them mine as well, they are such lovely bollocks, but I'd love to shock them for you. And you're right, I would never be able to use cruciatus on you. Quite literally, I know there is no way I could gather the required intent.

I'm not saying I DIDN'T belong in Gryffindor, but there's a reason I had to talk the hat out of Slytherin my love. I thoroughly enjoyed my punishment last night. Every time I shift in my seat I think of you.

Of course I won't bite you in my fox form! And you know I only maul you in my human form, so you don't have to worry. Should we try that tonight? Can you ask your mum if she will come? Or would that make you uncomfortable? But first of all, I would like her there in case Viona freaks out. She didn't panic when I transformed, but keep in mind you may have been asleep but you were still in the room. And secondly, as long as Viona doesn't panic, I would love for her to get some good pictures of us!

So are we going to spend the entire weekend in your grandmama's cottage or did you make some plans for while we are there? I am so excited either way. I'm looking forward to this hotspring, is it similar to the onsen?

Well, back to the grind for me. Pictures to color and swings to push. It's a hard knock life.

Unconditionally yours,
Harry

P.S. I actually created the spell that finds you. It's a modified form of the point me spell. I created it while touching my wedding band to my collar. I point my wand straight out from my chest and the incantation is "point me: love"
Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

Draco trusts Harry regarding Della.

Tuesday at 9:56 AM
My loving Harry,
Alright, if you're *sure* we can trust others to care for Della, then I'll trust you.

Hooray! You're open to electrocuting me!

Oh Merlin and Godric! You want *my mother* to see me in a tiny and adorable form?! Alright, fine... I'll go talk to her about that in a minute. But *only* because you make a valid point about Viona reacting badly, but I might have to say no to any and all photos. I mean can you imagine how embarrassing that would be if one of our friends came over and saw the photo on the wall and asked when we brought Viona to the Zoo and how in the buggering hell did we manage to talk the staff into letting us get photos of the animals with her? MERLIN!

I think that even if we did stay in the cottage the entire time, we'd have plenty of things to do, but Kamchatka is one of the most beautiful places on Earth. It would be such a shame to not see any of it at all. It's loaded with hot springs - yes, some of them are similar to onsen, but not the one in the cottage - and some of the volcanoes are active. So if nothing else, we could take a quick wizarding tour of the peninsula and see the highlights. We might even want to bring Kisa with us since she is usually stuck by her parents' sides.

But don't feel bad for her, they don't live in the Little Cottage, that's just their summer home. The rest of the time, they're in one of their several other houses in Russia, and Kisa does have regular playmates. She sort of reminds me of a cross between Luna's free spirited airiness and Loki the Norse trickster God.

I'm off to talk to my mother.
Love you with the intensity of a thousand suns,
Draco

Wednesday at 8:14 AM
My Intense Love,

Eeek! We leave in two days! I am so ready! It's been ages and ages and ages since we've been on holiday! Or, it's not even been a full three weeks, but it's been a very long three weeks!

I know last week I was debating between Lion King and Hook for the movie, and obviously went with Lion King, but I decided not to do Hook this week. We're watching Jumanji. I haven't seen this one but I read the reviews and it sounds fun and exciting and I think our big kids deserve something a little older, they've been so patient through the last two animated movies I wanted to give them this week. I have some watermelon here for little Miss Viona Skye. Ok FINE you caught me, I have it here for myself. I know you were worried the last few nights because I wasn't really eating my
dinner. Well, it's because I am so full. I bet I have gone through an entire patch of watermelon, honeydew, and cantaloupe in the last week. Someone should be investing in ... melon farms? ... because we are sending all of our money there anyway. But, I really will share it with her, I bet she loves it.

Almost as much as she loved us in our animagus forms last night! She sat there giggling like mad when you climbed onto her shoulders. And when you scampered away she shrieked, looked at Narcissa, and pointed at you. And then, THEN, our brilliantly amazing daughter threw herself on her tummy and tried scooting to you. She didn't quite manage to crawl but I bet it happens any day now. You were scrambling all over the place, but since I am much calmer, almost zenlike, after your mum sat her back up I sat in her lap while she petted me. She didn't pull my fur even once! She is the sweetest baby!

Of course we should take Kisa with us when we go exploring. She sounds wonderful. You say a cross between Luna and Loki the trickster God? I am not sure whether I should be excited or terrified.

Oh! Guess what we got for Neville for his birthday? I am a huge cheapskate apparently and I spent exactly zero galleons on it. I stopped into Gringott's earlier this morning because I wanted to see if there were any heirlooms or anything special we could use for Viona's Blessing and Naming Ceremony (speaking of, when are we asking Greg and 'Mione to do godparent duty?) and I came across a 1st Edition copy of Herbs of Health and Growth. I honestly don't even know if the content is still correct, it's roughly 600 years old, but I think he will like it anyway right? Oh, and I found the candles and cup from my own ceremony! Can we use them? Or do we only want brand new for her?

I will see you soon! I am definitely not ending this email to go and hide in the kitchen and eat a bowl of cantaloupe, I just, uh, have things to do.

With everything I have,
Harry

P.S. I cannot tell you how odd it is to receive a message that says "Hooray! You're open to electrocuting me!"
Chapter 57

Friday at 10:48 PM (Russian time)
My darling Mutt,

I feel a bit bad, we were both so busy with this and that that I didn't get to do my daily email before bed the last couple of nights. We're currently in my Grandmama's Little Cottage. I *loved* watching the expression on your face when we walked in. The outside of the cottage looks a little bit like a cottage - or more precisely, a mini palace - like a palace that had been shrunk to the relative size of a cottage. But then one steps inside the front door and sees the true extent of this unique summer home. It's MASSIVE! The entry hall alone is big enough to get lost in!

I practically held my breath as I waited...

"This is a *little* cottage??" You asked incredulously. I couldn't help it, I laughed, and then I pulled you close and kissed you so very thoroughly for doing exactly as I expected. We continued on - with Viona simply watching as if this was something she'd seen all too often but wasn't quite tired of yet - until Kisa exclaimed: "EEEWW!"

My grandmother cleared her throat delicately like a true lady, but somehow managed to convey that we were being rude and not greeting her like proper guests. I inadvertently jumped a tiny bit away from you and babbled a greeting/profuse apology. You snickered at me but then gave her a slight bow and a friendly greeting.

We immediately had a late dinner. Well, late for them, not quite lunch for us. Sort of a brunch I suppose. Kisa seemed quite taken with the opportunity to meet *the Harry Potter!* And so fawned all over you without playing any tricks. I'm willing to bet that she will at some point before we leave. As for me, I'm still fair game. She *knows* that I cannot complain about the food drink or anything without being seen as an extremely rude and obnoxious guest, so she spiked all my food with salt and all my drink with sugar. It was quite the balancing act I had to perform, eating just enough food to erase the sickeningly sweet water and wine, and then drinking just enough water to override the tear provoking saltiness. I have had plenty of practice choking down salty food over the years, so I was able to pretend like it was a fabulous feast, but notice how I claimed to be full rather quickly? I saw your eyes narrow in confusion, well that's why.

Anyway, as I planned, we went more or less straight to bed after dinner. I gave you and Viona your sleeping potions, then sat down to write this really quick before taking my own potion and joining you in bed. I'm hoping that you'll think to check first thing in the morning so that your first communication from me will be this:

Happy Birthday Harry Malfoy. I love you so much and I can't wait to celebrate every birthday for the rest of our lives with you. I'm sorry that we weren't on a tropical Island like we were for *my* birthday - during our very first honeymoon - but I've planned something that I hope you'll like, but
shh! Don't tell you what yet because it's a secret.

On this day 19 years ago, the world gained a star so brilliant that it rightly cherishes him no matter what he does, and on that inevitable day in the far far distance when the star goes out, the world shall never stop mourning.

Draco

Saturday at 9:12 AM
Happy Birthday to Me!

Harry Malfoy woke up the morning of his 19th birthday, in an enormous and comfortable bed, his fit as hell husband holding him from behind, his beautiful daughter in his own arms, on holiday in a beautiful "cottage" in a foreign country. Maybe I actually stayed dead after Voldemort AK'd me and this is my afterlife. Although that doesn't seem right either, I wasn't good enough to merit this as my heaven.

Yeah, I am so upset that we are on this gorgeous peninsula; a place I've never been before. Not that I would have said no to a tropical island, but I have no disappointment in this location. Draco, I have spent most of my birthdays either alone or having tiny celebrations while hiding from Voldemort. I am spending my 19th birthday with my little family, my third mum, and new relatives I plan to trick into loving me by the end of this trip. Mmmhmm, poor poor me.

I'm looking forward to whatever secret you have planned for me, but I already have everything I will ever need. Then again, I am turning into quite the spoiled Malfoy, where is my secret!?!?

I can't believe how long you've been messing with me about this being a "little cottage"! I'm usually fairly good at picking up on your devious behavior. I mean, did you think when I turned to memorize the heckling muggle's face for later revenge I didn't notice an ugly frog sitting on the pavement? I knew it couldn't be very small, since there are bodyguards and such, but I was not expecting a palace! Oh, don't worry about poor lonely Kisa, they have more homes, this is just their summer home. Yes, poor poor Kisa.

You jumping when your grandmother cleared her throat was hilarious! You walked me on a leash down the streets of London and didn't bat an eye, but one woman you love clears her throat and you are jumping to attention! Your grandmother is stunningly gorgeous. Wow those Black genes are fantastic. I mean I've always known they were, I've spent my life staring at your face. And despite her insanity, Bellatrix was a beautiful woman, Andi and your mother are gorgeous. And have you seen pictures of my godfather and his brother? But apparently you people just keep getting better with age. Good luck being a dignified and gorgeous old man with a scruffy dork standing next to you.

Yes, I am sure it won't take long for Kisa to realize that I am not "the Harry Potter" (literally, that's not even my name!) but that I am just Harry, an overemotional nerd with a soft spot for smirks and snark. If she messes with your food and leaves mine alone, we can always trade plates. You need to be eating enough! I care about your well being of course, but there is a precious bubble counting on you!

Now, I am going to ask Muffy to take our sleeping Princess out of here. I plan on climbing back into your arms, and grinding my bare bum into your bits until you wake up and give me what I want for my birthday.

Enjoy!
Harry Malfoy - 19 year old
Chapter 58

Chapter Summary

Draco describes Harry's birthday surprise.

Saturday at 10:21 PM
Oh Harry!

I must confess to being more than a little mortified when we finished our breakfast in our room this morning after my delightful wake up, and then joined my parents, grandmama and Kisa for tea, only for Kisa to ask us first thing: "Is it true that your house elf brought your baby out for Cissy to watch because the two of you were busy doing all sorts of newlywed activities?" I nearly died on the spot! Apparently my mother had explained how I'm not only a late riser habitually, but how we had a habit of having Muffy take Viona away in the mornings and that - as newlyweds - she was pretty sure there were activities going on.

EEEEK!

But you must have had a *lot* of practice being heckled and ridiculed, because you simply grinned, kissed me, told me that I looked adorable all flushed and cringing, and then told Kisa that not only is it true, but it's not polite to ask such questions during tea as naturally those are after dinner questions. Looks like someone's been paying attention during our pureblood talks! I threw my arms around you and kissed you again until my grandmother cleared her throat delicately and reminded us that all such displays of affection are best kept behind closed doors - a euphemism for our bedroom.

You bowed slightly at grandmama and said: "As I understand it, Malfoys always do whatever they want, and I'm Harry Malfoy now."

The look on grandmama's face was interesting, sort of impressed and affronted all at once. She gave a regal nod and replied: "Yes, that much is true, but even a Malfoy must know when to conform to social expectations. Lucius hasn't been allowed to kiss his wife in front of me since their wedding day. While I do pray they've had a happy marriage full of love and kisses, it's not the done thing to show such affection in public."

"Oh but grandmama," you protested with a flirtly little pout. "We're not *in* public. We're currently having a little family gathering."

Her look got even more interesting and I honestly do not know if she truly was impressed by your sheer nerve, or if she was plotting your murder. In any case, we managed to get through tea with only about a half dozen moments where we forgot ourselves and kissed each other. Kisa had a glint in her eye that I'm only too familiar with.

After tea, we took her out with us when we toured the Valley of Geysers, and I was right, she had now marked you as a member of the family and fair game. At one point during our tour - in which we never let go of each other's hands and I wore Viona in a wrap on my chest so that she had the best view - Kisa lagged behind us just enough that she could cast a spell to make your trousers fall down to expose your pants to the world. What she did not anticipate was the fact that you weren't wearing pants, but instead, lacy knickers complete with a garter belt and stockings. I couldn't help
but moan lustily at one of my favorite sights and let go of your hand so that I could caress your bum while you blushed and hastily pulled up your trousers.

"Why are you wearing ladies knickers?" Kisa asked loudly, drawing the attention of the one man who wasn't already staring at us (at least the group of tourists was relatively small).

"Because they feel nicer," I answered her with a fond smirk, and then kissed you. "And because they make me want to do more newlywed activities with my gorgeous husband."

"Oh..." she murmured with a blush, then stuck her tongue out at us. "EEEW! Kissing is gross!"

"How would you know?" You wondered with a curious and impish smirk.

"A boy in my school kissed me a few months ago, so I punched him in the nose!" She informed us fiercely.

I nodded sagely. "Yes, the best way to remind others that consent is everything."

With a nod of agreement, she squinted at me suspiciously. "Are you wearing ladies knickers too?"

"Yes," I informed her with the lightest of blushes because we were still the center of attention.

Rather than say anything, she got this rather evil look in her eyes, and so be prepared for us to 'accidentally' lose our clothes in front of my grandmother at some point.

After a few hours - and a quick lunch - we eventually returned to the Little Cottage - and incidentally, that's its actual name. If you ever need to floo there for any reason, that's the address.

Viona was already taking a nap, so we had Muffy put her to bed while we took a dip in the hotspring. I absolutely *loved* the look of awe in your eyes as we entered the room - wearing only a pair of soft and fluffy towels - and you saw for the first time a small lake inside a cave like room. I held up a hand asking you to wait as I could tell by the nearly non-existent level of mist in the room that...

The geyser in the center of the lake suddenly sucked up a good amount of water, causing the level to drop about a foot - as evidenced by the pool like edge of the lake where a bench to sit on has been carved in the rock. Then it 'exploded' a fountain of water that more or less went straight up a dozen or so feet into the air. The domed ceiling of the cave was formed over centuries if not millennia to be the perfect height to just barely be tickled by the water. When the geyser finished gushing, a thick mist fell back down to the lake, filling the room with a warmth that is like a lover's embrace.

We sat on the bench and relaxed for about twenty minutes - judging by the fact that the geyser erupted four more times and it does so approximately every five minutes. I loved how you looked amazed every time it happened. We were just starting to snog heavily and frot when Kisa joined us as I expected she would at some point. She started a splash fight that had us all giggling like toddlers before we were done.

The splash fight ended when my grandmother and parents joined us, but not because splashing is not allowed. No, *you* freaked out a bit that the whole family was naked in a lake inside a cave. So I claimed unexpected fatigue and gave us an excuse to go take a brief nap. Which we did, after we finished our interrupted frotting.

And then... After dinner, after darkness had fallen, I brought you up to the part of the roof where lounge chairs reside permanently. I sat on one, insisting that you sit in my lap with Viona in your arms. Grandmama turned a blind eye to our antics and took a seat - as did the rest of our family. It was time for your birthday present. Well, I *had* already given you a book on empathy to hopefully
help with Mac - but this was the spectacular surprise I had planned. You see, there's a tradition among wizard kind that important and special events are celebrated by having a team of wizards staying on Kamchatka - it's the *premier* wizarding holiday home for those with enough money, I hope you realize by now.

I craned my neck to get a good look at your eyes... Just then, the wizards began the celebration. They have a pattern choreographed over the centuries in which spells are shot into all the volcanoes surrounding the area, making them shoot up multi-colored sparks - like in muggle fireworks - but on a much grander scale since they are volcanoes. The breathtaking display went on for about a half an hour, and culminated in an actual firework that I had George Weasley make for me that exploded to write: Happy Birthday Harry! In the sky in gigantic lettering.

You - my watery little mutt - were crying again. So I wiped your tears away with my thumbs and kissed you. A tender and perfect kiss that went on for quite some time, and for once, not even my grandmother protested. Although Kisa got fed up after a minute or so and lightly smacked me on the back of the head.

"Stop kissing and Krav Maga with me!" She commanded. I know better than to refuse her anything, so I did, and before you think to protest, one of the first things I asked Hermione after she learned about our precious water bubbles was if I had to avoid strenuous activity, and she said that anything I was used to doing would be fine to continue until my body actually protested. So even though she kicked my arse, practicing Krav Maga with my Aunt Kisa was perfectly fine. Plus, I cast a shield charm on my abdomen just in case she got a little *too* enthusiastic.

But it wasn't long before you and I were both tired. Even Viona had wound down from the excitement of the volcano-works (by the way, I cast a mild version of a silencing charm on her ears so that the booms wouldn't be so loud that they scared her). So, our little family retired for the night. Muffy rocked our sleeping princess out in the sitting room while we made some fantastically tender love, and then you fell asleep, but of course, I was a bit wound up still, so I decided to recap our day. But now I should be able to sleep.

When I look into your eyes, I get lost - lost as a candle lit at noon or a snowflake in the middle of the sea,
Draco

Sunday at 8:56 AM
My delightfully flustered Dragon,

Oh my Draco, my husband, love of my life; I think you forget because I am oh so accommodating to you as my dominant, but I am Harry the sodding savior (used to be) Potter. I don't do well with authority. I don't do well containing my feelings. And I think thankfully for both of us, I am too used to powerful women to not be willing to go toe to toe with them. What's she going to do? Have me killed? Aren't you aware, I'm the boy who won't die!

You know which people are supposed to do newlywed activities? Newlyweds.

I love you, I love you more than life itself, but I have been controlled all of my life, I am not going to stop kissing my husband unless he wants me to stop kissing him! I'm no Lucius, he hasn't been "allowed" to kiss his own wife? Yikes!

Don't get me wrong, you know how much I adore powerful women, your grandmama is fantastic, but she doesn't intimidate me. And you know that even if she was plotting my murder, I think she
was still impressed by my sheer nerve.

The Valley of Geysers was breathtaking! I can't get over it. And could you feel the magic pouring out of it? It was like a smack in the face when we got there. It was almost painful to keep my own magic in check, it wanted to come out and play with nature's magic.

Merlin! Everyone saw my knickers! Why oh why did I choose to wear the sheer baby blue ones with the bows? BOWS! Why couldn't I have picked my very manly black satin set with the masculine red ribbons? I suppose it's a good thing I am used to being teased and heckled and ridiculed, remind me to find the boy who did that the most when I was growing up and thank him for getting me used to it.

I have to tell you, between her sass and her pranks, Kisa is awesome. But, knowing she punched a kid for kissing her? She's my teeny tiny hero!

The hotsprings! Bloody buggering shit, it's beyond incredible. What did your grandmother say when you told her we were moving in and never leaving? Not into Little Cottage, just into the hotsprings. I didn't freak out that the whole family was naked! Nudity doesn't bother me. I did not freak out!! I just ... ok I panicked a little bit. I've never seen your father in anything less than buttoned up to his chin and then I get a front row seat to the family jewels (also, bravo Narcissa! Looks like the "apple" doesn't fall far from the Malfoy tree!) And there were boobs in the water. Boobs Draco!

And my gift! I feel like I have told you at least a dozen times over the past few months that I have never felt so special or treasured in my life. But it's true every time. How do you keep finding these ways of showing your love? Have you noticed it's been forever since I have called you my Slytherin Ice Prince? Because I just can't. It's your own fault you know. You are so warm and giving and loving, even when you put on your Malfoy mask your heat blazes through. Your eyes aren't an icy grey, they are hot molten silver. How did I ever think you were cold? You're just everything! Aannnnd now I'm sobbing again.

And you Krav Maga ....ing? Kraving Maga? So bloody hot. Although, I'm very glad you shielded the bubbles. I had the same conversation with Hermione about appropriate activities. That's why I have been keeping up on my workout regimen and how I know I can keep transforming until the end of the first trimester. I think I will miss my fox form for that time, it's very relaxing.

I can't wait to see what you have in store for us today! I guess it doesn't really matter, we could spend all day in the hotsprings or in bed or back to the geysers or just walking around hand in hand and it would still be a wonderful day by my standards.

Oooooh, you're doing your about to wake up squirming thing. Off to have my way with you! Newlyweds and all that! Hope you enjoy another breakfast with flushed cheeks!

I love you with every fiber of my being,

Harry
Tuesday at 11:38 AM
Oh man!

Once again, we were just *way* too busy for me to email you each night as is my habit. Most of it was sightseeing and shopping. Some of it was being pranked by Kisa, and the rest of it was just relaxing in the hotspring. You even got a bit acclimated to seeing the rest of my family naked.

Just so you know, we actually do have a sauna in the Manor that I keep forgetting to show you because I'm usually too busy molesting you to drag you to the sauna. But it's something I grew up using with my parents, and they still very much use it on a regular basis. More so in the winter time when warming the bones after a chilling adventure outside is not only prudent, but very welcome. Not to mention the fact that I finally just decided to put the onsen I want on the roof of the Manor instead of a simple hot tub. Be aware that my parents will more than likely use that too and that unless they are doing things, it will be just fine for us to join them. Also, they won't use the stairs down to our play room. I'm fairly certain based off a somewhat disturbing conversation with my father - as I was making the play room - that they have their own hidden somewhere else in the Manor.

Anyway, Kisa and grandmama seem to love you every bit as much as you hoped they would. This is not all good news as Kisa threatened to come for a visit at some point in August - before she has to return to school. Which means that grandmama will be coming with her, and my father will be the crankiest little crocodile you've ever seen. If you thought the Dark Lord living here and ordering him about made him stressed, then you haven't seen anything yet.

Warning, if my grandmother and Kisa actually *do* come for a visit, they might just bring Ivan - and no, I'm not referring to Pansy's husband. It's a common Russian name. Ivan is my grandmother's boyfriend - the one you know nothing about. I could see my grandmother subtly testing you to see if you were worthy of knowing about him, and I think the verdict so far is that you could meet him and know of his existence, just not the fact that he is a king or a God amongst the Stregge.

I agree with you that the picture you took of Kronotsky is stunning and will make a wonderful addition to the photos on our wall. It really is a very picturesque volcano.

I cannot be sure yet, but I suspect that after being petrified (technically, the spell is more like stasis than petrification, but stasified is harder to say, so I just call it petrification) for several hours before bed yesterday - combined with a good night's sleep, means that you got up earlier than ever this morning. That said, you must be busy at Unity House because I woke up around my normal time and hadn't received an email from you yet.

Viona is doing exactly as you said. Now that she is fed and in clean clothes, she is on the floor doing something like push ups with a deeply determined look on her face. In between the push ups, she'll lay on her stomach and make a sort of swimming motion. She's definitely going to be crawling soon. I'm planning to bring her with me to Blaise's today while I do some work.

So, since we stayed until Monday in Kamchatka after all, it's now Tuesday and that means tomorrow is movie night. I liked Jumanji, but I am rather curious to see Hook. I've also heard about another one that sounds interesting called The Flight of Dragons. Maybe we can have that one next week? I don't remember if you told me what tomorrow's movie is going to be, but I'm looking forward to it.

That means that I'm going to ask Blaise, Theo, and Derek to come over on Thursday night for that
little bondage session we talked about. If - and only if - you still feel up to it, after I send Theo and Derek home, I'll tell Blaise that he's going to be our toy for the night.

To keep our trips small for Viona's sake - as we agreed - we're only going to Paris for the day on Saturday. If we decide there's too much to do in just one day - even though all I have planned is a little bit of shopping and dinner at a three Michelin star restaurant - we can stay the night and do more on Sunday. Otherwise it'll be back home for us and relaxing as a family in the onsen on the roof.

Anything in particular you want to do this week or next that I should add to our plans?

When I dream of you, my loins burn with strong desire, and my heart swells with burning fire, Draco

Tuesday at 3:23 PM
Husband Mine,

I honestly don't even know if you will read this before I get home. Our baby is trying to crawl? What if I miss it? Yes, you were right, I was actually up to see the sunrise this morning. I'm glad my opening the curtains didn't wake you, because watching the morning sun hit your hair and your skin was in the top ten most beautiful things I have ever seen.

Since I was here so early it should be no problem with me heading out early. I swear Draco, if she crawls and I am not there I might freak out! I'll stop over at Blaise's since I assume that's where you will be. And then as a bonus I can tease Blaise a little. I'm wearing your favorite knickers and I am wearing the distressed jeans, won't it be terrible if he gets a peek through the rips? Don't worry about me traumatizing the Unity Kids, I have a really long hoodie on right now so there are no flashing bits or bits of silk.

Oh, I'll assume you spoke with your mum before you head to Blaise's but if not, she sent me an owl saying she needed us to be at dinner tonight, some news or something. You know that I absolutely love your mum, and I love that you love Lucius, but we just spent the entire weekend with them, what kind of news could they have since last night?

And the owls were just rolling in this morning, I received one from the ministry saying that there is an official request for Della's adoption and we should have all of the information on the prospective parents by tomorrow morning. It's happening so fast, I'm thinking whenever I get their info I will extend an invitation for them to join Movie Night tomorrow. I want each of these amazing children to find good loving homes, but am I being unbelievably selfish if I told you a small part of me hates that she will be leaving Unity House? She's just so precious. A perfect blend of regally demanding, and a big ball of fluff covered in gooey baby kisses!

I had better get used to this feeling I guess.

Merlin, I love kids. Like Kisa! She's hilarious! I would LOVE for her to come for a visit! And Grandmama of course. And Ivan who I know nothing about. I am really torn though between bringing Kisa to Unity House to meet all of the kids, or keeping her far away from where she can give Lauren and Hannah any ideas! And darling, you know that Grampy Lulu and I have a ... special ... relationship, but you act like I would think it was a bad thing to watch him grump around the manor during their visit!

I had already decided on Hook for this week, and that should give me some time to research The
Flight of the Dragons for next week. I loved the story of Peter Pan when I was growing up, it's again one of those stories I found and hid and devoured. I wasn't drawn to the idea of escaping to Neverland to never grow up, but drawn to the idea of escaping in general. It really spoke to me.

Anything in particular I want to do this week? Besides dinner with your parents, watching you dominate your friends, movie night with Della's prospective parents, seeing Viona crawl, and buying a ridiculous amount of baby clothes in Paris on Saturday? Not really, although I am curious about when we should see a healer. You said 4-6 weeks and it's been 4, so did you really mean 6 or is 4 ok or do we go in the middle with 5 or should we do 4 since it's now?

I really do love the picture of Kronotsky, but my favorite one is of the three of us with the geysers in the background. I added it to our travels photo album, but I have also started one just for Viona and her travels. So I have that one on the cover, and I have already put quite a few from our trip to Tokyo in there, there's one of the three of us in front of the Imperial Palace, and one of just our Viona SKYE with a background of cherry blossoms behind her while she looks up at the blue of the ... sky. Have I mentioned how much I love her middle name?

Well I am going to go check in with all of the kiddos, and then scoot myself over to Blaise's so I will see you soon.

So hard thinking about you I barely fit in these knickers.

Harry
Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

Draco receives some shocking news.

Tuesday at 11:13 PM
My dearest husband,

Watching you tease the fuck out of Blaise might just be my new favorite thing! I even let him work his magic on you - I think he might be part Veela and therefore, *literally* might have sex magic. He had you very obviously ready to jump in bed with him - a hand trying to get a good feel for your bum in your distressed jeans - before I pretended to be affronted and snarled at him. But to be fair, you asked that he never kiss you on the lips, and that was the direction he was headed, so I put a hand between the two of you and glared at him. He promptly backed off and apologized.

The interesting thing is that because of all the history between us, I might actually be the only person immune to his sex magic, unless he's never actually used that on me. In any case, I'm one of the few people that he doesn't try to push his luck with. Notice how the moment I snarled, he behaved? I think he's actually a submissive looking for the right dominant, which might explain why he always listens to me even though he also tries to drive me crazy with 'disobedience.'

But that's *nothing* compared to the bomb my parents dropped on us during dinner!

I'm going to be a brother...

I'm going to be *a brother!*

A BROTHER!!!

After all this frickin' time of being an only child, my parents decide *now's* the time to have another!

Or well, adopt actually, but still!

My mother told us that Bella had sworn her to secrecy because she didn't want Della to suffer prejudice and abuse if our side lost the war - and that she brought Della to Euphemia Rowle's care at Bella's request. But she's been wracked with guilt for doing so ever since she learned the terrible conditions Della was raised in. And so, because she *also* believes that family is *everything* she has debated taking her, but hadn't mentioned it even to my father until after the gala when my father sort of stopped and looked at her and said:

"Your niece is not only adorable, but quite the character. She's funny, engaging, regal, and everything a daughter of the Ancient and Most Noble House of Black should be. I was quite taken with her."

My mother ventured the opinion that perhaps they were the only people in the world who should and *could* provide proper care for her, and after thinking about it for a few days, my father agreed. And so I'm going to have a tiny sister named Della Bella Malfoy - just kidding, although I think that would be adorable too. Della Andromeda Malfoy. Fitting, no?
As for our own bundle of joy, you didn't miss anything. Viona did not quite figure it out. Why don't you bring her with you to Unity House in the morning? Unless she gets crabby at you trying to wake her early, in which case, I can bring her by after we wake up. That way, she can watch the bigger babies and try to emulate them. We might even be able to persuade my soon to be sister to get on the ground and demonstrate crawling for Viona.

I'm about to come to bed and *not* molest you because I've been feeling a strange thing in my abdomen all day. Cramps? Not sure, but they - and your gentle reminder - has made me decide that we will be making an appointment to go see a Healer at the first opportunity. I'm thinking tomorrow right after I bring Viona to visit you at Unity House, I'll floo St. Mungo's and ask when their earliest available appointment is.

There is nothing more scintillating than your kiss,
Draco

Wednesday at 9:16 AM
Draco Malfoy,

You had darn well better be flooing to St Mungo's the second you wake up this morning to find out when their first appointment is! I'll not have you jeopardizing yourself! You felt cramps ALL DAY yesterday and didn't say anything? If you haven't come by before lunchtime I WILL be apparating home and dragging your fit arse to St. Mungo's! I know you can't literally hear me, but do you hear me?!?

I took Viona with me this morning, and she was not quite as grumpy as you are when you're woken up. I slipped into my fox form at the first sign of "The Lip" and managed to get her giggling. And if she hadn't already been giggling she would have when she watched me try to figure out the Moby Wrap. Why are you able to make carrying her look effortless and I look like a clown? I thought at one point you were going to wake up and ask me why I was trying to tie myself up. Well, I finally figured it out and off we were!

Viona's been spending time with Cassie and .... her soon to be Auntie Della. Funny enough they are both showing off their crawling skills for her, and she has not attempted to once! I'm pretty sure she's trying to see how long they will make fools of themselves in front of her.

I am so happy for your parents. I am so happy for you to get to be a big brother. I am thrilled that Viona will have a playmate at home with her. But mostly my selfish self is happy for me! I don't have to worry about missing Della! I think I might be the worst person to run an orphanage!! I want to bring all of them home with me! And when Mac came running up to the baby corral he gave me a smirk that could have given you a run for your money! The thing that gets me is, Lucius acted all aloof and had his Malfoy mask up during the fantasia skit but now we know he thought it was hilarious! Thanks Mac!

I think they will be a perfect set of parents for Della, you're right, they will be able to care for her, teach her about her heritage, and not hold the actions of her biological parents against her. I think that would have been my biggest worry about someone else adopting her, they can have the best intentions and even be able to not treat her differently due to her biology, but there's a good chance that many parents would want to hide it from her. Your mother will be able to teach her about the Blacks and while she shouldn't give her much information on Bellatrix's later years, she's perfectly suited to tell her about who Bellatrix was as a child. And she will have her Auntie Andi too! I love that they're giving her Andromeda as her middle name. I have a feeling she and Teddy will be constant playmates now that Narcissa and Andi have reconnected.
Oh! Your book on empathy has been really interesting. Luna and Maya took the babies to the kitchens for a little mid-morning snack, and I spent a little time with Mac. We were working on some deep breathing relaxation techniques. Apparently that's useful for both utilizing his gift as well as shielding it when he's overwhelmed. The oddest part of it for me is that he actually manages to go for that long without talking!

That's so weird that if Blaise does have Veela allure why it would even work on me? I assumed it would be like Imperius and I can throw that off. I never even flinched at the Veela at the world cup, or go gaga over Fleur and the other Veela women like everyone else seemed to ..... OH! How oblivious can I possibly be?!? Yeah Harry, I wonder why the Veela WOMEN's allure never bothered you? How in Merlin's name did I take so long to figure out my sexual identity?

I have some banana set aside for Viona's movie night treat. And I baked some of those juice sweetened biscuits again. So she should be set. If you don't feel up to the movie tonight just let me know, I can either skip it myself and come be home with you, or I can keep Viona with me so you can get some rest.

Please take care of you,
Nervously,
Harry
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry visit their Healer for the first time.

Chapter Notes

Since the first two emails are super short, I'm posting a total of 4 emails in this chapter, which works out for the best, really.

Um... You might want to grab a blankey and a cookie before reading this chapter...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday at 9:31 AM
Harry my love,

I flooed St. Mungo's first thing after reading your email and have an appointment for 10:30, which gives me enough time to take a shower and find something to wear. I'm thinking a simple robe so that the Healer has access to my stomach if necessary. And in that vein, probably best to go with a simple pair of black pants - as opposed to your favorite black satin knickers of mine. I mentioned that you wanted an appointment too, but that I wasn't sure if you'd be free, so the Healer has set enough time aside for both of us, if you'd like to go. So... want to come with me?

I'm too groggy still to come up with something flowery for my valediction this morning, so I'll have to settle for a basic:

Love,
Draco

Wednesday at 9:35 AM
Love,

I'll be there before you even finish getting ready!

Viona is having a lovely day playing at Unity House and Luna said not to worry a bit about her and to just go.

I'll see you there.

Love,
Harry

Wednesday at 10:49 PM
Oh Harry, my most loving and patient rock of a husband,

Today was rather rough. You were there, so I feel a little bad for bringing it up again, but I wanted to clear my mind, and so here goes:

The Healer had bad news for me. It seems that the fertility potion did not do its job - or at least, not completely. It created a temporary womb and all the necessary hormones in order for a baby to be created and grow, only a baby was never conceived. The womb was empty, and since it had no job to do, it started to prepare for menstruation. That was the cramps I felt.

I'm not terribly depressed. There was a reason I wanted to call these babies water bubbles, and it was so that I didn't get too attached to them in case something like this happened - which it did. I'm definitely disappointed, but we can always try again. The Healer recommended waiting at least a full seven days from when she removed the empty womb from me, so that's currently my plan. The Healer also advised waiting a bit longer to cast a pregnancy test spell next time as the potion itself was responsible for the false positive by creating the necessary hormones for pregnancy. Had we waited another week, the hormones would have receded and we wouldn't have gotten a positive result.

You were wonderful, holding me as much as I wanted and needed all day. The good news is that you are definitely pregnant and that the baby is healthy and well formed. It's even been longer than the 28 days it takes a baby's heart to start beating, so we got to hear it. I am far more happy that we really are going to be fathers than I am disappointed that I personally have to try again.

That's only half a lie. I'm going to my closet, but I promise I'll be my usual cheery self - stop laughing! I'll be my usual snarky bastard by morning. I don't plan to spend the whole night in there, but if I happen to drift off afterwards, you know where to find me.

Perhaps ironically, I love you more than ever,
Draco

Thursday at 7:54 AM
My sweet man,

You did fall asleep in your closet, but don’t worry I carried you back to our bed. I’m staying home with you today, so unless you kick me out because I’m getting on your nerves, I’ll be here when you wake up.

There’s not really anything I could say right now that I didn’t say yesterday. I just wish there was something I could say or do that would fix this for you. If there’s not a way for me to fix things by rushing in head first I’m a little stuck.

I have some questions for you that I know I SHOULD ask in person, but I think it might be easier for you to be able to read this, and have a little time to process before you respond.

Concerning trying again; do you actually want to try again soon? When we got Viona and thought we were both pregnant, you panicked a bit and started questioning whether we were ready or whether I would regret it. Was that you trying not to get your hopes up? Or were you actually overwhelmed? I will 100% support you in whatever you do, I’m just wondering if now that you know all of our family’s circumstances you’d rather wait a bit since we now have the option.

I personally can see benefits to both waiting and trying again right away. I know you liked the idea
of us going through this together, but if we wait a year to try again then when you do become pregnant the entire spotlight and all of the attention and spoiling will be on you. I will have no morning sickness, mood swings, or cravings so I will be able to focus completely on you. Or, we know we want more than just one more, so we can time it well next time so we have the “almost twins” we thought we were having this time instead of babies that are just a month or two apart.

If we do try again soon, we should still be close enough to timing that we will be going through it all together.

If we do try again in a week or so when you’re ok to start, do you think maybe we should have me top a few times? I can’t help but wonder if the reason I became pregnant is because we rarely go more than a few hours without shagging and with you I just topped the once.

You make the call, and if you choose to try again right away I suppose I will selflessly commit to shagging constantly .... for YOU!

Also, connected but not: are you still hoping to have your friends over tonight to ... give them a tour of the play room? Or should I owl them all to postpone?

I feel so insensitive even bringing this up, but you said yourself that you are still happy we’re going to be fathers again with my little bubble, but I’m so in awe of having heard our child’s heartbeat yesterday. I hope watching me going through this pregnancy won’t be too awfully hard on you, because I’m already so in love with this tiny baby dragon and I want you to be able to enjoy this time before they’re born with me.

Ok enough of this, I need to hydrate, I’m pretty sure I cried out all of my fluids writing this. And then I am going to climb back into bed and do my best to be the big spoon and hold you. I don’t even care how much smaller I am than you and how ridiculous I’m sure it will look!

I love you my Dragon,
Your Harry

Chapter End Notes

So, this starts off a slightly sad arc of emails that doesn't last too long - we'll be through them by tomorrow at the rate I post. This is one of the few times I message Chrissie and discussed the plot before writing it, because I was thinking about making Draco have a miscarriage, but we agreed that that might trigger some readers, and we *really* don't want that, so we decided against it. Instead, he was never pregnant in the first place, he just thought he was, and is sad and disappointed.

As a person who has had two miscarriages, I hope I portray Draco realistically without getting *too* depressing, and honestly, I personally can roll with anything, so Draco reacts a bit more strongly than I did in real life. Shrugs.
Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

Draco's just not feeling very good at the moment, and Harry has no idea what to do.

Chapter Notes

This is the last chapter I'm posting today (unless asked nicely, lol), but since the next *several* emails are tiny, I'm posting them all in one chapter, which will effectively bring us all to the end of the sad arc :-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thursday at 9:51 AM

Yes Harry, please send an owl to cancel our plans. I'm just not feeling up to shagging or playing at all right now. I haven't even gotten out of bed yet and it's after lunch. Tell them I'll reschedule sometime next week.

Love
Draco

Thursday at 10:12 AM

My Dragon,

Of course, the ten minutes I took away from your side to go shower happen to be the moment you wake up and you had to wake up alone. I'm sorry my love.

You were already asleep when I got back into our room, so I sent off the owl and now I'm back in bed with you. I promise I won't be straying from your side for even a moment. I'll cast a vanishing spell on the contents of my bladder if I have to!

You are my world Draco Malfoy.

You will forever be my always,
Harry

Friday at 11:34 AM

Harry, I went to the bathroom and locked myself in for five minutes so that you wouldn't come in here while I was on the toilet. Will you please go the fuck away?! I don't care if you take Viona to Unity House or the Burrow or China, just please take her and go. I *love* the fact that you held me all day yesterday (and the day before) and let me lay in bed and sleep *way* too much, but I need to
get out of my head again, and for that, you can't be here. It's Friday and the sun is shining, go do something fun. I know you may not want to have fun, but I *need* you to go have fun.

I love you so much, but you're sort of smothering me,
Draco

P.S. Please put a pint of B+J on my bedside table when you go so that I have it there to snack on when I come back from my trip to subspace.
I love you more than anything in the world, but seriously, GO.

Friday at 2:16 PM
Draco,

I am sorry that I'm smothering you. I just don't know what to do.

Viona and I are at Unity House, she is playing with the kids. I've been scrubbing it top to bottom ... the muggle way. If you need a little more space we can stay here tonight. It's not a huge space because we obviously wanted the space for the kids to be the priority, but there is an overnight room for when I or a second caregiver need to stay overnight.

Actually, I think the Burrow sounds like a good idea. We'll be there for at least tonight. Molly has been itching for some Viona time anyway.

I'm sorry.
Harry

Friday at 4:20 PM
Oh Harry! You gorgeous beautiful man you!

I'm currently having my favorite natural high, and I'm in bed eating Chunky Monkey - Ah! Cannibalism!!! I *am* a monkey and I'm *eating monkey!!!* Oh Salazar, I have to go throw up now!

Draco!

Friday at 4:36 PM
Draco?

You uh, know it's not actually made from monkey right?

I thought I was your favorite natural high?

I love you,

-H

Friday at 5:24 PM
My wonderful Harry,

I didn't mean you had to stay away tonight, just that I wanted you gone so that I could crucio myself without you underfoot and panicking. That said, I think you had a good idea about letting Molly have some Viona time, so don't feel like you *have* to come home either. Besides, I'm fairly sure you're going to burst into tears and blurt the whole thing out to your mother, and that's the way it should be. Perhaps she can help you feel better. I'm going to go talk to my own mother for the same reason.

Love you more than I can understand,
Draco

Friday at 5:56 PM

Yeah, I suppose it's not just Molly who wants Viona time, maybe I need some Molly time.

Hey, I might not cry!
-H

Saturday at 11:54 AM

My glorious husband,

I'm feeling so much better this fine Saturday morning! What? It's still morning! Since you're not back yet - probably caught up in a weasel family gathering - I'm going to take Melissande and the other owls out for a hunt. If I'm not in our room when you get back, I'm out in the field somewhere.

Love with all my heart,
Draco

Saturday at 1:22 PM

My Draco,

I'm so glad you're feeling better. I hope you have a wonderful day with the owls!

I've had a nice visit with my family. It's been ages since I've really spent time with Ron so it's been nice. Although now that I've pulled out my laptop I'm pretty sure I'm going to spend the next hour explaining computers and emails to Arthur!

Viona misses you. I think she may have talked. We were snuggling and she put her hand on my face and said “Da” I assumed of course that our brilliant daughter was saying daddy and about to compose a poem. I said “yes, me, I’m Daddy!” She gave me the harshest glare I have EVER received, and said “Da!” again. I had a picture of you with me so I pulled it out and as soon as she saw it she dropped the glare and kissed your picture. So apparently you are Da and I am the guy to glare at!

So ... you said when I get back. Does that mean, um, do you want me to come back?

I love you,
Remember y'all, Harry has two settings: low key, and over the top, so when Draco told him to go away for a bit, he really thought it was the end of everything. Let's all give Harry a hug :-)

Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

Draco is feeling much better.

Saturday at 5:04 PM
Oh Harry, my darling silly little mutt!

I *always* want you to come back. I'd rather be annoyed and miserable *with* you here, than annoyed and miserable with you *gone.* That said, I actually really needed the time alone. I guess I never realized before, but because I've learned how to cope with everything that life throws at me by retreating to my closet and being alone, that I've gotten *used* to being alone when I'm coping. Thus, as much as I really, honestly, truly loved having you hold me and stroke my hair; pamper and cherish me; I don't think I truly *coped* until I was able to do so alone.

See the first night when I went into my closet so that I could cast a silencing spell and crucio myself in private, I don't think it fully helped because it was a sort of plaster I put on simply to numb myself enough to get to sleep. The next morning, I was *still* caught up in the emotions of disappointment and failure. I needed to wallow in them for a while, so that when I crucio'd myself the second time - alone in bed with Ben and Jerry - it was able to work the way it usually does, by getting me out of my head and resetting my frame of mind.

I've had a productive day with the owls. We now have quite a bit of small game to feed our little family. The mice and whatnot naturally go to the owls, but the pheasant and grouse and the like make excellent main courses and stews. As a side note, Melissande's mother saw a baby fox - and even though at first I panicked that it was you, I immediately knew it wasn't because it was bright red. She went to swoop down on it and catch it, but I unconsciously cast a shield spell on it. So I am *the Savior* for at least one baby fox. Maybe there is some good in me after all.

But then I realized that it's possible that your weasel can *also* turn into a tiny fox. So I dropped the shield. Is your weasel perchance missing?

Kidding! Kidding! The baby fox is fine. Ran away after its close call.

So, since you haven't returned yet from the Burrow, I have some time to write down my thoughts. I am absolutely certain about one thing...

I *do* want to try again as soon as possible and keep trying until we know it works. So if that means you must sacrifice yourself to topping for the foreseeable future, then so be it. Oi, the things we do for love! As much as I wanted them to be almost twins, I just really want A: To experience pregnancy at least once and to carry my own Heir. I *know* they're all going to be my Heirs no matter who carries them, and that if the one you're currently pregnant with is a boy, he'll be my official Heir, but it's just this thing I'm fixated on. I want to do it and I'm *going* to do it, even if it quickly proves that I am quite mad and should be committed.

And B: I was serious in that I wanted to do this *with* you. So even though I'll be a month or so behind you, we'll still be doing this together. Bonus! I suppose that you'll go through the morning sickness stage before me so that by the time it hits me, you'll hopefully be reaching the other side of
Also, I said this before but it bears repeating: I LOVE the fact that you *are* pregnant. It makes my heart soar to know that you are carrying our child. If it turns out that I never can conceive one, I'll still have the precious baby inside you, and we could always adopt again if it turns out that this is a one time fluke and you can't have any more either. We're going to be a family full of love no matter what. Listening to the heartbeat was one of the best moments of my life. I'm so sorry that I ruined it by being sad.

So please... DO NOT feel guilty! You have every right to be happy, and I'm happy too. Now that I'm over my funk, I'm going to hold you and pet *your* hair tonight. I'm going to kiss you and tell you over and over how much I love you and our tiny baby inside you. I might even be in the mood to shag!

Viona said Da?!?! She *asked* for me?!?! Oh Merlin! Now I'm the one crying! I missed her first word!!

Fucking come home already! Otherwise I'll have no choice but to eat this entire plate of melon all by myself. I'm quite enjoying the watermelon, but the cantaloupe is so sweet and juicy and the honeydew looks like chunks of ice cream just waiting to be devoured.

Time spent away from you brings to mind all the many things I miss,
Draco

P.S. I *know* that Chunky Monkey isn't made from real monkeys. I was high, alright?!

Saturday at 5:26 PM
My Dragon,

I’ll be home as soon as Viona wakes up from her nap. She’s had a rough few days, so I want her to get her rest!

I can’t even explain how relieved I am that you’re feeling better. I hate that you have to hurt yourself to get there, but who am I to talk, I blow up headmasters’ offices when I’m grieving.

I know I keep saying it but I’m so sorry. I’m sorry you had to deal with feeling disappointment and failure. I’m disappointed that I failed to get you pregnant too, I guess I just closed it off because the shame hurt too badly. I’m glad you were able so reset your frame of mind. You don’t happen to know where my reset button is do you?

I thought being with your owls would do you some good! I bet that’s even better alone time than your closet time. Although nothing beats Ben and Jerry’s! No, MY weasel is not a fox animagus! She’s also not my weasel, she’s my ex who I love very much ... like a sister. So please don’t allow the owls to eat her.

I’m really relieved that this experience didn’t turn you off to the idea of carrying our child. We’ll just have to keep at it and keep at it and keep at it! Poor poor me! And if you start to get sore I’ll just kiss it better. Maybe I should kiss it preemptively to make sure it doesn’t get sore? And I think we should try multiple positions for maximum effectiveness. And often. And vary the durations. Bloody buggering fuck Draco, now that my guilt isn’t as bad and I can breathe again I am sooooo horny. Merlin I need you!

You didn’t ruin anything my love. Holding your hand and staring into your eyes while that heartbeat
came out loud and clear? I have no words. I am so torn because I don’t want to be insensitive and I
don’t want to rub it in, but I have a piece of you growing inside of me. It’s just. I can’t. I love you
more and more every day. Every day I think I love you the most amount of love possible and then
bam, the next day I love you even more.

I hope you’re not mad, but I sobbed the whole story into Molly’s arms. In a perfect world we could
have told them all together, but it just came out. At first I just mentioned our loss, then the guilt came
pouring out of my mouth and I couldn’t stop myself from talking. Ugh, another thing I took from
you. Did you tell your mum everything? How’s she doing?

Yes I think Viona said her first word, I’m so sorry you missed it, but keep in mind you WERE her
first word! I will drop the memory in the pensieve for you ok?

Ugh, stop tempting me! I’m not going to wake the Princess! Even if there’s watermelon and
cantaloupe and honeydew and YOU! And there is no melon here at all! None! I had to eat a banana!
And it was mushy and had a weird texture and tasted gross and then I threw up! So once my
stomach calmed down I had to eat three pieces of pie.

I will be home soon, I promise. I’m just so glad you want me back. I *know* you love me, but ... um
... I thought you were done with me.

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 64

Sunday at 12:26 AM
My amazing husband,

You are currently sleeping and it's the best time for me to write to you, so I'm doing exactly that. I love you so much. I know that sometimes - alright most of the time - I still grumble it when I say it out loud. It's still hard for me to just say, even though I want to and it's running around my head at all times, but I hope the fact that I can write it in my emails is proof enough for you that I really do love you.

Just one of the many many reasons why I love you is that tonight, even though you were obviously horny and all over me, you respected the fact that I just wasn't quite feeling it. I needed to hold you and Viona. I needed to have play time - like non sexual play time - in which we both turned into our animal forms and made Viona giggle. Not to mention chase each other around the room. I love that I can be a silly little monkey with you and you don't judge me for it.

I love that you are there for me when I need it, and yet gone for me when I need that instead. I love that you're carrying my baby, and I love that you have a big adopted family that you can cry to when we experience unexpected bumps in the road. Just so you know, I was referring to your like a brother weasel, not your like a sister weasel.

I did talk to my mother. I told her about my disappointment and failure and let her hold me and rub my back. My father doing his best to pretend that he wasn't paying attention as it's the done thing to ignore uncomfortable emotions. Then, when I was done - and I was already feeling mostly better by this point, so I didn't cry or moan - I told them that the good news is that you *are* pregnant. Which is why my mother attacked you with a blubbering hug when you got home. My father will probably attempt to be nice to you. For a day or two. Don't get used to it.

So, since it's currently after midnight and thus Sunday, there are only three days until Wednesday. That's going to be a movie night, so let's not put any pressure on ourselves. Let's wait until Thursday to have me take that potion. Or maybe Friday so that we can have someone watch Viona for the night. Should we put everyone we know's name in a hat and pick one at random, or should we simply assume that my parents will watch her?

Speaking of my parents, do you know how long before they are far enough in the adoption process that they can bring Della home?

Oh! ... Looks like *someone* loves to watch you sleep as much as ever! Muffy's about to take Viona for a bit because I'm about to thoroughly molest you!

To hold you close, to have you near, to have my breath against your ear, whispering words of love and being able to show you my passion in that special way,

Draco

Sunday at 8:44 AM
Good morning my love,

I can't tell you how good waking up with you in our bed felt this morning. I feel like a million galleons! All the night noises at the Burrow sounded like not our night noises. And the sheets
smelled like not our sheets. And there were no arms around me. It was the most dreadful night of my life.

Of course I wanted you last night, but being intimate again had to be at your pace, so it would be ok if you still weren't ready. But I am so so so glad that you woke me up ready! Merlin I needed that, and not necessarily the shagging part (although, fantastic as usual, straight O’s across the board) but just reconnecting with you. Staring into your eyes with you so deep inside of me. I’ll never get enough.

I know you needed Viona time last night, and wow did she ever need some Daddy time. I am surprised she didn't wake up and throw a fit when Muffy moved her. I know she sleeps soundly, but if anything was going to wake her up it was going to be removal from you. I feel like I should be jealous of how much she adores you, but I just can’t blame her, have you met you? I have a feeling you're not going to be allowed to put her down for at least a week.

Oh, and speaking of putting her down, I think this close to her missing you that, if they won't be too overwhelmed, your parents would be the best choice. That way she's at least still at home. The last few days have been crazy, I barely knew what day it was until your message said Sunday! But when I was at Unity House on Friday, I received an owl saying that as long as everything went through as they thought it would, that I would be releasing Della to her parents on Monday. Which is now tomorrow! Yikes, I am getting a new sister tomorrow! Which is so weird, she feels more like a niece.

The funny thing is, I only know who she's being released to tomorrow because I'm related to them, as far as Unity House goes the whole thing is very hush hush. I think the intake clerk took my concerns very seriously and they are not playing around with her adoption process. I'm really pleased with how they've been taking care of the legalities concerning the Unity Kids.

Oh my goodness, you meant Ron and not Ginny! I saw you wanted the fox to be eaten if it was a Weasley and I assumed it was your jealousy at my having dated Ginny. Are you still jealous of Ron and my friendship? My poor husband, I will have to worship every single inch of your body so you know that all of me is yours.

Thank you for explaining the hug from your mum. I love her and I certainly wasn't offended by the hug, but it was so out of character that I was a bit concerned. I most certainly will not get used to Grampy Lulu being nice to me. Is he really going to do that? I don't know how to feel about that.

Well, I am going to head into the garden for a while and let my family sleep. You know where I will be when you and Viona wake up, come get me if you want some company!

Nothing says home like the arms of my husband,
Harry Malfoy
Chapter 65

Sunday at 11:39 PM
Harry, my love,

So today was a rather lazy Sunday. You spent time in the garden with my mother before Viona woke up and eventually woke me up. Then I brought her out to you in the garden and watched as she utterly destroyed a small patch in her enthusiasm to learn everything. She had to inspect a flower, the grass, the dirt, the worms. Mum and I simply let her get on with it in amusement, but I think you must have been raised by people who thought that playing in the good clean dirt was a bad thing because you freaked out at one point, pulling the worm out of her mouth and forcing her to spit the dirt and the flower petals out, calling them icky. But actually, violets are surprisingly tasty, especially on salads. They have a mild spiciness to them that is hard to describe, and leave an adorable - alright, rather alarming - purplish black color in a baby's mouth. But honestly, there's nothing in that part of the garden that can hurt her. The poisonous and carnivorous plants are kept in another part of the garden that is well warded. I don't even think we'd be able to get into it while in our animal forms.

I'm not jealous of Ron, I just don't like him, and I *know* it's irrational. A vestige from being raised to believe their family was the equivalent of dirt on the bottom of my shoe. I'm trying really hard not to feel that way - as evidenced by my fondness for Molly, my genuine respect for George Weasley, and my tolerance for, sigh... grr... sigh... Ginny... - who I will probably forever after refer to as your sister. For the record, I have absolutely no jealousy toward her because I know for certain that you couldn't even bring yourself to grope her properly. If anything, I *should* be jealous of your Weasel because he might actually attract your interest, but nope. When you said you couldn't even imagine him shagging Blaise and had to imagine Charlie instead, I knew that I'd never have to worry about you deciding to play around with him behind my back.

But Charlie? Really?? I much prefer to imagine Bill personally, but then again, I think I might be attracted to scars... That said, I suppose that Charlie does have a few scars from his dragons, mmm, dragons... Okay, I can see the attraction after all! Does he ride those dragons naked?

Oh Merlin and Salazar! You mean to say that after I finally manage to get to sleep tonight, I'm going to wake up to you at home somewhere having presented my parents with the newest member of our family? Viona is going to be so happy! Unless she decides to be jealous. Oh Merlin! What are we going to do if Viona gets mad at Della for hogging *her grandmother* and Della gets mad at Viona for wanting to steal *her mother*?!

And it's a good thing you can bring the girls with you to Unity House whenever you want because I think poor Mac is going to be a bit depressed when he realizes that he lost his little scared yet regal queen. He won't have to be her protector anymore. But erm... Actually...

I've just received an owl from Theo. He knows I'm a night owl and don't mind receiving things at nearly midnight. So... It seems that he's heard of a little boy age 2ish who's the illegitimate son of a woman Avery Jr. was holding captive after his break out from Azkaban in 97. Now that he's back inside, she's, well, Theo's not entirely sure. He thinks she's still stuck in her prison - a little cottage in the middle of the Scottish lowlands - attended to by a house elf.

Theo's going to ask around and send better details in the morning, but it seems the woman might be terminally ill after her long imprisonment (and probably torture when Avery was impregnating her), so it might be necessary to check on the boy's welfare and see if he needs or will need to be placed in Unity House. It's entirely possibly that you'll have the details before I even wake up in the morning, but if not, heads up, you might have another Della Bella on your hands very soon.
You know, that name actually works for me for some reason. I might just have to call her that as a fond nickname. Brother to sister.

I swear there was something else I was going to talk about, but I'm actually getting tired, and so I'm going to send this now and crawl back into bed with you. Rather than molest you tonight, maybe you'll molest me in the morning.

Thinking of you fills me with a wonderful feeling, I love everything about you, especially your touch,

Draco

Monday at 8:02 AM
Hey Della's big brother,

Good morning to you for the second time today! And this time I have clothes on! Although I was dressed the first time at least when it started. I got up early as usual, watched you and Viona sleep for a bit, then I got up to get ready. I knew today was going to be a long day, but I was so excited about today that I was ready earlier than usual, so I sat down at my computer and saw my email from you. I knew I had two options, either take the time to compose a response, or have Muffy scoot a sleeping Viona out of our bed, get naked, and follow your lovely recommendation about morning activities! Mmm you are delicious in the morning!

I just sent an owl to the lawyers of Della's "prospective adoptive parents" to let them know "their clients" can come and pick up their daughter at any time. As with us, it is currently a legal guardianship with an unknown wait time for a finalized adoption. The witch I spoke to at the Department of Families and Children think it might even be quicker than ours since there is a blood relation.

So I am not sure if you will receive this email first or if your parents will be contacted by the lawyers first, I suppose I will see you when I see you! I'm not too concerned about rivalry between the girls. They play together very well, Della is very sweet to Viona, she seems very aware that she has to be gentle with her since she's smaller. And now that we know she's capable of walking, she's less inclined to be held and instead wants to be running and climbing everything. My only worry would be when Della tries to touch YOU. Our Princess seems to only be willing to share you with me.

I definitely was raised by people who thought good clean dirt was a bad thing. The dirt is not what freaked me out, it was the flower and the worm. I had no idea if either was poisonous or harmful, now that I know that area of the garden is warded I will freak out much less next time! She certainly looked adorable in her pretty floral dress, sitting amongst the flowers, covered in dirt!

I promise you do not have any reason to be jealous of Ron. He may have equipment that is closer to the right set for me, but he is not for me on SO many levels! Everything we're planning with Blaise, and the smaller stuff we're planning with Theo and Derek? Yeah, it would have been a hard pass for me if you had included Ron in those plans. Stop teasing me about my lack of groping skills! Boobs are weird!

However, I could think any of them were unbelievably attractive and I promise you, you never ever ever have to worry about me playing around with anyone behind your back. First of all, you are enough for me. Secondly, why in the name of Magic would I ever have to experiment behind your back, when we discuss everything and I wouldn't actually have to hide anything since you like the idea of me being with others WAY more than I am actually interested in it?
It's so funny that you mention Mac being depressed about losing his frightened little monarch, because when he told me about her parents, and then when the paperwork actually started coming through, I asked him how he felt about her leaving Unity House. And he replied "I won't miss her." I thought it seemed very out of character and unfeeling for him. And now I can tell that he basically meant he wouldn't have to miss her since he will be able to see her often.

I haven't heard anything yet from Theo about the child. But I sent what info you gave me on to Kingsley about an hour ago. So when I hear from either Theo or Kingsley I will have more information, but for now you know everything I know. So if things come through soon, I may be home quite late tonight, or I could end up with a super long day tomorrow. I'll keep you updated.

But until then, I love you and I miss you.

The most beautiful music is the sound of your heartbeat,
Harry
Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about a rather chaotic Quidditch team.

Monday at 11:16 AM
Merlin Harry!

You have no idea how hard it was for me to go flirt/work with Blaise et all when I knew that my parents were going to receive some of the best news of their lives today. I kept my mouth shut because I want them to have the privacy to bawl about it when they receive the official owl. But I'm going to be practically sitting in the fireplace expecting a firecall from them all day!

So, I had to explain to the blokes why I was basically gone all of last week - and why I'd canceled play night. Apparently your concerningly sparse owl plus the fact that I *never* cancel play night had them all worried that I was on my death bed. Once I told them the news, they commiserated with me for about 5 minutes, and then proceeded to heckle me about wanting to get pregnant for at least an hour. Blaise offered to get me up the duff if it turned out that your sperm aren't up to snuff. I declined because that won't be necessary. As I said, we're going to have plenty of children and love in our family no matter how it happens.

Note: IF we get you tested and it actually *is* your sperm being reluctant, I reserve the right to take Blaise up on his offer after all, but that probably won't be until the distant future as I am definitely going to try everything I can to carry *your* child. I *am* a potions master after all, and I'm dead certain I can come up with the perfect potion to meet our needs, whatever they might be.

OH! Speaking of, NOOOOOO.... I'm not going to try doubling the potency of the fertility potion as I don't want to be carrying twins or an entire Quidditch team in my otherwise svelte abdomen. One will be more than plenty, thank you very much.

But back to play night. I've rescheduled it for tomorrow. To be clear, all I've rescheduled is me tying up my friends and playfully torturing them for your viewing pleasure. The possibility of watching you with Blaise is probably not going to be on the menu tomorrow night as I'm feeling ever so slightly vulnerable still, and thus extra possessive. I want to dominate and own the world for a while before letting my inner dragon relax and consider my other kinks. I'm certain you won't mind, haha.

Oh! I remembered what it was I was going to say in a previous email but was too tired to remember at the time. You mentioned that you thought I might want to wait to try again because I mildly freaked out when I realized that we were going to be adopting Viona *and* pregnant. It *wasn't* because I was unsure or having doubts, it was because I'm still half certain that you're going to realize that we've created a bloody madhouse and locked ourselves in at some point and want to escape. Rationally I know that you thrive on the madness, but I can't help but fear that you're going to run away and leave me with several Quidditch teams full of beaters, half the usual amount of chasers, keepers who are more concerned with the shapes of the clouds than guarding their goal posts, and no bloody seeker to end the game. Ever.

Oh, and speaking of an alarming amount of future kids, I really think it's time to order my house elves to start breeding. I don't mean force them to mate if they don't want to, but basically give them
permission to have some babies. It's a sort of tradition that each Malfoy be given his or her own 
house elf upon birth (well, each *pureblood* wealthy enough to own house elves, Malfoy or not). 
That's why I've had Muffy since I was born. And she's more than enough to help out even with you, 
Viona, and the baby you carry. It's just that if I do get pregnant and we decide to have more - ever - 
we're probably going to need at least one more elf to help out. But back to the baby elves. If they are 
conceived nowish, they'll be born around the time ours are. They grow to maturity in about 5-7 
years, and so when our kids are older, they can each have their own elf. Honestly, them growing up 
with their elves will create a bond that not even I have with Muffy. And I certainly plan to teach 
them to talk to their elves with far more respect than I was taught.

I know this subject might make you queasy, so I'm going to give the elves the order to procreate *if* 
they want to, and that way, you can't be too upset if they decide they want to. Otherwise they'd never 
have babies unless my parents decide they want more for some reason. I am quite certain they feel 
we have enough and will leave the breeding up to me anyway, since elves live a very long time and I 
wouldn't need more either if I only had one child. And now I think I'm rambling.

I'll see you when you come home tonight.

Your tender love... Your warm embrace... your sweet kisses... I just can't get enough!

Draco

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Monday at 3:41 PM
My Draco,

Well, I will be at dinner tonight no matter what, your mum made that quite clear, but I may have to 
come back for a bit after dinner. Theo was right, there was a little boy living alone with his dying 
mother in the Scottish lowlands. He'll be coming this evening. We thought he would be here a bit 
earlier, but when the group designated to go check on him got there both he and his mother were 
very ill. So he is at St. Mungo's right now being healed from his Pneumonia. All I know about him 
so far is he is 2, his birthday was actually last week, and his name is Alric.

From the reports I got, his mother is so happy that he will have a safe place to stay. She wasn't 
technically still imprisoned in that cottage, but she was so afraid that rogue death eaters would come 
for him that she kept them hidden there. But she has very little time left unfortunately. I believe St. 
Mungo's is just keeping her comfortable at this point.

I had a little free time earlier after your parents came for Della and before we got the news about 
Alric, and I got you a surprise! Well, I didn't get it for you but I scheduled it for you. I was getting 
lost in my own head and thinking of my tattoo I want, and now I am already trying to come up with 
another piece I can do for our children that will look complete but will be able to have children added 
as they are born or adopted. And then I remembered my bubble, so I contacted my library and she 
said that I am a no-go for tattoos right now. However, since you won't be limited until Friday at the 
earliest, I made us an appointment with Neil! If you're not ready for it, that's ok and it can just be a 
consult, but if you're ready for it you can have your dragon chasing its snitch before this week is 
over!

No, you are not having Blaise's baby! I will get you pregnant if I have to spend 24 hours a day 
buggering you for the next 10 years! Mine! Do you hear me? M.I.N.E. You think you're feeling 
vulnerable right now, I might end up assaulting Blaise while he's helpless tomorrow night if I hear 
another word about the matter.

Mine.
Darling, you are stuck with me, I am never going to leave you. I've never felt more helpless in my life than when I thought you were done with me, I knew I wouldn't be leaving you before that happened, but that clinched it for me. I wouldn't survive without you and our madhouse. Yeah some day I will want to escape, some day I will get sick of us, and maybe some day I will get sick of sunlight, or breathing. You're my world Draco Malfoy. Tell whatever part of your pretty head that's telling you I will leave that it's a bloody moron.

Ugh, the whole house elf situation. I just. Just don't tell me anything about it. I am going to pretend the whole situation doesn't exist. Permission to breed. Blech. I am going full ostrich here and burying my head in the sand. You weirdo purebloods do whatever you need to do.

Ok off to transition Della's old room into a room for Alric. I swear I will be home for someone's welcome home dinner!

All of me,
Your Harry
Monday at 4:13 PM
My wonderful Harry,

I hope everything turns out alright for Alric. The thing that makes me sick is that he is probably not the only one. The way the Death Eater organization worked is that there was the Inner Circle - of which I was a part because I was intended to replace my father once he was sent to Azkaban. The Inner Circle was Marked. They were the ones that met with the Dark Lord in person and received orders from him. But each member of the Inner Circle had their own circle of minions - for lack of a better word. People that were allowed to wear the Death Eater masks and serve the Dark Lord indirectly. Some actually were able to meet with him and be considered more important than the rest (such as my mother), but mostly they received their orders from the Marked Death Eater that was their 'superior officer' - so to speak. And then there was a massive third tier of followers who were loyal to the Dark Lord and followed orders sent down the ranks, but they were mostly the ones who caused mayhem and spread fear. They were disposable and never given the bigger or more important tasks. A lot of them were actually Imperiused or coerced in some way.

But my point is that they existed and no one - not even my father or I - and probably not even Bellatrix - knew who they all were. Thus, if they received generic orders to spread fear and cause chaos - who's to say that even 10 percent of them didn't go out and kidnap women - especially muggles - and hold them hostage for torture and rape? And if they did, how many of that percentage created children? Most importantly, how would we ever find these children in order to help them?

Actually, I think I'm going to try something, but I'm not going to tell you what because it probably won't work and I don't want to get your hopes up.

So, when's my appointment? I was actually thinking about the exact same thing - making us both appointments with Neil - but I wasn't sure if we could while pregnant. So I'm glad you asked your library. You're right, now is the perfect time since you will be there to hold my hand - and I don't mean that literally. I am more than capable of withstanding the pain, I just like the idea of being able to talk to you while it's happening so that I have something else to focus on. Hmm... I wonder if the pain will be enough to trigger a trip to subspace? If so, you should probably cast an immobilization spell on me so that I don't start giggling and roll off the chair.

Where do you think I should get the tattoo? I was thinking my back, but then I'm not sure if I'd ever see it. But I'm also not sure I'd want it on my chest. My side maybe? My second thought would be my hipbone like yours, but I actually *do* want to be able to show it off from time to time, and I'm not sure I'd be able to if I had to strip off my trousers and pants (or knickers) just to do so. Not shy about the nudity aspect, more like I'm concerned about being arrested for indecent exposure.

I've definitely decided that I want the opalescent nature of the Dragon to favor blues and golds in the 'shimmer' and green for the eyes. I think that I want the size to be smallish. Such as four inches squared with the tail adding to the length. And I'm not sure - once it's spelled to move - where it can or cannot go, but for the moment, I want it to be able to roam wherever it likes or wherever it needs
to in order to chase/catch the snitch. Thus, perhaps it won't matter where I have it placed initially.

I am definitely yours, and I don't want to be anyone else's. I want to share my joy in you with the whole world far more than I want to share me with the world. You are enough for me as well, I just... have these urges that I sometimes can't control. Such as the urge to see you with Blaise. That one is sometimes so powerful that I've considered Apparating us both to his bedroom in the middle of the night! But I haven't done that because it really does need to wait until all of us are ready and secure - as opposed to me at the moment feeling a tiny bit vulnerable - and hopefully you realize that it half kills me to admit that, even to you.

Alright, I won't tell you anything about the elves - just that a couple of them were overjoyed to be parents sooner or later. Muffy in particular seemed determined to have a baby as soon as possible. And just in case you were wondering, the baby elves are cared for by all of them so that if Muffy is called on at 3 AM to feed or change Viona, there will be others to look after her baby. Also, perhaps it is part of the nature of house elves, but the babies tend to be really easy to care for. They don't fuss about anything, they eat and sleep on a schedule determined by their mother (or parents if both elves happen to belong to the same family), and are eager to start helping out as soon as they possibly can. If there happens to be children in their family - such as there will be in our family - the baby/young elves usually are assigned to play games with them, which is one of the reasons that a child who grows up with an elf tends to have a very close/strong bond with them, they become almost friends and definitely lifelong companions. Whereas Muffy always has and always will feel like a sort of patient and subservient grandmother. If she happened to die before me, I would mourn her greatly - but elves live longer than wizards, so that is very unlikely.

Just so you know, I *finally* got word from my mother that Della was home, and so I left Blaise's and am writing this to you from the Parlor where I'm watching Viona and Della play while my parents talk about how Della is their daughter now and how she will be loved and cared for. I know that Della probably can't quite understand them, but every now and then, she stops what she is doing and looks up at them as if trying to determine if she can believe them. So far, you seem to be right about Viona and Della getting along just fine. That said, Della just toddled over to me to hand me a block (part of an extensive collection of wooden blocks that have been in the family for centuries. They can do all sorts of things on command.) and Viona made a noise that sounded as if she was trying to spit fire at Della.

And then - I'm so sorry, I'm going to have to put this in a Pensieve to show you since you weren't here - she crawled over to me as quickly and as determinedly as possible, and practically climbed up into my lap where I promptly praised her for being such a clever baby.

Good luck with Alric and see you at dinner!

When you silently - or even absently - play with my hair, I cannot remain calm. My body screams at me to kiss you, but I cannot make myself move. I melt into a puddle at your touch,
Draco

Monday at 6:38 PM
Nooooooook!

I missed it! I missed her crawling! That's it I am never leaving our home again. Well, I suppose fair is fair, I did get her first word. Which was you. And then her first crawling was .... to you. All I've managed was for her to make Mmmmm noises at me. Maybe she likes that I cook and she's saying "mmm" for yum?
Alric got here a little while ago. He's fully recovered from the pneumonia, I love magic. But he's very slim and very shy. It wouldn't surprise me if they didn't have enough food and I doubt he'd really ever seen anyone besides his mum. Unfortunately that's the truly terrible news. She didn't make it. It's like she held on long enough to make sure Alric was safe and then was able to let go. She gave us a little box of some baby items, some photos, and some letters, so we will be keeping that safe for him.

I feel like we have such a large proportion of 1.5 to 2.5 year olds. It's like those death eaters were working on repopulating the Earth once Voldemort was truly back. Not that I care about purebloodedness, we've had this conversation many times, but I just keep coming back to the hypocrisy of it all. They were following a crazed man with a muggle father, and then went on to father children with muggle women? A little too much crazy and not quite enough logic. Hopefully any children that were created with muggles will grow up in a normal muggle family or healthily in the foster system and we will end up finding them and just assuming they are muggleborn.

Obviously I hope whatever scheme you're concocting works, but if not we will hopefully find all of these children even if they only every enter our world when they receive their Hogwarts letters.

Your appointment with Neil is this Thursday at 7:00. So we have time to have dinner together, and I asked Hermione if she would watch Viona (and seriously! I feel like you're ignoring me, when are we asking her and Greg and when are we having her naming ceremony/blessing?) so we will drop her off at Ron and 'Mione's and head over to Neil's parlor. I think if you get your dragon to fly over a large portion of your body it shouldn't matter where it's placed. My dragon and my phoenix have relatively small flight patterns so they had to be placed in a specific area. It just has to start out completely within a spot that you want its flight to be.

I love the idea of our children having house elf children as friends! What I don't understand is how a child can grow up with a house elf as a playmate and then go on to mistreat house elves! I know OUR children won't, but it's not like it's an uncommon occurrence.

Dinner with our growing family was lovely. I think your parents were pleasantly surprised at Della's table manners. We have been working very hard on good table manners with all of the children at Unity House. It helps that Della already thinks she's royalty! And the two little ladies sitting in their high chairs was an adorable sight. But yes, I do think we need to watch the Princess, she's going to be a sneaky one and I could see her giving Della looks all throughout dinner!

I'll be heading home as soon as Alric is asleep for the night. I want to snuggle up with you, and maybe play with your gorgeous hair!

All of my love,

Harry
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco discuss Alric and Death Eater hypocrisy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday at 11:22 PM
I'm glad to hear about Alric, but sad about his mother. At least she was able to go with peace of mind. She must have been terrified for so long wondering what was going to happen to him when she was gone. Her house elf would have likely been a devoted pseudo mother when the time came.

Oh! Speaking of, more house elf magic and whatnot you can't stand. So, erm, that house elf wasn't actually Alric's mother's (a muggle, right?) elf, but his father's. Considering that he died in the Final Battle - I think, I didn't actually check - the elf actually belongs to little Alric Avery. He or she may not have made his/her presence known to you, but I'd bet my last Galleon that she's lurking invisibly near Alric and making sure the little man has everything he could ever want or need. So, if food and the like mysteriously disappears, you'll have a likely suspect.

I hear you about the hypocrisy, but keep in mind that there are actually very few purebloods left. Thus, the majority of the Death Eaters - especially the ones *not* in the Inner Circle - were actually half bloods or less. That means that they wouldn't have had as much aversion to breeding with muggles. Plus, honestly, it wasn't about blood, it was about fear and the ever present question: If they can do those terrible things to muggles and muggleborns, how long before they do those terrible things to half bloods? Would they ever dare do them to purebloods??? I'd better not risk it...

Also, the majority of those I imagine might have been desperate to breed were in Azkaban until the mass break out in '97, so...

Ugh...

So, I'm sorry, I'm not trying to ignore you about Greg and Hermione, I've just been distracted with other things. We basically have plans all this week - play night, movie night, and tattoo night - so, it'll either have to be this weekend, or next week at some point. If it's this weekend, we'll just postpone Paris again - no big deal - but if you prefer next week, set it all up and let me know when. I'll be there!

I'm excited about my soon to be tattoo! I might just have to have you map out my entire body with your tongue tomorrow after play night is over so that I can decide on the best place for it. But the thought of that has reminded me that you are definitely asleep and oh so delectable. I'm about to molest you and hopefully wear myself out in the process!

And MERLIN! I thought the thing with my hair was going to send me straight to nirvana earlier and make me fall asleep, but nope, shagging woke me up and energized me as usual. That said, I felt a lot like a kitten in a field of catnip. Mmm...

Carnal apple, burning moon, filling my lover to his core; what secret knowledge is clasped between
your pillars? Between your dark and light, what can I find if I touch you with all my senses?
Draco

Tuesday at 4:54 PM
My love,

I am also so sad for Alric's mother. I can't imagine if something were happening to us and we didn't
know what would happen to our Viona. We have been so lucky with having each other and having a
big crazy extended family, that it won't ever be an issue for us. I can't even wrap my mind around
how scary that had to have been. I'm sad she's passing after having such a rough time in the end of
her life, but I'm sure it was quite a relief for her to know Alric was going to be loved and cared for.

And is he ever a sweetheart! Mac has found another little soul to protect. He's been Mac's little
shadow all morning, and Mac is always my little shadow, so I have been followed around all day
like a Mama duck with her ducklings! And he's quite bright. Once he warmed up a bit he was
pointing out colors and letters and things he recognized. I have a feeling his mum tried very hard to
make up for no outside interaction by talking to and teaching him constantly.

Yes, I would assume the mass breakout from Azkaban is our reason for the influx of 1 and 2 year
olds. They will have an awfully full class list when that lot is ready for Hogwarts! I bet it even
outnumbers this upcoming year of first years that will practically be three ages because of the
muggleborn not getting their letters.

And speaking of this generation and Hogwarts .... you know our Viona Skye will be a Slytherin
right? I mean I assumed you would want her to be a Slytherin, but even without that there is just no
way she'd be anywhere else. Not even a year old and her personality is so strong, she is sneaky and
brilliant and stubborn. How did we get so lucky with her?

No, I do not want to put off Paris again! I know, I'll invite 'Mione and you invite Greg to go out to
dinner at that cafe we still haven't managed to get to on Diagon for Monday night. This will give us
this weekend to talk about the ceremony and what we want. And that way we can get them a little
special something as a "please be our baby's godparent" gift while we're shopping! I'll bet you 5
galleons that Greg cries! I will however place no galleons on my not crying.

You're going to let me lick you top to bottom after playtime tonight? Thank you! You are right, these
last few weeks have been distracting and crazy, and while we have shagged, it's been a while since
I've had time to properly worship you. I hope that tonight is everything you need it to be.

I'll be headed home in a few minutes, I just want to do my usual rounds to check in with the kids.
We'll have dinner and then you can play with your toys! I'm so excited for you!

Your main toy,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so as warned in the actual emails, the next chapter is play time, but nothing truly
sexual happens, thus you shouldn't be squicked by the playing. That said, if you dislike
bondage and domination, you might want to skip the next chapter :-)

Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

Play night! ^_^

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I got lost in random things today and forgot to post!!! _(._.)_ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday at 11:58 PM
My incredible husband,
Two words: Play Night...

Salazar's twisted scrotum, Harry! I love you so much that I think my heart literally burst through my chest at some point and became fireworks in the night sky. I will not be surprised if the Founders prod me awake with their pointy-toed boots and tell me that I have in fact died and joined the afterlife.

I'm not sure I'm coherent enough to type, but here goes!

Things started out slowly enough. Everyone knew that all I had planned was some light bondage and torture play. Which is exactly what happened, but my point is that no one was expecting me to strip them bare and shag them dirty rotten (aside from possibly you), so we were all relaxed. Theo and Derek - after admiring all the toys in our play room, stripped off everything but their rather plain black cotton Y fronts. *Blaise* on the other hand, can't resist trying to get into everyone in creation's pants, and so he was *armed* with a scanty little red and black lingerie outfit that I'm not entirely sure what to call. It wasn't quite a teddy, but that's probably the closest I could come to describing the sexy as fuck scraps of leather and lace - complete with garter belt and stockings.

I had him brace his hands against the wall and point his glorious arse at you while staring at the wall or his own feet so that I could tie up Theo and Derek without Blaise working his magic on you behind my back. He still wiggled his arse enticingly, which seemed to mesmerize you at least a little. I rather enjoyed the show too, even though I was focused on what I was doing.

Once they were all three tied up - a Takate Kote for Derek, a Karada Harness for Theo - with his hands secured to the harness at his sides - and an Ebi tie for Blaise - which is basically a combination of the Takate Kote and an Ankle tie to force him to bend into an awkward and uncomfortable position. Anyway, once I had them tied up, I was carefully considering which implements to use, when you surprised me by getting up off the chair you were watching from and kneeling in front of me, your hands on my hips and your head resting for a moment on my waist.

"Tie me up in that Dragonfly Harness you love so much?" You asked with definite pleading in your eyes.
How could I possibly say no to that??? So I quickly conjured up more rope and tied you as requested.

When ready, I gathered up a selection of whips, feathers, and my new Violet Wand - the static electricity device I told you about; did I mention I'd bought one? I ordered it through the internet and I'm not sure when it arrived, so it's possible I put it in our play room for later use and forgot to mention it. Then I walked back and forth, mostly whipping all four of you, but also using a fluffy leucistic peacock feather at random to make you all gasp at the unexpected sensation. I also cast spells, mild tickling spells and the like - plus an erotic sensation spell on Blaise to *really* torture him since he was wearing his cock cage and *could not* get hard without hurting himself.

Looking to you for permission, I also caressed and licked them as the urge struck. All in all, I wound all four of you up fairly tightly, and then I sent you all flying. You call it subspace and I've called it that too so that you'd know what I was talking about, but I think of it more like getting high off muggle drugs. The world starts to spin and you feel like you're leaving your body to go flying around. Sometimes I even have visions - that I can never truly remember, so I'm not sure if they're *visions* visions, or just seeing things like in a dream.

At that point, the fun was over because none of you were going to be coherent for quite some time. So I vanished all the ropes and lay you all out on plush and velvety cushions. I cast mild aguamenti on all of you to make sure you were hydrated, and made sure I had a selection of everyone's favorite chocolate to nibble on as you slowly returned. Otherwise, I sat back and watched my toys lay there staring off into space. Blaise actually started babbling at one point, so it was a bit hilarious to listen to him. But it wasn't anything important, just something about cross dressing frogs - as far as I could make out.

Let me stop here and remind you that I asked Hermione about this and she assured me that so long as we don't do it all the time, and so long as I don't put too much pressure on or hit your abdomen directly (which I never would), the fact that there are no *actual* drugs involved means that this is perfectly safe for the baby. It probably wouldn't be *comfortable* for you later on, but for now, so long as you didn't feel anything alarming (which you didn't report) during the play, then the baby is just fine.

Anyway, as my friends returned from their trips to subspace, I gave them their chocolate, more water, and a little food if they were actually hungry. Then I saw to it that they made it home safely. As for you, I watched you 'wake up' just enough to actually fall asleep, which I sort of expected. So, I carried you to bed. Viona had woken up due to a dirty nappy, and when she saw me put you to bed, insisted that I feed her a bottle and rock her back to sleep. Thus, I am currently wide awake and watching you. I am so glad you're not one of those that startles awake whenever you're watched, because then you'd probably never sleep again!

Anyway, I am not going to molest you tonight. I'm actually going to go relax in the onsen for a bit before coming to bed. I love you so much and can't wait to hear your verdict. If you think I went too far with my friends, I will naturally keep it to lesser playing, but even though I *call* it sexual torture, it's not *really* sexual as the 'climax' is not an orgasm but rather a trip to subspace - which is completely different. I sort of hope that you can see how different it is and not mind if I want to torture my friends on occasion. For me, the thrill was being in complete control. Seriously, after you were all tied up, I could have done *anything* and none of you could have stopped me, buwahahahahahaha!

But, erm, anyway, up to the onsen I go.

In your arms, time stops for a brief moment, all worries and thoughts fall away, and only the two of
Good morning Sir,

Mmmm, I feel so loose and calm and lovely this morning. A slight ache on my skin, a soreness in my shoulders from my harness, and the rest of me feeling like a puddle of goo. My favorite combination of feelings. I did not want to get out of our bed this morning, and for more than my usual reluctance to leave my beautiful sleepy flushed family.

Did you tell Blaise about our knicker fetish or did we just luck out? He's obviously not as attractive as you are, but he is still awfully pretty to look at. Quite the lovely arse for sure.

I'm sorry if you didn't want to include me in the tying up. I hope I didn't step on your toes. It's just, being bound is my favorite thing and everyone else was being tied up and I wanted to be tied up too. I hope it didn't ruin the evening for you, I mean it sounds like you were happy, but would you have been happier if I had stayed out of the way?

So here are my individual thoughts on last night for me. You have such sweet friends to be willing to be our play things. And oh my Merlin Fucking Shite, you are the sexiest thing to have ever existed. Knowing you were powerful and dominant enough to control 4 strong wizards and send us all into space? And you're MY dominant? I am the luckiest man in the world. I am the luckiest sub in the world.

Being a part of your little harem was surprisingly hot.

So, my thoughts about last night from a "what am I comfortable with and did you go too far" standpoint. I knew that as much as you wanted this, one single word from me and it would have all been over. So no matter what, you did not go too far. Everything that WE ALL did last night, was within my comfort level and I enjoyed. However, if you were to play with your friends during the day when you're pretending to work on your inventions, the licking and the caressing are that step that pushes it from you having fun tying up your friends, into the realm of almost cheating for me. So what I'm trying to say is that last night, everything was lovely. And not that I think we should make this a regular thing or do it again any time soon, I would not be against having another evening of similar play time. But, without me there, what happened last night would have been too far. I'd like you to keep your other activities to Ties and Torture with no Touch. Ok?

And um, er, I ... uh. So, that cage that Blaise was wearing, is that something that's just made for Blaise sized cocks? Or, is that a thing, that um, anyone could have?

Ok, I have to stop writing about last night. I am sitting in my office and I need to calm myself!

It was necessary, but I am really sad we missed Hook last week. The kids said it was amazing, so maybe we can watch it ourselves sometime soon because I was very much looking forward to it. Although the kids did have some new inventive insults for each other this week, so I am wondering if it was a little naughty!

And with the week we've had, I didn't have time to search for a copy of The Flight of Dragons. I guess it's quite the obscure title, where did you even hear about it? So I will get that in time for next week, but tonight we have James and the Giant Peach scheduled. I've not seen the movie, but I have read the book it was based off of. Roald Dahl is one of my favorite children's authors. I actually gave
Eric, Martin, and Elena each a copy of the book last week, so hopefully they will enjoy seeing the differences between the book and the film versions. Although, I think everyone can agree that the book is always better!

I'll see you and Viona at 6:00 right? And please let your parents know that just because Della doesn't live here anymore doesn't mean she's not welcome and wanted for movie night. They can drop her off and have an evening to themselves, or they are welcome of course to join us. I unfortunately don't have any new treats for Viona to try this week, I went to get bananas again, but when I went to peel one the smell of it hit me and I lost my entire breakfast. So I think I will just share my bowl of honeydew with her.

I will see you soon, I can't wait to hold my family tonight!

All of me belongs to You,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

For those that don't like the idea of play time, it happens infrequently and the two always give the reader plenty of warning in their emails. Also, I plan to warn the readers beforehand so that anyone who prefers not to read it can skip those chapters.

Other than that, it gets pretty hot. I actually need to up the rating, but I keep forgetting, lol.

Oh and if you want links to the ties, I'll totally post some, I just don't want to take the extra time right now, sorry!
Wednesday at 3:26 PM
My darling moron,
Are you joking?? My absolute *favorite* part of the night was that you were there with me! That you not only wanted to watch me play with my friends but wanted me to play with you too! Has there ever been a better husband in all of history?

Got it. I can tie them up and torture them whenever I want, just keep my hands off and no tongues involved. I assume you mean aside from the actual tying them up part, since I very much do need to use my hands for that. This'll be something that we'll put in the back of our minds and leave there until we're both too pregnant and cranky to shag, then I'll invite my friends over to vent my ire on and torture them instead. At that point, you probably really will have to watch rather than participate, or maybe I can make you part of the torture, heh heh heh...

As for Blaise, he's loved to wear sexy clothes of all sorts - male female what have you - for as long as I can remember. You should have seen under his Hogwarts robes! Thus, the only thing I think he knows about us in that aspect is that you wore an utterly delightful pair of knickers under your distressed jeans the other day.

The cock cage is an actual thing, and actually, I had to special order one big enough for him - back when we were playing more regularly. Thus, they are usually more reasonable sized. We can look into buying one for you if you like, although, I must say that I feel minorly distressed at the thought of you caged like that. Not entirely sure why, just... hmm...

I just talked to my mother and she does plan to bring Della for movie night as she feels it's important to let Della keep the friends she made at Unity House - at least until she's used to living here and no longer so afraid of things changing again. By then, we all hope that her friends at Unity House will have found homes of their own. My father is going to take the time to relax since he had quite forgotten how stressful it was to be a new parent.

So anyway, see you in a bit.

We could be stars, falling from the sky, shining how we want, brighter than the sun,
Draco

P.S. I'll have you know that we *do* work! We've nearly finished something like a muggle mobile perfect for high magic areas.

Thursday at 8:14 AM
Bloody Hell,

Am I ... James?

Draco, I am James of James and the Giant Peach!

James Henry Trotter, Harry James Potter (well used to be). I lived with horrible abusive relatives who treated me like a slave and then I was able to escape to a magical world. And I ended up having a huge amount of people who love me. I mean, the only real difference is my parents were killed by Voldemort, not an escaped rhinoceros. How did I not see this before? I mean, I suppose I haven't actually read the book since I found out about the wizarding world. And it's not like I knew my name
at that point either. I had found out my name was Harry by that point I'm sure, but I didn't know my middle name. I just. Holy shite, I am James.

Ok, deep breaths, no time for an existential crisis Harry!.

It was a really good movie though right? The kids all seemed to like it. Although I have already found Hannah and Lauren in the garden looking for bugs. I think I will have to check pockets before they come inside. That's all we need, them trying to magic all of the insects into friends. I should probably warn Greg that no matter what they tell him, he should not craft them a giant peach capable of flight.

I assume you must have asked Greg last night about our upcoming dinner, and I invited Hermione as well, so everything is set. I also sent off an owl to reserve one of the smaller rooms at Cafe Exquis so we should be all set.

Have I mentioned how much I adore movie nights? The kids have a blast, the adults enjoy it as well, there's just this sense of community that is perfect for me. And I love that I have an excuse to see Teddy at least once a week. I can't believe how quickly he's growing. And I love how he's really taken to Viona. Did you see him attempt to replicate her big brown eyes? He's been able to morph his hair since day one, but eye color is a new talent. I can't wait to see how he continues to grow his gift!

I wasn't joking about wondering if you didn't want me included, we hadn't talked about me joining and I was supposed to be watching, and then I just pushed myself in, so I was worried it wasn't ok. But I suppose I was worried for no reason.

Yes, the tying and torturing was fine, and of course you'll need to touch them to do they tying, I meant touch in a caressing way.

What do you mean I won't be able to participate and only watch? I am less concerned about a future playtime, and more concerned about what we can still do later in the pregnancy. I thought I could keep getting spankings as long as we were careful with the abdomen?? Do I have to give up my spankings? But I need my spankings! Damnit Harry you are not going to cry over spankings!

Yes I am.

I don't need a cage. You know me, I see something shiny and deviant and my first thought is that I want it! It's not something that's a fantasy of mine or that I crave. So if it's not your thing then it doesn't need to be my thing. Don't give it another thought!

Are you excited for tonight? I can't wait to see a dragon flying around on my dragon's perfect skin. And I know I can't actually get a tattoo, but I think I will chat with Neil while he's working on you and bounce some ideas off of him. I do still eventually want to get my sirius/moon/lily piece, but I think I want my next tattoo to be the piece that I can build off of each time we add to our family. I've been thinking of maybe a tree with intertwining branches. Having our initials "carved" into the tree trunk and then each child gets their own branch, their name, their birth date, and then flowers blooming from the tree in the color of their birthstone?

I will of course see you tonight in time for your appointment, but I promised the kids I would help set up a giant obstacle course for them to run through, but first I need to find something to eat that will actually stay down.

If I've done only one thing right in my life, it was giving my heart to you, Harry
Chapter 71

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry discuss how likely it is that Harry's life is like a fictional story.

Note: We poke fun at this, lol.

Chapter Notes

Dear readers, I feel so sorry that we're at 70 chapters and still going strong. I know that as a reader, I sometimes will shy away from fics that look too big, and 70 *is* rather intimidating - especially considering that we have - oh... around another 50 chapters or so written and we're not stopping anytime soon.

So I have to wonder, once I hit chapter 100, should I start a next part, or should I just keep posting chapters to this fic until we eventually run out?

Thursday at 04: 38 PM
My silly husband,

I know I said no pressure, and obviously right now when you're apparently having morning sickness is a bad time, but please keep in mind that I really do want to meet your muggle relatives and show them how much better off you are now that you have a *real* family. I was also serious about taking an unbreakable vow if that's what it takes. Just want you to keep that in mind.

Interesting how your life seems to parallel so closely to a fictional character. I have no idea how that could happen - unless the book was secretly written by Lockhart and - no, I don't think even he could have made such an interesting story. Along the same lines, I've actually read a series of books called the Worst Witch written by a supposed muggle that either was a witch who attended Hogwarts or was a muggle cousin to a witch or wizard because the book reads very similar to our actual time in Hogwarts - minus an official sorting ceremony. The author wrote the first book in the series in the 70s, so the series has been around for a while now. It was a series my mother loved and used to read to me all the time - even though the Heroine is not a pureblood and... hmm... actually reminds me a bit of you now that I think about it. She has two best friends - one of which is a goof and the other rather brilliant - and they get up to all sorts of shenanigans in school. Huh! Now I wonder if the Author is actually a witch with a time turner - or perhaps Dumbledore using a time turner to go back and write your story, but minus the Dark Lord. Weird...

I doubt Greg could make anything fly, but maybe letting him make a sort of peach shaped play house would be interesting. Yes, I talked to him about dinner, and also, since I don't think I mentioned this earlier, but I've already opened up a shop for his work. As it turns out, he actually had quite a few toys and things ready to go and is working on the first official dollhouse I wanted him to make. I've hired a bloke named Stan Shunpike to run the shop since I happen to know he was Imperiused to work for the Dark Lord for a while.
Since you didn't mention it, I'm going to assume that you haven't read the Prophet today. The front page was me... I, er...

So that plan I said probably wouldn't work? Well this is it. I wrote a plea to be published in the Prophet asking for anyone who was abused by or at the behest of the Dark Lord to please consider coming forward. I promised to personally help pay for any necessary treatment - including Mind Healers. I made a point to mention that Unity House was created to care for children orphaned by the war, and that includes children who were *created* by the war through unpleasant means that their mothers just cannot live with. I ended with a request that if *anyone* in the Wizarding world has a child that they just cannot care for properly, to please consider bringing them to Unity House for either A: temporary care while the mother/parents obtain the help they need, or B: longterm care/adoption because the parent simply *cannot* care for them for any reason.

So... if you suddenly have an influx of children, that would be why. NOT that I truly think it'll work. But if it helps even one child or family, then it was worth it, right?

To wrap up my various business updates, Macmillan and I have come up with a lesson plan that we can both agree on and have an Appointment to visit McGonagall on Monday. Lastly, my partners and I have an appointment to meet with George to discuss our replica mobiles. We actually did have to go with a carved crystal heavily laden with spells similar to our Insta-owls because we just do not have and do not *want* to have to create and maintain the large infrastructure needed to have actual muggle style mobiles in the wizarding world. That said, our magic hybrid prototypes did work, and so we might see if Derek can bring them to the *actual* muggle tech company he invests in and see if *they* can make it compatible with the existing muggle mobile telephone services. I think at this point, it's just a programming problem that none of us have the knowledge to fix.

What I meant about you not participating next time is that if you are heavily pregnant, you probably won't want to be tied up uncomfortably. Simple spankings should continue to be just fine, provided that we have a cushion or something to cradle your stomach in comfort. Also, I had a lovely waking fantasy about how I'd have you on your knees with your leash attached to your collar and in my hand. I could order you to lick my friends like a puppy excited to see someone he likes. And then...

Mind out of the gutter Draco! I unfortunately have to focus on getting ready for my tattoo appointment and have no time for wanking or even edging. See you when you get here!

Your kiss ever fills me with bliss, making me shake and beg, it's an event I dare not miss, Draco

Thursday at 4:52 PM
My Draco,

I don't want you to meet my muggle relatives. Because you love me so much that I think you would be willing to break an unbreakable vow to deal with them. And I can't live without you. So I think we should just avoid them.

I really thought I had dealt with all of my feelings about their abuse and then we watched James and the Giant Peach and I felt so badly for that poor little boy who just wanted someone to care about him a tiny bit and he was so lonely and he was so scared and he felt so trapped. And he's ME. Why did they do that to me? Why was I so unloveable? Draco I didn't know I had a name until I went to school. I mean, even children's stuffed animals get names. What could I have done that was so bad that warranted that?
I looked up those Worst Witch books, they sound great, I think I will get a set for Unity House. A trio of well meaning trouble makers, an understanding Headmistress and one professor that is particularly strict and hard on our beloved heroine, and then the snobby high-born rival? Wouldn't everyone be surprised to find out our Worst Witch and her rival are in love? Oh wait, that's the real life again!

You hired Stan Shunpike? I adore that crazy nutter! He took me for my first trip on the Knight Bus! And he's so chatty, he'll make a great salesman. I'm so proud of you.

And wow, speaking of proud of you, no I never read the prophet unless someone tells me I need to read a specific article. Gods I love you Draco Malfoy. Putting your name and your galleons behind something so important? I knew you had the potential to be great, and you prove to me every day that you are kind and loving and brilliant and funny, but this is over the top. You have surpassed every wish I had for you. I should probably look over next week's schedule and make sure I have a few extra on call shifts at Unity House. If this works I may have to hire a few more people.

And then you've almost completely solved your muggle tech problem, you're just waiting on getting them compatible with the tech when it's in the hands of actual muggles. AND you and Ernie have come up with lesson plans to present to McGonagall. How are us mere mortals supposed to keep up with you? I just, I am so proud of you, and I am so proud of me for being clever enough to snare the most amazing husband on the face of the Earth. Oh no, now I'm sobbing again. And I can't even sneak out without saying goodbye to Cassie. Ugh, well I am going to do my goodbyes to the kids, get yelled at for crying by Cassie, then I will head gay to you (because I can't even travel straight!!!)

Since you don't have time for wanking before your appointment, I will remind you of my promise from so very long to ... distract you from your tattoo placement.

I see the rest of my life in your eyes,
Harry

P.S. You know I will be your good little mutt any time you'd like.
Harry Malfy!!!

Thursday at 11:43 PM

You are *damn* lucky that Neil is an accommodating bloke who had to suffer through Blaise as a client twice! When you mentioned that you planned to blow me while he worked, Neil simply shrugged and spelled his table/chair thingy to support me so that he could work on my back while you sucked on my shaft, and... I have no idea if it hurt or not. He could have tattooed: Draco is a Moron! Across my back for all I know because I have no memory of anything other than you getting me OH SO BUGGERING close, and then casting an orgasm denial spell on me until it was all done.

I feel like I should punish you for being naughty, but reward you for being so bloody naughty that I nearly passed out! Especially when Neil indicated to you somehow that he was finished and you took the spell off me and I orgasmed so hard that I'm dead certain I died for a few seconds, was passed out for much longer, and then woke up to you grinning at me like a cat who had just gotten into the cream.

As usual, you are passed out in bed after a hot and heavy shag, but I'm awake and restless. I've spent a while watching in a mirror my Antipodean Opaleye chase the Snitch around my back, and then I spent some time watching my favorite thing in all of space and time sleep, and now that I've written this email, guess who's about to be thoroughly molested...

Our two hearts are so close together that not even the scorching summer air can get between them, Draco

Friday at 9:54 AM

Good morning beautiful,

I woke up early this morning so that I could stare at you. I pulled the sheet down so I could watch your dragon fly around on my dragon. You are so different in your sleep. Your edges are all softened. I love that I am the only one who gets to see you so unguarded like this. I love seeing your inner Hufflepuff, and then I love watching your sharp Slytherin edges cover it up.

I'm so glad you didn't feel your tattoo last night! That was the goal. However, there was a bit of a side effect. I think we both know that our play with other people has been .... yours. My kink wants to please you, but without you wanting others in the mix I would never have come up with it. That being said, I am pretty sure exhibitionism might be a thing for me. Serving you in front of someone? Where I could kneel for you. And they could see me but also ignore me serving you? Ungggh. So hot.

Well, it's Friday. So I hope you got enough topping out of your system, because you're going to do so much bottoming this weekend! Your poor little arse is going to be so sore, but don't worry, I will kiss it better as often as you need. I just came in for a little bit today, so I will actually be home by lunchtime. You just tell me when you're potioned up and ready to escape to our rooms. Eeek, this is so nerve wracking when it's not happening because I'm too dim to realize I'm not taking a headache potion!

What time are we leaving for Paris tomorrow? I'm so excited! I need need need a picture of the three of us at the top of the Eiffel tower ok? I know, cheesy and touristy, but I am a cheesy tourist! Are we
staying overnight or are we coming home before bed tomorrow? As long as we're all still having fun and you don't mind, I think I would like to stay overnight. Apparently the Department of Families and Children have received a lot of questioning owls about whether or not there was truth to your article. It sounds like we may have a huge influx of children, both temporary and "permanent” next week. So I think it would be lovely to have a slightly longer little Holiday before the craziness that next week promises to be.

I will not be cancelling Monday night's dinner, but count me out of any other plans you may make for next week! I think I will have just enough energy when I get home each day for two or three shags and then straight to sleep!

Falling in love with you was pulling off a blindfold; "oh there you are, I've been waiting for you" only to find you'd been there all along.

Your Harry
Chapter 73

Chapter Summary

It's time to try and get Draco pregnant :-D

Friday at 10:53 PM
Oh my darling Harry,

Last night after I'd molested you to an orgasm for me, and you were *so* close but I denied you by casting an impotence spell on you, and then caging you with the cage I'd ordered after you mentioned it. I had to pay to have it basically driven here from London - which isn't too big a trip - so that it arrived while you were at Unity House yesterday. I *did* feel a pang of dismay that you were caged, but it was far outweighed by the thrill I felt seeing you locked up and knowing that you would not be able to play with yourself or even get hard without my permission. All that sperm was going to be saved for me after I took my potion. Funnily enough, I had denied your orgasm all night and despite you being obviously frustrated and ready to have a nice orgasm, you didn't protest or argue. I know you know that I was trying to build it up for tonight.

The cage is perfectly safe to wear for long periods of time as it basically cups itself around your shaft and balls and does not put any pressure on anything - unless you sit down wrong. Even so, I have *no idea* how you were able to get anything at all done at work today! If it were me, I'd have been too focused on my poor helpless shaft to pay any attention to anything else.

But then you came home and we had a lovely family dinner. We told my parents that we were going to try to get me pregnant and they volunteered to watch Viona for us before we even had a chance to ask. Then we went to our room and I took the cage off you.

Interestingly enough, when you were free and had the certain knowledge that you'd be topping me, you turned a bit dominant. You cast a spell on me that allowed you to throw me over your shoulder, then you carried me (already naked) to bed and threw me on it. I assume that you were so extremely horny and ready to go because of the denial and the cage, and if I'm honest, I was a little bit afraid that you were going to forego all preparations and skip straight to the end. But I had nothing to fear. You calmed yourself down and took the time to work me open and get me more than ready for you.

But then you surprised me...

With a soft and tender kiss, you slipped your wedding ring on my finger. "You told me that one of the reasons you chose this ring in particular out of your family vault full of jewelry is that it has powerful fertility spells on it. Perhaps you'll get pregnant easier if you wear it."

I looked at the ring on my finger and was tempted to smack myself for not thinking of that. Happy that you did - you really are brilliant, you know - I kissed you, and then slipped *my* wedding ring on your finger for the time being. I can't have you without any ring at all, after all.

Then you made love to me and Harry! I think I *felt* myself get pregnant. I know that's crazy - that it can't be felt, but seriously, it felt like something powerful entered me, making me gasp and have to focus on my breathing because I almost couldn't for a few moments.
So either we just inadvertently summoned a demon into my body, or there's a good chance I'm pregnant. Or both, I suppose...

I'm definitely waiting two whole weeks before I cast the test spell. I might even wait three! And then I might just go directly to the Healer so that she can tell me if there's a baby forming in there or not. I just really really don't want to think about it at all between now and then. If it happened and I'm now pregnant, I will be the one celebrating the hardest, but if it didn't work, I don't want to be so disappointed as I was before, so the official word is that I'm *not* pregnant until I definitely am.

Love you with everything I am,
Draco

Saturday at 8:02 AM
Good morning my love,

Ok, just going to throw this out there, I did not have to cast a spell on you to throw you over my shoulder! I might be short, but I work out! I am a big strong man and that was completely my own power! Have to cast a spell to carry my own damn husband to our bed, I'll show YOU a spell!

I am very happy to finally be out of the cage. I mean, seriously seriously happy. It looked shiny and kinky and fun when it was on Blaise, but it was significantly less fun on me. Of course, I belong to you and you can choose to put that on me whenever you would like, but it is definitely not quite as fun as I had hoped.

However, it was probably a really good thing I had it on yesterday. I was so focused on my frustration from being denied the night before and frustration at not even being able to go lock myself in the loo to release the pressure, that I didn't have time to dwell on how nervous I was for us for last night. It really got me out of my own head. Although I had plenty of time to think of all the things I wanted to do to you!

I hope you're right and you really did feel yourself get pregnant. Don't worry, even if it's a demon it will be our demon and we will love it!! Just kidding of course, but this is the last time I am going to mention another single thing about whether or not you are pregnant. I will be putting zero pressure on you, you just tell me when you either cast the spell or go to the healers and find out you are, or tell me when it's time to try again!

You and Viona are, as usual, all snuggled up in our bed. I just can't help but stare at my amazing family. You two are worth every ounce of pain I had to endure to get here. I would fight a million Voldemorts if the end result would be listening to your soft breathing every morning.

I have to wake the two of you up in about two hours, because we are going to Paris today! Paris! The City of Love! So we need to shop, we need to try delicious food, we need to see the Eiffel Tower, and do you think we could go to The Louvre? If not, I am sure we can come again sometime. It contains my favorite sculpture, Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss. And I'm sure I never told you that, which is why when you signed off one of your emails with the Cupid quote from A Midsummer Night's dream I started crying. We are just fated!

No matter what we do, I will of course be happy walking hand in hand with you, seeing Viona's head peep out of whichever carrier you decide to use today, and discover a new place with the loves of my life. And I get to pick out a gazillion new outfits to spoil my best girl! You may have created a shopping monster. Oh! And while we are picking out a present for 'Mione and Greg, can we get Della a little "welcome to the family" present as well?
Ok, I changed my mind, I am not going to wait two hours to wake you. I'm having Muffy take the sleeping Princess out of here and I am going to have my wicked way with you. I know by the time you read this it will have already happened, but I plan to kiss your poor sore arse and then once you are feeling all better I am going to make it all sore again!

Incoming!
Harry
Chapter 74

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco go to Paris and shop for *way* more clothes than Viona actually needs.

Saturday at 11:24 PM
My love,

Our day was so perfect. I had just enough time to glance at your email this morning before we left for Paris, after that delicious wake up, and so I knew you wanted to visit the Louvre. The only thing I had planned for the trip was eating and shopping, so it was no problem to go to the Louvre first thing. I had Viona in my favorite carrier - a simple piece of cloth in soft gold that I can wrap her to me in any way I like. I happen to like having her on my chest or on my back like a back pack, but today, she was most definitely on my chest as *she* wanted to be able to look around in fascination. It seems as if she feels like she's the one walking around when she's in the carrier on my chest, haha.

Art actually is one of my favorite things. I'm rather artistic, but I don't seem to have time for that anymore, and besides, my favorite form of art is music, and I do that plenty. You got plenty of pictures of the three of us in front of Psyche Revived - and other beautiful works of art. When we got hungry, we went to this little hole in the wall bistro for lunch that has a reputation for fabulous food. I had tea, crepes with fresh fruit, and a couple of croissants. Probably rather plain in the grand scheme of things, but oh so delicious. Besides, you *love* pancakes, and so I figured that crepes with melon would be perfect for you.

After le déjeuner, we went to an upscale clothing boutique that specializes in baby clothes. I *know* you were looking forward to buying baby clothes, and so... we basically bought out the store. You decided that we're going to have enough kids before long to justify having everything, and it's true. Even if we only have a couple of our own, we'll always have *all* of the kids at Unity House, and they deserve good clothes too. For perhaps the first time, you dug in and put your foot down, insisting that since I'm planning to pay for anyone who comes forward in response to my article in the Prophet, *you* were going to pay for all the baby clothes that would probably be used at Unity House anyway. I know you can't write off the entire expense - since your clothing budget is supposed to be for normal clothes rather than high end, but when you give me that: "I'm going to be stubborn until the end of time" look of yours, I know better than to seriously argue. Snarky pretend arguing, sure, but not real arguing.

I brought us to Le Cinq - the prestigious restaurant in the Four Seasons George V Hotel - for dinner. I naturally loved the l'escargot and pate, but you much preferred the duc a l'orange. I also had some steak tartar, and then we had a decadent cherry cheesecake for dessert. We both ordered a single small glass of wine - a nice 1979 Chateau le Blanc - that we sipped on slowly with plenty of water. We also had milk - which I usually dislike, but was craving. The Chef has it sourced from a local farm, and so it was farm fresh from healthy cows and not treated in any way and oh so delicious! Incidentally, we have contracts with local farmers in Wiltshire, and so, most of the food we eat is fresh, raised on sustainable farms, and raised within a mile or so of our Manor. Including the milk, I don't know if I ever told you that before.
After dinner, you really wanted to stay the night, so I checked us into a rather plain room since it was last minute and the best suite was already taken. I also booked the three of us spa appointments in the morning - at 11:30, so don't think you have to wake me up early. We'll eat something after the spa appointment, and then shop a bit more. I haven't found the perfect souvenir yet after all. Then we'll go home anytime you like.

The course of true love never did run smooth, but our seems to be a whole lot smoother than I would have anticipated,
Draco

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Sunday at 8:47 AM
Morning.

Ok, if you're is keeping track, it's a no on bananas, it's a no on breakfast meats (bacon & sausage) and it's a hard no on even talking about you eating snails. However, crepes and melon are still on the most definitely yes list!

It doesn't surprise me that Viona wanted to be strapped up front where she could see all of the beautiful artwork. I have to keep pointing out how intelligent she is as well as drawn to beauty, I mean she did pick you! I can't even begin to explain how much I adore watching you with Viona. My heart is so full of the two of you. Watching you love her has made me fall in love with you in a whole new way. You are my best friend and I am so proud of you and I think you're just the greatest person I know. And.. nope I can't say anymore, I have to stop blubering.

Cupid and Psyche were just as beautiful as I hoped they would be in person. But the Mona Lisa was a bit of a disappointment. Don't get me wrong, it's obviously a piece made by a true talent, but it just doesn't hold up to being one of the most famous and recognizable pieces of art known around the world in my opinion.

As much as the artwork was obviously the centerpiece, I was quite in awe of the architecture. The glass pyramid was beautiful. And I am most drawn to sculptures; Michelangelo's Dying Slave, the old pieces from Mesopotamia, but oh the painting of St. Anne was breathtaking. I could have stayed there all day.

But I am glad we didn't. Shopping was wonderful! Our Princess and our future kids and the littles at Unity House will be so happy. I think for dinner tomorrow with 'Mione and Greg, Viona should wear the lilac dress with the matching hat and the tiny purple shoes. Why does she need shoes? Because I said so. And the pink sweater dress with the teeny tiny matching argyle socks? Kill me now! And I really loved the little swing top that was those green and purple jewel tones reminded me of peacock feathers, so of course the tiniest Malfoy needed it, we could make her a little coordinating headband to go with it out of some leucistic feathers! And just for the record, I do not have an "I am going to be stubborn until the end of time" look!

I am so very much looking forward to our spa appointment. I thought I told you not to let me become a spoiled snob? My favorite thing is going to the spa?! How did this happen to me?

Well the two of you are still sleeping, so if you wake up before I get back, don't panic. I am going to go for a run, and then work out in the hotel's gym. Then I am going to find some food because I am starving to death!

Can't wait to spend the rest of the day with you!
Je t'aime
Harry
Harry wonders what happened to Draco.

Harry to Draco

Mon Aug 16
I am being a loving and kind and generous husband by not sending a flock of owls to wake you up. I am going to let you sleep in, wake up, give Viona her bottle, check your email … and when you check your email and see this you have run out of time. I need you here an hour ago! It is an all hands on deck situation. We actually have floo’ed every single caretaker on staff, as well as floo’ed all of the professors for Traditions and asked them if they’d be able to start a few weeks early and help out here at Unity.

As I write this, all of the children that are currently here are eating a late breakfast, so I had a moment to sneak in here and send off this email. Again, thought about sending attack owls, but went with email instead.

As of 9:30 this morning, we have new on site; 5 permanent adoptable kids whose caregivers have signed over their rights, and 2 temporary placements while their caregivers are in mind healing treatment. As of my most recent owl from the ministry, there are 11 children waiting on paperwork (not sure yet on permanent or temporary statuses) and will likely be here by the end of the day. Even if that’s the end and we get no more children, we are looking at 18 children on top of the 8 that already live here.

Greg has been frantically building additional beds and waiting on a few extra wizards to help him expand a little temporary wizarding space on the back of the house. Hermione is currently using her Headmistress no nonsense attitude to keep things moving efficiently. Luna is using her iron will hidden underneath her soft voice to keep the kids entertained and happy. And I just sent Blaise and Ron out to Diagon to buy out all of their children’s bedding. Molly has commandeered the stove and is cooking enough food to feed a small army.

I am so glad we spent a ridiculous amount of money this weekend on children’s clothing, because we are going to need it! A few of the kids came with a trunk full of clothes and mementos, but so far, we have at least two that literally showed up with the clothes on their back. I don’t think I have ever felt this helpless.

Now that that is out of the way. You amazing beautiful wonderful man. 18 children that were in less than ideal situations will have a home tonight. 18 scared little kids are going to go to sleep in warm beds with a bedtime story and a cup of hot cocoa tonight. And at least 18 adults will be getting the help or the space they need to heal themselves. Because of you. You certainly put your money where your mouth is. I am blown away by you and your ideas. Because of one little idea that you thought wouldn’t make a difference, a minimum of 36 people are on their way to a better, healthier life. I had to blubber about you and how wonderful you are while hiding in my office. I don’t think the new kids need to see me sobbing in the corner of the kitchen while they eat their breakfast.

But seriously, I swear to Merlin, no I swear to Gods, no … I swear on Hades that if you do not get
your fit arse here very soon, the next time you see MY arse will be when you’re dressing me for my funeral. Do you hear me Draco Lucius Malfoy? Your mum said she would head over with you whenever you do, and Grampy Lulu is in charge of his daughter and granddaughter today. The only acceptable excuse I will accept from you for not getting here very soon was that you were busy looking for a time turner so you could get here even earlier.

Insanely,
Harry

P.S. Seriously, I will end you, get here.
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Tues Aug 17
Oh My Love,

I’ve let you keep sleeping again, you aren’t even staying up all night watching me sleep and you’re so tired.

So, grand total, 17 permanent adoptable children, and 4 temporary housings during mind healing for their mothers.

I think everyone settled in as best they could yesterday, so hopefully today will consist of me learning everyone’s names.

I hate having to rely on a child to help me care for the children, but Mac and Elena have been my little guardian angels. Even though us adults have given a general tour to each of the children, Elena has been cleaning up our mess and giving them what she calls “The Real Tour” it consists of the kitchen, the Park, the little pond they should avoid because we have a duck problem apparently, and … here’s where Harry hides his chocolate. But Mac has come up to me a number of times to tell me that I should check on someone or other because they are scared or panicking or lost.

I’m off to play and hopefully learn some names!
-H

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Wed Aug 18
So are you really tired or are you messing with me to avoid the insanity that is Unity House right now?

I kid I kid I …. But really are you?

Another long long long day. Merlin, I miss you. I feel like we’ve just been sleepily nodding to each other before bed. I think we’ve shagged? But I may have dreamt that.

Well I think the plan is to have next week Friday evening, the 27th, be a secondary movie night. We will rewatch The Lion King as we have such a high proportion of toddlers and it’s such a musical and brightly colored movie. And we will be inviting a number of families that the ministry says is interested in adoption and have already jumped through their first hurdle towards clearance for adoption.

Tonight we’re watching, something, I think, I have no idea. I put Hermione in charge, so it will probably be a documentary on house elf rights or something. I can’t care, I plan to hold you, lay my head on top of yours, and pretend to watch while actually sleeping.

Want to run away with me?
Thur Aug 19
Fine, apparently we just don’t email each other anymore. Or talk. Or do anything. I miss you, I miss Viona, I miss my bed, I miss sleeping.
I know I have seen both of you this week, but it’s not been enough. I just need you.

I’m so scared of failing all of these children. I don’t think I’m enough for them.

I’m sure you’re assuming I’m crying, but I am pretty sure my eyes have run out of tears. I have reached maximum capacity for tears and now my eyes are empty.

And they still don’t work.
-H

Fri Aug 20
I think I will be home early tonight. Well, not so much early, as not late, which is WAY earlier than I have been all week.

I think we are finally caught up. I hired and had authorized three additional caregivers.

I am sure I will stop in this weekend at some point just to check in and say hi, but I think I should be able to actually take the entire weekend for us. Hopefully it will be nice and calm and relaxing. We could spend the entire weekend on our roof jacuzzi!

Hopefully see you soon,
Harry

Friday at 10:59 AM (Draco to Harry)
UGH!

I was just joking about having inadvertently summoned a demon, but I've been SOOOO TIRED all week! I not only sleep all night after we shag - like you do - but I still sleep until I usually do! Then I feel like I'm half dead all day long. I even took a nap every day this week! And suddenly avocado and farm fresh milk are like the *only* thing that looks good!

But because I've been in bed or feeling like a zombie all week, I haven't really looked at my laptop, much less emailed you. Today is Friday, and I received word via my mother that Grandmama and Kisa AND IVAN are coming for a visit on Saturday (tomorrow) - they'll probably stay for a few days to a week, but in any case, it was heavily hinted that the two of us should take Kisa somewhere age appropriate in London. So, how do you feel about going to the Science Museum in Kensington London? Kisa is really fascinated by muggle science, so I think it would be perfect for her.

I wish I could write more, but my whole body aches and I feel like my eyes are about to dry up into sand and pour out of my head.

Too tired to come up with a poetic way to say I love you,
Draco

Friday at 1:07 PM
Are you kidding me?

You haven't read any of my emails this week?

I just.

Ok.

My poor sweet prince, I am sorry you're so tired. When I get home tonight I will pamper you and kiss you and feed you all the avocados and milk your heart desires. Then you can lay your head in my lap and I will play with your gorgeous soft hair. Then the three of us can go to sleep all wrapped up in each other like koalas.

Of course this would be the week that Grandmama and Kisa AND Ivan would be coming. I am torn between really looking forward to the cranky crocodile that Lucius will be, and a little fearful of sassing your Grandmama if she tries to tell me not to kiss my husband in my own Merlin Damned house! It's not fair! I didn't get to see you all week, and we're newlyweds, and I love you, and I miss you, oh no .... the tears work again.

On a much more positive note, I would LOVE to go to the Science Museum on Sunday! When I was in muggle schools before Hogwarts I always heard the kids that got to go on the field trips say awesome things about the museums. This sounds wonderful. And I get to do my favorite thing, walk around discovering a new place hand in hand with my husband, while he super hotly carries around our daughter.

Ok, off to give end of day hugs and high fives! It will take a bit longer than it used to since we now have almost four times as many kids as we used to!

Love always,
Harry
Chapter 76

Chapter Summary

Draco's feeling better :-(

Chapter Notes

Ah! I planned to post a lot today, but I'm crocheting a new project and I got lost in it and forgot. I'm *so* sorry! _(._.)_

Friday at 2:58 PM
So I was a bit concerned about the super exhaustion. I *think* I was dragged to Unity House on Monday by my mother to help out with the mess I created, but I don't remember it. Today when mum came in to tell me that her mother was coming for a visit, she saw that I was still in bed and looked rather miserable. Muffy had long since brought Viona to play with Della, and so no one had really thought about what I was doing. But upon seeing me, mother remarked that I looked severely under the weather and that perhaps I should go see a Healer.

So, I dragged my achy arse to the Healer and guess what... I apparently had a flu. I didn't realize it since I assumed the general achiness, perpetual exhaustion, and horrible nausea were all symptoms of the demon we summoned on accident. Plus, I'd only vomited once or twice. Anyway, the Healer gave me a Pepper Up Potion and now I'm feeling a lot better - and looking forward to you coming home today to pamper me like you said you wanted to. Also, I plan to pamper you in return.

The bad news is that it's far too soon for the Healer to 'see' anything in there, so even though I had her check to make sure that nothing was wrong, all she could see was that a womb had formed and that things looked good for being ready and able to conceive. It won't be until there is a heartbeat to pick up on that the tiny embryo will even be big enough to show up on a magical scan. Also, as with the first time, the hormones created by the potion would throw off a pregnancy test spell, so, I can't know for sure if it worked yet.

I still think it did, but, you know.

Anyway, I'm so sorry that I was sick this week when you needed me! I had already arranged with our lawyers to see to it that any claims that aren't already covered under Ministry Health Schemes are paid directly by my vault, and so I didn't need to handle any of that personally, but you definitely had to bear the brunt of the burden I created. I'll book us a spa appointment after dinner tomorrow night. Actually, since Kisa will be here and we're expected to entertain her anyway, I think I'll book us at a place I heard about in Mayfair called Greenhouse for dinner, have all of us - including Kisa and Viona - go to the spa after dinner, and then retire in a Hotel for the night. A good suite will give us a bedroom and Kisa her own room while still being in the same area so that Kisa is not on her own. Then we'll go to the Science Museum on Sunday, and maybe even do some light shopping after that - as I'm sure Kisa will want an opportunity to spend a massive amount of money, haha.

That's all I can think of for now as my brain still seems to be a bit mushy.
Love
Draco

Saturday at 8:48 AM
My Dragon,

Oh I’m so glad to have woken up and not have to rush anywhere! I already went for a run and had a nice steamy shower, and you and the Princess are still snoozing!

Your mum stopped me in the hall on my way back in here to let me know that our guests will be arriving in about an hour, or did she say two? She was doing her best to avoid getting too close to me since I was so sweaty from my run.

Either way, they should be here soon so I should probably wake you up so you can do your beauty regimen. But my poor tired husband has had such a rough week. I’m so sorry that we were busy enough to not realize you had the flu! Although if we weren’t assuming those symptoms were from something else we probably would have noticed. I’m glad you’re feeling better!

You didn’t create the situation Draco! You pointed out a problem, helped make an amazing solution, and made things better. But yes, it was definitely a long week! I’m dreaming about our spa trip tonight. I think we should make sure to have Kisa in a separate room from where I’m being massaged because I’m pretty sure I’ll be making a lot of “newlywed” type sounds in relief from the tension. But NO you can not pay the masseuse to make me make real newlywed sounds! I am feeling so emotional and I’ve not had enough of you this week that my sore muscles are the only thing allowing me to get a massage at all! And maybe you should be in a different room too because I swear to Hades that if I see someone touch you I will rip their arms off and beat them with the severed limbs.

Ok I’m going to send Viona to her Grandma to get ready for the day and I’m about to wake you up! Hmm, should I wake you up riding you? Sucking you? Wanking you? Rimming you? Hmmm so many choices!

Every moment I would choose you again,
Harry
Chapter 77

Saturday at 10:56 PM
BUWAHAHAHAHA!

Oh Harry! Were you paying attention? I mean I know you were, but still! The moment Grandmama, Ivan, and Kisa Portkeyed into the Manor, the war was on! Grandmama lamented the 'dreadful shame' of living in such a dingy Manor (It's actually been completely revamped since the Dark Lord's stay and is quite open and airy now). With a visible facial tick, my father tried his best to ignore the insult and welcome her to our home. Then he made an off hand reference to her snobby attitude by saying: "While our home may not be up to the regal standards of some, we most certainly hope you feel relaxed and cozy during your stay here."

And with the first shots cast, it'll be all out war until grandmama leaves. Is it bad that I'm quite enjoying it? But just so you know, my father hasn't reached the cranky crocodile stage yet. You'll recognize that when he starts snarling at everyone, orders the elves to punish themselves for the smallest offenses (or no reason at all), and actually looks like he hasn't had a proper night's rest in days. You and I might just have to lock ourselves in my suite when it looks like he's reaching that stage.

And don't worry, I've already ordered the elves to ignore my father's orders to punish themselves unless they feel they actually did something worth punishment. My mother more than likely did so as well, and so even though they actually outranks us both, they have two sets of valid orders to obey that outweigh the one. If you happen to be in the kitchen and reinforce the order, they'll have *three* sets of valid orders to outweigh the one.

So, we're currently in the Royal Penthouse Suite at the Royal Garden Hotel. It's actually a combination of the two suites on the tenth floor of the Hotel, and so we have our own Suite and Kisa has hers, but we're still all in the same suite since it all connects, and there's even a third bedroom that Muffy was able to use as she rocked Viona whilst she slept. Thus, we've had time to just connect in a way we haven't all week.

Did you also find it ironic that while grandmama acted a bit scandalized to see us so affectionate with each other, Ivan - the actual Russian man - simply gave us a friendly grin and congratulated us on our marriage. See SHE was raised with old-fashioned (British) pureblood values, and it simply wasn't the done thing to show affection unless in one's own bedroom. HE may be from a country that is very much against same sex relationships, but he's also very flexible in his morals - you might say. So, he doesn't care if we shag each other on the front lawn in front of an audience, so long as we're damn certain the entire audience is willing to watch the show.

Once again, you're asleep and I'm watching you. That said, I'm still just a bit run down from my flu, so I'm not going to molest you. We had one of our best lovemaking sessions to date earlier and I'm actually rather lethargic and sleepy from it, so I'm coming to bed to snuggle with you and our beautiful daughter - and have I mentioned how strange it is that *Vince* and Olivia managed to create such a gorgeous little girl? I mean I know Olivia took after their mother and SHE was rather good looking, but it still boggles my mind that I can look at Viona and see him in her, and still think she's one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen.

Anyway, each passionate morning that you wake me up with your firm masculine body and seductive eyes, I feel like my heart is being stolen all over again,

Draco
Sunday at
My Sleepy Prince,

I'm not sure if I am disappointed that we are missing the war, or thankful to be out of the line of fire! You know it's actually painful for me to stick up for Lucius, but I'm pretty sure we all know the Manor is not dingy. Does she say these things just to wind up your father? Or is she potentially hurting Narcissa's feelings by saying these things about her home? I don't know if your grandmama knows this, but your mum is responsible for saving the wizarding world, so even if she had a dingy house, she can do whatever she darn well pleases!

And if she thinks the Manor is dingy, we should probably never let her see my cupboard! At least the spiders made things less lonely!

When we get home I will definitely add my orders to yours and Narcissa's to not punish themselves. Those poor house elves, they just want to please and then they get ordered to punish themselves, and you can tell they also are beating themselves up emotionally, and they still stay so positive and helpful. What would we do without Muffy Draco? She can never punish herself! Can I make that a standing order? Do you need to make that a standing order?

I had some room service sent up this morning, I woke up hungry and thought you all might like to have some breakfast ready for when you woke up. Except I now need to add hard boiled eggs to the list of things I can't eat, and then after that the smell of the entire breakfast made it all worse. So, when you wake up, all of the food is in Kisa's suite behind a very strong odor shield charm. Also, if you eat eggs, can you please brush your teeth before you come back to our part of the suite?

The views from our suite are gorgeous. It reminds me of the views from our date to the Aqua Shard. So much has changed since then, and in such a short time, but this life of ours is everything. Reconnecting with you last night was ... coming home. I needed to run my hands through your hair, I needed to fall asleep in your arms, I needed to feel you inside of me.

I've been re-reading my emails I have sent over the last week or so, and I think I might have been a bit moody. But you are my lifeline, and my sanity, and my rock, and I haven't had you to balance me out all week! I think that's why I got so feisty when I thought about Grandmama trying to make me feel badly about giving and taking affection with you. But it seems as though all of her comments seem to be reserved for Lucius alone. She certainly seemed quite taken with Della. I didn't think Della could act any more regal, but I have once again made the mistake of underestimating your mum! Replace the dark hair with your beautiful blonde hair and I have a feeling that natural grace and the knowledge that you might just own the world are being mirrored in your little sister.

From the short amount of time we spent with them before we made our way to London, I quite like Ivan. I didn't even think about the same-sex issue until you mentioned it, but he definitely seems like a man who respects living the life you want on your own terms.

Yes, it is odd to me that someone who is biologically part Vince Crabbe is this breathtaking little angel of ours. But it wouldn't matter if she were hideous, I love HER. Although, it's completely irrelevant because she is gorgeous! From what I saw of Olivia during the panicking and crying and spell casting, she did seem quite lovely I suppose. It's ok if she looks a little like Vince, it's ok if she looks a little like Olivia, because she looks 100% like our Viona Skye.

I brought a few storybooks for Viona, and she's starting to wake, so I think I will go and snuggle my tiniest love, read to her about daring Princesses who rule the world, and just breathe her in until you wake up.
You're the reason I believe in love,
Harry
Chapter 78

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry take Kisa to the muggle Science Museum.

Chapter Notes

I've been running errands non-stop today, so I'm posting twice in a row so that I don't forget :-)

Sunday at 11:28 PM
Oh Harry!

I know you have no reason to believe me because I've said something similar to this lots of times before and it was only dubiously truthful, but I SWEAR on grandpa Abraxas Malfoy's grave - on grandpa Cygnus Black's grave - on our daughter's life! That I had *nothing* to do with your relatives!

So, we were walking hand in hand in the Science Museum - and we saw SO many interesting things, but I'm too flustered to talk about them at the moment. I had Viona strapped to me in a rucksack carry so that she couldn't try to reach out and grab anything but could still see everything. Kisa was bouncing rather excitedly next to us, and then I just had to kiss you. We were approaching rather inappropriate territory for such a public place, but I trusted that Kisa would imperiously command us to stop if we got too out of hand. And then...

"Harry?" A voice I did not recognize intruded on our bliss.

You pulled back from our kiss, your face suddenly a little pale. "Dudley?"

We both turned to get a good look at the voice, only to find that there were four people - two of which were older and looking very appalled and disgusted. I immediately bristled and prepared to defend us if necessary.

"It IS you!" The man that reminded me a lot of Greg for some reason said with a strange sort of half relieved, half wary smile. He was holding the hand of a pretty blonde woman around the same age as us, who merely looked curious until she got a good look at your forehead, and then she gasped, almost sounding like someone was strangling her.

"HOLY FREAKIN' HELL! IT'S HARRY POTTER!!" She roared in a distinctly American accent. She let go of his hand and bounded over to us. "Can I get your autograph? Is that the little girl the Daily Prophet reported that you and your husband adopted? Aww, she's so cute!"

At this point, SHE had earned a bit of my respect, so I smiled at her and held out my hand. "Draco Malfoy. Yes, this IS our daughter, but point of fact, this is actually Harry MALFOY."
You also seemed to be happy to meet a fan - one of the few times I can recall this happening. You leaned your head on my shoulder and smiled at her. "I took my husband's last name when I married him so that I could escape the whole Harry Potter thing."

I rolled my eyes and gave you a *look.* "You're *always* going to have to deal with the Harry Potter thing, moron."

You smirked at me. "Love you too!" Then you turned your attention back to the woman. "Sorry, I didn't catch your name..."

"I'm Donna Cullen, and this is *my* soon to be husband, Dudley, and his parents, but I think you probably already know that."

"Wow! Dudley, you're getting married?!" You blurted out in surprise and we both looked over to find that the man called Dudley and his parents were giving us strange looks. The weird thing is that they seemed to be suddenly suspicious of Donna.

Dudley visibly shook his head and stepped closer. "Yeah. It only just happened, so we haven't set a date yet, but I asked Donna to marry me when, er, well..." He trailed off, bright red and rubbing the back of his neck.

"I'm gonna have a baby!" Donna announced giddily.

Unexpectedly, you looked highly concerned. "That's... wonderful... Erm... Er..."

Confused, I decided to come to your rescue. "Congratulations. Are you planning to stay in England or are you only visiting?"

"Oh! I moved here to attend Uni and see if I can uncover my ancestors and reconnect with the distant parts of my family descended from them. I'm majoring in history and ancestry. It all fascinates me!" Donna informed us. "My family moved to America with the pilgrims, so I have quite a herculean task ahead of me just finding their relatives and ancestors from the 16 and 17 hundreds."

"Do you know any names?" I asked, curious despite myself since ancestry is unsurprisingly a passion of mine.

"Um, well, I'm pretty sure that my many times great grandmother came to America just after she got married, and her last name at the time was Roche. They had a daughter named Berthilde - who was actually rather famous during her time. Prior to her marriage, I *think* my many times great grandmother was a Peverell."

You exhaled a heavy sigh and smacked a hand to your forehead.

"Problem?" I inquired curiously.

You shook your head and waved your hand. "No, I just know that name. Remember the tale of the Three Brothers? In the Tales of Beedle the Bard?"

"Oh yes, I'd actually forgotten about that book, but now that you mention it, we should maybe get a copy for Viona," I said as I ruffled her head, which was resting adoringly on my shoulder as she scrutinized Donna.

"THIS IS BORING!" Kisa announced loudly enough for half the multi-level Museum to hear. She then added quite a bit in Russian that I cannot say in front of our daughter - or even write in an email with her sleeping on my lap. I chided her sharply - also in Russian since I didn't think she's respond
well at all to me telling her off in English. "But you said that we could go shopping at Harrods of London after lunch!" She whinged in English once more.

"And so we shall, but only if you behave, young lady," I informed her sternly.

She harrumphed and crossed her arms over her chest. "I'M your *Aunt,* so you have to listen to me!"

"Grandmama put me in charge of you," I reminded her firmly.

Donna snickered. "I can't quite figure out what a family of... *our* kind is even doing in a no-maj Museum. A *science* museum at that!"

"I'll have you know that I'm a *genius* at science!" Kisa stated haughtily. She then proceeded to discuss something with Donna that had me utterly baffled. You too by the look of it.

Meanwhile, you and Dudley stepped a bit off to the side to have a whispered conversation. I was torn between trying to listen in and giving you the privacy you obviously wanted. Plus, I didn't want to leave Kisa even slightly alone in a place where she could quite literally wreak havoc. So, I squared my shoulders and held my hand out to the other two adults - who had not spoken at all.

"Draco Malfoy. And you are?"

They looked me up and down, and since I was wearing bespoke black trousers, a crisp white button up shirt charmed to keep me cool at all times, and an expensive blue and silver waistcoat still somewhat visible under the golden wrap I was carrying Viona in, they apparently decided that I passed some sort of unknown test.

"Vernon and Petunia Dursley," the portly man with almost no neck introduced, shaking my hand as little as possible while still being polite.

"DURSLEY???” I questioned, turning to look pointedly at you because literally *all* I know about your muggle family - other than how they treated you - is their last name.

You pointed at me sternly: "Yes, they're my Aunt and Uncle, and remember, *you promised!*"

I could feel my icy Slytherin Prince mask start a war with my inner fire breathing dragon. I glared at them. "I wanted to meet you so that I could show you how much I love Harry and how better off he is living in my *enormous* country estate surrounded by centuries of my family wealth, but he's right, I am *far* too likely to lose my temper, and since I promised that I wouldn't do that..." I turned my back on them, strode over to you, lightly glared at your cousin - I realize now that's who he must be - grabbed Kisa, and put my arm around you. I also demanded a hard kiss to prove to the world that you are MINE!

You looked torn between concern for what I was about to do and happiness that I was being so snarly and possessive of you. I cast a spell that would temporarily make the muggles around us not notice our general area, and then Apparated all four of us to your empty house so that I'd have the privacy to calm down before I *actually* did anything.

All it took was about ten minutes of you holding me, and then I was good as new. Mostly. We finished our day, taking Kisa shopping, and you explained just a little bit what had happened to her because she was confused by my sudden anger. I think she also realized that maybe it's best not to provoke my ire after all, because she was almost an angel for the rest of the day. That said, she'd been given a rather large allowance to spend, and so might have simply been too busy spending it to make trouble.
So, now that I've had time to think it through while watching you sleep, I've come to the conclusion that I wouldn't mind getting to know your cousin a little - if you are inclined to meet with him in the slightest - because he seemed marginally decent. Plus, he seems to be engaged to a witch, unless she's a squib, so maybe he's changed...? I didn't actually talk to your Aunt and Uncle enough to know what they're really like, but I will not voluntarily go near them ever again because I did not like the way they made me feel, and it honestly had nothing to do with anything they were doing at the time. I just couldn't stop thinking about how they raised you, and I'm genuinely surprised that I didn't light them on fire from my anger alone. You never have to worry about me mentioning them again.

Rather than come up with a poem for you tonight, I'm simply going to remind you that you are my life, Harry Malfoy, and I would do anything for you, except be responsible for the murder or disappearance of *anyone* because I don't want to be ripped from your arms and live my life without you.

Love you so much it hurts,
Draco

Monday at 9:43 AM
My Love,

I was so happy to wake up with you this morning. Much happier than if I had woken up alone with you in Azkaban, so thank you for restraining yourself. Don't worry, I know you had nothing to do with them showing up yesterday, your look of undisguised shock and disgust were too real to have been an act.

Under different circumstances, seeing Dudley would have actually been nice. Because I try to talk about my relatives as little as possible, I have never mentioned to you how things went the last time I saw him. We weren't friends by any stretch, but it was peaceful and respectful. He was a horrid little bully to me growing up, however, not only was that a product of his parents' "parenting" but I think you and I both know that who we were as children doesn't have to be what we live out the rest of our lives as.

I was quite relieved as well when neither Donna nor Dudley seemed to bat an eye at the fact that I am married to a man. Obviously Donna already knew seeing as she apparently reads the Prophet (remind me to tell her that she should really assume most of it is fabricated) but it was nice to know that a guy raised to be a bully by horridly homophobic parents didn't see it as anything out of the norm. The only shock seemed to be that Donna was confused about our interest in a "no-maj" science museum.

No-Maj is such an odd term, I don't like it.

From the little bit I saw of her, Donna seemed lovely. A little loud, but then again YOUR aunt was hurling Russian obscenities in the middle of a museum, so it's not like we have room to judge! I gave Donna our contact information so that we could keep in contact. I get the feeling Donna hadn't told Dudley about her gifts, but was going to soon because of the baby and the upcoming wedding.

I'm actually quite concerned about that baby. I really don't think Dudley will care, again he has really changed, but if Petunia and Vernon are terrible to another magical baby that they should, but can't bring themselves to, love I will lose my mind. I might have to send Grandmama to them for .... tea.

I loved shopping with all of you at Harrods, I can't wrap my mind around how massive the place is! Is there anything you can't find there?
Oh, seeing as between your illness and the craziness that was Unity House last week, I rescheduled our dinner with Hermione and Greg for this evening. Let me know if that doesn't work for you, but I just can't keep putting this off!

Things finally settled into a bit of a routine this weekend, so Unity House was much calmer when I got here this morning. But because nothing can ever be truly calm here, our next hurdle is going to be this Friday. I know I mentioned to you that we were doing a second movie night on Friday so that potential adoptive parents can come interact with the children, but one of the children won't be there. He is one of the temporary placements so I am not worried about him not being available to get to know, but I dislike having to make a child miss a fun event. However, little Felan is going to be in a secured area offsite. We're not sure, because of his heritage, if he will be transforming at the full moon. Normally lycanthropy is not genetically linked, but both of his parents, one of whom is Fenrir Greyback, were werewolves so we're not sure how that will translate. Don't worry, I am not one of the adults that will be overseeing his care, bubbles and I will be safe at Unity House.

I told Kisa yesterday that she could come with me on Tuesday, I said no to today because I had no idea what kind of mess I was going to come in to today, but since everything is lovely, you can feel free to bring her by some time today if you'd like.

I'd better run, I promised to read a story to Olive (Crouch) and Tatiana (Karkaroff). Hopefully I will see you in a bit, otherwise I will see you and Viona at Cafe Exquis at 6:30 tonight for dinner?

Yours in all things,
Harry
Chapter 79

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco discuss Karkaroff, and Harry wins a bet.

Monday at 10:49 PM
Wait!

Tatiana KARKAROFF??? But... Igor Karkaroff wasn't... He had basically defected and was hunted and nearly found and killed by our Fifth Year. He managed to escape, but I just can't wrap my head around him finding the time to get someone pregnant - unless this is a daughter from before he had to go on the run. In which case, he *was* a Headmaster at the time and why couldn't his lover have been able to raise their daughter just fine after he was forced to leave? Not to mention, he would have been able to go home by now. I'm just... confused...

Anyway, dinner at the new place on Diagon - Café Exquis, ah... Exquis indeed! They want to make use of their magic and connections (I suspect the house elf underground) in order to make sure their patrons can have literally anything they want. With that in mind, I ordered the only thing that sounded good at the moment: Haggis with tripe tacos and one of the most tender sheep's tongues I've ever eaten! And tongue is *always* tender and juicy. Plus Golden Sterlet Caviar on sourdough rye crackers, mmm...

You had melon and pancakes with milk and juice. Viona had a simple egg and milk custard with very little sweetening. Hermione had a medium rare filet mignon and some shrimp, and Greg... I don't think there's enough time left in the night to describe everything he had.

After we'd all eaten a bit and the initial small talk faded, I could see that Hermione was dying of curiosity, and Greg started giving me looks that clearly told me he was wondering if I was planning to try to talk him and Hermione into something kinky with us. Heh heh... See, since he was always by my side, he knows most of the things me and Blaise got up to - often joined by Pansy - so it probably made some sort of sense to him that I'd want a foursome or something.

To fend off awkward potential questions, I decided to pull out the gifts we'd bought and hand them over. Hermione looked half confused and half suspicious as she opened her gift, which was a gorgeous gown we'd bought in Paris for her - since I knew her size from shopping for our wedding. I could almost see her thinking: "Oh God, what now?!?!" As for Greg, we got him the only thing either of us could think of that he'd not only use, but love... A 500 Galleon gift certificate to his favorite restaurant.

Greg rolled his eyes and shook his head: "Listen, you two can do kinky things with Luna all you want, but leave me out of it!"

I laughed and slung an arm around his shoulder. "I can assure you, *that's* not the reason we invited you to dinner tonight."

He looked over at Hermione in speculation. I shook my head. "Get your mind out of the gutter, Greg. We honestly have an extremely innocent reason for bringing you to dinner tonight."
"What?" Greg asked, still suspicious.

I gestured to you. You took Hermione's hand in one of yours and reached across the table to take Greg's in the other. "Greg... Mione... Will you two do us the honor of being Viona's Godparents?"

Hermione burst into sobs and threw her arms around you. I think she held you so tightly that you couldn't breathe, but you started sobbing and held her just as tightly in return.

"You mean that?" Greg asked warily.

"We do," I assured him. "Who better to be her Godfather than her biological father's best friend?"

Greg started looking a bit teary eyed and hastily excused himself to the bathroom.

And so, we now have official Godparents for Viona. I'm leaving the planning of the ceremony up to you because I know how important it is to you.

Aside from that, my partners and I had a rather productive day. That's why I didn't stop by Unity House with Kisa, I actually brought her and Viona to Blaise's with me. See, now that our original prototypes for a plastic and crystal version of a muggle mobile have been acquired by Derek's muggle tech company, we decided to try our hand at replicating a laptop the same way, and Kisa surprisingly had a lot of interesting ideas on the matter - so we might just make a lot of progress before she leaves. She really is a genius! And she made me promise to take her back to the Science Museum at least once before she has to go home. She wants it to be just the two of us so that she has no distractions.

As for the war between grandmama and dad, she's still doing her best to wind him up, and he's doing his best to be gracious, but I can see him starting to fray around the edges. Mother and I have secretly placed bets on who will win the war and how.

Ivan asked me what I know about your muggle family since Kisa talked about them with her parents. I told him that I only know what Kisa knew - and that you don't like to talk about them. Speaking of, I'm glad you are open to your cousin and his bride to be. I feel that family is so very important, and that you'd always miss them - in a way - if you never saw them again.

I'm going to ignore the strange sort of full feeling in my lower abdomen, and the mild but incessant queasiness, and start on your nightly molestation.

When I lay on you, calm, cool, collected, the warmth of your touch lights a fire in me until I lose all control,

Draco

Tuesday at 8:36 AM
My love,

Yes Tatiana Karkaroff. She's actually 6 and a half, so she was born well before Igor went on the run. You are correct, Tatiana's mother was able to care for her, so Tatiana is one of our temporary placements while her mother gets the mind healing she needs. Oddly enough, someone who was hidden away in order to be kept from her lover's former death eater friends, and then dealt with her lover going on the run and his subsequent murder, has some demons to heal from.

Kisa and I got here early this morning. You were definitely still asleep! She has been sweet and helpful, and a while ago she offered to do an art project with some of the 5-7 year olds, and I've seen
her huddled up with Hannah and Lauren. So basically, I am terrified.

When are you going to be comfortable telling people about my little water bubble? I'd like to wait a little longer, but I actually worry that one of these pranking kids is going to do something that should be innocent and not harmful to most people, but could possibly hurt one of us, or at the very least make me vomit. And I am so sick of vomiting! I can barely keep anything down. And I am so hungry, but everything smells so terrible. And then I read your email! I did everything I could to not hear what you were ordering last night, and when it came it "looked" normal enough, but the meager amount of toast and watermelon I was able to keep down this morning came right back up when I read what your food was. I want you to eat every single thing you want, I want to supply your every wish and craving, but I need to *not know* what you're eating anymore.

Oh, but the apple juice at the restaurant last night was so good. I could have taken a bath in it! To heck with food that won't stay down, I think I am just going to drink apple juice until it comes seeping out of my pores!

I can't believe Greg thought we were trying to get him to do something kinky with us and Hermione. If you told me to come up with fun combinations for group sex, as much as I love both Greg and Hermione, this mix of people would not be one of the combinations! And why would we have brought Viona with us to discuss play times? We really did pick the right mix of Godparents for Viona, they will complement each other, what Greg lacks in intelligence 'Mione makes up for in brilliance, and where Hermione lacks in hands on solutions you can't get from a book, Greg is brilliant with his creations.

I was surprised that Hermione cried, no one was surprised that I cried, and I am pretty sure that Greg went to the bathroom to hide his crying. So I think our bet was a wash, we can't prove he did cry, but I think we all know I'm right and he did.

The ceremony is definitely important to me, I think it's such an important thing to introduce a new life into our community. For someone who runs a small village, it probably won't surprise you to know that I agree with the old "it takes a village" adage. If you don't have preferences for her ceremony I think I might ask the mums for their expertise. I like the idea of using the candles and the cup from my own ceremony and I am certain that your mum has yours saved as well, so I think it will be a perfect way to bless her in another way into our family.

I'm so thrilled that your tech venture is moving along! And what do you mean that Kisa "surprisingly" had interesting ideas? She's quite clever you know. I love that you two will have a little auntie/nephew date to the museum! I love and adore you, I could spend all of my time with you, but I think we're both aware that we need to keep nurturing our other relationships! I'll likely time my brainstorming session with Narcissa and Molly for while you two are at the museum. And I assume Grandmama will join us, at least this way she will get invited to THIS event!

Relatives are different than family. I will not ever, in any way, miss my aunt and uncle. Never. However, if given the chance, I do think my cousin could become family. We'll see, if he manages to not bow down to his parents' brainwashing I would love to keep him in my life. And Donna seems like she will be a hilarious addition to our collection of lunatics.

What do you mean strange feeling in your abdomen? Are you ok? Do you feel unwell? Do you need to go to St. Mungo's?!? How queasy? You say mild, but do you actually mean mild or are you saying mild so that I don't panic? Why would you hide things from me? I won't panic! I will remain completely calm! Maybe you should come over here so I can check on you? Traditions' nurse is still here on site for checkups for all of the new children, so we can have her check you out. Just some quick diagnostics. Unless you think you need more than a quick diagnostic? We can make you an
appointment at St. Mungo's! And if they're all full I can go throw my name around. Or I can floo Kingsley, do you think they would squeeze you in if Kingsley asked?

Calmly, cooly, and collected,
Harry
Chapter 80

Chapter Summary

Oh THAT feeling, lol.

Tuesday at 10:53 AM
Oi Mutt!

Calm down! What I meant by weird feeling is that I feel like I have a balloon full of water putting pressure on everything down there. And by mildly queasy, I mean that randomly throughout the day, which is a *lot* more than just mornings, I feel a little nauseous. I have NOT thrown up from it, and it passes fairly quickly, so I'm sure it really is nothing.

Well... I think it's a good sign, actually.

Anyway, I've been summoned for an official tea with grandmama (and everyone else) before I go over to Blaise's today. I'm probably actually going to leave Viona here to play with Della while I'm gone. AND... Andi and Teddy are here for tea, so...

If you used a time turner to bring you a million years into the future, you'd find me there, still loving you as much as ever,
Draco

P.S. I'm ready to announce the joyous news whenever you are, just tell me when and I'll plan a fête.

Tuesday at 1:02 PM
Oh! THAT feeling .... okaaaay. As long as you're sure you don't need to be seen.

Moving on past the topic I promised not to talk about.

You were summoned? For tea? And your mum and Andi are there? Now I'm intrigued. Wait, you aren't all secretly planning the murders of the Dursley’s are you? I told you we're going to leave it be!

Just tell you when I'm ready? Ok.

When.

It has taken every single ounce of will power I possess to not have told everyone already! So, pick any day, send out the invites, and I will be there! Except this Friday or any Wednesday.

However I may have to show up naked. I um, so I’ve been working out a lot because it calms me and gets me out of my head. And I’ve barely kept any food down. Despite all of this, our tiny human apparently isn’t happy with a regular amount of space and is probably setting up a suite worthy of a Malfoy in there! I couldn’t button any of my trousers! I had to zip them as far as I could and then have the belt hold them up. Isn’t this a bit soon? I’m only 7? 8? weeks! What am I going to do later on?!!?
Ok I’m off to judge the painting contest. But I expect to hear every single detail of gossip from your tea!!

Please give smooches to my three special tiny people!

Yours,

Harry
Chapter 81

Chapter Summary

No murder has been plotted. That Draco knows of.

Chapter Notes

I'm going to be out of town celebrating Easter with my mom and sister (and our kids, lol), so I have no idea if I'll get around to posting, so I thought I'd post a few chapters now :-)  
You're welcome!

Tuesday at 3:26 PM
My adorably worried husband,

Tea went on so long that I actually had to Insta-owl Blaise to let them know I couldn't make it today. Don't worry, your relatives weren't mentioned more than once, and no murder was plotted that I know of. It went like this: Kisa mentioned that I was going to bring her to the Science Museum again tomorrow afternoon - after a few hours with Blaise et all. That brought up the fact that we'd run into your relatives there. Andromeda mentioned that the Order of the Phoenix had once come up with a contingency plan if they ever dared to lay a hand on you - which wasn't necessary. Then the topic moved on to other things.

See, this was the first time Andi had seen her mother since the banishment - although they apparently communicated in secret when they could - and so she had never met Kisa in person. They had chatted via owl and the rare firecall, but grandmama thought it would actually be safest for Andi to have "no contact" with them so long as there was a possibility that the Dark Lord might come back. There was no need to call attention to her small family. The Dark Lord would have probably murdered Ted Tonks for being a muggle, and then abducted Nymphadora to use her as a spy and whatnot. Under Imperius of course, but she would have been invaluable to his cause.

Thus, tea ran long and was a *lot* of catching up between the family members. My father used the opportunity to go out to a pub or a pureblood wizard only club with Ivan. They actually get along rather well when grandmama isn't trying to rile my father up. Ivan has a terrifically dark sense of humor when grandmama isn't around to keep him in check, haha.

Della, Teddy, and Viona played so much that they exhausted themselves and took a nap in the shade of the back lawn as we chatted. All three came over to me frequently so that I could hug and kiss them - and see the leaves and flowers and bugs they'd found. For the most part, Viona tolerated this because she seems to quite like Teddy - and actually, so does Della - but when she grew tired, our little princess lost all patience for sharing me, and insisted that I hold her in my lap so that she could glare at the others in a warning to stay away. Which naturally prompted them to insist that I hold them too. Talk about a full lap! I have a feeling it's going to be like this a lot when our little water bubbles are born.
Moron! Did you forget you're a wizard! Just charm your trousers a little bigger! Honestly...

When the sun shines down on me in all its glory, I feel *almost* as warm as I do when I'm with you, Draco

Wednesday at 8:37 AM
My dearest love,

I hope you and Kisa have a lovely day today at the science museum. Are you going to be back in time for movie night? I finally tracked down a copy of The Flight of Dragons! So I really hope you can make it. Otherwise I suppose I will selfishly enjoy a little snuggle time with my best girl.

Ok so I am confused, there were contingency plans in place in case the Dursley's ever laid a hand on me? Then why weren't they carried out? Or were they waiting for big abuse? I mean, I suppose by the time the Order was really back in swing I had stopped begging to live somewhere else, but what were they waiting for? I know I go back and forth between thinking I deserved the abuse and knowing I didn't, classic abuse survivor behavior honestly, but I can logically know that if there was a contingency plan it SHOULDN'T have been carried out. What the hell Dumbledore?!!

I'm so glad Andi and your grandmama got to reconnect. And damn you for making me feel for Lucius, but I'm glad he got a little escape as well. A wizards only club? What kind of club? Like ... that kind of club? Narcissa allows that? Hmmm.

The three littles took a nap together on the lawns? Please tell me someone got pictures! I am missing everything! And then you had all three of them crammed on your lap for a big snuggle? Aww, I bet it was the sweetest thing! I can't wait to see you with your arms full of our children! What do you think the bubbles will look like? I will love them no matter what, but seeing as we have a big-brown-eyed baby, wouldn't it be sweet if we ended up with one green-eyed and one grey-eyed? Like a whole set!

Did you make any decisions on our announcement party? Oh, and I went on my computer and pretended I was a muggle and did some calculations ... apparently even though I GOT pregnant 7-ish weeks ago, I am actually considered 9 weeks? Muggles are weird. But our baby is the size of a grape! How is a grape sized baby taking up so much space?

Oooh, I could go for some grapes, I think I am going to get some for myself for the movie tonight. Don't worry, I won't share this snack with Viona, I know better. I actually got her peaches.

Ugh, I am a moron! I thought about spelling the pants to stay up but not to adjust size? I feel so much better today. Like I can breathe!

I'm so lucky to be in love with you,
Harry
Chapter 82

Chapter Summary

Draco asks Harry if he'd like to go to one of *those* sorts of clubs :-D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday at 11:16 PM
My beloved husband,

Alright, Kisa really is sweet when she's excited and happy. She dragged me around the museum so much it all became a blur for me. I had to insist we stop so I could Apparate us to movie night because my brain had turned to mush! But actually, the museum closes at 6, so it worked out.

So that movie was good but *weird!* It basically proved AND disproved magic at the same time... Muggles are *obviously* confused by magic and cannot quite explain how it could exist in a world of science. I wonder how they would react if they realized that magic *is* a branch of science? Is there anything more scientific than potion making? Is there anything more scientific than manipulating the fabric of reality by working a spell? Why else would strong magic fields interfere with electronics - the same as strong magnetic fields do? Honestly, it's the same sort of thing as radio waves being a frequency of light waves (which I didn't know until we were researching telephones and mobile technology). Basically, it's *all* the same thing, just different branches, sigh...

As I understand it, yes, they were waiting for big abuse. You apparently never reported being hit, just seriously unloved and bullied, so they trusted Dumbledore's insistence that you needed to be there for at least a little while each year. It confuses me too, so.

A pureblood wizard only club is a club that caters to wealthier wizards by providing a place where they can lounge and read the paper or conduct business in peace and relative quiet. There are no women of any kind allowed. Dad's brought me to poker night there in the past. I think he still attends regularly, but I personally have been much too busy to go in a long time. But don't think I miss it or anything, it's rather stuffy and the only thing it really has going for it is that the manager always manages to procure *the best* alcohol. If I'm honest, the thing they do the most there is sit in plush armchairs and sip on well aged brandy and the like.

But speaking of *those* sorts of clubs. Yes, my mother does allow my father to visit them. I don't want to think too closely about it, but it seems as if she occasionally goes with him. I would actually not be surprised if he and Ivan went to one so that they'd have something nice to look at while they chatted. My father took me to one when I turned 17 - since I had left school early that year, and the Dark Lord had broken all his followers out of Azkaban again. He was trying to have a very awkward and highly uncomfortable talk with me about, well, I'm sure you can guess. It was a huge relief for both of us that I was able to tell him that Pansy and Blaise - and a few others by that point - had already seen to it that I knew everything I needed to on that aspect. He asked a few questions, mostly about safety and the like, but also a few that were sheer curiosity, and I answered with honesty dripping in sarcasm. Apparently he was still a virgin at the same age - and that's the last time I ever had any sort of discussion on sex with him until you and I got married.
Also speaking of those sorts of clubs, want to go to one with me?

As for pictures, those magical cameras George gave us for our wedding are apparently still floating around out there, and so yes, I think they *did* get a few pictures of me with the adorable trio on my lap. Another Weasley - Molly - was a big help to me. I firecalled her and told her that we had something important we wanted to tell everyone, and she knew what I was talking about because you'd already sobbed the whole story out to her, so she promised to arrive at Unity House with the entire clan tomorrow around 4ish. I'm bringing my parents (who also already know, if you recall), grandmama, Kisa, and Ivan, and sent an owl to Andi to bring Teddy. Thus, everyone important to you should be there for the announcement.

In the dark, there is no sound, except for the two of us,

Draco

P.S. Having you conjure that non-burning fire and massaging my back was hands down one of the best experiences of my life so far. It sent me to subspace and let me float there for quite some time in bliss, and your hands - oh! I think I'd have married just your hands if the rest of you had been unwilling.

Thursday at 12:32 PM
Eeeek!

We're telling people tonight! Like tonight tonight! At 4:00! That's so soon, but so long to wait. I think I'm going to throw up.

Ok so you said Molly is bringing the Weasley Clan, and you have the Blacks and Malfoys covered, and Luna and Greg will be here at Unity House anyway .... did anyone think to invite Neville or Blaise? I wouldn't want them to think we don't care about them! Also, I assume Pansy isn't coming in from Russia just to hear our announcement so will you be insta-owling her later? I just don't want anyone to feel left out. It took me too long to get this crazy family, I am not willing to let any of them go. "Oh, you let yourself get attached to Harry? Good luck getting out of there alive!"

When you said that the magical cameras are still out there, my first thought was how excited I was to not have to miss some of those moments. And then I thought about how many times we've had sex out on the Manor grounds. So .... who takes care of going through those pictures? Maybe we should get to them before oh, I don't know, your mother gets to them? But I bet if they caught any that we look fantastic. Nothing but your gorgeous pale skin, my darker skin, and lush green grass. Maybe they caught you with your head thrown back when you do that growling thing right before you start speeding up? Or caught us staring into each others eyes? Um, I know you'll be here at 4:00 but it's um, been a while since we've utilized my desk to its full potential and we could ....

Sometimes I think muggles make movies that show magic as some completely unexplainable and unattainable thing because if they could look at it like a science and realize its potential, that they would feel deep sorrow for not having it. Even though I still do a lot of things the muggle way, cleaning and apparently trying to fit my pants over my ever expanding waistline, I can't imagine knowing magic existed but also knowing I had no access to it.

So these wizards clubs are just an excuse for men to get together and drink without having to deal with their women? Barf. No thanks. The only thing going for it is they can get your favorite alcohol? A Malfoy can procure any good drink better than some fussy club owner, and then we could hang out and drink with our powerful women and not a bunch of boring old coots? Yeah, enjoy poker night if you ever choose to go with your father, but I'm good!
Wait, so the "other" clubs ... you mean the naked dancing wizards ones? Or do you mean the clubs for ... like minded deviants to play or watch at their leisure?

So you had a good day at the museum, and then you enjoyed the heated massage? I'm so pleased you had a good day! Of course Kisa is sweet, I think you are the only person who doesn't think she's a complete delight. Is it because she's sneaky, snarky, opinionated, spoiled, always wants her own way, and has a smirk that could lay low entire armies? Yeah, she's a tough one to handle.

Ok I can't just keep sitting in my office. I am finally caught up on paperwork, there's nothing to schedule past tomorrow's adoptive movie night, and my thoughts are starting to creep back up! Tonight's the night! I will see you soon! But for now I think I am going to go start a giant game of tag in the garden and tucker myself out!

I don't need the sun as long as I can see your face,  
Harry

Chapter End Notes

So, when Draco talked about the Movie Flight of the Dragons, neither of us had actually watched it and so I basically read the Wikipedia on it. It sounded like something I would love to see, but since I hadn't, I made Draco's discussion of it a bit more focused on how it seemed like muggles were trying to interpret magic than on how awesome the movie is. But I'm going to try to see it for real, and when I do, I'll probably bring it up again :-)
Chapter 83

Chapter Summary

They announce Harry's pregnant :-) 

Thursday at 10:04 PM
Ahahahahaha!

We had a lovely dinner type party at Unity House. Hermione had invited Neville - knowing that I'd forget - and brought Blaise with her and Ron. The 'old' Unity House kids (or perhaps original is more appropriate) thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to show off for everyone while the new ones seemed quiet and shy, but not as scared as they probably would have been had they been dropped off at any other place.

After dinner, George started heavily dropping hints that it was time to make our mysterious announcement, and then heckling us over all sorts of possibilities. So, I pulled you to the side, gave you a small champagne flute, grabbed one for myself and said: "Dearly beloved, we're gathered here today to - wait, didn't we already do this? OH! Right!" And then I pulled out a diamond shaped yellow sign and used a sticking charm to stick it to your stomach so that everyone could read: "Impending Malfoy - 9 1/2 weeks"

As expected, Molly cried and hugged you again, babbling something about being so excited. My mother looked rather teary eyed herself. My grandmother was... hard to read, honestly. Hermione started crying too for some reason. Everyone *had* to hug you - and quite a few hugged me too, sort of ruffling my feathers. Or scales, I suppose. Fur? Anyway.

At one point, you squatted so that you were on the same level as most of the kids and explained that you had a baby in your tummy. One of the new ones shyly asked how the baby got in your tummy, and I told her you shrunk down one that no one else wanted, stuck it in a potion and drank it down so that it could grow in your tummy as a baby you very much *do* want.

Lauren and Hannah actually rolled their eyes and said: "That's not how it happened! They had sex!"

Well, the cat's out of the bag now, hahahahaha!

I think the cameras just keep taking pictures until someone actually does tell them to stop and develop them. I mean I know we had the ones at the wedding developed, and I can't remember which one of us did it, but I think I was the one that thought it would be interesting to turn them back on and set them loose to see what they'd catch, and so, if you want to see what they've caught, you might want to go out and bring them in so you can develop them. I personally rather hope they didn't catch my O face because I look so silly and stupid at that moment.

Well, I *was* referring to regular strip clubs, but if you'd prefer alternative ones, I can look into it, hee hee hee...

In fact, I think I'll research that now, before coming back to bed.

I would walk five hundred miles, and I would walk five hundred more just to be the man who walks
a thousand miles just to fall down at your door,
Draco

P.S. I hope I didn't forget to cast a silencing spell when I dragged you into your office and had you on your desk again. No need to traumatize the kids...

Thursday at 10:41 PM
Hey Daddy-to-be,

Tonight was so special. Sharing our news with the people who love us, getting to do that lovey dovey thing that makes people sick with how adorable we are, it was perfect. I'm really happy that you included the Unity Kids in our announcement. Yes some may come and go in a very short time, although I would say our Viona was probably the quickest turn around, she lasted what an entire hour? And some of them may stay with us for years. But some people would look at these kids and see a problem to fix or see goods that need to be unloaded. And you see small, unsure humans who just want to live a regular life. And for them, regular is that big kid Harry having a baby in his tummy.

And TA ever so for telling the kids that I drink babies. When they wake up with nightmares that Harry is going to turn them into a potion I am instructing the caregivers to immediately contact you for nightmare duty! I've never been so grateful for Lauren and Hannah and their inability to say anything with tact!

I suppose the truth of what happened was a little bit what you said and a little bit from the naughty twins; yes we had sex but I did have to take a potion first! So thankful I had a headache that night and thankful that I am too dumb to realize I'm taking the wrong potion.

Molly and Narcissa were the perfect Grandmas to be. Teary eyed and full of hugs. And speaking of them being Grandmotherly ... I think Molly snuck Viona some chocolate! I had a flash of "don't give my baby that sugary stuff" and then realized that our daughter has people who love her enough to sneak her chocolate under her Daddies' noses. And I think I have finally figured out your Grandmama. She didn't seem hard to read, she was thrilled but completely incapable of showing emotions in public, so she hid behind her Black/Rosier mask the same way you hide behind your Malfoy mask.

Our Princess certainly enjoyed being passed around between her Grandmas, her Grandpas, and her Godparents. And speaking of her Godparents, this is the second time this week I have seen Hermione break down in tears. She must be extra stressed with the opening of Traditions coming up because she is not usually much of a cryer.

I think tonight was a nice warm up to tomorrow night for some of the kiddos. Especially those that have been very isolated before now haven't really been exposed to big groups, so hopefully they got all of their jitters out tonight before tomorrow night's festivities. I truly hope it goes well. I don't want to "get rid" of any of these children, but the idea that some of them could be meeting their parents for the first time tomorrow is amazing. Are you staying at home and resting after your long week or are you coming to watch Lion King again?

Don't worry about whether or not you forgot the silencing spell. Hermione cast a permanent one-way silencing spell on my office a few weeks ago. Apparently Greg asked her if she knew of any spells he could cast on himself to avoid hearing people screaming "Please please harder Sir, can I come, please let me come!" So to answer your question, I am not sure if you forgot to cast a silencing spell THIS TIME.
Well for once you have fallen asleep and I have stayed up much too late to watch you sleep. Tonight was too wonderful, I couldn't quiet my mind. But I think I am ready to climb into bed with my family.

I'll see you in my dreams,
Harry

P.S. I hope the cameras DID catch your O face, it's a lovely O face, I happen to enjoy it thoroughly!
Chapter 84

Chapter Summary

The war between Lucius and Grandmama bursts into actual battle.

Friday at 7:53 PM
Oh Harry, you missed it!

So after you took Kisa and Viona to Unity House for extra movie night, me staying home because Kisa had hexed my hair purple - PURPLE HARRY!!! What the fuck was she thinking?! I *clearly* look better with gold, silver, or blue hair!!! bah!

Anyway, after you left and I managed to make a potion to counter the purple (grr) hair hex, I went down to see if my father would like to take me anywhere at all in order to get a break from grandmama and...

That's when the Manor turned into an all out war zone. Grandmama challenged dad to a duel. Dad named mum as his second and Grandmama named Ivan. What started out more or less like a duel is supposed to - formal, with graceful bows - quickly devolved into the four of them running all over the drawing room, down the hall to the ballroom, and then out the door to the back lawn. All the while casting devious but not permanently damaging spells.

I *really* hope you didn't have time to go bring in the cameras yet!

And of course, I wasn't just going to sit there and watch! So I nominated myself a rogue agent and went around hexing them all (nothing harmful, don't worry) at random while keeping hidden. I actually turned into my pygmy marmoset form and hid in the trees for the most part, turning back just long enough to hurl a hex.

So here's the rundown: do *not* mess with my grandmama! She kicked arse! After winning the first round, she decided that it was birds against blokes and - back to back with my mother - won the second round. Then the three of them teamed up against her and she won the third round too!

I had no idea, but apparently, she was a champion duelist back in her day, and regularly fought hex battles with grandpa Cygnus *just* for sparring practice.

To my father's great relief, she announced that they were returning home tomorrow night - after a lovely tea with Andi to which my father is *not* invited. But mother gave him permission to go relieve his stress however he liked, and I don't want to think too closely about the glint he got in his eye before Disapparating.

So... how was your first ever "Come meet the adoptable kids" movie night?

You are my destiny, I can't let go, baby can't you see? Cupid please take your aim at me! I cherish the thought of always having you here by my side, I cherish the joy, you keep bringing it into my life, I'm always singing it!

Draco

P.S. I'm in the mood to make one of your fantasies come true tonight, so when you get here and we
put Viona to bed, tell me what you want and I'll make it happen.

Saturday at 7:49 AM
Sexiest Husband alive,

I feel deliciously sore this morning, and as usual delightfully yours.

I could see that when I told you my fantasy you were a bit taken aback and I thought I had maybe managed to find something that even your dirty mind found unacceptable. But you pushed through and I'm pretty sure you ended up enjoying yourself, and not just because I was enjoying myself.

See, you know I love pain mixed with my pleasure. But up until now, most of it has been limited to reddening my arse. Which is wonderful obviously, I hope you didn’t take that as complaining. But I was really intrigued when you brought up the idea of electro play. I was hesitant but then I couldn’t get it out of my head. Well obviously we aren’t trying out something electrical during pregnancy unless it’s thoroughly okayed by the healer, but localized bursts of pain could be accomplished without electronics.

You should have seen the look on your face when I asked you to spank my bollocks to see if I could come from that alone. But ever the promise keeper you said you’d try.

We got you nice and comfortable on the black leather chair in the play room, clothed so I would know exactly who was in charge, and I sat naked except for my collar in your lap. My back to your chest, my arms wrapped around your neck and my fingers in your soft hair, and my legs spread wide hooked around your legs so you could keep them open if I tried flinching them shut.

You started by lightly tapping my bollocks and worked up the intensity until you were fully spanking them. I could feel my eyes tear up, I could hear my own whimpers and grunts, but I could also feel that I was harder than I think I have ever been in my life. And then when I thought I couldn’t take the delicious torture for another minute, I came, cock completely untouched.

And here’s where I’m fairly certain you enjoyed yourself, you manhandled me over to the bed in the playroom, and you were naked so quickly I’m assuming you broke your own rule of never vanishing quality clothing. Then you pounded into me so ruthlessly, hitting my prostate continuously, that I had a second hands free orgasm before you finished.

That’s the last thing I remember before waking up in our own bed this morning.

Last night went very well. I have a feeling that our numbers will start reducing quite quickly. And having our Viona there was a great idea. It opened up the option for people to ask me about how we’ve adjusted to adoption. She was at peak performance levels, waving and giggling. And still making Mmm noises at me, what’s that about?

I suppose I’ll know more about how it went on Monday if I start receiving word on transfers of guardianship.

You looked quite hot in your purple hair. I promise! Although now that you started listing other colors I’m totally picturing you with blue hair. Mmm that is hot.

I can’t believe there was an all out duel and I missed it! You will drop it in the pensieve for me won’t you? Although you know how much I worry now that you say you joined in. What if a stray hex had hit you, were you shielded? I’m sorry, I know you’re brilliant and I know you wouldn’t do anything to jeopardize the (potential, no pressure) demon. I’m just such a worrier.
Oh, they’re leaving tonight? I’m truly going to miss Kisa! I know she has to go home and start school but you know how I hate missing my collected people.

Andi is coming today? I will get some Teddy time! I know we see him on movie nights, and we just saw him for the announcement dinner, but I need some more direct time with him. Maybe I can take the three small ones out on an adventure on the Manor grounds!

Well I’m off for my morning run, hopefully you’ll be awake when I get back and if not I suppose I can wake you up in a way that you won’t be crabby about it!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 85

Chapter Summary

The test results are in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday at 1:14 PM
Oh man Harry!
I have no words for how hot that turned out to be! I just! Mmm...

I finally got a chance to hear the Mmm sound you were describing. Last night, during one of her
night feedings, Viona crawled over to cuddle with you, lightly patting your cheek with her pudgy
little baby hand, and made the noise. She's calling you mum! Moron...

But fuck! That was adorable! Nearly made me squeal.

You think I looked hot with purple hair? Hmm... I might have to examine the memory in the
Pensieve to see if you're right. Speaking of, I'd be delighted to copy the memory of the duel for
future entertainment.

I should have mentioned this right away, but yes, I kept myself well shielded. The interesting thing is
that my mum told her mum and Ivan about how I had been depressed for nearly a week when I
found out that I hadn't gotten pregnant after all, and that she was pretty sure I had tried to conceive
again. So, they all refrained from hexing me in return, which was interesting because it meant I got
away with quite a bit, but since I was clearly using playful hexes - as opposed to the minorly
injurious hexes they were using - I was more like an annoying gnat than any sort of real threat.

But enough of that, I know what you *really* want to know, and...

The test came up positive, however, seeing as how it was a false positive before, I'm going to reserve
my excitement until after the appointment I made to see a Healer first thing Monday morning.
WHAT? 10:30 *is* first thing in the morning for me. Don't give me that look!

But you are currently playing with the three most adorable babies in existence - at least until we have
some more. So, I'm going to join my mum and the rest for tea. I think I might even miss Kisa once
she's gone - and BY THE WAY! I resent the fact that you compared her to me! I am *nothing* like
her! Again with the look? Alright fine, so there might be the teeniest tiniest family resemblance. Oh
stop, I'm signing off now.

The passion between us is so electric that just one glance across the room and the entire crowd
suddenly feels lit on fire,
Draco

Monday at 8:46 AM
Good morning,
It's well before your appointment, it's actually still well before you'll be waking up. But I already feel like I've put in an entire day's work. No matter how busy I am, I will be meeting you at your appointment. I understand if you don't want me to come in the room, I can sit in the waiting room, but I need to be there in case you need me. I love you Draco Malfoy.

Like my last crazy busy Monday, it's a fantastic reason to have so much to do, but it doesn't change how frazzled I feel. So many children are on their way to getting a new home! I don't have time to go through all FIFTEEN potential upcoming adoptions but I thought you'd be interested in a few notable adoptions.

The Diggory family (Cedric's parents) is planning to adopt Eric! I'm so happy for them all. I think they wanted the chance to have an heir and a child, but were quite happy to be able to adopt an older child. Eric's calm demeanor seems to be a great match.

Katie Bell got married this year, and since she has known for a few years that the cursed necklace left her unable to have children, she and her husband decided to start looking into adoption immediately. What's funny is that they had every intention on trying to adopt as young of a child as possible, but they met Hannah and Lauren and just immediately knew they needed those little tricksters in their lives. I will miss the mischief twins but I think it will be perfect.

And Oliver Wood and his husband are adopting Cassie!

I think that's all of the kiddos that you know well.

Oh, except for Felan, I know you don't know him well, but I was quite worried that he would end up being one of the children that lived here for his entire childhood, seeing as there's still such a stigma against werewolves. But he is being adopted by a family where the wife has a similar condition to Bill Weasley, she had been attacked by a werewolf, and has just enough Lycanthropic symptoms that the moon phases effect her moods and that she appreciates her steak extra rare, but she doesn't transform. It sounds like a perfect fit.

Darling, I never compared Kisa to you. Go back and read what I wrote, I simply described some of her characteristics .... YOU are the one who compared her to you!

Wait, Viona is calling me Mum? What? Which one of you has been teaching her that I'm the Mum?!? Just because I am short, and pregnant, and have long hair, and .... that's it, I am chopping all of my hair off!

Ok, maybe I don't actually mind being Mum as much as I thought I would. I was actually feeling a little emotional that even though she loves me, that she had a name for you and she would never call me Daddy! That might be why I got the glare the first time she said Da and I told her that she was right and I am Daddy. Looking back, it was definitely a "No, you utter moron, you're the Mum! I want the Dad!" kind of look!

Yes, you looked hot with the purple hair. Although, to be fair, I don't know as if you could do anything to yourself where I wouldn't think you looked hot. I happen to be awfully partial to you.

I had such a lovely relaxing weekend, I got to play with my (currently) three favorite babies, and as sad as I was to see our guests leave it was nice to have absolutely nothing to do yesterday but be with my family. It was a nice relaxing way to prepare myself for this crazy upcoming week.

I will see you in a bit, at that place I'm not allowed to talk or ask about.

Yours,
Harry

P.S. It WAS obscenely hot the other night right?!?

Chapter End Notes

Remember, Harry still has insecurity and thinks he's not good enough, which is half the reason Draco's always calling him a moron, lol.
Monday at 1:07 PM  
Merlin and Salazar Harry!

We sat in the Healer’s office as she performed her magic scan. We were holding hands but you also had an around me because I needed the support. I *know* it’s too soon to ‘see’ or hear the baby, but I really needed *some* reassurance that I wasn’t just making the whole thing up. The fatigue may not be as bad as when I had the flu, but it was still there, along with weird cravings and a very mild but ever present nausea. I was honestly quite sure I was just feeling all of that because I want this so badly, but...

It's real!!!

Well, as far as the Healer can determine, it’s real. The hormone levels are within the range they should be for this very early stage of pregnancy, but they're there, and they would have receded by now if I hadn't conceived, so...

I think I'm pregnant!

I know you think I’m being paranoid, but I want to attempt to contain my excitement for the next two weeks until my next appointment which 'should’ be far enough along to hear and maybe even see the baby in there. Once I can hear the heartbeat, *then* I will consider it real.

Tentatively hopeful,  
Draco

P.S. Of course I wanted you there with me - in the room and all - I just didn't think you’d want to be there if it turned out to be another disappointment. But hopefully the fact that I practically sat in your lap in my irrational neediness convinced you that you being with me is *always* better than you being *not* with me.  
Love with everything that I am.

Monday at 2:58 PM  
My love,

I’m glad you let me be there with you and support you. Obviously I wouldn’t “want” to be there for a disappointment, I want to be there for the tentative news we got today! However I always want to be there to support you. If we were going to hear disappointing news, I’d rather have been there to support you and hold you than know you had to hear it by yourself.

Again, I understand you need to keep from getting your hopes up, so I will avoid talking about that thing I haven’t let myself talk about the last two weeks. But we have a crazy two weeks at Unity House and Traditions. This week is going to be prepping kids and sending them off with their new
families as well as final prep at the school. Then next week school is finally in session! I’m going to be decidedly less hands on at Traditions than I am at Unity House, but the first week of classes I’m going to be on call to put out any fires.

So with that being said, seeing as you’re cleared to work with the kids, and you could probably stand to be extra busy so you don’t think about the thing we’re not thinking about, do you want to spend all of your spare time helping out?

I think Hermione in particular would appreciate the company of another scholar. Apparently “there’s a difference?” is NOT the appropriate answer when asked about which type of writing utensils are needed. I think she needs someone she can complain about my idiocy to.

In just the short amount of time I was gone for your appointment and our little lunch date, Hannah and Lauren’s guardianship paperwork came through. They’re leaving us tomorrow. I know this is the goal, and I know that they will have an amazing life with their new parents, but I’m going to miss them so much!! But according to Katie they will most likely be enrolled in Traditions next school year and they’re aware they’re welcome and wanted any and all movie nights and that our doors are never shut to visits.

Since you and I both need to de stress and get out of our heads, after the Princess is asleep can I drag you to the playroom and take care of you? I have a deep craving to kneel at your feet and I’m assuming you want to run your hands through my hair before I cut it all off.

I might be home a little later than usual tonight, but barring some crazy emergency I should make it home in time for dinner.

Hopeful,

Harry
Chapter 87

Chapter Summary

Harry is *not* allowed to cut his hair!

Monday at 3:13 PM
Oi Mutt!

You will NOT be cutting your hair!!! It's just now finally long enough to put in a decent pony tail, and surely you know how hot you look like that?! I don't often act the way you tell me to when you say I *own* you, but I'm putting my foot down! I *own* you and you are *not* cutting your hair, and if you do, I will *not* spank you until it grows back to this exact same length!

In other news, I wouldn't mind helping Hermione out, but actually, I just remembered something you mentioned. Did Felan's mother give him up after all? You'd told me that he was a temporary addition, but then you said that he's going to a family with a mother similar to Bill Weasley. So, is this a temporary family to watch him because he fits in - until his mother comes to take him back, or is this a permanent thing?

I have no idea where my brain went. I had lots of other things I was going to talk about, but Merlin be damned if I can remember any of them, sigh...

You give me fever,
Draco

Monday at 4:24 PM
Oi owner!

But, I look like a mum! I want to look like a man. Nothing against women but I’m not one. I just. I’m so short and I want to look masculine! Except when I want to look feminine. I’m so confused. You don’t want me to keep my hair long because you secretly wish you’d married a woman after all and this is your next best option right?

I think maybe my wanting to cut off my hair might be a spike in my hormones. Well, I’m not willing to go without my spankings so I guess that’s that!

Oh, in all of our events last week I did forget to tell you about Felan. Yes, his mother did end up signing over her rights. I guess she left that blank because she wanted to reserve the right to come back, but it came out in her first therapy appointment that she didn’t actually want to be a mother but felt she “had” to. Also, he didn’t transform on Friday, there’s still a possibility he may come into more traits later but he didn’t do anything but sleep soundly the entire time he was at the safe house. And his soon to be parents came early on Friday to meet him before he had to be whisked away.

Hopefully you remember what you forgot. Do you need a remembrall?

Love,
Your Harry
Chapter 88

Chapter Summary

Draco assures Harry he does not look like a woman.

Monday at 4:47 PM

You do not look feminine, mutt. If you *really* want to look masculine, grow one of those short and well groomed beards that basically hugs your mouth and chin. I love your hair long because when you have it pulled back in a pony, you look like one of those hot men who rides motorcycles, and mmm... I'm now going to insist I take you to a good quality leather shop...

Oh Harry! I feel like my brain has been enveloped in a fog! I can't concentrate on anything - except shagging you in every way imaginable - for longer than about two minutes, and then I forget more than half of what I was thinking or talking about!

But speaking of shagging, I'm seriously looking forward to playing in our play room tonight. I'm pacing back and forth and thinking of ways I can have you serve me. Any requests? I'm thinking I might have you wash and pamper my feet and maybe even polish the nails. Nothing too outrageous or flashy, maybe a nice soft pink. Or pastel blue.

And oh!!! I think... maybe... maybe not. No, you wouldn't want to. Nevermind. See you when you get here.

You give me the most gorgeous sleep that I've ever had, and when it's really bad, I guess it's not that bad, because you're really lovely, underneath it all,

Draco

Monday at 4:58 PM

A leather shop!?! Like Regulation? I could be convinced.

I don’t know if I could do facial hair, every time I've let it go more than a day I get all itchy and it annoys me. But you seem to forget, I AM one of those guys that rides a motorcycle!

Wait, maybe you don’t know that. Do you know I have, and know how to ride, a motorcycle? I even have the perfect battered leather jacket to wear while I do. It’s in the back shed at Grimmauld.

Ok as long as you promise I don’t look feminine. Now that I’m not so crabby I don’t even know why it should bother me even if I did look feminine. Hormones are weird. This baby had better be ... what word did Donna use? “Freaking” adorable!

You can’t go more than two minutes without being distracted and losing your train of thought because you’re thinking about us shagging? Welcome to my brain Malfoy!

I have no requests for tonight, I live to serve at your pleasure. Although I’m half hard right now thinking about painting your toenails. I think the baby blue would be perfect, I always love you in blue!
And I have no idea what you were going to suggest and then changed your mind and said I wouldn’t want to, but I’m 110% certain I definitely want to.

I was only going to grab my box of biscuits, I mean important papers, and then come home and now I’m hard and distracted and don’t want to walk out of my office. But I need to get to you. Ok, head high, box in front of my trousers, I’ll probably be home before you even have a chance to open this!

Love,
Harry
Chapter 89

Chapter Summary

Draco explains the thing he rambled about and decided against in the last chapter. In lots of detail, lol.

Chapter Notes

Warning, for those who truly believe that Harry and Draco should only ever be with each other, please skip this chapter as a bit of consensual play with Blaise is involved.

Tuesday at 9:52 AM

Merlin, Salazar, Dumbledore, Godric, Hades, and *all* the Gods who ever existed! I am pretty sure I love you more at this moment than all of the love I've felt for you in my life combined! I thought it was stupid, that you'd object, but...

So you came home in time for dinner and we had a lovely family dinner. Afterwards, my mother asked to watch Viona for a bit so that she and Della could wear each other out before bed. This gave us time to go to our playroom and set up for our night's activities. You very curiously asked me what I had in mind that I didn't think you'd like, and I reminded you about how hot you'd found it when you served me in front of Neil. I tentatively suggested that I could invite Blaise over and have him play cards or something with me while you massaged my feet and painted my nails.

To my surprise, you eagerly agreed! So I sent an Insta-owl to Blaise, and to no surprise, he Apparated over within about a minute. I explained that he and I were just going to hang out while you did your thing.

Before I go any further, let me just say that the sight of you wearing nothing but your collar and leash - which I was naturally holding onto - as you bathed, massaged, and pampered my feet was so hot that I nearly had to cast an enlarging charm on my trousers and pants. I will probably savor that image for the rest of my life.

So anyway, Blaise and I talked about the revisions on the magic laptop we're working on. He'd even brought one of the unfinished prototypes with for me to fiddle with. We talked about his sex life - he's still seeing Hermione and your weasel on a fairly regular basis, but he's also seeing a lot of other people, as usual. I asked him questions about safety, and he assured me that he still makes sure that he *always* uses protection. He also heckled me a bit about how lucky we are that he likes to watch kinky shit like this, and that incidentally, we can call on him anytime we need an extra pair of eyes in the room.

The slag! Salazar I love him! As a friend, I mean. *Please* don't worry that my love for him is romantic in nature in the slightest. It's not, otherwise I'd have just gotten with him long before ever emailing you.
But even he was finding our play too hot to stand. He actually leapt to his feet and took a couple of steps back when you were done painting my nails and fanning them with a fan made out of Leucistic Peacock feathers. Hmm... Suddenly I'm wondering if I use those feathers on too many things. I mean they're gorgeous as fuck, and they go well with just about *everything* but that doesn't actually mean that I should *have* them on everything, right?

Wait, I lost my train of thought...

Oh yes! You. Naked. ...

Fuck! I lost my train of thought *again!*

BLAISE! That's it! Blaise horny as fuck and looking like he was ready to jump out the window to escape an out of control Fiendfyre. I grinned and asked if he wanted you to paint his toe nails too. You promptly squirmed, looked at the floor, and muttered: "Or we could try that... thing..."

I raised a brow in intrigue. "You mean that thing I mentioned a few times?"

You nodded. "Yes, that thing we agreed we'd try if the time was ever right."

"WHAT THING?!?!!" Blaise demanded in frustration.

I stood up and stared him down. He's actually the same height as me, so being able to stare him down is quite a feat. "First rule: You *never* have permission to kiss Harry on the lips."

"Wait! Is this going where I think it's going?!" Blaise asked eagerly.

"Second rule: If Harry says to stop or says his safeword at any time, you stop or I hex you into a lengthy stay at St. Mungo's," I continued. I could see Blaise press his lips together so that he didn't say anything and make us change our minds. Also, his eyes were positively *dancing* with eagerness and glee. "Which is hippogriff."

Both you and Blaise nodded - you to reinforce that you would be using your safeword if you got uncomfortable, and him to acknowledge that he'd heard it and would respect it.

"Last rule: Since Harry is pregnant, he can't do any of the more athletic and uncomfortable positions. He's not far enough along to be uncomfortable on his back, so you can certainly use that for all that lovely prep you love to do, but we have a whole room full of cushions and the like, so feel free to get creative - to a point. I will insist that you change positions if it looks like Harry's uncomfortable. This goes without saying, I will be watching everything like a hawk."

"Dragon," you corrected without thinking.

I nodded in agreement. "Dragon - which is definitely worse than a hawk."

After a moment of thought, I held up my hand: "I lied, *this* is the last rule: You may not *ever* brag about this to any sort of media - or any person who might want to tell or sell the story to any sort of media. We don't mind if you talk about it with our circle of friends, but that's pretty much it. Understand?"

"Yes... Master..." Blaise answered in a subservient tone with a flirty smirk.

"Harry, help Blaise undress, and take your time, I want to enjoy the show," I commanded.

"Yes Dragon," you murmured, trying to look shyer than you really were.
Mmm... Your hand on Blaise's skin may not be as much of a contrast as my hands, but it was still extremely hot. I started leaking early on and may have wasted an entire gallon of fluid by the time we were done for the night!

Once Blaise was naked - I noticed you nipped his nipples and thoroughly groped his massive shaft and pendulous bollocks. You were clearly fascinated and probably just a little apprehensive. Anyway, once he was naked, I gave the signal for him to use a bit of his magic on you. The thing is that I *know* he can talk literally anyone into his bed, and so even if this exact same scene were to play out when I was - oh... sick in bed or something - I would *never* blame you, my beloved Harry. For one, I'm not entirely sure I would mind because the thought of what happened would probably turn me on to no end, but more importantly, I would *know* it was Blaise's (more than likely Veela sex) magic that made you say yes to him. I had him use it on you even though you had already consented mostly because I wanted you to remain calm and in the moment. I didn't want you to overthink about what was happening and freak out.

You looked ever so slightly drunk as Blaise carried you to the cushy massage table and lay you on it so that he had the perfect access to rim you even as you had all the support you needed. I still held your leash, and so, stood by - not only for an excellent view, but so that I could run a hand through your hair and kiss you whenever I wanted. You were soon flushed with passion and looked oh so beautiful.

"You're doing so well," I praised sincerely, kissing you again. "My perfect little mutt!"

You made a strange noise, and then Blaise stuck a third finger in you. He was slowly working his way up to a fourth, because the last thing he ever wants is to hurt a lover. Eventually, he had you so ready that you arched your back and I could see your balls tighten tellingly. I watched Blaise quickly cover your shaft with his hot mouth and gulp down every drop. The sight nearly made me spunk my pants!!!

With infinite patience, Blaise worked himself inside you. I continued to praise and kiss you, letting you know how hot you look and how beautifully you were taking that massive shaft. Gods! The sight of that tree trunk slowly disappearing inside you made my whole body feel like molten lava! And then when Blaise was as far as he could go, I nearly spunked again!

Watching Blaise actually shag you was nearly too much for me - stamina wise. I really thought I was going to explode into a billion pieces and drift off into sheer bliss. I'm pretty sure I broke my rule to *never* tear my bespoke clothes by ripping them off in my haste to get naked! I couldn't even remember a simple intangible spell to magick them off!

I was probably going to wank myself raw and shoot all over your passion flushed chest, but even though you had a very good reason to be thoroughly distracted by Blaise, you were paying enough attention to me that you grabbed my shaft, tugged me closer, and sucked me off in a matter of mere seconds. I went weak in the knees the moment I finished pumping your mouth full, and actually sank to them as I kissed you and told you how much I loved you and how gorgeous you were and how you are *always* my favorite sight, especially when you're feeling so good that you're nearly squealing.

My words - or more likely Blaise's massive shaft in your arse massaging your prostate - sent you over the edge. You came all over your chest - and my hand on your chest - sounding like you were being strangled by the pleasure. With a guttural groan, Blaise pumped you full, barely resting for a moment before I ordered him to clean up not only your mess, but also his own, and holy fucking buggering hell! Watching that nearly got me off all over again!

We kept on playing until we were all an exhausted mess. I actually had to call for Muffy to Apparate
the two of us to our bed when we were done because I couldn't summon the energy to do it myself. We left Blaise sleeping in the bed in the playroom, so I have no idea if or when he left. For once, I'm actually emailing *you* in the morning! I'm guessing that your lack of a good morning email means that you are probably too out of it to sit down and write an email - unless your poor arse is too sore from accommodating that third leg of Blaise's to go anywhere near a chair. If so, I will make it better when you get home, I promise.

And even though I say it's morning, it's *my* morning, and so, approaching 10 AM. It's a GLORIOUS morning, if I do say so myself. I think I'm going to - rush to the loo because my stomach suddenly objected to something!

Love you more than words can express!
Draco!

Tuesday at 1:24 PM
My Beloved Peacock,

Wow, good afternoon for once! I can't believe you had the first email today! It's been a madhouse here, which is good for me, because there is no way I am sitting down today! Even with my cozy cushion on my desk chair it's a no. I actually put my computer on my shelf and I am standing to write this! Mmmm, my favorite ache.

I don't know how to say this without it coming out wrong, but I am going to give it a try. I am submissive. There is no doubt in my mind that submission is something I crave. And up until now I have been fulfilled and happy with every aspect of submission so far. But ... Last night was everything I had ever been waiting for when I gave you my submission. I know that sounds like my submission revolves around someone else being with us, but it doesn't. I was so out of it, I was being stretched and rimmed, and I was leashed, and I was feeling high from the probable Veela magick, and I had felt so subby from the foot pampering, and I started to feel a bit overwhelmed. Not terribly overwhelmed where I wanted to stop, but it was just all so much. And then you began stroking my hair, and you were kissing me, and it all started to come together.

And then, the phrase I have been waiting for my entire life came out of your mouth "you're doing so well" Although in your email you misquoted yourself. What you said was "You're doing so well FOR ME." I know with the timing you thought I must have come from Blaise fingering me, switching from two fingers, to three, to four, but it was your words that pushed me over the edge. Everything I am wants to be so good for you. Your praise took all of those overwhelming feelings and emotions and narrowed them into one perfect cohesive point of pleasure: "I'm doing so well for my master."

And of course I wasn't thoroughly distracted by Blaise, and his enormous cock. Holy Merlin, he should have fisted me it probably would have been smaller! Every single thing I did last night I was focused on you. And then you let me suck you! I am the most spoiled boy in the world! Although now that I know you were going to mark me, I kind of wish I could have had both. Although you said you would have come on my chest and there is a much more obvious marking location that would have been lovely.

Last night was wonderful, and I am so glad you pushed me out of my comfort zone but at a pace I was comfortable with. You are the most perfect Master. And you are mine! Although, that is probably my one critique I have about last night, I think he was kidding, but if anything ever happens again with Blaise, the updated list of rules includes him NOT being allowed to call you master! He can call you sir, or some other deference to your dominance, but you are MY Master! Mine!
So did you ever figure out if Blaise left, or does he just live in our playroom now? We can just have Muffy dust him once or twice a week.

Oh no, your stomach is objecting to things? Are you alright now? Do you need something special? So far the things that have helped me the most are ginger ale, saltine crackers, and peppermints. Oh, and also never listening to you talk about the food you are eating, that alone has had me cutting WAY back on the stomach problems. Oh you know what? Ben and Jerry's has some flavors with peppermint in them! I bet that would be so nice for your stomach.

I will pamper you as soon as I get home tonight ... from either a standing or lying down position. Or I suppose I could kneel as well, that doesn't put any pressure on my arse. I could make sure your pedicure doesn't need any touch ups! You have the hottest toes.

I slept in a bit and so I rushed out this morning. I didn't have much time for smooches and snuggles with Viona, so you could give her some squeezes for me and tell her her other Daddy loves her so much. And tell her I promise to read her at least three stories tonight.

Ok, I suppose I have stayed in my office for a bit too long. Eight of our fifteen transitions are happening today, so it has been a flurry of packing bags, and one last climb on the climbing wall pleases, and just one more hug. And I am sure you will be shocked to hear this, but quite a few tears from me.

Yours through the end of time,

Harry
Chapter 90

Chapter Summary

The demon wants what the demon wants!

Tuesday at 2:36 PM

Harry, there is a demon inside me and it *demands* fermented ginger, avocados, and sashimi. I couldn't keep anything at all down this morning until Muffy brought me a small bowl of fermented ginger slices, and then suddenly, I *needed* sashimi smothered in avocado with a little sea salt and pepper. And milk! I may have drank the entire cow!

Me and my never ending glass of farm fresh milk dropped Viona off with my mother and Della the moment I felt like I could crawl out of bed, and as promised, I went to help out Hermione. She was crying when I walked into her office and I had to hug her for nearly 20 minutes before she dried up, called herself silly, and went about her day as if nothing disconcerting had happened.

Harry... What if the reason for her tears is the same reason as *your* tears? Just a thought...

Salazar! I quite forgot to check on Blaise! But if he hasn't found his way home yet, Muffy will be sure to turn him on his side when she dusts him so that he doesn't get bed sores.

I'm so glad that I was able to meet your need to serve me in a whole new and deeper way. I know it has nothing to do with having someone else there and everything to do with the fact that we were *both* meeting some pretty big needs. The need I was fulfilling for me was watching you be given pleasure in a way that I was almost completely uninvolved in so that I could simply *see* you. I was so focused on you that Blaise could have turned into an erumpent for all I would have noticed.

Fuck I love you!

And now I have to: "Stop playing around Draco and help me make sure the new art teacher's lesson plans are enriching enough!"

See you when we both get home tonight,

Love,

Draco

P.S. If Hermione asks me why I'm hard as a rock, I'm telling her!

Tuesday at 6:27 PM

Shut. Up.

I think I have seen Hermione cry maybe three times in my entire friendship with her, and between the two of us we have seen her cry three times in the last eight days? Bloody hell! What if she *is* crying for the same reason I am? Oooooooohl bloody hell! What if she *is* crying for the same reason I am? Ooooooooh, this couldn't have been planned, it's too early in her ten-year plan. That means someone botched the contraceptive charm. And she has been being ... serviced by more than just Ron. Oh shite, is this baby going to be all mocha or is it going to be a tan
little ginger? Fuck, I am opening a school in six days and she is the headmistress and she was so emotional she needed you to hold her for twenty minutes while she cried today. Oh no, she is going to lose her mind, and the school is going to fail and people will know that I am a sham and I peaked at 17!! What are we going to do?

Ok, so there is a chance that I may be overreacting a teeny tiny bit. I think.

Oh Merlin, I peaked at 17.

Well no, I suppose I would have peaked at 18, because my greatest achievement was tricking you into marrying me!

So the cravings, they are wicked intense aren't they? I mean, I liked melon all right before. Sure, it's yummy. But right now I would knock over an old lady if she were on her way to the last piece of watermelon. I know we have been getting the farm fresh milk for you from the local farm, but at this rate should we be buying our own cow when we discuss investing in melon farms? So I am going to tell you that I have no idea what sashimi is, but I am pretty sure that I don't want to have any idea what it is. So I will just say, you eat whatever your heart desires. If you're growing our little demon I will do my best to knock over little old ladies to get you your cravings too!

I'm so glad you understood what I meant about how important last night was. I think I finally have my brain wrapped around why this works for you. Before last night there was a tiny part of me that was putting some really negative reasonings behind your desire. But, as much as we both adore our little slag, it really was about you and I. There aren't enough words to accurately show how much I love you. Thank you for being you, and giving me the safe place to learn to be me.

I don't think Hermione is going to ask you why you're hard as a rock. You forget, she's the one who had to place the silencing spells on my office to protect Greg's delicate sensibilities. If she asks it's probably because she's a deviant and gets off on the idea of hearing about other people's sex lives!

Well, seeing as I am actually home before you for once I have to assume that either you and Hermione are having a fantastic time being utter nerds, or she has you captive in some way and you're too scared of her to call for help. If you're not home by 7:00 I may come try to break you out. She might be a scary woman to you, but there is a certain Princess sitting in my lap, and giving the Malfoy death glare to the door you haven't walked through yet!

I can't help falling in love with you,

Harry
Chapter 91

Chapter Summary

So here's the gossip:

Wednesday at 12:43 AM
Tricky are you?

Have you been slipping me a bloody love potion since Fourth Year? Is *that* why I'm so utterly Hufflepuff over you? Hmm... If so, *never* stop feeding me that potion!

I did manage to come home before 7 PM, but just barely. I Apparated in at the last second, but it was for a good cause. After spending the day helping Hermione make sure everything was organized to her liking - for now, I suspect it will all change again by morning - we got to chatting. Around 5:30, we both needed some tea, and so we sat down and sipped from our cups.

So here's the gossip:

First of all, she knew why I was perpetually hard all day - thank Merlin I didn't have to leave her office for any reason! - because Blaise had already told her and your weasel a little bit. Apparently Weasley is every bit as squicked by your sex life as you are by his, so Blaise had to be sparse on the details, but Hermione got a few more out of him when the weasel went to the loo. It seems we succeeded in making Blaise feel like an interactive sex toy for as much attention as we paid to him. She said he said that he was more than a little jealous that almost every other word out of my mouth was: "I love you so much Harry, you're doing so good for me, you're so beautiful, so wonderful, Gods I love you!" And the other half was: "Fuck yeah, Harry, take it! Take that massive shaft! You're doing so well, I love you so much!"

Apparently I have no problems saying the L word to you directly during sex and am quite chatty with it.

Then Hermione wanted some technical information, such as did I cast healing spells on you and am I *certain* that Blaise didn't tear you up and hurt you. Our talk got rather graphic, but since it was mostly academic, neither of us blushed as much as I would have thought. During this talk, her own and that ginger weasel's sex life came up a lot. I got almost as many details from her about her and Pansy as I get from Pans herself in our Insta-owls. Also, it seems that your weasel cannot even contemplate bottoming for Blaise and can just barely admit that he likes topping because he can see how much it turns Hermione on. Even Hermione has a bit of trouble accommodating Blaise, but since he always takes the time to prepare his lovers properly, she can take him rather deeply. Her favorite thing about sex with him is seeing the look on his face when he's between the two of them, filling her as the weasel fills him.

Side note, would you consider being on the bottom of a sandwich after we're both recovered from creating mini Malfoys? It doesn't have to be Blaise. Actually, since we received a green light from Greg at dinner the other day, we could always think about inviting Luna over for a play night next month and having me inside you while she's inside me. And -

Erm, well, this is something I won't *ever* push you to do, but if we do invite Luna over to play, if I
get all dominant with the both of you, there are a few things I'd actually like to see me command you to do, but like I said, I will never push it. I know it's a hard limit for you, and if we have that sandwich I just mentioned with her, I'll be more than elated and fulfilled. There's no need to think you *have* to even consider the rest of it if you don't want to. Just... It's just... Alright fine, I had a dream about it, so it's on my mind is all.

And it was hot as fuck, but moving on.

I carefully broached the subject of excessive crying and possible reasons why, and Hermione froze and stared off into space for a moment before her eyes went a little wide. And that's actually when she realized that it was getting late and that she had to go. Thus the reason I realized the time and made it home a hair before 7.

My favorite part of the day was when I was able to just snuggle in bed as we all drifted off to sleep. Viona woke me a little after midnight for a feeding, and so I'm writing this email to you as she slowly falls back to sleep. I look forward to crawling back in bed and watch you sleep for a while before I close my eyes.

And if you only hold me tight, we'll be holding on forever, and we'll only be making it right, 'cuz we'll never be wrong together,

Draco

Wednesday at 8:41 AM
My Dragon,

I am obviously the trickiest. Maybe I HAVE been feeding you love potions! No, no I have not. Since 4th year? How would I have gotten working love potions? Through my massive potions skills? I didn't do well in potions until I cheated! And that resulted in my almost murdering you, so I am going to avoid potion making.

Fucking Shite, I almost killed you. This life we have could be nonexistent because I was so stupid. I wouldn't have you, I wouldn't have Viona, I wouldn't have the Water Bubble and the potential Demon that I am not allowed to talk about as if it were real yet. I could have nothing because I was stupid enough to use a spell in a book that I had no idea what it would do. I can't breathe. I could have ruined our entire life before it even started. I'd be sad and alone and decaying inside of Grimmauld Place.

I'm so sorry my love. I'm so so so sorry. I love you more than anything. How can you have forgiven me? I almost cost us everything!

Breathe. Breathe Harry breathe.

Ok, let's distract me with gossip.

Blaise obviously didn't turn into a permanent fixture with bed sores in our play room since he was able to get to Hermione and Ron for gossiping! That is so funny that Ron is equally as squicked as I am hearing about his sex life! But Hermione wanted extra details apparently! The naughtiness that woman hides behind her massive swot persona!

Oh no! Did Blaise feel badly that we used him as an interactive sex toy? I would have thought he would have liked it, and he was certainly able to ... perform. But he was jealous? Of me? Of you? And damn you Draco! You're not supposed to remind me of your words! People are going to think
I'm a freak if every time I leave my office I am blushing and awkwardly carrying something in front of my bits. What's the impotence spell you used to use again?

Merlin Hermione! Did you cast healing spells on me and are you certain I'm not damaged? Doesn't 'Mione know a Malfoy always takes care of his belongings? Malfoys always deserve the best, and the best does not include damaged bums! But now I am so curious. I don't "want" to hear about their sex life, but I really really need to know! And don't you get all judgey Draco Malfoy about Ron not being able to "even contemplate bottoming for Blaise" and acting like it's a product of his inner battle with sexual fluidity. YOU won't even contemplate bottoming for Blaise and you're married to a man! It's an intimidating appendage!

Arg Draco! Have you even met me? You can't just throw something out there that you dreamt about something, that it's on your mind, that you want to ask me to do it but you don't want to pressure me, and then not say it and just "move on." At this point, with the Luna thing, now that I understand your kink a little more, and now that I know you won't just "forget" about me, I am feeling comfortable with leaving it open to "right time, right place" possibilities. I reserve the right to shut the whole thing down with one whisper of my safe word, and I want to stick with my rules of no kissing on the mouth, and no one else calls you master.

It's one of my hard limits? I have literally two hard limits, body fluids and degrading talk that makes me feel unloved or unwanted. Do you mean soft limits like "eew boobs are weird"? Now I am intrigued!

I hope today is going as well for you as yesterday did. And that Hermione only had you redo half of what you've already worked on! I expect any and all gossip you may get today based on last night's revelations. And remind Hermione that she isn't allowed to work past 6:00 tonight as we would miss her too much during movie night! We're watching The Neverending Story! It's one of my very very favorites.

By the time movie night starts we will actually be down to our 14 kids that still live here. The last kid to leave is supposed to be getting picked up at 4:00 this afternoon. However, they have all been told that they have an open invitation to movie nights and that we love visits. So we'll see how many people we actually end up with.

My job is so fulfilling, and I am so excited for the school to start next week. I really feel like I've found something that suits me and that I am good at and that is making a difference in the world. But I am also so tired. I am so ready for things to calm down a bit. I'm ready to get to the point where I get to come in to Unity House to play and have fun and maybe a day or two per week of paperwork.

My favorite part of any day is snuggling up with my family too! At bedtime is wonderful, but I'm looking forward to holding the two of you in my arms tonight!

You are what my amortentia smells of,
Harry
Wednesday at 5:57 PM
Dearest Harry,

I woke up feeling a bit queasy, so I had Muffy bring me the fermented ginger, which helped right away. Then I drank half a cow, took my shower, and conducted an expedition of my closet in search of the perfect thing to wear. About two minutes in, I completely forgot what I was looking for. I found the costume I'd made once upon a time ago inspired by the Hungarian Horntail. It still fits! I was admiring myself in the mirror, liking the way how the brown and black tones really highlighted my hair. The yellow eyes and the yellowish bone color of the teeth adorn my left shoulder, and the costume has a half cape that is the wings. I left it draping dramatically, but the wings can also be charmed to stay open and flutter a bit.

Just as I was wondering if I had ever made the crown to go with it, I found it and put it on my head. Then an intangible silvery otter burst into the room and shrieked at me to get my Arse to Traditions right away! So I Apparated over there without even thinking about it. Yes Harry, I Apparated into Hermione's office wearing a dragon costume, you have my permission to murder me now.

But actually, aside from being surprised that I was wearing a costume - which she said looked rather good on me - Hermione didn't really care what I was wearing and put me to work finalizing the class rosters and individual schedules for all of the children. If this is what it was like being McGonagall at Hogwarts, then remind me to *never* apply for the Deputy Headmaster position.

Oh! Speaking of, I am not sure I ever mentioned this, but since my business meeting with McGonagall fell on the Monday that I was sick with the flu - and you were uber busy with Unity House and my mother dragged me in to help - I'd sent an owl to Macmillan to please handle the meeting with her himself. He did and impressed McGonagall. Apparently, word had spread about your sudden influx of children because of my plea in the Prophet, so I was not only given the benefit of the doubt for not attending the meeting, but also have permission to be part of the guest classes as intended. Thankfully, the first class isn't until toward the end of September for Mabon, and that's going to be a relatively simple class talking about the importance of the fall equinox, how witches and wizards traditionally celebrated the harvests, and a simple ritual to give thanks - involving cake, so it should be enticing enough for even the moodiest teenager.

Hermione and I broke for lunch around 1 or 1:30, during which she remarked that it was weird that I was eating sashimi wrapped in crispy bacon. I know she knows the whole story - first because you had to ask her for books for our pregnancies, and then because of your overnight stay at the Burrow when I was depressed from not being pregnant after all, so I told her the truth. That I am pretty sure we summoned a demon into my body, and that it is currently *demanding* that I feed it sashimi and bacon. And milk.

Hermione promptly burst into tears and gave me the tightest hug I can ever remember having. She was sobbing and wailing something incoherent, and then finally managed to calm down enough to blubber on about how she cast a pregnancy test spell on herself, that it came up positive, and how
she's now afraid to tell - grr... sigh... grr... sigh... grr... sigh... Ron - Merlin's rotting teeth! I feel like I should go wash my mouth out!!! And I didn't even say it out loud!

Alright, I'm back from washing my mouth AND my eyes because I had to read that word too as I typed it.

Anyway, she's afraid to tell anyone because she thinks the weasel will - ahem - weasel out on her. That he will assume that the accident was Blaise's fault and abandon her even though - she can't be certain - but she actually thinks that the fault is *hers* because she was too turned on to remember the anti pregnancy charm when shagging the weasel one night.

But even if the baby does turn out to be Blaise's - unlikely because he's bloody careful about protection because of his extremely high sex drive; he drinks potions to render him infertile and protect him from diseases, plus he casts charms to make double sure. Anyway, Hermione knows better than to expect Blaise to settle down with her just because he got her up the duff. He's not the committing type. Although, he *would* help care for the baby.

I managed to calm her fears - I hope - and she definitely seemed much happier by the end of our conversation. Then she sent me out to give the first group of students their pre start of school tour. The cow! Taking advantage of the fact that I was wearing a costume by insisting that I entertain the rabble! I gave at least six tours as new students arrived! The kids now all think I'm a giant snarky goofball!

On the plus side, they also think I am hilarious, so, it wasn't all bad.

What specifically did you want to know about their sex life? I'll be sure to ask for you.

To clarify Blaise's mild jealousy, it was because of my issues with saying the L word. I've never said it to anyone except for the occasional grumble at my parents. And yet I was babbling it at you almost constantly. He realized that he actually wants to hear someone say it to him for real - rather than sex magic induced babbling. Which, by the way, I have never done to him. I've already said that I don't think he's ever tried using it on me, but if he has, then I'm definitely immune because I've never babbled anything to him during sex.

I wasn't judging R - grr! The weasel's decision to not bottom. I know perfectly well why it's not an easy thing to do, I was just telling you what Hermione had told me.

Sorry about the incoherence when talking about Luna, it's just that she's definitely a woman, with all the best womanly parts. I had a dream in which I had you naked and on a leash, and she was bound to the bondage X in our playroom, and I forced you to orally please her and, erm... service her... I know that you probably wouldn't be *able* to do it and I don't want to force you to *actually* do anything you're uncomfortable with. It's just that she's probably the closest I've ever come to feeling love before you - actually, I'm pretty sure I was already more than half in love with you by that point, so technically, she would have been *after* you, but before we got together. Anyway, the point is that I do often picture her - the things we've done, the things we talked about doing but never got a chance to do, her pegging me... I *also* picture you about a hundred times more often, and on occasion, the two of you are doing things in my head that would probably make you both blush if I merely *told* you about them.

Salazar damnit! Now I'm hard again and it's time to Apparate over to Unity House for movie night! sigh...

I'll see you before you even get a chance to read this.
Thursday at 11:49 AM

My love,

I am so glad you came clean about having worn a dragon costume to do work at Traditions. Because Hermione sent me an owl roughly 2 minutes after you got there to tell me about it! It would have been so hard to pretend I didn't know! I'm sure you were the handsomest Dragon in all the land! And all teasing aside, I bet it put the kids at ease to have something to giggle about.

I will definitely remind you to never apply for the Deputy Headmaster position. Do you think it's a coincidence that I do so much work at Unity House and have barely touched Traditions past hiring and the basic structuring? I have no interest in creating curriculums, coordinating schedules, any of that. I will take my Unity paperwork, a flurry of work at each intake, and about half of that during the adoption process, and then I get to play at the Park with a bunch of kids. I have zero interest in trying to figure out the most efficient amount of time to allocate for passage between classes. I will show up at the occasional lunch, I will cheer at every little league quidditch game, and I will be the best climber the school has ever seen at recess!

But Hermione sure knows what she's doing. She locked herself in her office to do a mountain of paperwork, colorcoding schedules, and figuring out how to best boss around the entire school, and then delegated the tour (i.e. a very long winded performance) to the man in the dragon costume. Just a round of applause for Hermione knowing what job best suits each person!

I'll bet you were an amazing tour guide! I am honestly so shocked that you don't seem to think you're good with children. As though being snarky has to be inherently adult or inappropriate. You treat children like tiny annoying adults, as opposed to adults who you treat like large annoying adults! Darling, my love, husband mine, father of my children ... you ARE a giant snarky goofball. I know that you think you are very upper crust and know all of the things that are not the "done" things, but please keep in mind, my memories of you include you dressing up as a dementor to scare me, acting as though you had been murdered when you got nipped on the arm, hiding in a tree so you could jump out at me and get my attention, and charming badges that flashed my name in bright letters, but you are most certainly a goofball! And hilarious! And handsome. And an amazing father. And a good friend. And fantastic in bed. And mine. Mmmmm, mine.

I am so in shock about Hermione! I truly understand her misgivings about Ron's loyalty, it's not as though he hasn't left when it mattered before. But he always comes back. And he may panic, ok that was silly, he WILL panic, but he's a Weasley for Merlin's sake! I don't think babies are going to freak him out! I am going to stop in to see Hermione at lunch today and ask her if she wants me to talk to Ron at all. He may not panic at babies, but he does not do well with women's tears. So I may be able to knock some sense into him. It might be nice for her to go into the hard conversation with him knowing she can send him my way and I can talk him off the ledge.

So many babies! Another reason to not take over the Deputy position at Hogwarts? Within the next 12 years Hogwarts will receive three Potter/Malfoy hybrids, and a Weasley/Granger. Mark my words; McGonagall announces her retirement the year before Viona is enrolled!

Speaking of McGonagall ... Congratulations on your lecture series! I knew you could do it. I have done a little research on wizarding traditions, but quickly became overwhelmed by how much I didn't know. So if you want a captive audience to practice your lesson plans on, I will be the most
attentive pupil you've ever seen! Do you have any plans for us to celebrate the fall equinox? I mean, you had me at wizarding traditions, but now that I know there will be cake wild horses couldn't drag me away! What? I AM a moody teenager!

So you think Blaise's jealousy was being jealous of what we have and not being jealous of us? That makes sense. I know it's not the same, but he does have people who love him. And if he's feeling as though he wants someone to love him that way, maybe it's time for him to play a little less and make himself more available emotionally. He's a really intelligent, kind, and insightful guy when he's not playing the role of playboy.

Yeah, the Luna and I thing isn't even a "hard limit" for me, just something I can't even imagine sexually. There would be zero arousal for me, which I assume would manage to deflate you pretty quickly. And even if I managed it, I would be terrible at it. So yeah, let's keep that as a little fantasy for your brain, keep it stocked in the bank for when I am too uncomfortable to do anything. However I would be willing to pamper her the way I pampered you the other night ... for YOU. I could paint the two of you to have matching toenails and the like. But being on the bottom of the Draco sandwich while you moan in my ear from being pegged? I could handle that!

I made us plans for Saturday afternoon if you don't already have plans. Dudley sent me an email and asked if we could get together, so I set up tentative plans to have lunch with the three of us and Dudley and Donna. Then after that I asked Narcissa if she would watch Viona for a bit so we could go see a play or a movie together just the two of us. We've just been too busy for me to plan much more of a date than that. Not to mention that I just have not seen enough of Viona the last week or so and the idea of leaving her with your mum for longer than a movie during her naptime just doesn't sit right with me. I actually plan on having her with me all week next week at Unity House. It will be busy at Traditions, but Unity should be nice and quiet with the school aged Unity Kids being over at Traditions most of the day. And of course I'd love for you to come during any free time you're not working with your coworkers or napping because the demon I don't talk about has sapped all of your energy!

I'm just so ready to get into a normal routine, regular work hours, dinner home every night with my family, lazy weekends where we let Viona dig herself filthy in the garden.

Well it's just about time for me to head over and see Hermione for lunch. Maybe I will be able to get a quick kiss and a grope in with that hot blonde she seems to have roped into being her assistant!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 93

Chapter Summary

Making plans...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday at 01:22 AM
Oh Harry,

Just when I think: "This is it, I can't possibly get any more exhausted than I am right now," I go and find out how wrong I am. There is literally *nothing* more exhausting than being roped into being Hermione Granger's assistant for the last few days before the official opening of her school. I'm so tired that my bones ache and I wasn't even able to shag you before falling asleep.

Imagine! A Friday night and I wasn't even able to shag my husband!

I'm only awake now because Viona needed her just after midnight feeding, and I'm crawling back into bed right now to let her drink her bottle while laying between us. Muffy has orders to change her (again) if needed and to let me sleep until her next feeding. And even then, I might just summon a bottle, shove it in her mouth, and go right back to sleep.

But before I go back to bed, erm, well, it was the third Friday since we on purpose tried to get me up the duff and accidentally summoned a demon into my body instead. So, I cast another test on myself, and it's still coming up positive, so... You can have official permission to talk about the demon. Just try not to get too attached to it until our next appointment. Once we hear the heartbeat, *then* you can shout about it from the rooftops.

Eternally yours,
Draco

P.S. How was your talk with Hermione? I was too tired to ask yesterday.

Saturday at 9:14 am
My exhausted incubator,

I love and adore you. You are the most amazing father. You are a husband I didn't even allow myself to dream of. But darling, you need to use that posh, demanding, bossy voice of yours, and say when you need to take a break. No one will judge you for it, I mean Hermione might cry, but she also cried at lunch yesterday when I told her the biscuits I brought to share were ginger and not oatmeal. I feel for Ron, what must it be like to be with someone who cries constantly for no reason?!!

I feel like the worst sort of terribly useless father and husband right now. I have just been snoozing away while you get up for Viona's feedings. In my defense, when she first came to us, I would try to wake up and help, and you would snarl at me like I was trying to steal her! And now I am in the terrible habit of sleeping through it because I've justified it in my head that you want your special
time with her. Please please please let me help. My symptoms have been crazy cravings, vomiting constantly, and tearful mood swings. However, I do not (knock wood) have the exhaustion symptom. Please let me help. Would it help if I threatened to cry until you let me help?

My lunch with Hermione yesterday went well. Besides the fact that between us there were probably more tears shed than words said! I think I managed to get a hold of her logical side, reminded her that while Ron is hotheaded, he always comes back and makes up for his freak out. And I reminded her that if he really went off the deep end, that I am also carrying one of Molly's grandchildren and I have no qualms about putting on a wide-eyed performance and getting her all worked up and on our side. She plans on telling him this weekend, and I pre-arranged a lunch date with him for Monday. It should hopefully give him just enough time to cool down to the point of being able to hear me. But we could be fussing for nothing, remember his horrible panic attack when I came out as gay? He was all confused and waiting for my news. He's a brilliant chess player, and sometimes I think we don't give him enough credit for being observant. He lives with the woman, you think he hasn't noticed our fierce Hermione becoming a soggy mess?

We're supposed to meet Dudley and Donna today at Positano, an Italian place near where they live in Guildford, at 12:30. I am going to eat all the bread; no not all the bread they give me, or all the bread at the table, I am going to eat their entire stock of bread.

I'm so nervous! I think it will go well, and the little bit of conversation I had with him at the museum was very nice, but what if it all goes terribly? Deep breaths, deep breaths, I will be with the love of my life, and he will protect me. Unless you are too tired to go! Oh well, we can reschedule if we need to.

If you're too tired to shag me tonight, I suppose I could be talked into very very gently shagging you while you sit there and do nothing while having your pleasure seen to! I'm very sorry if I made it seem like you had to be Hermione's assistant! I just thought it would be good for you to take your mind off of wondering and worrying if the demon "took."

So when are our next appointments? I will be 11 weeks tomorrow, and you will hit the 4 weeks from conception mark this Friday. I was so focused on you at my first appointment that I completely forgot to ask when I should be coming back in! And I will be holding you to your promise about being able to shout it from the rooftops! I plan on terrifying your father and the peafowl by standing on top of the Manor bellowing about our baby. It's a good thing we don't have neighbors! Can you imagine? "Marge! What's all that yelling?" "It's that crazy Harry standing on the roof screaming about baby demons again." I'm also not sure why our pretend neighbor's name is Marge. I imagine his name is Morty.

I think I might go climb into bed with you and stroke your hair, see how much squirming you do so I can figure out if I should be sending requests to reschedule our lunch or if I should see how quickly I can get you from slightly awake to surging down my throat.

Wish me luck!
Harry

Chapter End Notes

I felt so bad about not posting to this story at all yesterday that I posted all four chapters in a matter of about 4 hours, lol.
That said, I *really* wanted to get my "How to Train Your Dragon" story out of my head and posted, so that's what was distracting me. I know that everyone is here for Drarry, but if you've ever watched the movies and the TV series, I'd suggest reading the story I posted yesterday :-)}
Chapter 94

Chapter Summary

Harry, Draco, and Viona have lunch with Donna and Dudley.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry I didn't post earlier today! I woke up and some insane mindworm slithered in and told me it would be a good idea to go on Pinterest first thing. A few hours later, I told myself that I should start closing tabs and work my way off Pinterest. A few hours later, I finally succeeded, but only because I felt like I should get *something* accomplished today. *winces and looks away*

Saturday at 11:32 PM
My wonderful husband Harry,

Have I ever mentioned how much I love Italian food? I'm not sure if I have you or your cousin to thank for suggesting Positano, but I'd like to kiss the brilliant suggestor - and since you're the only one in bed with me at the moment, I guess I'll just have to kiss you, and then probably shag you, but first...

So I had a small amount of doubt about how the day would go since you're still a bit - or a lot - emotional in general, and your cousin is part of the family you don't like to talk about all that often. Or ever. But as it turns out, I was overworrying.

Dudley and Donna were already seated when we arrived, and you didn't even sit before grabbing a server and demanding that she bring a basket of bread as soon as possible. Plus apple juice. I demanded a glass of their best red wine and assured them that I would buy the entire bottle if their best happened to a quality vintage that was unopened as some places are reluctant to open a good bottle to sell a single glass.

"But Draco, won't the demon object?" You asked, a hand on your stomach letting me know that the mere thought of wine made you queasy at the moment. I took your hand in mine and kissed it.

"The demon would murder a little old lady for some good quality red right about now," I informed you.

"Whereas Bubbles would murder that same little old lady for some garlic bread," you murmured.

Dudley chuckled. "You sound like Donna when she's craving hashbrowns and sauerkraut at three in the morning: 'Dudley, go to Rumwong and get me some!' 'But Donna! They're not even open at this time of night!' 'I don't care, go!' Sheesh..."

Donna giggled and rubbed her very slightly rounded abdomen. "Being pregnant is so weird! I crave the strangest things, but then can't even keep half of them down!"
"Tell me about it," you muttered. I kissed your hand again and smiled at Donna.

"Harry took a potion and is considered 11 out of 40 weeks as of tomorrow," I explained.

"That's so exciting!" Donna squealed, throwing her arms around you and giving you a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She was sitting next to you - across from me - and you were sitting across from Dudley, who was looking extremely confused. Since I had already cast a subtle privacy spell around the table, I had no qualms about explaining things to him.

"Wizards - if they have enough magic - can take a potion and conceive a baby. It's rare because most wizards aren't openly gay and in a stable relationship - or marriage - and so, tend to use witches for procreation. That would have been my fate, since I need an Heir for my family estate, but I took a risk and asked Harry to marry me instead."

Dudley still looked a little confused, but *also* trying to accept this. He frowned. "The hard part for me to wrap my head around is that when I was an arse to you about calling out for Cedric in your sleep, calling you gay, you got mad and nearly cast a nasty spell on me. So, if I was right, why did you get so mad?"

I tilted my head at you. "You had nightmares about Cedric Diggory dying?"

"Well he was murdered right in front of me and I couldn't do anything to stop it," you grumbled. I nodded in understanding.

"Cedric Diggory...?" Donna murmured, pressing a finger to her lips. "Isn't that the poor boy that was competing in the Triwizard Tournament who was killed in the Final Task by You-Know-Who?"

You nodded. "And the saddest thing was that he wasn't a target. They would never have killed him if we hadn't both touched the Triwizard Cup at the same time. He had no purpose in Voldemort's plans, so Voldemort ordered: kill the spare - and he was dead before I even fully realized what was happening."

Donna gasped and choked a bit that you'd said the name not just once, but twice.

I chuckled wryly. "Harry is one of the few people who can stand to say or hear the Dark Lord's name. You should hear when he and Hermione (and their weasel) get into a conversation about their time on the run or the Final Battle. The V word is said at least twice a minute, and whole crowds nearly die from the shock of it."

You snickered like a twelve year old. "The V word..."

I rolled my eyes. "I have no idea how I married such a puerile mutt!"

You smirked at me. "It's because you wanted me so much that we nearly eloped five minutes after shagging for the first time."

I raised a brow at that. "So you're saying you Confounded me?"

You laughed at that. "I *told* you I was a tricky bastard."

I harrumphed haughtily even as I leaned over to kiss you. The server picked just then to bring us our bread and drinks. I ordered the Pollo ai Funghi with the Rustico for starters. You closed the menu upon hearing that and said: "You mean the bread with the onion and cheese on it served with a salad? I'm eating that for you."
Chuckling, I asked: "Would you like anything else?"

"That strawberry cheesecake thingy."

"Mmm, that sounds good!" I moaned in agreement. "We'll have two orders of Cheesecake Monterosa, and don't hold them back for dessert. Bring them out with our food."

Encouraged, Dudley ordered a double portion of Spaghetti Bolognese with Funghi Ripieni and Panna Cotta - which he also wanted brought out right away. Donna ordered the Salmone al forno with Zuppa Toscana and Soufflé al Cioccolotto. The same as the rest of us, she didn't want to wait for her dessert either.

You couldn't contain your curiosity a moment longer than it took the server to leave. "So... you're a witch?"

"A squib," Donna admitted with an embarrassed chuckle.

You took her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "My neighbor down the street - Mrs. Figg - she was a squib too and she once helped me save myself and Dudley from dementors."

Dudley gave a great shudder, closed his eyes and looked away from all of us for a moment.

Donna frowned in concern. "Dudley told me - after we met up with you at the Science Museum and I was confused because you Apparated away so suddenly - a little bit about, um, well, your childhood. I told him that I was a squib and never thought I'd ever have to mention the whole born to a wizarding family thing. I had actually planned to have my family pretend to be normal when they come for our wedding, but I basically outed myself without meaning to when I recognized you - despite being American and never having met you before."

You stared at your hands in your lap. "I'm actually very worried about your baby. What if it turns out to have magic and the Dursleys can't love it?"

Dudley cleared his throat and looked rather contrite. "I won't let them treat my son or daughter the way they treated you. If they can't find it in themselves to love him or her, they won't being seeing him or her. Period."

"But squibs and no-maj - I mean muggles - almost never have kids with magic," Donna added. "The power lies dormant in the blood until there's either so much, um, muggle blood that the magic dies out completely, or until the decendents marry someone else with enough magic in their blood to awaken it."

"That's true," I murmured in agreement. "At least as far as we can tell. It's the best explanation we have for muggleborns, and actually, a few of them *have* traced their lineage back far enough to find a squib - and thus a witch or wizard - in their family tree. That reminds me, please help me remember to tell Hermione that I was digging through her lineage and I think she actually *is* related to a famous wizard with the last name Granger."

"Oh oh!" Donna burst out excitedly. "Can I take a peek at the records you're using? It would help me *so* much with my research. She reached out a hand to squeeze mine pleadingly - Americans certainly are handsy, aren't they? This seemed to activate the outrage button in Viona - who'd been so quiet and happy in her carrier that I'd nearly forgotten about her! She screeched and hissed like a cobra about to spit venom at its victim.

You laughed. "Viona is very possessive of her daddy!"
I calmed her by offering her a fistful of buttery garlic bread to gnaw on. "I suppose I could invite you to Malfoy Manor to take a look through our ancestry records. They're quite extensive. They unfortunately *don't* go back all the way to the Founders or Merlin, but they do go back far enough that they should prove useful to you." I turned my head to look at you. "Do you still have the Black records?"

You shrugged. "Dunno, never looked." Then you sighed a bit heavily. "But if she's descended from the Peverells, I might have to have Hermione help me look for the *Potter* family records - since my dad was a direct descendant of the line, as far as I can tell. He inherited the family Heirloom, after all."

I narrowed my eyes at you. "I think I'm going to have to reread the tale of the three brothers and go over the whole Peverell thing with you at some point. I get the feeling that there's more to the story than I can recall at the moment."

You laughed rather merrily. "The demon stealing your memory again?"

I rubbed my abdomen affectionately. "Probably."

You took my hand and kissed it, then smirked at your highly confused looking cousin. "We call *this one,*" you rubbed your belly. "Bubbles, and *that one* the demon." You rubbed my belly as you leaned over to kiss me.

"Oh wow!" Donna blurted out. "YOU'RE pregnant too?!!"

I shrugged. "It's still early days, but we sincerely hope so."

"That's so exciting!" Donna squealed giddily.

"That's barmy!" Dudley roared, pointing at Viona. "You have an adopted baby and you're *both* pregnant! You're going to be overrun!"

You roared with laughter. "Actually, we already are! I run an orphanage - and a primary school - so we have *loads* of kids around at all times. Plus, Draco's parents just officially adopted his Aunt's baby - since Bellatrix died in the Final Battle next to her beloved Voldypants - so he's now a big brother!"

"Wait! Your family is *that* Malfoy family?!?!!" Donna asked in astonishment, her eyes now as round as saucers.

I nodded and pulled up my sleeve to show her my Dark Mark. "I served the Dark Lord as part of his inner circle when my father was caught and sent to Azkaban. But my heart wasn't in it, so I basically defected the first chance I got."

"Draco's too good of a person to truly be a bad man," you informed her, kissing my hand again.

"Shh!" I ordered, putting a finger to my lips. "Stop trying to ruin my reputation."

Our food arrived just then. Lunch lasted longer than any of us could have anticipated as we simply talked for at least two and a half hours. Viona fell asleep after eating nearly as much bread as you had (and a few bites of our cheesecake), lazily sucking on her bottle. By the end of our meal, I felt like Donna was an old friend and Dudley was... akin to an acquaintance that I wouldn't mind having the occasional lunch or dinner party with. They were invited to come to our Manor on Sunday (tomorrow) afternoon for tea and a look through our ancestry archive.
But despite having a nice filling meal - that *should* have energized me - I started feeling exhausted. So, as protective of me as ever, the moment you noticed me yawn for the third time in less than ten minutes, you insisted that lunch was lovely but that you had to whisk me away to the loo so that you'd have the privacy to Apparate me home. I promised to have Muffy pick them up for tea, tossed enough muggle money on the table to pay for the entire meal, and then stood up.

"Oi! *I* was supposed to pay," you objected with a glare.

"I got to it first!" I harrumphed smugly.

"Prat!"

"Moron!"

"Ponce!"

"Mutt!" At that, you melted and kissed me.

"Alright, since you already paid and I want to get you home soon as possible, I'll let it slide. *This time!*"

I smirked and kissed you again. "I'm *always* going to pay, so you can save your little Potter and Black fortunes for Bubbles and all the others we plan to have."

With a sigh, you grumbled: "Whatever," and dragged me off to the loo. "Bye Dudley, Donna, see you tomorrow!"

I waved goodbye too, stifling yet another yawn. Remind me to *never* summon another demon again!

One heart beat, not two, our kiss is the rhythm of a euphoric melody, Draco

Monday at
Happy Monday!

This is your friendly morning reminder (and maybe even afternoon, hopefully you slept in as long as you wanted) that Viona is coming with me to Unity House all week and that is why she isn't in bed with you!

It's been a lovely morning here so far, the kids who are five or older are at Traditions so it's just Luna, Maya, and Garret for caretakers, myself, Viona, and nine little ones. I'm sure you remember, but Daisy is the other "baby" that's been here. She's just two months older than Viona. Well. They eyed each other for a bit when we first got here, Viona very possessively stayed in my lap to claim her territory. It was so wonderful, now I know why you like it so much, I felt very special! But it wasn't long before her impatience to play won out. And now she and Daisy have been crawling all over the place together. Although our brilliant daughter seems to have been making sure she's between Daisy and myself at all times.

I feel a little badly for Olive though, she's four, so she isn't old enough for Traditions, and normally she and Eloise are attached at the hip, but Eloise is at school. I told her that when I got back from lunch with Ron that I would take her into the kitchen and let her help me bake. That seemed to cheer her up, but I have a feeling that when Eloise comes home tonight that Olive won't let her out of her
sight!

I'm leaving the Princess here while I go to lunch, I don't think she needs to see her Uncle Ron during one of his temper tantrums! I can't imagine it going too badly though. Hermione was going to tell him yesterday, and we didn't get Ron flooing in hysterically or a message from Hermione saying he freaked out and left, so the worst case scenario didn't happen. Maybe we'll barely have to talk about it and then I can just enjoy a nice lunch with Ron. Most of our circle is in and out of Unity or Traditions pretty regularly, but I don't see Ron very often at all.

I was pleasantly surprised at how well lunch went on Saturday! And no, you had not mentioned loving Italian! I'm so pleased you loved it. Dudley picked it and his reasoning was "The food should be delicious enough for me, and the place should be fancy enough for your husband in the waistcoat." He wasn't wrong!

I did not DEMAND that they bring me bread, I asked very nicely if they would please see to a basket of bread as soon as they could. I only make demands of you, my love!

I can't begin to tell you how relieved I was that Dudley said he would stand up to his parents if they couldn't love his baby. I didn't realize I was carrying that worry around with me, but as soon as he said that I could feel the weight come off of my chest and I could breathe better.

I didn't know that about the squibs and muggles rarely having magical children, that's so interesting! And it really reminds me of how you look at magic as a branch of science. It's like a genetics lesson, magic being the recessive gene essentially. However I do wonder if that's the case, then potentially Dudley could carry it. He is biologically related to my mum. Although he is also related to Vernon, and if anyone's genetics could stamp out magic, it would be his.

I will absolutely mention the potential of having a wizarding ancestor to Hermione! Now that I am done researching for Unity House and Traditions, maybe I will finally take the time to look through the Potter and Black records. There is a Black that married into the Potter family (although not my direct line), so it wouldn't surprise me if I find some Blacks popping up if I dig further back.

Although perhaps I will just let you, Hermione, and Donna do it for me. You are all unstoppable forces of research. Dudley and I spent the afternoon outside with Viona while you and Donna huddled in the archives. We had a really nice time, I wish he had been this person when we were children. If my aunt and uncle hadn't been so terrible I would have grown up with a cousin who might as well have been a brother. And I am pretty sure I almost made him faint! He sat down quite hard when I transformed into a fox to tussle around with Viona. This is the last week I can safely transform, and then it's going to be another seven to eight months until I can again. It's a little sad, but absolutely worth it!

He mentioned that he would like for us to come for the wedding. I expressed my concern with coming to an event with muggles if I am quite obviously pregnant, and he assured me that it was going to be quite soon, apparently Donna isn't embarrassed about being pregnant prior to the wedding, but wants to be able to have a beautiful dress without having to alter it to accommodate a huge stomach.

I'm surprised that you don't remember the Tale of the Three Brothers word for word. The three brothers in the story who received The Elder Wand, The Resurrection Stone, and the Cloak of Invisibility, which was taken from Death's own cloak. Well, the three brothers were three actual brothers from the Peverell family. I am a direct descendant of Ignotus Peverell, the brother who received the Cloak.

I hope things are going well at Traditions, I don't want to jinx our good luck, but I haven't gotten a
single call from the school that there is a problem I'm needed to fix! I don't want to be accused of hiring based on friendships since I've been responsible for hiring both Luna and Hermione, but I could not imagine having picked a better Headmistress!

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Yikes, Viona says hello apparently!

Well she is restless and I have to head off for lunch. Wish me luck that it goes well with the emotional redhead!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. Wouldn't it be funny if any of our children ended up redheads since they could get that from my mother?
Chapter 95

Chapter Summary

Laptops and Blaise the heartbreaker.

Monday at 1:56 PM
Darling husband,

Well, you *did* say you wanted a full set, so I suppose we'll just have to keep having children until we have at least one blond/e, one brunet/te, one raven haired beauty, and yes, one ginger haired frea - er... supermodel. If we're lucky, we'll collect a full set of eyes too; brown, black, blue, and green.

So how did lunch with your weasel go?

I'm rather busy today as well, and actually grateful that you brought Viona with you. Since I spent all last week helping Hermione at Traditions, I had a lot to catch up on our magic laptop. So here's how it currently stands: muggle technology does not do well with magic. It *can* stand a little - which is why our laptops *can* work in the Manor. Even though there's quite a bit of magic from centuries of witches and wizards living in the home and maintaining the wards. I don't know if you knew this, but Pansy and Derek actually cast a mild dampening field around my laptop - and actually you probably did because Hermione more than likely had to cast one on your laptop - but anyway, the point is that our laptops can work in the Manor because there's not so much magic floating around that a simple ward can't protect them.

Diagon Alley and Hogwarts - on the other hand - are places where there's too much magic for a muggle mobile or laptop to work. That's maybe not such a big deal for laptops as I don't think too many wizards would insist on bringing them to Fortescue's to type on while having an ice cream, but mobiles definitely need to be able to *not* short out in such areas. That's why we made a plastic and crystal version - basically replacing all the internal parts of a real muggle mobile. That works, but it also requires a network. Whereas the mobile that I carved out of a chunk of crystal and spelled with charms similar to the Insta-owls does not need a network. All it needs is each piece to have it's own unique name that can be used when calling - like a floo address.

Now back to the laptops. While I was out of the 'office,' my partners managed to take apart three different versions of muggle laptops and replicate all the inner electronic parts with plastic and crystal components. They've also put them back together, but something went wrong and they need me to go through and find out what since they've taken them apart and put them back together several times and can't figure out where it went all pear shaped. So far, I think all the wiring and circuitry is exactly as it's supposed to be, so the problem is either within a particular component, or the connections aren't quite meeting like they're supposed to.

Once I figure that out though, the laptops *should* work just like muggle laptops, except run off of magic batteries and be able to function in areas of high magic. The receivers that pick up the wireless internet services will have to be made stronger and be built with a filter to basically ignore the magic and enhance the muggle signal - which hopefully shouldn't be *too* hard. That said, it might be easiest to build something like a dedicated tower in high magic areas to pick up the signal and boost it so that the laptops themselves don't have to. That'll depend on how well the rest of it works though.
I've been so busy that I haven't even had time to flirt!

But changing subjects, can you please drop the memory of Dudley seeing you transform into the Pensieve? I'd quite like to see him nearly faint, hahahaha!

Ooo! You mean we get to go shopping for something to wear to your cousin's wedding? And how big is their flat? I need to know what to buy them for a present. I'm thinking it could be nice to buy them an entire nursery for their baby to be, but that would depend on if they have the room. I suppose I could always go in and use an undetectable extension charm on the room - or if they don't have a spare room for a nursery - magick up a door that can then be extended into an entire room for the nursery. In that way, they can save money as needed by renting a tiny flat and expanding it to fit their needs. There's no actual limit on how much space could be added - I once heard of a bloke that had an entire African-like savanna in a briefcase - so we could magick up an entire mansion in the tiny flat if needed, but somehow, I think that your cousin would be less likely to freak out if his flat looked more like a middle class house than a mansion.

Anyway, I'm rambling *and* I lost my train of thought. There was something else I was going to say, but Merlin be damned if I can remember it, grr...

Give Viona kisses for me!

My love pours out of me and into you like a waterfall that seems to have no beginning or end,

Draco

Monday at 3:22 PM

Draco,

If we end up with a redheaded baby, you will not even joke for one single millisecond that they are anything less than an amazingly beautiful baby! Got it?!?! My mum was a redhead, was she a freak? Hmmmmm?

Ok, reading what you said and what I said, I may have just had a bit of a mood swing. But I am going to leave it there, because you will NOT make fun of any baby of ours that ends up with red hair!

Lunch with Ron went really well. I think he's a bit panicked, but he says he's "not stupid enough to leave Hermione now that I've got her, baby or not." And before I could bring it up he even mentioned that he wouldn't leave her even if it turned out to be Blaise's. However, I mentioned to him about how particular Blaise has always been about the protection spells and infertility potions, and I think he was quite relieved. I said "And just because you don't hear them doesn't mean he doesn't cast them, I barely noticed him casting them the other night."

Well didn't that open up a can of worms! Both of us were so curious but also tentative because we have never talked about sex. So there was an awkward silence and then Ron blurted out, "I can't believe you took him! I can barely wrap my hands or mouth around that monster!" Is it weird that I am now .... proud? of myself that I can do something you and Ron can't? I laughed and told him that it takes a real man to bottom! I think Blaise should buy me something very very nice as a thank you gift, because I am pretty sure that I poked Ron right in his competitive streak and Blaise might really "have" the last third of the golden trio!

Barf Barf Barf, I cannot believe I just used the phrase "golden trio!"
But apparently that one sentence made Ron get over his shyness over talking about sex with me, because I now know more than I think you might have even heard. For example, from what I've heard from you, Ron is putting on a big show of only topping and making it seem as though this is all for Hermione's benefit right? Nope, Ron LOVES it. Loves topping. Loves holding onto Blaise's slim hips. Loves jerking Blaise while he's pounding him. He said "You can't imagine how good it feels to know you're giving him pleasure in two directions." Ummm, pretty sure I do Ron. Although my favorite comment of the afternoon was "Damn, I can see why you're gay Harry, nobody gives head like someone else with a cock!"

And then, then, THEN, he made a comment that made my stomach drop out from under me. Now I am freaking out. I am so concerned for my friends ... all THREE of them! Ron said, "You know, I can't understand how Blaise can just keep having sex with people that mean nothing to him, I'm halfway in love with him myself, and Hermione might even be more so than I am."

Dragon, he's going to break their hearts! I mean, they will have each other when it ends, but it doesn't sound like it's stopping any time soon. How long do his flings like this usually last? It's been a little over three months that they have been together pretty regularly, when should we expect him to lose interest and move on?

I am really quite proud of my brilliant husband! I know you will get this last hurdle figured out any day now!

From what Dudley mentioned, they have a fairly small flat, but it is two bedroom so they will have a nursery. I could see helping out with a little bit of wizarding space but as almost all of their friends are muggles it would have to be just enough that the most notice it would get would be a "wow, it seems bigger than you'd think from the outside" but not "um, why is there a savannah in your front room?" I'm sure they would love help with the nursery. I'd also like to get them a little something that's more for "them" for their wedding. Maybe a nice suite for their honeymoon?

I'm most excited about having an excuse to dance with you at a fancy party! Oh! I had an idea! I am not sure how realistic it is, but if anyone would know, it would be you! I was feeling a bit sad about having to avoid the muggle world completely once it's obvious that I am pregnant. But, if we have undetectable extension charms, could we make a pair of high waisted pants and have an extension charm in the front panel so when we put them on the belly would go into the wizard space? I am quite looking forward to my belly and wouldn't want to wear them in the wizarding world, but it would be nice to not have to hide away for months.

I'd better run, school is about to let out and I am sure I will be hearing all about their first day! I'll see you tonight at home!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 96

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry speculate on whether or not Blaise is a Veela.

Tuesday at 1:28 PM
Of course I wouldn't call *our* baby a freak if he or she was a redhead! He or she would still be a Malfoy, and thus, naturally perfect in everything!

Your weasel is a little in love with Blaise? I did *not* see that coming. I mean not for real anyway. I know that Blaise has mysterious powers that seem to make *everyone* fall in love with him temporarily, but it usually doesn't last much longer than two or three hours after he leaves the bedroom. And you know, come to think of it, if you don't count the fact that he and I played a few times over the course of *years,* the longest he's ever actually stayed with any one person (or two) has been about three or four shags. Perhaps ironically, in the past, whenever a person has reached that point where they start hinting that they'd like to try dating him, that's when he moves on. So the fact that *he* told me that he was half dating Hermione and Rrrrr - just can't do it! Anyway, it probably means something to him.

But Harry, you know how we've talked about our various kinks and needs? Well think about this for a moment: if he really *is* a Veela (and not even he knows because it's *super* rare for a male to become a Veela, even if born directly from a Veela mother and a non Veela male born from a Veela - which he wasn't), then he will *need* to have other partners from time to time. Until he finds his true mate. The moment he makes love to his true mate, he will become *locked* into that relationship and even die if the other person doesn't want him back. But that's rare too. The point is that if either of them were his true mate (*if* he's a Veela), then they'd already know it. He'd have transformed into a bird-like thing for at least a moment.

That's not to say that they *can't* have a longterm and fulfilling *real* relationship with him, it just means that they'd have to be open to accommodating his needs. It wouldn't hurt to be aware that everything could change in an instant if he ever did find his true mate.

Are you challenging me to prove that I *can* take Blaise? Because I can! I may not have done so before, but I've bottomed for Luna, and she used at least one strap on that was close... ish... to Blaise in size, and so if I can take that, I can take him! Plus, I've watch him (both in person and in a Pensieve of his memories) prepare his lovers, so I *know* he takes the time to open them up to accept him.

He does have relatively smallish hands though, so you might be right about him fisting a person easier than him buggering them. He apparently snuck up behind me and read over my shoulder, and is now rolling on the floor laughing his arse off.

Alright, so you want to help remodel their flat *and* pay for their Honeymoon. I can agree with that. I mean I had *so many* planned trips that will just have to wait that I can easily arrange their dream honeymoon in the drop of a hat. Where do you suppose they'd like to go? An Island paradise? Donna might like Machu Picchu actually, especially if I book her the same suite and spa experience. Hmm...
Actually, yes, our tailor can easily add a little wizarding space to your trousers so that you look as slim as ever despite having a baby bump - do you actually have one? I'd think I'd notice that with as often as I kiss the lower half of your body, but I don't recall more than a slight thickening.

Bonus, we won't really have to dance with anyone else! Maybe Donna and Dudley, but the rest of the time, we can just dance with each other. Oh! If we have time, I think I should give you a few basic lessons. I'm *not* assuming that we'll be able to turn you into a professional any time soon, but at least enough that you don't have to worry about tripping over your own feet.

Oh! Looks like I've wasted enough time on my break and am required to get back to work. See you later!

My real life has just begun, because there's nothing like your smile made of sun,

Draco

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Tuesday at 3:19 PM

I was NOT challenging you to take Blaise. We do NOT share that kink Draco. I'm honestly seeing a little red here thinking of you being with him that way. Although we could totally go to one of those adults only stores and get something for me to use on you that would prove to me that you could take it!

Blaise has snuck up and seen our emails? Oh no, the dirt he could have on us! Was he just seeing your email or did he see mine where I mentioned Ron and Hermione being half in love with him? Oh I am going to be in so much trouble! Hermione is scary!

Yeah, I feel as though one of them may have mentioned him turning bird mid-sex!

You know, I grew up thinking there was only one way to be "normal." And now I am married to a man, I have a set of friends in what can only be described as a polyamorous triad, I have a set of friends that have a partially open relationship so she can have the kink she needs, and we are monogamous within our relationship but we invite others into our "bed" on occasion. I think Neville might be my only close friend without some major kink he's fulfilling.

When the kids got back from Traditions yesterday they had nothing but good things to say! They were excited to meet the other children, and they seemed to be very proud of the fact that because they live "next door" they already knew where everything was and they were able to look quite important. I guess Mac and Eloise were able to beat all of the other kids in the races up the climbing walls! Little spider monkeys I tell you!

Oooh, I wonder how adorable you would look scaling the climbing wall in your animagus form? You should do that tomorrow night before we start the movie!

Oh my Draco, I did NOT say "let's remodel Dudley and Donna's flat and pay for their honeymoon"! I'm not saying no, but you do realize that is ALL YOU right? Why don't you message Donna and ask her (a) what kind of theme they were hoping for their nursery, and (b) if she could have a dream honeymoon, where would that be? That way you know whatever we pick out to add to their nursery is to their taste and that we're not wasting money on a trip to a tropical island if she hates the beach.

I don't technically have a bump, unless I try sucking in my "thick" gut! If I suck in, you can see there's a part that won't shift with everything else. I think the only reason my pants don't fit is that I was slim to begin with and that I actually have clothing that fit me prior to the bubble. If I were still walking around in Dudley's hand me downs I would have no issues continuing to wear them. I was
mostly thinking about the future when I am showing, I don't want to have to hide away from the muggle world because a pregnant man would be too hard to explain away.

I can't wait to dance with you all night! Of course I will have to share your dances with Viona. And won't that just be terrible, oh what a sad life I lead ... I will have to spend the night in the arms of my handsome husband with our gorgeous baby strapped in joining us.

Lessons? Dance lessons? As in, maybe tonight when we both get home from work and have dinner and put the Princess to bed I can spend the entire rest of the evening wrapped in your arms in the ballroom while learning to dance? Eeeeeeek! I can't wait. You know what would probably be a really good incentive for me to learn? Naked dancing. Just a thought.

I am excited to hear about how day two at Traditions went. Hopefully the second day will have been just as good as the first. Day two of having Viona with me all day has been going quite splendidly! Did you know she can point to people when you name them? She knows Luna, Maya, and Garret, as well as Daisy and Mac. She's working on some of the other children, she'll get them soon I am sure, she is quite clever. And now I suppose I will have to get used to it, she won't point to me when asked where Daddy is, but when Luna asked where Viona's mum was, she came crawling up to me and gave me wet baby kisses. Ugh, whatever the Princess wants, the Princess will get.

I'll see you tonight! I can't wait! Make sure you cast a cushioning charm or two on your toes!

You are my today and all of my tomorrows,

Harry
Tuesday at 11:39 PM
I'm fairly certain that the only part Blaise read was the part where I talked about being *able* to take him - if I wanted - and how his fist is probably smaller. That said, I also asked him if he turned into any sort of bird lately and he just rolled his eyes at me. I really don't think that happened.

Want to hear something mildly disturbing? I think it's Kisa - his true mate, that is. When she was here, he was unusually quiet and seemed to hang off her every word. It *almost* looked like he was a cat in a field of catnip when he looked at her. She - of course - didn't seem to notice him in the slightest, but that's only to be expected at her age. Mark my words, give it 8 years for her to reach the age of majority for Wizards, and suddenly our best slag will inextricably find himself married after all.

In the meantime, I sincerely hope he finds love with Hermione and - you know who. If he stays more or less committed to them, he might actually have a gorgeous little cherub that looks like the perfect blend between him and Hermione. I think the demon is doing something to my brain, because I just spent the last ten minutes coming up with every combination of Hermione and Blaise in my head, and they all looked adorable!

Ooo! Could you just imagine a baby of theirs wearing a cute little bear costume? Or maybe a little lion costume! Ooo! What if they have twins or triplets and I made them each different costumes?! I could make a Lion, a Tiger, and a bear, oh my!

Wait, what was I talking about...?

Oh! You want to use a toy on me that will make you the same size as Blaise? Lucky for you I asked him if he would allow me to replicate him. He's highly amused by the idea of the two of us playing with a toy replica of him, so he stripped off - not surprisingly wearing a corset with a garter belt and stockings. What *was* surprising was that he wasn't wearing *any* sort of underwear. Apparently, he wanted them to hang comfortably today. Anyway, so we got to work figuring out how to replicate him for the purpose of strapping it on you in order to top me.

Blaise pouted about how unfair it is that he won't be able to bugger me directly, but he understands how possessive you are and doesn't want to risk pissing off the savior and instantly bursting into flames.

If Longbottom doesn't have some sort of kink inside him somewhere, I'll donate 50,000 Galleons to Unity House. But let him know that I'll donate 100 if he tells you what it is. I'm dead certain the Gryffindor in him will fess up for a good cause. Speaking of him, I keep forgetting to mention that you must *love* the fuck out of him! That book you gave him for his birthday might not have cost *you* anything - being that it was collecting dust in your vault - but it was worth about 5 Million Galleons. You could have sold it, bought him a flower plantation in Fiji, and *still* have 3 or 4 fifths
of the money left! But I can see him really enjoying the book, so it was a gift well given.

You want me to be adorable in front of a bunch of kids??? Sigh... The things I do for love...

If any of them tries to pet me, I'm biting them! If I'm lucky, I'm venomous.

Alright, I'll invite myself over to their flat and ask Donna questions as we discuss ancestry. She wants another look through our family records anyway, so bringing them over will probably make her squeal happily.

Dancing with you tonight before bed was heaven. I'm so glad you didn't shy away from the naked dancing in the ballroom. You're right, it was the *perfect* incentive to get you to learn the basics fairly quickly. We definitely have to do it again. Actually, let's conjure a dance floor out on the south lawn during the next full moon and dance naked inside a ward to keep out all pests.

Oh! Looks like it's time to start on your nightly molestation!

There is a star, waiting to guide us, shining inside us, when we close our eyes, we will go so far in our dreams, and our dreams will come true,

Draco

Wednesday at 8:21 AM
Good morning Love of my Life!

Has there ever been a more glorious day? The sun is shining! The birds are singing! I kept down my breakfast! The entire breakfast!

So .... Kisa? Like our Kisa? Kisa Kisa? Wow. I guess we will just have to wait and see.

You want Blaise to find love with Hermione and Voldemort?!? But Voldemort's dead! I saw it happen myself! Oh. Did you by any chance mean Ronald? Mmmhmm. You should probably watch your phrasing there darling!

Yes, they would have lovely babies. Maybe they will. But you know who is going to have the loveliest babies of all? Us! And shut the front door! I have the most amazing idea! By next Halloween, and yes I know wizards don't really celebrate Halloween but this will be adorable so stay with me, we will have a walking almost 2 year old, and a 5 month old and a 7 month old and Hermione will have a something month old. What if we dressed Viona up as Dorothy and had the babies be the scarecrow, the lion, and the tin-baby?!? Oh this is happening!

Ok so speaking of babies, did you make your appointment at St Mungo's yet? Do we want to consistently have double appointments and go to them together? Or do you want to keep them separate? Because I am supposed to go back in around the 12 week mark, which is this Sunday, so if you want to I can make us a double appointment for Monday? And my other baby question ... if it's possible will we want to find out their genders? Obviously when we're far enough along, not now! I truly do not care either way what any of them are, but I like the idea of picking out their names ahead of time so we can "get to know" them before they get here. But I can be very patient and wait until they're born if we must.

Oh! So the new toy will be attached to me so it's like me but ... massive? I was talking about something I would hold in my hand and use that way, but this could be really nice. Will it fit over mine? Or just next to mine like if I had a traditional strap on? Like two cocks next to ea .......
My love, I uh, maybe, so .... er. Hmm. What if we took one of my regular sized toys, and then charmed it to -er- move and then you AND the toy were um together in me? Is that weird? I just was picturing yours and how mouthwateringly wonderful it is, then thinking about how odd a strap on would look next to it and then BAM now I have the idea of your cock and an extra in me at the same time. But, you're what I need, I'm not like a size queen or anything, I just, nevermind.

I don't know as if I could ask Neville if he's kinky! But 50,000 galleons would help the school out so much! But Neville! Arghhhhh What are you doing to me?!!

Holy buggering Shite, I had no idea the book was worth that much! Now I am so curious because it wasn't the only old book in there, just the one that looked very Neville to me. Oh Mister knowledgeable of all things valuable, would you be willing to come with me to dig through the Black and Potter vaults for anything particularly worthwhile? Either in money, because I would love it if the sale of rare books could keep our Unity Kids fed and dressed for a long time. Or if there was something in there that held the key to a breakthrough in potions or healing? Why should it sit collecting dust in one of my vaults? I will say, now I don't feel like a cheapskate for not spending a knut!

You will not bite a single child! You will be adorable and fluffy and if any of them try to pet you just go climb in Viona's lap and she will keep them away! Actually, on second thought, the venom might be kinder.

I'll see you tonight sweetie!

In you I've found the love of my life and my closest, truest friend,
Harry

P.S. Yeah, sweetie isn't working either. That was embarrassing.
Chapter 98

Chapter Summary

Draco does *not* appreciate the idea of the Dark Lord having kids.

Wednesday at 1:34 PM
Oi mutt!

You can't see it, but I am glaring at you so hard right now. You are *so* getting punished tonight!

The Dark Lord having children gives me the shudders. Don't even joke about that!

I'm glad you were able to keep your breakfast down. On the other hand, my little demon has been rather rebellious. I've had to eat a near continual stream of fermented ginger just to tolerate the milk I feel like I *must* drink or die! Didn't I already have an appointment for Monday? Actually, I thought I'd booked us both for Friday... Wait, what day is today? Is *today* Friday??? Merlin! It looks like you'd better firecall St. Mungo's and see if I remembered to book the appointment, what day and time I booked it for, and actually book it if I forgot.

Baby cosplay! You have the best ideas!

Mmm... you... ... ... Wait, what was I talking about again? There was something about you being naked and in costume... Wait! *Didn't* you promise to let me dress you up as anything and get all the pictures I wanted of it???

But no, there was something else, wasn't there?

Oh yeah! Baby boys! Or girls. We'll find out as soon as we can so that we can buy the appropriate stuff. I'm thinking a hot pink and soft green carrier if one's a girl, and a rainbow carrier if we have a boy. And cake! A pink and rainbow cake! I'm telling Muffy to make that right now.

Although, at this rate, I might not actually be able to eat the mother buggering cake! Grr... Oi Demon! Settle down in there!

OH! So that toy we made of Blaise, it works like this - Didn't I show you last night? No... I actually got distracted by something else - your naked arse I think - and forgot. Anyway, we strip you naked and then I rim your glorious arse, wait, wrong direction! I *suck* your gorgeous shaft until it's harder than Chinese algebra, and then I put the replica of Blaise's shaft over yours, strapping it into place so that it won't slip off when you're inside me. *After* a fuck load of preparation, and probably a spell or two! The best part is that we spelled it so that you'll feel every delicious bit of pressure on the shaft as if it were squeezing you directly.

Blaise would quite like to talk to you in detail about the way the replica works the next time he sees you, because he's interested in how it feels compared to your normal, and if it's anything like what he feels. If so, we might have a marketable product. I'm positive George would *love* to sell it in the back room of his shop.

And now I have the image of double stuffing you alongside a toy in my head! I'm pretty sure we can make that happen at some point! I might even be interested in testing the Blaise toy too.
Let's going vault exploring!

I'll bite anyone who pets me the wrong way! And I'll definitely take refuge in Viona's lap. PLEASE do me a favor and let me transform in private, carry me out to the kids and claim that I'm a very temporary treat from a zoo or a friend, and then carry me away when I try to hide in your hair so that I can return to normal in private. *And* be sure to tell them all to handle me gently and not pet the wrong way, because I *will* bite!

See you in a little bit for the movie.

My whole existence is flawed, you get me closer to God,
Draco

P.S. What movie are we watching and will there be a repeat of the time the kids turned the Park into a wilderness adventure because they watched Jumanji?

Thursday at 9:26 AM

Oi Master,

Mmm sitting is deliciously hard this morning! Thank you for my punishment last night. I mean, ow ow ow you are so mean to me!

Merlin, lately reading your emails requires a little bit of note-taking and recreating some sort of outline. Bubbles turns me into a crying and/or raging loon, and the demon has made it so you can not stay on topic for more than a sentence at a time.

I'm very sorry you seem to be hitting the worst of the morning sickness, and just as mine seems to be tapering off a bit. Although I cannot get too cocky! Olive was talking during breakfast about last nights movie, and gesturing wildly with a banana in her hand, and we did not have a second day in a row of breakfast staying down!

We watched Tarzan as you well know, and it was so good. I thought it would just be a fun movie but it brought up so many feelings about parents and children and biology not being as important as love, annnnnd here are the water works.

However, this sweet movie had a bit of a disastrous consequence. I have had to pull at least four different naked children down from the trees surrounding the park! I thought the homemade Jumanji was a bit much, if I don’t see a naked baby bootie dangling out of a tree for the rest of my life it will be too soon!

I flooed St Mungo’s a little bit ago, you did book us both appointments for tomorrow “morning” at 11:00. So an update, yesterday was Wednesday, today is Thursday, and tomorrow is both Friday and our appointments!

Yes, I did promise you could costume me and take pictures. I’ve actually been quite surprised you hadn’t taken me up on that, it must be part of your inability to focus on any one thought at a time! It’s translated quite well in bed! I don’t think there’s a square inch of my body you haven’t kissed over the last few days, it’s like you want to lick the inside of my thigh, you do it once, and then your brain tells you that biting my neck is the most important thing in the world. It’s kept me in a constant state of anticipating what is coming next!

I’m quite looking forward to spending an hour prepping you and then sinking into you. Should we plan both of our extreme stretchings for this weekend? I would say tonight, but I have no idea what
the healer will be checking tomorrow and the last thing my emotions could handle would be the healer asking why it looked like my arse had taken two cocks!

I enjoyed you taking my arse last night. I had as usual a wonderful evening holding you. Dinner with the kids was great as usual. But watching the kids all laughing and seeing their eyes light up when that sweet little marmoset showed up was the highlight of my night. We did as you asked and you transformed each time in private, but I wouldn’t be surprised if the kids know. First, the only child you would let touch you was Viona. Then, you primped and preened and showed off once you were certain you had their attention! All white fur, prefers Viona to anyone, loves attention, only shows up when Draco isn’t around ... yeah good thing we were so secretive!

Did you ever decide when you’re going over to see Donna? Just curious.

Shite! Gotta go pull another semi naked kid out of a tree, at least she fashioned a bit of a loin cloth!

-H
Friday at 10:47 PM
There's a heart beat!

There's a HEART beat!

There's a HEART BEAT!

Oh Harry! There's a *real* demon inside me! It has a heart and it beats!

I'm quite sure the Healer had no idea what to make of us, you sobbing a river and me laughing so giddily it sounded like I was sobbing too. The two of us holding each other and nearly jumping for joy. Our kiss that lasted long enough that she thought she had to break us up and get on with the appointment before the hour was up.

I feel rather overloaded with information on pregnancy, but since most of it is already in the books Hermione gave you, I won't try to remember it *all* right now. I'll reread the books again.

Since Healer Rowe was getting rather intimate with us during the check up, I shoved all embarrassment to the back of my mind and asked a question we've been wondering. How careful *exactly* do we have to be regarding our kinks while pregnant. It was actually a bit of a shock that Rowe was sort of relieved that we asked. Apparently she's a practitioner of kink and is always concerned when parents to be refuse to speak about their sex lives, because Pregnancy and kink *can* go well together. Obviously we can't have any sort of impact play directly on either of our abdomens, or put any pressure on them, but there's lots of things we can do. Spanking on the lower buttocks is still just fine, as is impact play on the upper back, arms, and the front, back, and outer part of the thighs, but inner thighs should be cautious because the risk of creating clots in the major blood vessels.

In regards to Electro play, it's the exact opposite of animagus transformations. The first trimester when everything is still in the formation stage is very risky for electro play, because the electricity *might* interfere with the formation of the baby. That said, there have not been any studies conducted, nor any reports of babies forming badly or being miscarried during electro play, so either it's never been attempted, or nothing bad has ever actually happened. The only thing Rowe could be certain of was that if anything *had* happened, it would have been in the report - such as: "26 year old second time mother frantic because she's experiencing a sudden miscarriage only two days (hours, weeks, etc) after giving herself several small shocks with electricity." The only thing she was ever able to find that came close (and apparently she keeps an eye out because electro play is a favorite of hers) is that a seven month pregnant woman had a miscarriage after being tazed - whatever that is. I gather it's receiving a rather *large* amount of electric shock for more than a second or two at a time, but I'm fuzzy on the specifics.

As for later on in pregnancy, say the fifth month and later, she says that the risk with electro play in *women* is that it could trigger contractions and early labor. That said: A - if it was a reliable way to
start labor, it would probably be used at least a percentage of the time when a woman is past her due date and wants to be induced. And B - We're *men* and do not have an actual cervix to open. Thus, the worst that would happen on that front is that the uterus contracts and we take a calming potion. She also made a point to specify that we should take precautions to keep the shocks well away from the abdomen, and also keep the power rather low. She remarked that if we've never actually done it before, then we'd probably be happy with the lowest setting as it's still quite lovely and should be safe if we use it on arms, upper back, arse, and the back of the thighs.

Lastly, as for anal play, again, we don't have cervixes, and also, the temporary passage from the colon to the womb has long since closed up, and so we wouldn't have to worry about rupturing that. In other words, we are good to go with playing with any size we care to try. She *did* caution us not to do that more often than once a week or so in order to avoid permanently altering the size of the anus or causing sphincter failure - especially toward the end when the baby will be putting rather a lot of pressure on the area anyway.

So, to sum it all up, we're good to go! Or well, you are. As for me, I still need to wait a while before trying the electro play, but I'm okay with that. I wanted this demon way too much to risk anything happening to it now. In fact, I'm going to cast a more or less permanent shield over my womb so that nothing can possibly hurt it.

Oh! I almost forgot! Did you catch the part when she said that animagus transformations are actually safe right up until the body refuses to do them - sometime during the middle of the second trimester? The timing on when the body refuses is apparently tied to how big the animal is and if it has enough room in its body to accommodate the womb. Which does actually change size a little as well, but apparently no magic on earth can shrink a baby in the womb once it's reached a certain stage of development. It was actually a bit confusing to me because I was still focused on A - Having an actual baby inside me, and B - Having clearance to continue being kinky so long as we play it safe.

So I dropped by Unity House for a bit today. I *meant* to stop by your office and snog the bloody hell out of you, but I got distracted by the kids reenacting (and doing a rather good job playing) the song "Trashing the Camp." I don't know why, but I *love* that song, and so I ended up summoning my guitar and making some thumping noises as they banged on rubbish bins and glass jars and the like. They had a *blast* tearing up pieces of paper and tossing them all over like confetti.

By the way, I stopped by Dudley and Donna's flat at some point today, I forget when, but I'm pretty sure it was after our appointment but before I trashed the camp. Not only was I right about her squealing, but I got her to answer all my questions. Now if I could only remember the answers...

You caress my cheek so tenderly as we embrace under the dark night sky, our eyes close, our lips meet, and our hearts beat in time with the rhythm of the universe,

Draco

Saturday at 8:43 AM
My Beautiful Husband,

I love Saturday mornings! My internal clock doesn't let me sleep much past my usual wake up time, so I get to lay in bed and watch my gorgeous family sleep. Do you have any idea how wonderful you and Viona look all curled around each other?

Yes, there's a heartbeat. I have to let you in on a little secret, I got my hopes up. So high up it was ridiculous. This baby is already so loved and so wanted and has wedged itself so deeply into my heart. Both Bubbles and the Demon! How do I already love them this much? Also, I love our silly
nicknames for these babies, but I fear it will come out with some sort of complex!

I shouldn't be surprised, but you're hilarious. You can't remember to not wear a dragon costume to work at Traditions with Hermione, but you can give me a perfect recitation of acceptable kink usage during pregnancy! Although I am very glad you remember because I don't think I heard a single word after that perfect rhythm sound. Did Healer Rowe check me? Am I doing ok? Damn she could have had me sign away all of my vaults and I probably would have kept smiling away and done it!

She didn't do that right?

I'm quite glad I can just keep shifting into my fox form until I just can't do the magic anymore. I suppose the papers I read from Hermione probably said something about stopping "during" the second trimester and I just filed it away in my head as "stop at the end of the first trimester." There was so much information!

Unless you made us plans for today, I am thinking we should head into the muggle world and do our shopping. We need at least one nice set of formal wear for the upcoming wedding. We don't need to get Viona anything special because she has so many dresses, but I am going to anyway. I'm the MumDad and I say she gets a fancy new dress! And we can probably wander around some baby stores and see if anything for Dudley and Donna's nursery jump out at as, provided you can remember what she told you as far as themes go! And then if we don't run out of energy we can go talk to the tailor to see about sending in some of our clothes to add the extension charms on them.

Did you make any headway on the laptops this week? Did you manage to figure out where the connection was missing on the three laptops they altered?

Didn't the kids sound great working on "trashing the camp"? It was technically my idea, but I had no idea it would turn out so well! I had to find some way to get them dressed and out of the trees, and I thought giving them the option to bang loudly on rubbish bins and the like might be the incentive they needed.

I am sure you want to wait a bit longer until we tell people that you're pregnant, so that will give me time to come up with some fun ideas for the reveal. Maybe we put Viona in a shirt that says something like "My Daddies are pregnant and all I got was this lousy t-shirt!" I would have said something like "I'm the big sister" but seeing as they already know she's going to be a big sister to one, that the shock value wouldn't really be there. Hmm maybe a sign saying "two more babies means double the trouble." But then people might assume she's just announcing that I am having twins or something like that. Ooooh we take a picture of her holding a big chalkboard type sign saying "My Daddy doesn't think you're *annoying, it's just the hormones!" and then in small print "*he does think you're annoying."

Well, week one of Traditions is on the books and it sounds like it went quite well. I do think it's likely that Hermione will be spending the entire weekend sleeping! All of the Unity Tradition kids have come home every day this week in a good mood. And we haven't had a single family pull their child from the school. I'm counting it as a win!

I'm off for a nice long relaxing jog, hopefully when I'm back and showered the two of you will be getting ready for our day. And if not I suppose I will climb into bed with you and kiss you awake! Ooh now I hope you're still sleeping.

And there's nowhere in the world I'd rather be,

Harry

P.S. That moment when we were laying in bed, looking at each other and just holding each other...
giving each other small kisses as the urge struck, mmm. And then you kissed your wedding ring on my finger and said: “So now that we know the fertility charm on your ring worked, do you think it's time we traded rings again?” I nodded, and then we each pulled the ring off our fingers and slipped it on the other's and I felt... almost exactly as emotional as I felt when we got married and put the rings on in the first place. Like we were affirming our love for each other all over again. Aaaaand now I'm crying again! I just love you so damn much!
Saturday at 9:37 AM
My fluffy little fox,

Shopping! Yes! Let's do that because I can focus on it for more than two minutes at a time, and even if I can't, it'll just result in me buying more stuff than I would have otherwise. Or less, I suppose.

I feel a bit cheated because I was already awake when you came back to our room to take a shower, and because I was already eating my fermented ginger so that I could tolerate other things, you refused to kiss me because the ginger is rather pungent. I think it smells really good - a sort of delicate, almost floral smell, but *you* think it smells worse than garlic to a vampire.

Mmm... Garlic... Actually, I could really go for onion right about now. When you get out of the shower and are ready to go shopping - and *then* when I've finished an expedition to my closet to find something perfect to wear - we'll really have to go someplace to eat that'll serve me a nice and juicy rare burger with raw onions on it. Like those giant purple ones. I'll need a whole one with a rare burger on the side. And ooo! Maybe I can get one of those fried blooming onions too!

Mmm.................

Now I'm *super* hungry!

Since I'm going to be in my closet (getting dressed) anyway, I'll have Muffy gather up all your trousers and have them ready to go when we stop by our tailor. It'll be simple for him to charm them all, and better yet, he can do it in a way that they will automatically adjust to you no matter how big you get.

Speaking of clothes, I must confess that I'm actually a little bit confused. You said that you agree with me about teaching *our* kids healthy and positive messages about nudity and the human body, but then you freaked out when my family joined us in the hotspring (I do understand that one as you weren't expecting it and were caught off guard) - but *then* you freaked out that the Unity kids were naked and climbing trees. Why freak out? Why not simply cast a bunch of cushioning charms under the tree should they happen to fall, and let them go wild? Their caregivers were more than likely standing ready to catch them if necessary and heal any minor scratches or cuts they might get from the tree. And as much as I love that you had them play music instead, it actually is so good for them to play in trees. Or is the problem simply that you forgot you're a wizard again and that you could cast cushioning charms to protect them from falls? The ironic thing is that once a child develops the skills necessary to *make it* to the branches of the tree, they really are unlikely to fall unless something startles them or off balances them (such as another child pushing them), so they would have been perfectly safe.

And I'm willing to bet your excellent caregivers already had cast the charms.

But shopping... Are we getting something *very* formal for the wedding, something semi formal, or classy casual? I'm thinking that with how you have a... unique... relationship with your family, you
probably want formal enough to prove that you *are* celebrating their special event with them, but not so formal that we're the best dressed men in the room.

I mean, naturally I'm going to be the best dressed man in the room, and you're going to be a close second and on my arm, so together, we're going to make everyone else jealous of our looks, but we can always *attempt* to tone it down, I suppose.

I already helped Donna expand their flat the way she wanted it, and it definitely fits in the "Wow! This is bigger than it looked like it would be!" category without being: "Sweet Salazar! Is that an actual bar complete with a bartender in the middle of a lake *in* your front parlor??!!" Although that was a close one. Both Donna and I were like: "That would be *brilliant!!!!*" And Dudley was like: "But how are we going to explain that to our friends when they come for a visit? Or our landlord?!" Donna grinned a little sheepishly, held out her hand as if holding something even though she wasn't, and said: "Have a beer?" And while Dudley agreed that that might work on most of their friends, it probably wouldn't distract their landlord for more than a second or two.

I *love* the idea of Viona wearing a onsie that says "My dad doesn't think you're annoying, it's just the hormones. *My dad thinks you're annoying." Because both are so true! I'll leave this reveal up to you since I planned yours, but just please have cake! I want a banana carrot cake with garlic and onion cream cheese frosting! And anchovies! Mmm...

Uh-oh! Sounds like you're done with your shower and I haven't gotten out of bed yet! I have to go find something suitable to wear whilst shopping.

I want to make you holler and hear you scream my name, I'll give you rules to follow so you can play my game,

Draco

P.S. Should we put a lake somewhere in the Manor - perhaps one of the dungeons - and then buy a yacht or two for it so that we can play pirates VS the British Royal Navy?

Saturday at 3:23 PM
Cheeky Monkey,

Okay okay okay. I think you’re confused about what part of the naked tree climbing was upsetting to me. Think about when we were defiling the Manor lawns and how panicked I got when the peacocks were coming at my bits! And remember before we were married and you said you’d like to see me naked next to a horse (Still totally weird my love) and I said that would freak me out because of chomping? I can heal a scrape on an elbow well enough but sensitive baby skin should not be scraping tree bark!

And if you’ll recall I didn’t freak out when Kisa joined us except for the embarrassment of being caught rock hard mid-frottage. I had a splash fight with her for crying out loud! And Narcissa and Grandmama weren’t what freaked me out, but I’ve never seen so much as Lucius’ collarbone and all of a sudden his jewels were on display! It was just seeing him so differently than he is in my head. I mean, imagine Snape in footie Christmas pajamas and that’s how it was.

And of course they should climb trees! But they were launching themselves like Tarzan from tree to tree, I suppose in my panic I did forget about cushioning charms. That bit of silliness I will own!

I had so much fun with you today! You really are in your adorably snooty element when we’re shopping. I suppose it’s a good thing we picked out something from each of your formality
categories because I don’t know what they plan on having as the attire. It would be awfully silly to show up with a top hat and tails if it’s a backyard wedding with everyone else wearing khakis and polo shirts!

Under normal circumstances I would not want to be so well dressed as to cause a scene. And I will not under any circumstances be doing anything to ruin Dudley and Donna’s special day. But I actually want to go all out and show my aunt and uncle and the relatives and neighbors that were told I was a criminal and a freak and needed to be confined to a boarding school for juvenile delinquents that I am so much better than they all gave me credit for. So unless we are directly interacting with the happy couple, I’d really like you on your best heir to the Malfoy fortune behavior.

Is that terribly petty of me?

I loved going baby shopping with you! The ONLY thing I don’t love about cosleeping with Viona is that it doesn’t give us much of an excuse to outfit an entire nursery for her. Although when I saw her eyes light up at the little stuffed monkey and the little stuffed fox? Yeah there is no way we were leaving without those!

I love the sleepy night sky theme they’re going with for their nursery. All those fluffy clouds and sparkling stars. And I know it wasn’t specifically something they asked for but when I saw the painted sign that said “Second star to the right and straight on ‘til morning” I knew we had to get that one.

What are we going to do about our room when ours are born? Bassinets on either side of our bed? I don’t want to kick Viona out, I don’t want her to feel like she’s being replaced, and also I am totally selfish and love having her close by. We’ll just have to enlarge the bed once they’re too big for bassinets.

Watch, I’ll end up having them all sleep with us until they leave on their own and we end up having to enlarge the bed to the size of the room to fit our entire mini Quidditch team.

While shopping with you is wonderful, eating with you is slightly less so. I’m glad my nausea is getting better because two weeks ago we probably would have had to sit at separate tables. I’m really sorry that our cravings and gag triggers aren’t matching up very well. I would have loved kissing you this morning, but I assume if I had kissed you and then run to the loo with my hand over my mouth you would have had some very hurt feelings.

Of course we can have cake for your reveal! But maybe we’ll put all of the frosting on the side … in case of allergies.

My tailored trousers are so comfortable! Are you going to have him do yours now or wait until you need it?

Um, I suppose we can put in a lake? Pirates vs British Royal Navy? Is this some kinky sex game I don’t know about? I’m not saying no to kinky sex games, I just want it clarified.

Well I’m off to entertain Viona and Della so you can nap. Per usual, your mum and I are going to dig in the dirt, talk flowers, and the little ladies are going to cover themselves in mud.

Sleep sweet my Dragon,
Harry
Chapter 101

Chapter Summary

Harry wants to bash Draco over the head with a frying pan.

Saturday at 5:42 PM
Oh my silly little mutt!

I meant that I'll be in one yacht and you'll be in the other, and we'll cast canon spells at each other until one of the ships is 'destroyed.' If I win, the pirates have taken over the seven seas, and if you win, the British Royal Navy has all us pirates hanging from the London Tower. Although... I *suppose* we could add a sexual bet to the game. Such as the loser has to, erm... lick the winner's feet and suck on his toes, and MERLIN! Where did that come from?! That doesn't even sound fun!

I think I actually have an *old* picture of Severus in footie pajamas in my closet somewhere...

I will be so high brow that *no one* will doubt the quality of your husband. We can impress everyone and still be supportive of Dudley and Donna. I'm actually quite looking forward to meeting her family. I think it'll be the first time I've ever met an American wizarding family. Even if the rest of the guests think you're some sort of criminal deviant, her family will think you're the best thing since wands were invented. *I* won't have to be the one singing your well deserved praises - although I will when asked, make sure that every knows that you run an orphanage and have made it your goal to make sure that no child ever has to grow up the way you did.

None of our children will ever sleep anywhere other than our bed, except for naps and those occasions in which Muffy takes them away for an hour or so for us to have some alone time. Although, once we have these two, it'll probably just be easier to Apparate to the play room until we're ready to go back to sleep. And when they're old enough to want their own bed, I'll probably cry - I mean sigh in relief.

I may have found my new favorite drink. Garlic Lemonade. It's 3 cloves of garlic chopped up and minced, then steeped in 2 cups of water like tea for 5-10 minutes. Then the juice of one freshly squeezed lemon and a sweetener - I'm currently in love with maple syrup - is added to taste since some people like their drinks sweeter than others. I like mine just sweet enough to be considered sweet without being overpowering. I'm having Muffy bring me so much of it that I'm dead certain all vampires will avoid me for the foreseeable future.

I also had her make me that cake I mentioned. The leftovers are in the mini stasis. Now I'd murder someone for a bowl of cherries. And caviar. On sourdough rye bread.

Oh crap! My anti-nausea potion just stopped working! If you come in from the garden and can't find me, I'll be in the loo having an unpleasant conversation with the toilet!

Love you tons!
Draco!
Sunday at 8:16 AM
Draco. Malfoy.

Your WHAT stopped working?!? Are you telling me that now that I am 12 weeks (today! eek!),
finally out of the nauseated over everything phase, now that I can finally keep most of my food down
... you've had anti-nausea potions here the whole time? I just. What. Why would. So....

Also, do you remember my list of things I need to avoid? 1-Bananas. 2-Breakfast Meat. 3-Hard
Boiled Eggs. 4-Listening to you talk about anything you're planning on eating! Rule four Draco!
Rule four!

Ok, must calm the rage monster. I am going to go find the MMM's and see if there are any pictures
of us so that I can look at pictures of you naked to remind myself why I shouldn't brain you over the
head with a cauldron.

Back! And wowzer, there are some real winners in here for our personal scrapbook. You go ahead
and keep the anti-nausea potions as long as I can keep this hot blonde taking me up against a tree!
Side note: thanks for casting those cushioning charms, I have a feeling I would have been feeling that
all day otherwise!

But, uh, we are not the only ones who enjoy the Manor grounds. Do you want to give your parents
their portion of the naked yard games pictures or should I hand them to your father over dinner one
night and see if we can get him to shoot wine out of his nose?

You do NOT have a picture of Severus Snape in footie pajamas! To heck with finding old tomes in
my vaults to sell for funding Unity House, we can just auction that up and make a fortune!

I am actually very much looking forward to meeting Donna's family as well. She's just so much fun,
and they aren't the type of wizarding family that disowns their squib children, so I like them a bit
already. Except oh no, I like the idea of being around a group of people who don't think I'm a big
freak and a giant waste of space, but I'm really hoping the "It's Harry Freaking Potter!" will be kept
at a minimum. Especially since it's not even my name!

I can't even begin to tell you how happy I am that we are on the same page with the co-sleeping
situation. I have been holding my breath in fear that you would tell me it's time for Viona to sleep
elsewhere. Oh! Now that I know I won't "get to" make a nursery for her, can we go all out and crazy
and design a toy room for the Princess? I know at this point she is only so mobile and only so many
toys interest her, but it won't be long until she's on the run, and with fall and winter coming up she
won't have quite as much freedom to be outside. I think maybe a very small climbing set, a mini slide
and a little baby swing, and ooooh a rocking horse! I always thought rocking horses looked so fun.

I am meeting Ron and Neville for lunch tomorrow, and I plan on interrogating Neville about his lack
of kink. So be prepared to pay up!

Do you have any problems with me taking Viona with me all week this week as well? Having her
with me was so wonderful and she was a perfect angel the entire time. And as an added benefit, you
tend to visit me more at Unity House when I have her with me. If I didn't know how much you love
me I might be jealous of our Viona!

Headed off for my morning run, hopefully I will be back to give you kisses BEFORE you're all
gingered up!

Yours,
Harry
Sunday at 10:28 PM
My dearest love,

Please remember that I am carrying your demon and that you don't want to murder me. That said, I *did* tell you that we had anti nausea potions. WAY back when we realized that you had taken a fertility potion rather than a headache potion, I said that I needed to brew more headache potions *and* anti nausea potions because I was sure we'd need them. I had a full stock in the potions cabinet, and I naturally assumed that you'd use one whenever you needed it. When you complained so much about your nausea and vomiting, I thought that either: A - you couldn't stand the garlicky/black licorice taste of the potion and so didn't take them, or B - you felt that morning sickness was all a part of the experience and you wanted to cherish it as much as everything else.

Also in my defense, you never once asked me if there was anything that could help your stomach feel better. Lastly, that week I had the flu, the anti nausea potion didn't work on me at all, so at that point, I also figured that it might not work on you either and you just decided to deal with it.

To sum it up, I'm sorry? I just didn't realize that you didn't *know* that the potions were ready and waiting for you in the cabinet. Also, even if you didn't want to go in the cabinet yourself, you could have asked Muffy... hmm... why didn't Muffy just *bring* them to you? I'll have to ask her.

As for me, I don't use the potion all the time. Most of the time, the fermented ginger works beautifully to settle my stomach. It's just that as I get a bit farther along, the nausea is getting worse - enough that the potion only works for about a half an hour before it wears off and I'm rushing to the loo. Another reason I *thought* you were taking them!

As for the pictures of my parents, you can either give them to my father and make a big production out of it - which would be amusing - or you can put them in a very *not* see through envelope and give them to me to hand over very discretely. Your choice. I'm not surprised that they play outside - at least I'm not surprised *now* that I know they have their own playroom somewhere. It only makes sense that if I take after them, then I take after them in *everything* so...

Thank them, I suppose, for passing on the genes for an interesting sex life...

Oh! Have one of the MMM cameras on hand to capture it if my father *does* snort wine out of his nose!

WE GET TO SHOP AND MAKE A PLAYROOM FOR OUR PRINCESS?!?! Let's do that!!

I look forward to hearing all about Longbottom's kink. My money's on pony play - for some reason. Or or! I know! Figging! He just seems like the type to *love* anything that involves a plant!

Side note, ever thought about trying that?
But I'm going to sign off now and eat something with a strong smell - asparagus and anchovies maybe? - before hunting you down and snogging the hell out of you, heh heh heh!

I don't mind you coming here and wasting all my time, when you're standing oh so near, I kinda lose my mind - I guess you're just what I needed,
Draco

Monday at 2:26 PM
Demon Carrier,

I don't want to murder you! I just wanted to bash you over the head with a cauldron. Just a little unconsciousness, maybe a mild concussion. That's all.

Ok, I sound crazy.

No, you didn't say we had anti nausea potions, you said you needed to brew some. And then with getting Viona, and the Gala, and the influx of kids after your Prophet article, and, and, and, and I could go on, I thought you just forgot or that you maybe found out they weren't safe for pregnancy or something like that. You think I am just going to start grabbing potions out of the potions cabinet all willy nilly? Last time I did that ... well I suppose I am really thrilled with the outcome from the last time I did that, but still!

Morning sickness being all part of the experience?!? That is a terrible part of the experience! Now that I know I can use the potions, I won't have to avoid your ginger kisses!

I'm trying very hard to remind myself to be an adult and to hand over the pictures of your parents in a way to avoid embarrassment for all involved. Kidding of course, I didn't try that hard, and I am going to give them to your father at dinner tonight. Either don't sit particularly close to him or wear something that won't stain if it gets sprayed with wine!

I need some fun and shock value, my lunch with Ron and Neville went fine. That's not fair. I had a really nice time with my friends, it was great to catch up, but Neville can keep a secret! As is common in a group of horny 19 year olds, it didn't take long for our lunch conversation to turn to sex. Ron mentioned some of the things he and the rest of his sex team have gotten up to, and Neville said nothing. I brought up some of your greatest hits, and Neville said nothing. I even told him that I was thinking of his help with the triwizard tournament, when he gave me the idea that gillyweed would help me during the second task, and that it made me think about using it so I could give you head underwater in our bath. Nothing. So either he really is as squeaky clean as I originally thought he would be, or he is not only a deviant like the rest of us, but a much better liar than I gave him credit for!

I think we need someone much more cunning than Ron or I to get the information out of him!

Have I ever thought about trying what? Pony play or figging? I can't say I have thought of either. But last I checked, neither one of them is a hard limit of mine so.....

Of course we can make a playroom for the Princess. The Manor is big enough that each child could potentially have their own, or we can just make a massive one and include Della and the two up and comers in the plans so that it can eventually intrigue and entertain the whole Malfoy Circus.

I'm going to go poke around the kitchens until someone takes pity on Viona and I and feeds us melon!
We miss you,
Harry (and Viona)
Chapter 103

Chapter Summary

Harry heckles Lucius.

Monday at 10:47 PM
My precious bubble carrier,

Did you actually *tell* Longbottom what's at stake? I'm betting that he won't fess up until there's a really good reason to. When you tell him (possibly in private) that there's 50,000 Galleons - or 100 - at stake, I'm almost certain he'll feel guilty if he *doesn't* help you earn that money.

And if he really has *no* kink in him, I'll be shocked!

Dinner tonight was one of the best I can ever remember. When you waited until the *moment* my father had his wine glass refilled and took a nice long sip before asking: "So... how long have you been shagging upside down in trees like bats, and what made that seem like a good idea in the first place?" Once again, you called it! He most certainly spit out his wine - covering a good half of the table in 5000 galleon a bottle special red - and then spluttered: "What makes you think we've *ever* done such a thing??"

You tossed a photo across the table at him with a little charm to make it fly into his hand. "Photographic evidence. I'm actually rather impressed. How *do* you do that?"

Pressing her lips together for a moment to fight a blush, my mother replied: "Levitation charms and *lots* of practice."

My dad held out his hand and flapped his fingers into his palm. "Hand the rest over now."

With an impish grin, you tossed the rest of the (JFC! How many were there?! Our stack seemed rather pitifully small in comparison) large stack of photos over to my father. He flipped through the stack with a strangely impressed expression. Then he turned to look at my mother.

"Why haven't we thought to put a camera out in the yard sooner?"

She shrugged. "I suppose we were too busy thinking about logistics and other things."

Once again, I'm half dying of curiosity, and half sincerely wishing I *never* find out what they do out there.

I'm currently standing awkwardly next to the bed and watching you sleep. I don't want to walk, and I don't want to lay on my back, nor do I want to sit, so standing seems to be my only option. There will be no nightly molestation because my arse is far too sore from my proving to you that I *could* take Blaise's shaft. I could, I can, and I did. I win! But I've got no bloody idea what it was I won. In any case, it felt divine at the time, but not so much at the moment. I'm going to take a pain potion, cast a numbing spell, and then probably fall asleep before I even finish crawling on the bed. Once again, I feel like I'm so tired I'd die if I had to lift more than a finger to beckon to my house elf if I needed something.
Thus, tag! You're it! When Viona wakes up for her nightly feeding and changes, you get to get up with her, and I have ordered Muffy to make sure you wake up before I do, so you'll probably read this in the morning, rather tired and cranky, but hopefully happy that I listened to you and let you help.

You took the words right out of my mouth! Oh! It must have been while you were kissing me!

Draco

Tuesday at 8:24 AM
Good morning to you and your sore bum,

I am neither tired nor cranky this morning thank you very much. Thank you for letting me help out with Viona last night. I can see why you keep it to yourself unless absolutely necessary for your exhaustion. She's so sweet in the middle of the night, with her baby snuggles and holding hands while she drinks her bottle. And we got to talk about you. She had a lot to say, none of which I understood, but she sure seemed to know what she was doing.

So I did not tell Neville about the stakes. I didn't want him to just make something up to get the donation. But I think you may just have to be ok with the idea that he might not have any kinks! Don't kink shame ... lack of kink shame?

Oh Grampy Lulu, he just keeps making me right! He faints when he finds out about Viona, he spits expensive wine all over the table, I've totally got his number! Really proud of Narcissa for keeping her composure. You know, I have always referred to you being able to cover up your emotions and keep yourself in check as your Malfoy mask, simply because you are a Malfoy, but I'm pretty sure it comes from your Black heritage.

I couldn't believe how many pictures there were of them either! At least twice as many as we had. But we've both been quite busy with our jobs. What do you say, want to traumatize some wildlife with me tonight? You can do all the buggering since your arse took so much last night! What do you mean what do you win? You win the pride in knowing just how much cock you can take! I'm quite proud of you.

This afternoon Sasha and Yousef's mothers are coming for a visit. I think it's been really good for them to see their children are being cared for while they are getting the help they need. I can't imagine extra worry being very good for their healing process. I thought it would be weird for me, having gone to school with Sasha's mum, but Penelope has been super thankful and not awkward at all. I'm hoping that they will be able to go home soon. Not that I want to get rid of the kids, but I want everyone to be healthy enough to be where they belong.

Hope everything is going well with the laptops and that you aren't giving Blaise too hard of a time for having taken him without him getting the benefit of doing it himself!

Yours,
Harry
Tuesday at 2:06 PM
My Harry,

I've had a weird day. Once again, I was going over the laptops trying to figure out what went wrong. Blaise was rambling on: "Did you try it? You tried it, didn't you? How was it? Give me details man!" So I looked up at him as my hands continued their job. "Well, you are a *lot* to take! I'm surprised even women can take you! Have you ever considered a penis reduction?"

And just as he was staring at me in profound horror, the laptop lit up and started working just fine. Only I have no bloody clue what I did. I can try to narrow it down based on the general location of my hands at the time, but it could have been any of a half dozen components, so... progress?

To celebrate, I decided to tie Blaise up and punish him for being a bloody pain in my arse. Theo and Derek naturally wanted in on the fun, so now I'm harder than the White Cliffs of Dover. Guess who's about to get a thorough seeing to in his office?

I, I will be King, and you, you will be queen, and nothing, nothing can drive us apart,
Draco

P.S. If you're not in your office when I get there, I'm going to hide behind the door and wait until you come back so that I can pounce on you, buwahahahahahaha!

Wednesday at 8:43 AM
Morning my love!

Those pregnancy hormones of yours are making you horny as hell and I am reaping all of the benefits! I mean honestly, I got a surprise visit in my office yesterday, then three times last night? I know you said you just wanted to carry the one baby, but I may just have to keep you knocked up all the time!

I'm glad you're making progress on the laptops, it might be frustrating that you aren't sure what made it work, but at least you know at this point that it WILL work. It's just a matter of finding the right combination that you used last time. I knew you could do it. I'm not sure if you're aware, but I am married to the most brilliant wizard in the world!

Oh my goodness, I am picturing Blaise's face when you recommend a penis reduction! That is hilarious. Thank goodness I'm not married to a size queen then. I feel a bit badly that he helped you fashion a working prototype and it's not likely you'll want to use it again! Your poor poor arse. I assume you were extra rough on Blaise as "punishment" for you being sore this morning?

I, on the other hand, am quite sore this morning from my four seeing-to's yesterday, but I love the ache. Every time I shift, the pain reminds me of you. I am remembering you quite a bit today! Mac
even beat me up the climbing wall twice before he had to leave for school this morning!

The parent visits went really well yesterday, I believe Yousef will be here for a while yet, but it wouldn't surprise me if Penelope was ready to take Sasha home as early as next week. She seemed really quite impressed with Unity House as a whole, and it wouldn't surprise me if she chooses to work or volunteer here in the future.

Oh, I have a weird craving right now, and no it's not food! Although I could totally go for some honeydew and apple juice right now! Ooh, I think I actually want pineapple! Anyway, have you noticed I have been on a Peter Pan kick lately? Between the sign for Dudley and Donna's nursery, and the week we missed Hook, I have had Peter Pan craving! So that's tonight's movie. I'll see you at six? Or sooner if you can, someone has been shrieking for her Da today! I have a feeling that while I have loved taking her with me, it may have been too many days in a row for her to not have you to herself!

Love,
Harry

P.S. Luna asked what we were doing Saturday ... do you know what that's about?
Chapter 105

Chapter Summary

Draco can't think about anything but Harry.

Chapter Notes

This is one of my favorite Draco chapters, lol ^_^

Wednesday at 2:09 PM
Dearest Harry,

You may *think* you're happy to receive extra attention from my bloody hormones, but I can't think of *anything* except drinking from your shaft like it was a bottle. I think I've spent the last 20 minutes alone visualizing it in every way possible, and I am craving your 'milk' like it was the world's finest champagne.

I've got to try thinking about something else for a minute!

So, now that one of the laptops work, I'm going to have to... put a picture of your lovely shaft as my background so that I can stare at it.

Wait! No! Wrong direction! Merlin! I'd bloody lick the screen if I did that!

So while I've been busy working on the laptop, Theo and Derek have been working on making dedicated towers in high magic areas, and Blaise has been figuring out the best way to provide internet service by contracting with one of the bigger shafts, but there's no one bigger than him, which is probably a good thing because it'd murder people during bloody shags! But I don't have to worry about that because you have a lovely shaft in the perfect size for me. I could just suck on it *all day!*

Wait... What was I talking about again?

Your shaft is shorter than mine by about half an inch, but it's also just noticeably wider. My favorite part is the puffy mushroom head. I *love* pulling back the foreskin and swirling my tongue around the velvety glans. Then I probe the little slit with my tongue, trying my best to get at the goodies within and - Ah! I'm thinking about the wrong thing again!

Fuck! I don't care who I have to imprison in a box in my closet, we're going somewhere this weekend that has a spa to help me clam down and think of other things for five minutes before I shag the bloody hell out of you in front of the entire staff!

Oh wait! Maybe... YES! We're doing it!!! Ahahahahahahaha!

And Luna... Actually, I just cancelled our not fully formed plans for this weekend because we're having Luna over for a play night! Between the two of you, I might just wake up on Monday with
the ability to think about something else - such as my work. Unless you object.

Fuck it! I'm coming to surprise you in your office again!

Watching every motion in my foolish lover's game, on this endless ocean finally lovers know no shame, turning and returning to some secret place inside, watching in slow motion and you turn and say to me: take my breath away,

Draco

Friday at 1:31 PM
Happy Friday!

Thanks for the visit again yesterday! You'd better be careful because I might get used to it and expect mid-day servicing from here on out. And the non sexy benefit is how happy Viona was to see you! Did you enjoy carrying her around while she pointed at every single thing on the property?

I'm going to head out a bit early today. I'm ready for the weekend. Sooooo, are you thirsty? Sorry, I try to be smooth and it comes out creepy and weird. Um, wanna suck it? Nope, I am just not smooth at all. Sorry babe. And there I go again!

Ugh, reading your emails makes me want you to visit so much. You can't just go on and on about just how you would want to suck me down and expect me to maintain my sanity!

You never finished your description of what your coworkers are up to. Theo and Derek are making dedicated towers in high magic areas, but I assume Blaise hasn't been figuring out the best way to provide internet service by contracting with one of the bigger shafts.

So I am confused, Luna asked me what we were doing Saturday, and then you said you were changing our plans I knew nothing about so we could play with Luna, and just a bit ago she asked what time she could come over tonight for the weekend? Someone needs to keep me in the loop! Not that I don't love where your distracted mind keeps bringing us, but it would be nice to know what's happening.

I'm going to go play with the kids at the Park for a little bit and then do my rounds and head home. I'll see you at home tonight unless you come here to have your wicked way with me before I leave!

All of my love and all of my shaft?
Harry
Chapter 106

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco talk about plans with Luna.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday at 3:48 PM
Company!

Blaise is trying to contract with one of the bigger internet providers so that we can use their infrastructure to provide service to the local Wizarding community. We'll see how it goes.

Rather than go jump you in your office again, I came home to set up our playroom for Luna's visit. You'll probably be home before you can even read this email, but I'm quite looking forward to unwinding from my day by describing every little thing in excruciating detail.

See you soon! And FYI, Luna's going to come over at seven for the weekend, so we'll have just enough time to eat dinner with the family and sneak off while Viona is playing with Della.

And I would be the one to hold you down, kiss you so hard, I'll take your breath away, and after I'd wipe away the tears, just close your eyes dear,
Draco

Friday at 3:56 PM
Eeeeeek!

Play time! Wait, the whole weekend?!? So. Much. Shagging.

What all needs to be set up? How intensive are we going to play?

I'm just going to shut down my computer, say goodbye to the kids, and I will be right home!

In Anticipation,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

So, if this isn't completely obvious by this point, Harry and Draco will be playing with Luna in the next chapter. If that squicks you out, please do not read the next chapter :-(
Chapter 107

Chapter Summary

Luna comes over to play. :-)  

Chapter Notes

WARNING: this chapter revolves around sexual play with Luna. If you do not like the idea of Harry and Draco playing with anyone else, please skip this chapter.

Also, if BDSM squicks you, you might want to proceed with caution. It's mild IMO, but it's there :-)  

Sunday at 1:24 PM
I'm on a cloud of bliss...

Our weekend... Oh Harry, just when I think I love you as much as I possibly can, you go and make me love you even more. It's currently Sunday afternoon and we're both snuggled up in bed with Viona - who missed us so much that she refused to do anything other than snuggle in bed with us and take a nap. Which you are, but I need to clear my mind before I can drift off.

So, Friday night started rather slowly, erm, relatively speaking. Luna took a long and silent look around our play room while I sat on a chair with you in my lap. You seemed to be mildly torn between wanting to snarl at her to keep her hands off me and wanting to see it. I was holding you and stroking your hair soothingly, crooning a soft little love song in your ear.

Luna took her time looking at all our toys, and taking note of how I had set the room up. You slowly calmed down until you were watching her with pure curiosity. I could see you wondering how someone so soft and fluffy as her could possibly be a dominating and kinky deviant like us. I really don't think you believed it was true at first - at least not the dominating part.

Once she sensed that you were ready to let me have a little bit of fun, she turned from the spanking table to look at us. "Draco, strip off and stand in the circle." She needlessly pointed to a large circular rug that was not only soft but also very vaguely reminiscent of a bullseye done in shades of blue and gold.

I set you aside and complied - standing and removing my clothes in an efficient way that wasn't too quick to rush the show, nor too slow to make it seem like I was procrastinating or reluctant. You softly caressed my arse the moment it was naked, making me purr softly in happiness. Then I walked over to the circle, and even though she had said to stand, I knew she really meant for me to kneel with my hands behind my head. She walked a circle around me, taking in the sight of me and heightening the anticipation.

Then, very slowly so that you wouldn't be taken by surprise and accidentally light the entire room on fire, she reached out and put a hand on my head. After a moment in which we both resisted the
temptation to look over at you, but in that you *also* didn't growl or make any threatening or distressed noises, she slowly stroked my head, caressing my silky hair.

"You're going to be such a good boy for me, aren't you?" She asked in her soft and dreamy voice.

"Yes my lady," I replied clearly in a confident and yet obedient tone of voice.

She stepped out of the sandals she was wearing and lifted the bottom of the floaty purple and yellow dress she was wearing so that she could lift her bare leg and rest her foot on my left shoulder. Without needing to be told, I kissed her ankle and licked a line up her calf. It was then that you made a sound and I couldn't help but look over at you. Rather than look upset or angry, you looked filled with lust and like you wished you could do the same to me - lick my leg that is, from a position of submission.

Encouraged, Luna drew a line up her leg and inner thigh in a silent order to keep going. With a series of tiny kisses and licks, I worked my way up her leg, her helping out by sliding her leg over my shoulder until I had to move my hands from the back of my head to her hips in order to hold her steady. She was blocking your view by holding her skirt up, but even if she had been naked, her back was to you, and so you wouldn't have seen anything clearly anyway.

I found her pot of gold and stirred it until she was not only moaning and purring from the pleasure, but also quivering and shaking so much that she had to cling to me to avoid falling off her other foot. You probably don't know this - not even after this weekend - and you probably don't particularly care, but Luna is *blessed* when it comes to orgasm - probably why she has such a high sex drive. In the twenty or so minutes that I was worshiping her divine femininity, she had at least three orgasms that were strong enough for me to notice, but probably quite a few that were smaller and not so noticeable.

When she'd had enough of that for the moment, she ordered me to stop, which I did instantly and helped her stand on both feet again before returning my hands to the back of my head. She sent you a curious look, but you still looked turned on, only now you also looked like you were curious about what was going to happen next. Satisfied that you weren't likely to call the whole thing off now, she tapped on my head.

"Stand up and undress me."

I did, slowly removing her dress by bunching up the skirt and kissing a path up her stomach and sternum as I pushed the dress up and up until it was sliding over her head and falling to the floor. Underneath, she was wearing an 'outfit' that shocked you but not me. It was a black leather fetish 'bustier' lined with studs. The breasts were covered by a sort of strapless bra, and there was a stripe across her lower rib cage, and another around her waist. The stripes were connected by thin strips of fabric running up the center of her front and back - the strip in the front was also a zipper and the only way to remove the tight garment. The last little bit was a collar around her neck, and strips of ribbon on the sides of the lower stripe that held her sheer black stockings. She *wasn't* wearing any sort of knickers - all in all, she looked very hot!
This was probably the last thing you were expecting her to wear, and you couldn't help but gasp: "Luna!"

She grinned at you a bit deviously but didn't say anything. Instead, she pointed at the chains a little off to our left. There were two of them set about five feet apart. Both were made from heavy duty steel and were anchored to both the floor and the ceiling. At my shoulder height, a shackle was fixed to each one. The shackles were charmed to not injure my wrists, but that was the only concession to comfort. With a nod, I walked over to them.

It took her a couple of minutes to make sure I was safely and securely imprisoned, but then she grinned at me. I was standing comfortably between the chains with my arms completely out so that my body formed a cross. I couldn't move my arms more than an inch or so up and down because of the shackles being fixed to the chains, but that was the point.

As she pulled on a pair of lavender purple boxing gloves, she looked over at you. "Please sit comfortably in front of Draco in any way you like. You're going to help me torture him."

Sort of whimpering at the idea of torturing me, but also wanting to touch me - as that was one of your requirements for play night - you did as asked, running your hands up and down my sides as you sat in front of me. It took all my will power not to look down at you for more than a moment so that I could smile at you encouragingly.

"Go ahead Harry, and suck on Draco all you want," Luna permitted. "Suck on, lick, touch, and do whatever you want to him."

You complied eagerly, making me gasp. Luna waited until I moaned in pleasure, and then punched me in the back with her glove-clad right fist. I gasped and moaned all over again. As I once told you, no one can make me beg like Luna. But that came much later on. Between the two of you, I probably would have lost all control after only five minutes, but Luna knows exactly how to get me to the edge and keep me hovering there as long as she likes.

Eventually, my body had to choose between orgasm and flying off into subspace. Apparently one can't actually do both at the same time as they are completely different chemicals in the brain - as I understand it. So, I cried out rather hoarsely as I pumped a large load down your throat.

Kudos on your deep throating technique and lack of a gag reflex. I know I enjoy and praise these things quite often, but it bears repeating. You are fantastic! Straight Os across the board!
Luna let me go and gave me a moment to rest and recover as you held me in your arms. This was actually so that she could put on the harness part of the strap on - one of the toy accessories in my drawer before we had an entire play room. You'd once looked at it in confusion, but since it's too small to fit even you, you never really asked me what it was for. I suppose that at the time, you thought it was simply kinky leather fetishwear - and it is. It's just that it can *also* keep a strap on in place, but you probably knew that by now since we'd had to get one for you to wear while using the Blaise replica on me.

Luna pointed to a large cushion that was the perfect size for me to pose on my hands and knees and be the perfect height for her to enter me while standing behind me. She also ordered you to sit on the cushion in front of me so that I could lower my head and suck on you as I liked. Which I did because that's what I'm *craving* the most at the moment.

You focused on me, enjoying the fact that I hummed and purred as she worked her way inside me. I have no idea how long we enjoyed this position for, but it felt like a glorious eternity. The shaft Luna had chosen was charmed much the same as the replica of Blaise to let her feel what you would if you were inside me. She once told me that while the feeling was lovely, it wasn't quite as intense as her normal clit stimulation, and so, she's got quite the stamina when using a strap on. As evidenced by the fact that you pumped my mouth full and had to take a break to simply watch for a while.

Then you whimpered that you wanted me inside you, so we shifted positions until I was inside you while Luna pegged me. Sweet fucking Merlin, Harry! The bliss! The sheer bliss! It was as if heaven and nirvana mated and had a baby that was an ocean of orgasm for me to drown in! Luna had cast a denial spell on me and left it in effect until I went from squealing in bliss to squealing from the feeling of being overwhelmed by *way* too much of a good thing. Then she let me have my orgasm and black out for a few minutes.

You'd actually reached another orgasm by this point too and needed to pant and recover. Luna probably had more than a few orgasms by that point - being a woman, she doesn't have a refractory period and is actually used to having as many as she likes because they come so easy for her. Even so, she was nice and sleepy, and so, when you and I drifted off to sleep - the demon exhausting me as much as ever - she was content to curl up with us and sleep too.

Saturday morning, you actually slept in a bit, but then woke up and ordered Muffy to bring us all a nice breakfast of - not surprisingly - melon. And cherries. And basically as much fruit as you could think of - minus bananas - with tea and croissants.

We woke up and ate, and then I had you give Luna a bath while I watched. You were ambivalent about that because on the one hand, there were a *lot* of girl parts needing a thorough washing, but on the other hand, the part of you that likes serving was actually enjoying the task. I think.

Then I had you bathe me, which you definitely loved. After which, I watched you massage and pamper Luna. You seemed to get into it, not quite as squicked by the girl parts. By the time you massaged me, I was moaning and rock hard again. Watching you massage Luna was almost as hot in my mind as watching *you* be massaged by a therapist.

As icing on the pampering, Luna and I sat drinking tea and chatting pleasantly while you polished our nails. All of them. I chose a sort of metallic blue, and Luna chose a sparkly dark orange. When her nails were dry, Luna actually insisted on pampering you a bit, massaging you and doing your nails - you chose to have a rainbow painted on each nail. Luna, being rather artistic, managed this with no problem.

By this point, it was time for a light lunch. Wearing only white and fluffy bathrobes, the three of us joined my family for lunch so that I could hold Viona and reassure her that I didn't leave her. Once
she was full, she and Della lost interest in anything that wasn't the dirt in the garden, and so the three of us were able to go back to our play room.

The second half was just about to begin.

Luna is a switch. I have that just a little bit in that I am dominant the majority of the time but *can* submit - especially to her. She likes to do both about equally. Thus, it was my turn to string her up and beat her. Only she chose to be bound to the whipping X. I whipped her back for a bit, and just when it seemed like she was getting close, I stopped and ordered you to rim her.

The expressions on your face were rather interesting. You weren't quite sure what to make of my order at first, but then you decided that with her face down like she was, you wouldn't be able to see the squicky parts, and that rimming was rimming. So you nodded in agreement and got to it.

SO. HOT!

I nearly came just watching you!

Stroking your hair and practically purring, I asked: "Do you want to try being in the middle of a sandwich?"

I could see you thinking this over. The two options were: You inside me while Luna pegged you, or you inside Luna while I was inside you. Also, considering how Luna was the sub at the moment, the second was more likely. Slowly, you nodded.

"Yeah, I think I'd like to at least try it. Can't promise I'll be able to, but trying can't hurt."

Kissing you for being the best husband in the world, I released Luna and ordered her to lay face down on the bed - because this seemed like it would be rather awkward for two pregnant men if we tried it on the X or even the various cushions. We both gave you as much time as you needed to climb into bed and contemplate if you really wanted to do this and how exactly you were going to go about it. With a nod (agreeing with the thoughts in your head?), you settled yourself to rim her a bit more and work her open with your fingers.

And then, when you were ready and she was ready and I was leaking like a bloody waterfall, you shifted into position and entered her. She's smaller than me, and thus tighter. Or at least I assume so, never having the pleasure of buggering my own arse. And just like rimming is rimming, shagging an arse is shagging and arse, and so at least here, you knew what to do. I gave you a bit of time just to experiment and *feel* - all the while stroking your back - before signaling that I was ready to enter you.

I sincerely hope that you liked being in the middle as much as I did. You certainly *sounded* like you were enjoying it. You also lost your load rather quickly, giving me permission to finish the scene however I liked while you snuggled with a pillow and watched. So I opted for rather basic since I don't anticipate being able to play with a woman very often.

First, I went down on her again, two fingers 'beckoning' inside her rather rapidly. She squealed and had a couple of orgasms before her entire body got tighter than a newly strung bow. You looked highly curious considering that I was playing with a squicky vagina and actually got closer for a better view. That was when Luna gushed so hard that she completely sprayed you even as I tried my best to gulp it all down. Needless to say, I was utterly soaked.

"Whoa! Girls can ejaculate?!!" You asked in incredulous amazement.

Chuckling, I wiped myself off a bit and got into position to have missionary sex with her. I know
you don't understand it, but I really like the soft and silky feeling of a thoroughly wet from natural lubrication vagina. It's *not* something I need to have on a regular basis as nothing beats the tightness of anal, and actually the *best* part is the connection we share, but still, you allowed me the opportunity and so I enjoyed it. After I pumped her full (yes, we remembered the anti-pregnancy charms), all three of us were ready for a nap.

We woke up from our nap in time to have dinner, and then returned to play for the rest of the night. As you said: So. Much. Shagging!

So my wonderful, darling, perfect, mutty, husband, what did you think of you first experience shagging a woman?

Live in my house, I'll be your shelter, just pay me back with one thousand kisses, be my lover and I'll cover you, yeah!

Draco

P.S. I was wrong! It's not even been 24 hours - Hell! I don't think it's been much more than *12* hours, and already, I want to drag over behind the nearest tree out in the back field and suck you dry like a vampire!

Monday at 8:24 AM

Mmmmm,

This weekend was so good. You got what you needed, and it was surprisingly a lot hotter than I expected it to be. Seeing you submit was sexy as hell.

But as usual, my favorite part of the weekend was snuggling up with you and Viona all day Sunday. I was surprised how clingy she was, every time we were around her, she checked in a bit and then had to be off exploring with Della.

You are so perfect for me. You understood without my having to say it, that I needed you to hold me when we began until I was comfortable with what was happening. I don't know if it was your intention, but it made me feel as though you were wordlessly setting the stage to tell Luna "I will have fun playing with you, but this great lump in my lap is my priority." You seem to anticipate what I need before I realize I need it myself.

As lovely as she is, Luna did not turn me on at all, but watching YOU make her orgasm over and over again? I felt so much pride being married to someone so ... powerful. And as you didn't describe it, I have to assume you weren't aware of it, but every time she came you would make this high-pitched moaning/keening sound. It's actually the sound you make, on the occasions that you bottom, when I first slide into you. Like you can't quite believe how good it's all feeling.

And oh oh oh, getting to touch and suck and kiss and caress you while you were chained up was such a perfect balance of knowing you were getting what you needed from submitting, while also feeling like I was still Yours. And I think Luna most definitely knew what she was doing, because anything she told you to do was an order, but anything she had me do was a request, she even said please!

And I was right, listening to you moan in my ear while Luna was taking you, completely made up for any jealousy I had at someone else being inside of you. The jealousy felt ... sexy? in a way. Like a confusing mix of emotions that melded together to just be hot. Kind of how I like it when you call me your pretty little slut; I don't really like being called pretty because it makes me feel feminine and
reminds me of how short I am, the same with little, and if anyone else on the planet called me a slut I would probably Gryffinrage all over them. But when you say it, it makes me feel a little bit of humiliation but also powerful knowing that someone like you finds me to be sexy, and somehow the humiliation and embarrassment and being turned on all combine in this feeling that is almost painful with how arousing it is.

Bathing the two of you, massaging you both, and then kneeling at your feet to pamper you while you both carried on as if a little sub boy wasn't serving you ... that was quite possibly my favorite part of the weekend (of sexy times, I already mentioned the best part of the entire weekend.) And I love my own rainbow nails!

However, you were both right and wrong in that rimming is rimming and shagging arse is shagging arse. It was definitely different. There weren't bollocks to reach down and play with while I rimmed, the hips I was gripping were softer and wider, and you can tell she takes a good buggering even less often than you do, so it was most definitely different. But it certainly wasn't bad. Thank you for finding a way for me to be included without asking me to touch a body part I'm not comfortable with. I was feeling so good and so submissive that I probably "would" have agreed to just about anything, but out of the moment I wouldn't have been happy that I had. But you just knew where to draw the line.

The closest I came to anything particularly female was when Luna came all over us. And again, it obviously wasn't male cum, but it was forceful enough that it was close enough to what I'm used to that it was really hot to see. Although I am a bit miffed that my first time having someone cum on my face wasn't you!

Honestly, for someone who likes to claim his territory, and for people who have sex as often as we do, I can't believe you haven't taken me up on a single hint I've dropped that I want you to cover my face! Seriously! Fifth or sixth year Draco would be so disappointed in you! You have the option to have me on my knees for you, sucking you until you're just on the edge. And then imagine coating my face in *you, and seeing me stare up at you from my place at your feet while my face is covered in your seed.

Ok I need to get my mind off of this weekend. I have so much to accomplish today, and trying to do the things I need to do with this raging erection is not going to go well.

I have to set up at least three interviews this week. Our first round of interviews and intake, with the exception of your sister and daughter, was mostly muggleborn children that were in foster care in the muggle world. The second round was mostly children born from death eater's rampaging through the world raping and procreating as they saw fit, with a few children that still had at least one living parent, but needed to either relinquish custody or at the very least take a break to deal with their own mental health. And now it seems as though the next step is children who are like Teddy. Orphans to the war.

Apparently Andi has made a number of friends that have a similar situation, they are tasked with raising a grandchild or a niece or nephew of people they lost to the war. For the most part, many of them are like Andi and thankful that they have a piece of their loved one to love and raise. But there are a few that are either too old or sick to properly care for the child, or they don't have it in them to raise someone else's child. So this week I, and my favorite family mind healer Yesenia, are going to be talking to these families to see if Unity House will be the right choice for the children.

So as much as I have loved having Viona with me every day for the last two weeks, I am grateful you put your foot down and said you needed her with you today. She would have ended up spending most of her time away from me while I dealt with paperwork, set up interviews, went on
those interviews, and reviewing and making decisions with Yesenia based on where those interviews take me.

Again, if you don't like me giving you "notes" on our playtime I can stop, but this is easier for me to write it out so I know it's all being said the way I want it said. So, I have loved all of our playtime, both with Luna and with Blaise. But today, outside of the sexiness of the weekend, I am feeling a little vulnerable. I am pretty sure it's the hormones because nothing happened outside of my comfort zone, and I would love to have similar experiences in the future, but the green eyed monster needs just you and I for a bit.

Particularly in submission. Can you thoroughly own me tonight? I am really really craving being shown how thoroughly I am yours. If we didn't co-sleep I am pretty sure I would ask you if we could sleep while I'm bound. I've been stroking my collar all morning. Also with all the sucking you've been doing, my maintenance spankings have fallen by the wayside. So can I go to bed with a red arse and rope burns tonight? And maybe tomorrow night, and probably Wednesday night too? I also don't think I would say no to Thursday either!

Breathe out so that I can breathe you in,
Harry
Monday at 10:53 AM
My kinky husband,

Huh... The face thing... I suppose that I haven't done it because I'm rather particular about what I have on my face. I don't know if you knew this, but I tend to wipe my face first after a shower because the water - that I thoroughly enjoyed up until that point - will aggravate me if I leave it on my face to dry on it's own. And then I use expensive moisturizers and skin care products that I trust to be full of the highest quality ingredients without chemicals and the like. Thus, I think I probably never came on your face simply because *I* would consider it rude if someone did that to me without first asking if I wanted it on my face.

I mean seriously, come on every inch of my body without asking permission first and I'd probably love it, but on my face and we're going to have an epic strop. And that's *not* an incentive for you to misbehave and earn a punishment. But now that I know that *you* want it, I'll try to accommodate.

And actually, I just realized that you and Viona are the only people I let regularly touch my face at all. Which is completely different from kisses to the cheek and the like, but actually touching... I guess I just avoid it. People think it's my hair I won't let anyone touch, but I rather enjoy that - unless I'm in my monkey form and people are trying to pet me the wrong way. That just feels *weird!* But when it's just my hair, I feel like a cat lost in a field of catnip when people fiddle with or touch my hair. That said, since most people assume I won't tolerate it, only you regularly touch it. Luna petted it during our play time, and Viona likes to grab on and pull it quite painfully, but other than that, *I'm* the only one who ever touches my hair - and then I think I probably spend way more time than necessary styling it simply because it feels good.

Mmm... feel good... Like when you touch me. Or pet my hair. Or get on your knees before me. Or let me throw you up against a wall or a tree and shag the bloody hell out of you.

So, I know you're busy today and this is definitely *not* the time, but guess who's going to cast an undetectable extension charm under your desk so that I have plenty of room to sit under there and drink your milk while you work on your paperwork, hee hee hee. And I'm definitely going to do that before you read this email because I'm Apparating over to your office the moment I hit send.

When I'm down here on my knees, sweet surrender is all I have to give,
Draco

Monday at 12:26 PM
Draco!

You cannot surprise a war veteran by hiding under his desk. I love you and adore you, but you
almost got a stunner to your pretty face! I mean, now that I know you plan on doing it again it will be fine. But when I get AK’d because I assumed the person hiding under the desk is you ... well I suppose I won't really have an opinion on it at that point!

You don't have to worry about me doing anything to your face that will put you in a strop! I don't feel the need to mark YOU. If you don't like the idea, I don't NEED it. I just thought it would be something I'd like.

You don't know if I know your shower habits? I know we haven't been married too long, but I know your habits. You shower your body in hot water, and then you turn the temperature down to clean your face and hair so the hot water doesn't dry them out. When you get out of the shower you wipe off your face with your hands, and then pat (never rub) your face and hair down with one towel, while using a completely different towel to dry your body. Then you get in your fluffy robe and begin your skin and hair regimen, starting with skin so that your hair can partially air dry before you start on it. But not fully dry! Because then your hair would be almost as impossible to tame as my former bird's nest used to be. When you're quite done you meander through the small city you call your closet, pick out your clothes, and then when you are fully dressed you go back to the bathroom to reassess that getting dressed didn't mess with anything you had already done.

And your argument for utilizing your skin care items by saying they are full of the highest quality ingredients and without chemicals? I could say the same thing for your cum my love! I'm currently baking a tiny human with those high quality ingredients!

When you left after your ... snack ... I went on my first interview. A very sweet little girl named Brenna, she's 6 and currently living with her Great Grandmother. She just does not have the energy to take care of a rambunctious young girl. She seemed quite torn, and when Yesenia asked what her fears were (without Brenna actually being in the room), she said that she didn't want to never be able to see Brenna again and she was afraid that letting her go meant she was failing her grandson and his wife. Yesenia was able to explain to her that one of the beautiful things about Unity House is that unless the child was removed for harmful reasons, there's no reason she wouldn't be able to maintain a relationship with her, and we have the means to even have a continued relationship with her blood relatives be put into her information for adoption purposes, similar to when we had the extra precautions for Della's adoption.

She asked if she could have time to think about it, so we headed out, but I would not be surprised if Brenna joins our little Unity family soon.

But the biggest news of the day. Didn't come from the ministry, didn't come from an interview, didn't show up from an owl. I got back and was doing my usual rounds to check in with the kids, and my shadow was nowhere to be found. Mac was actually in his room. Which is totally weird, he is either playing at the Park at all times, or he is following me around. I asked him if he was ok when I found him, and he said he was packing!

"Uhhhh, you going somewhere buddy?"

"Well, not today, but my parents will be coming for me in a few days so I figured I would be ready."

Any other kid and I would have sat them down, probably had Yesenia (or one of the other counselors, she's just my favorite) come talk with them, and talk about the realities of their situation, etc etc etc. But with Mac and his track record? My little buddy is going to leave me! Again, it would be ideal that he finds a forever family, but what am I going to do without him?

Oh dear, I thought I had the tears under control!
I will see you tonight, should we put on a movie (maybe Hook since we missed it when it was movie night!) you can lay your head in my lap while I stroke your hair all night?

Yours in all things,
Harry
Chapter 109

Chapter Summary

Three plots for murder???

Monday at 4:38 PM
Salazar Harry!

You think that if someone was going to attack you in your office, it'd be by hiding under your desk?! Don't be a moron! As someone trained specifically in lurking and hiding, I can tell you that if anyone was ever serious about murdering you in your office, they'd probably just hide behind your door and hit your back while you're walking to your desk. Or they'd transfigure themselves into a paperweight and hit you while you're working on your reports. OR, they'd simply curse your chair and be nowhere *near* your office by the time you got there!

I was going to mark your face while in your office earlier, I just ended up spunking my pants before I had a chance. But I can't help it! Sucking you off turns me on so badly! In a related note, I made the underside of your desk big enough to Apparate onto a cushion under there, so I can just pop in and - ahem - *check* on you whenever I like.

I'm also a bit sad to hear that Mac will be leaving soon. He's such a fascinating child. Hopefully he'll still see you often, and won't he be going to Traditions next year?

Yes! Come home and hold me while we watch movies with Viona. And then - once she's asleep - let's go to our play room and let me dominate and spank you and just thoroughly *own* you. But Merlin! I'm not sure I can wait that long to suck you down again! I haven't been able to concentrate on a *thing* all day!

I loved you since I knew ya, I wouldn't talk down to ya, I have to tell you just how I feel, Draco

Monday at 4:57 PM
Love of my life,

Did you just ... tell me three plans you have to murder me?

Cool.

Merlin I love you Draco.

I am honestly going to miss Mac so much! He's actually already at Traditions, the five year olds have half days in the mornings. That way they transition slowly into going to school all day. In theory, yes I will get to see him at Traditions, but that's always provided his parents choose to enroll him. And it won't be the same as having him narrate his entire day to me while I bake or chasing him up the climbing wall. Again, I have to keep reminding myself that this is the goal, and I want him to be happy and I want his parents to come get him, but my heart is going to break just a tiny bit. He was my first ya know?
Ok no more crying, no more crying!

So this coming weekend is our last weekend with no plans for a while! The following weekend is Dudley and Donna's wedding, and the weekend after that we are doing Viona's ceremony. So do we want to do a quick day trip this weekend? Oooooh, could we go hiking in Ireland?

And it's not on a weekend but the fall equinox is this Thursday. When are you and Ernie doing your Hogwarts class?

I can't wait for our wholesome lovely family activities tonight. I want to play with your hair and eat popcorn, and watch our baby girl crawl around when she runs out of patience for the movie!

And then I am quite excited for our completely unwholesome night time activities! And you can take breaks in between spankings to satisfy your cravings. Oh! You know what would be lovely? If you made my arse bright red and sore, and then while you were sucking, instead of having your hands on my hips as you usually do, you can squeeze my arse! Mmmm that added pain will make it all so much sweeter.

Shite, where's a hot blonde hiding under my desk to suck me off when I need one?

Love you always,
Harry
Chapter 110

Chapter Summary

Well, they *did* watch Peter Pan and Hook...

Monday at 11:59 PM
Not murder you,

Just... attack maybe? Look, you don't learn everything there is to know about lurking and the like without the lessons sticking to you! I can't help but plan out all the places to hide whenever I enter a new room. Also, as long as I'm hiding, what other useful things can I do and how can I get away with them. As you might be able to guess, I don't actually *do* those things, just plan them. For fun. In my head...

Anyway!

Having my head in your lap while we watched a movie was one of the best moments of my life so far. Just being able to *be* with you and do almost nothing at all. At least nothing of a major importance. We didn't save the world nor did we solve any problems, we just... were together. It was so beautiful!

Viona spontaneously flying around above our bed like Peter Pan was interesting. I wonder if she's been secretly practicing that since crawling isn't nearly as mobile as she'd clearly like to be.

Then, practicing ways to ignore or get around my gag reflex as I squeezed your lovely glowing arse, mmm...

I'm so glad it's almost midnight and I'm not expected to be particularly coherent, because once again, all I can think about is you. How to touch you. How to kiss you. How to lick you.

Do women experience this during pregnancy? This strange combination of brain fog making it hard to concentrate and hormones making me want you so damn badly. And honestly, I'm not normally this addicted to sp unk! I mean I can swallow it just fine, but I'd usually rather have it in my arse or on my stomach or back. But at the moment, it's almost like I'll die if I don't drink as much as possible!

For example...

Heh! I managed to cover your mouth and get the goods without you making a sound to wake Viona! I have to wonder if you even fully woke up for that.

And just now I had the strangest urge to go look for something in my closet, but then I forgot what it was. THEN I found a toy that is still in the box and must have been set in here to be a present for someone - probably Blaise - that I clearly forgot to give them. SO...

I've just ordered Muffy to take Viona away for a bit, and guess who's going to find out if it's possible to have a toy in his arse while being shagged by me!

Dearest Harry, if you are too tired to go to work in the morning, I sincerely apologize.
Not!

But in all seriousness, my perpetual exhaustion will probably kick in after this round.

Sweet dreams, love.

Heaven holds a sense of wonder, and I wanted to believe that I'd get caught up when the rage in me subsides,
Draco

Tuesday at 8:21
Mmmmm,

Our daughter flew. Like she flew flew. She Peter Panned! I'm not sure if you know this, but we have the most talented, gorgeous, sweet, and brilliant child to have ever lived.

I'll be honest, I worried about her, and I will worry about all of the others, that she wouldn't show any magical ability. Not that I would love any of them any less if they were squibs, but it has to be hard for a child born to a magical family to know they won't fully be accepted into the world they live in. Neville's uncle held him out a window by his ankles and "accidentally" dropped him in an attempt to force him to do accidental magic.

I'm just so glad it's not something we have to worry about with our little genius.

I also adored our perfectly normal, yet wonderful, evening. I know things will calm down eventually, your tech plans, Unity and Traditions, and the beginning of our family has meant a lot of events to pack into a small amount of time. But quiet evenings spent with our family, doing nothing more than watching a movie, or reading a book, or playing games, will become more common as time goes on.

Oh and I win! I knew I could take two! Aren't you so proud of me! Do I get a reward?

Um, no I did not wake up! Draco! You sperm-jacked me again? I'm thoroughly .... yeah I can't even pretend to be upset. I have not spent much time around pregnant women, but from Hermione's research it looks like increased sex drive is a completely normal symptom of pregnancy. I'd be annoyed that I seemed to have the horrible morning sickness as a symptom and you get the fun of being horny, but I am reaping the benefits of your cravings so I will smile and shut up!

I was not too tired to come in this morning. I actually feel good and refreshed. However, usually I do not want any sort of healing spell after a spanking or a shagging, I prefer to feel the ache and it's not like I've ever needed true healing because I am always prepared so thoroughly. But today I had to cast a numbing spell! Totally worth it!

Ok mind out of the bedroom, deep breaths, I have to go prepare for my interviews later today.

I hope your day is lovely and I miss you already.

Love,
Your Harry
Chapter 111

Chapter Summary

Draco's mildly panicking about his guest class at Hogwarts.

Wednesday at 11:17 AM
My dearest Harry,

I am so sorry that I basically ignored you yesterday, and today. Please email me as much as you like, but I'm going to be in front of my mirror most of the time practicing my Mabon class tomorrow over and over until I could do it in my sleep. The nerves hit me and I'm mildly freaking out. What if I suck?!

Ugh! But I will definitely bring Viona to movie night tonight. You might need to send Muffy to remind me to stop babbling at my mirror when it's time to get ready since I do not want to miss being held in your arms while we watch whatever it is you plan to enthrall us with this week.

Love,
Your extremely distracted husband

Wednesday at 12:26 PM
My loving and understanding husband,

It is currently just after lunch and I wanted to drop you a quick note to let you know that I invited Macmillan over so that we could rehearse our class together. Please *do not* freak out if you should happen to come home and find us both in front of my rather large mirror wearing nothing but our pants. Macmillan said that we'd probably both feel less nervous if we imagined ourselves speaking to a large audience in nothing but our pants, that way, when we give the class for real, we'll be less embarrassed because we'd be fully clothed. So, rest assured, nothing kinky is happening and I'm in a pair of plain black silk pants and Macmillan is similarly wearing a pair of plain blue cotton pants.

Good luck with your work today!

When I call your name, boy, it starts the flame, burning in my heart tearing it all apart, no matter how I try my love I cannot hide,
Draco

Thursday at 8:28 AM
My Dragon,

Good morning my love. I'm not sure if you will be checking your mail before you leave for your class, but in case you do I want to remind you of how well you are going to do.

Last night you definitely needed the reminder to come to movie night, thank you for giving me the heads up about that! And it took a while for you to relax, even though we were watching the amazing Princess Bride! But once you and Viona settled into my arms, and I ran my hands through your hair, your whole body relaxed. So if you find yourself tensing today, just remember that I will
have my arms waiting for you when you get home. You could do what I do and touch your wedding ring (or my collar but that’s not relevant to you) to remind you where you belong.

You were quite literally bred to stand at the front of a crowd, and dazzle them with your intellect and charm. Between your brain, your passion for the material, and your Malfoy mask, you will get through this with grace and class.

You have a partner with you, so any area you feel was missed, you have backup with the same information.

And if all else fails, pretend it’s third or fourth year and you’re about to give a recitation of all the reasons Harry Potter is a prat and an attention seeking wanker! Don’t forget your Potter Stinks badges!!

I love you. I’m proud of you. I think you’re amazing. I can’t wait to hear all about your first triumph when you get home tonight.

Pridefully yours,
Harry

P.S. You had Ernie in his pants and you didn't even *try* to tie him up???
Friday at 2:01 AM
What a glorious night!!!

Oh Harry, I sort of wish you had been there! It was a long day, but so so worth it.

First of all, McGonagall showed her support of our idea by giving some students part of the day off. We'd had to send out permission slips to the parents of all students - making special allowances for students who didn't have parents or guardians interested in returning the permission slips. Basically, McGonagall knows which students are in situations like you were and gave them permission if they wanted it. As for students who she was fairly sure that a non answer to the permission slip was a no, she respected that too.

All of the students who didn't have permission to participate in the full ritual had their own, toned down version starting after lunch while the rest of the students had to attend the rest of their classes. For both versions, we started by leading the students to the apple trees and asking them to each pick one. This was a great time for them to practice their summoning charms. Once everyone had an apple - Macmillan, Susan Bones, Parvati Patil, Luna, and I helping those who hadn't mastered the charm yet - we led them to a large sunny area next to the Black Lake.

The kids were all naturally wearing their Hogwarts uniforms, complete with robes, so the five of us were wearing our old uniforms too. The kids seemed amazed that there was a member from each House (two from Hufflepuff), sort of unintentionally proving that the Houses *could* work together for a common good. Sitting down, the next part of the ritual was to first tell everyone about the Autumnal Equinox - including why it was sometimes called Mabon and why it was important from a historical perspective. Also, why it was still so very important in this modern age of convenience food that made it difficult to remember why celebrating a harvest is so sacred. The kids ate their apples as they listened.

Even so, I don't think their interest was piqued until Parvati reminded them that wheat was a grain typically harvested in the fall, and that wheat was the same grain that most cakes were made from. We passed out slices of apple spice cake and cups of various juices. We then talked about other crops that were harvested and preserved - including grapes. Those who had permission from their parents (or McGonagall) and *wanted* to try some were allowed a half a glass of good quality wine. I'd bought a case specifically for this as I didn't think it would be the right message to serve cheap wine at a sacred ritual.

For the next part of the ritual, I led everyone through giving thanks for at least one thing in their life. For the first version of the ritual, I pressed my lips together for a moment to gather up the courage to be so vulnerable in front of so many people - most of whom were judgy kids. Then I said: "Each of you can give thanks to the deity of your choice. I happen to prefer the Greek Pantheon. Thus, the appropriate deities for me to give thanks to on this occasion are Dionysus and Hestia." I held up my half glass of wine. "Oh Dionysus, God of Harvest, Fertility, and Wine, and Hestia, Goddess of Hearth, Family, and Home, I give you my sincerest thanks for the blessings I have. Specifically, that
I am deeply in love with and married to Harry, that he's carrying our Precious Bubbles, and that I'm
carrying his Rambunctious Demon - Oi! Settle down in there!" I commanded, patting my stomach
affectionately before continuing. "May we all continue to bask in your blessings - Dionysus and
Hestia - for the rest of the year if not the rest of our lives." I sealed the thanks by holding my cup to
the sky in offering for a moment before taking a sip.
Some of the students purred in soft congratulations at that. Then Macmillan and the rest gave their
thanks before we encouraged all the students to do so as well. The second version of the ritual, I said
more or less the exact same thing, only I worked this in there as well: "And I give thanks that Harry
is bloody *brilliant* at shagging and pray that he will continue to be for the rest of our lives."
After everyone had given thanks for something, and most had also prayed for something, we all
stood up and asked the students to take their robes off because the next part was going to be hot and
sweaty. Everyone was given a choice between drumming and dancing. For the first version of the
ritual, I chose to drum because I didn't want to overdo it and exhaust myself too soon. And so, the
kids drummed and danced the dances we taught, building up energy and power until it was not only
tangible but rather heavy in the air. Then the five of us led them through chanting our thanks and
sending blessings for all out into the universe.
That was the end of the first ritual and it was coming up on dinner time, so we *all* went in to get
something to eat. It was interesting sitting at the staff table while wearing a student uniform. I felt
much happier than I can ever remember being when I actually was a student.
About a half an hour after dinner was over, the students who had permission to attend the second
version - the *full* ritual - followed us to the apple trees and then Black Lake. As I said before, the
first part of the two rituals were the same until after everyone had given thanks. Now it was time for
the drumming and dancing, and *this* was why we needed to send out permission forms.
Traditionally, there's non-sexual nudity involved. And while those students who *didn't* have
permission to join in were of all ages, they were mostly first and second years from full or partial
muggle families who didn't quite understand our traditions yet. The fascinating thing was that a lot of
*parents* from all backgrounds showed up for the second ritual because *they* wanted to
understand our traditions better.
So, when it came time for the drumming, when the five of us stood up and shed our Hogwarts robes,
we *also* stripped off our uniforms and underwear. Most of the parents followed suit, and each child
was told very very clearly that they had permission and thus *could* strip off, but did not *have* to
if they didn't want to. There were large baskets set aside to hold the jumble of clothes so that they
weren't just laying on the ground getting trod on, and house elves would be sorting through them so
that they could be folded and magically available to their owners when they wanted to get dressed
again. Of the students, most started off fully clothed but shed things as the night progressed and they
felt more comfortable with the nudity. Or perhaps they were simply *uncomfortable* in their clothes
at that point.
The drumming and dancing was just that at first, but as the sun set, Hagrid came over with enough
wood to start a large bonfire and keep it fueled until around midnight. We taught a few circle dances
around the fire. Every half hour or so, the five of us teaching the class would demonstrate a different
dance that various groups around the world might perform during a harvest ritual. I took frequents
breaks from the dancing to get drinks of both water and milk - only having had a total of one glass of
wine spread out throughout the entire day. During my breaks, I'd join the drumming.
As the night got darker and the stars in the sky more brilliant, we started on the fire and poi dances teaching the students to cast safety spells and giving them tips on how to do the dances without risks
of burns in the first place. When the bonfire looked like it was dying down - and thus midnight must


be approaching - we decided it was time to get around to the closing ritual in which we built up energy and power. I actually performed a visually stunning poi dance with Parvati during this, both of us leading everyone else in the chanting. When ready, we encouraged everyone to shout as loudly as they wanted their thanks and blessings.

The ritual was officially over, but at that point the bonfire was nearly out and the coals were perfect for firewalking. So, anyone who wanted to learn followed Macmillan, Bones, and Luna. This somewhat freaked out a few of the muggle parents, but since muggles can and do firewalk safely once taught how, quite a few of them gave it a go.

All in all, the night was a roaring success. The *only* thing that could have made it better, my love, was if you had come to be by my side and hold my hand as I danced from time to time. But I'm thoroughly exhausted now, so I don't even have the energy to molest you. I promise to make it up to you when I get a chance.

The way back home is always long, but if you're close to me, I'm holding on, you're the one I need, Draco

Friday at
My love,

Man, I call everything! Lucius fainting, that Viona would crawl any day, and now that you were a smashing success yesterday and last night! I knew you could do it!

I wish I had been there as well, but I didn't want to force myself in there. I wasn't sure if my being there would have made you nervous or not! I thought about coming to find you or join you, I even told myself if you weren't home by midnight that I would have Muffy keep an eye on Viona and go anyway. And the next thing I knew I was waking up this morning! I don't think I would have had the energy to do much! But if you think it would have been better with me, I will have to be there next year! Or even at the next ritual, it doesn't have to be Mabon.

I love that you didn't do "just" the lecture, or "just" the ritual, but both. And how perfect that you had at least one representative from each house. I understand the house system, in an unknown place it's nice to start out with a mini family that has similar goals or temperament, but these are children and being sorted at 11! There's no reason they can't work together with anyone from any house just because a hat was able to see they were a little braver than they were loyal, witty, or cunning.

But what I really got from your description is that ... we don't need to announce the demon anymore? I thought I was the blunter of all secrets! I am of course teasing you, at least there was cake like you wanted! I cannot even begin to tell you how proud of you I am that you were able to be vulnerable in that setting. It would have been so easy for you to just fill in the blanks with any simple thing you were thankful for, but you exposed your sweet heart. Also, thank you for telling my entire alma mater that I am brilliant at shagging. Were my wonderful Minerva and Hagrid there to witness the announcement of my shagability?

I'm so pleased, not that I expected anything less of you, that you made sure to take breaks and stay hydrated as needed. You've one of our precious little ones to care for.

And my caring for one of the other little ones is why it's probably best that I didn't come to the ritual after all. Yesterday was a massive amount of paperwork and the arrival of Brenna. And today we have Ryan, Heidi, and Guinevere who are seven, nine, and ten coming. However, and I'm not sure if you remember me telling you, that we received a request for Mac on Tuesday. If you don't remember
I will assume it was during one of the times your eyes glassed over while you were internally panicking about last night!

So at the very end of the day yesterday I was told that his parents would be picking him up today. It's so terrible! I may never see him again! It could be forever until a big family dinner at the Burrow, or a stop into WWW! Oh, did I not mention? Mac is our honorary nephew as George and his WIFE Angelina are adopting him!! What? You didn't know they were married? That must be because, despite having been engaged for a short while, they decided to ELOPE on Monday so they could apply for his adoption as a married couple! I can't imagine a better match for my empathic Mac, than someone whose entire job, and way of life, is to bring as much joy and laughter to the world as possible.

George and Angelina are currently helping him pack (or finish packing!). I gave him a bit of a hard time for eloping and costing Molly the chance to plan another wedding. He said that she was willing to overlook it and never mention it again as it accomplished filling her arms with more grandchildren, but that she certainly expected to be allowed to throw a beautiful reception!

So I suppose we will be adding their reception to our upcoming calendar, Wedding, Naming Ceremony, and now a Reception! At least we can knock "announce a pregnancy" off of our list! Or maybe not, I know a secret!! Hermione and Ron still haven't told Molly about their incoming meteor!

I'll probably be home a bit later than usual tonight, so you might even have woken up by the time I get home!

Loving you always,
Harry
Chapter 113

Chapter Summary

"My dad thinks you're a blithering idiot, so kindly get the fuck out of our way!"

Friday at 9:53 PM
Oi!

There was *no one* important at the ritual last night to hear my announcement, so yes, we're still doing a reveal, although I'm sure everyone we know has probably guessed it by now. We'll keep it small and simply serve cake at the next movie night. And the onesie. MUST have the onesie! Viona's going to need to wear that rather a lot...

In fact, we should probably buy her a *lot* of clothes that say: "My dad doesn't think you're annoying (my dad thinks you're annoying)."

That way, she can wear it whenever I'm taking her shopping or something. OOO! Maybe the clothes can simply be charmed to pick up on my thoughts so that when we're in public and I'm *really* being annoyed by someone, her shirt can change to read: "My dad thinks you're a blithering idiot, so kindly get the fuck out of our way!" AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

As for your brilliant shaggability, I think McGonagall was observing the ritual from somewhere, but I'm pretty sure Hagrid was off gathering the wood at that point. I'm also dead certain one of the other professors filled him in on what he missed, so he definitely knows. Why? Interested? I must confess I'm a bit curious; you think he's bigger than Blaise?

SHUT THE FRONT DOOR! GEORGE GOT *MARRIED?!?!* Oh... I'm *so* going to heckle him about that! I mean, not even *we* were so bloody impatient that we eloped, although I will admit that he had a good reason. I think he and Mac will be perfect for each other, although I don't know his new wife well enough to say if she's a suitable mother for Mac, but considering that *you* didn't make any sort of objections about her, I'll assume she must pass whatever qualifications you had in mind for his parents - not that you actually get to say who can and can't adopt the kids considering that's handled by the Ministry.

Ah anyway, you wanted a day trip to Ireland for hiking, so guess what we're doing tomorrow? We're going to see the beauty of the Divis Ridge Trail. I've already ordered the Portkey and had Muffy fill two magically enhanced packs with everything we could possibly need for us or Viona. The packs will be small and light - weighing almost nothing - but will give us plenty of food and drink - including our mutual friends Ben and Jerry. So...

Saturday at 8:54 AM
My Sleepy Prince,

You poor exhausted man. I woke up in the middle of the night, Viona was squirming a bit more than usual, and what do I see? You, sitting up in bed, sound asleep, with your laptop on your lap. You must have bumped the send button before you were fully asleep because I got what I assume was
most of your email.

You need to be getting more rest! I just thought hiking through Ireland would be a fun day trip! But we don't need to go if you're so tired you fall asleep sitting up! As soon as I send off this email, I am going to take the Princess outside to play. Whenever you wake up we can either go, or we can talk about doing something a little less labor intensive.

You had to have been exhausted if you went to crazytown asking if I wondered about Hagrid's.... business. No, I was curious as to whether two adults who knew me as a baby were getting a front row seat to my husband announcing my virility to the world! I hate that you're making me think about the private parts of my friends! But also, he's half giant you nitwit! Of course it's got to be bigger than Blaise's! Now I need to obliviate myself.

Don't worry, I already have Viona's shirt ready to go! I figured even if there had been important people there last night to hear your announcement that you would still enjoy seeing her wear it! We did my reveal at nine and a half weeks (wow has it really already been that long ago? I'll be fourteen weeks tomorrow!) and you will be eight and a half weeks this Wednesday. So do you want to do it this Wednesday because you can't wait another minute? Or do you want to wait another week so we announced at the same part of pregnancy?

Ha! Yeah, George got married! I could NOT believe it when he and Angelina came walking from the apparition point. I thought they were just coming to visit and then George said to me "Well, I figure since we're here we should probably just take a kid, how about that one?" and pointed to Mac. I of course laughed, since he was obviously joking right? No, Mac starts giggling and tells him that he's almost packed but he might need a little help. And the three of them start walking away. I'm just standing there with my jaw hanging to the ground, dumbfounded. Angelina turned and gave me a wink and that standard face we all use when dealing with George, part exasperation, and part thrilled to just be around him.

Angelina is absolutely great. I've known her forever, she and I were on the Gryffindor quidditch team together, she was even Captain during my fifth year, you know, the year I was banned....

But seriously, she's super nice and fun. She's been so good for George's healing. I mean, he will NEVER be completely healed from losing Fred, but I think she's given him the space to allow himself to be happy again. Mac seems very well adjusted, but he hasn't had the best life so far, so if she was able to bring George back from the edge and remind him of his joy, I am sure she will be a fantastic mum to our little Mac!

If you read this before you talk to me, come find us and let me know if we're spending the day hiking or if you want a lazy day in the sunshine here at the Manor.

Love,
Harry
Saturday at 10:47 PM
The world is beautiful!

I will never be too tired to go see the world. Or well, I hope I won't. Yes I fell asleep before finishing my email last night, but that was because I'd had an energetic night before that and woke up at about the same time, thus I was still tired - especially with the demon inside me sapping all my energy. The worst part is that I think I fell asleep *before* 10!!!

But in any case, I slept really well, especially once you took the laptop away and helped me lay in bed properly. And even though it's really fuzzy, I'm pretty sure that you molested me in *my* sleep for a change, sucking me off and provoking the most perverted dreams. In them, you were up on a stage, stripping and playing with yourself in front of an enormous audience. At one point, you looked me directly in the eye and used just one finger to flirtily beckon a handful of strangers up on stage so that I could watch as they all caressed you with their hands and tongues. I may have actually come again in my sleep just from that!

Then the dream changed to you on your hands and knees with me behind you while you were licking and sucking a stranger with brown hair, green eyes, and golden/bronze skin. And then we were riding a white and black horse, me inside you so that we could shag in time to the galloping.

Lastly, I dreamt that I was kissing you and it was so intense that I honestly thought it was real - except that I woke up to find that I was definitely alone and needing you so badly it sort of hurt. Like an ache all over my body. So I went to search for you and drag you back to bed for a few minutes. Thankfully, Viona was playing with Della and my mother was on hand to watch them so that me Apparating right next to you and then bringing you directly to bed - dirty hands, still holding a plant, and all - was not a problem. I'm not even sure if you had enough coherent thought to set the plant aside as I vanished your trousers and plain cotton pants so that I could get at the goods that second.

Ah...

And then I felt like a new man and ready to take on the world, so we got dressed, gathered up Viona, and took that Portkey to Ireland, and as I said, the world is beautiful. I purposely chose a nice and easy trail that we could walk as slowly as we wanted and still see some fantastic sights. I kissed you every chance I got, and you took pictures of everything. We *even* managed to find a little gold four leaf clover to buy as a souvenir for our collection!

So now, my darling husband, that we are back home and curled up in bed, I'm going to actually send this email and lay down before falling asleep.

That said, I'm too tired for poetry, so...

**Bonne Nuit, Buenas Noches, Y Bella Notte,**
Draco

Sunday at 9:04 AM
Good morning,

I was very pleased to wake up this morning and see you actually lying down in bed!
What? What do you think I did the night before? You think that if I woke up in the middle of the night, saw that your adorable face had fallen asleep while writing to me, and had to manhandle you to get you in a good position to sleep in, that I would then touch you inappropriately?

I really did very little touching or actual work. What happened was, as I was shifting you, I noticed you were hard in your sleep. I had Muffy take the princess to rock her in our sitting room for a bit. Then I slipped down your pants, and I was trying to be very gentle because you were so sleepy. So I very very slowly took you in my mouth and down my throat, and by the time you were all the way in, you had started to move on your own. You must have hit the part of the dream at that point where you were fucking me, because you started to fuck my mouth. So I laid there and let dream Draco take awake Harry's mouth for his own pleasure.

When you were finished I tucked you away, brought Viona back in our room, and went back to sleep. You keeping up the dreams, even past when I had woken up, that was all you! But I will remind you again, there will be no sex on galloping horses! My exposed bits, and being near animals with chomping or pecking abilities, is not a combination I'm willing to do!

Ireland was utterly beautiful! You know how sometimes you build something up in your mind, and you start worrying that it will be disappointing because of the build up? Well Ireland is not on that list of disappointments. It was beautiful and quiet and again, was just one of those areas where I could feel the Earth's magic. My own magic, every time we're near one of these elemental magic areas, wants to come out and play with the Earth Magic.

And per usual, Viona was quite stylish in her adorable baby hiking gear. The completely useless boots since she doesn't even walk were probably my favorite part. She looked quite sweet in her little hat, but I was brushing her hair yesterday morning and I think she might have enough for teeny tiny pigtails!

Well I am going to head out again to play outside with Narcissa and my littlest ladies. I invited our close friends, basically our wedding party, to dinner tonight. I know you see the ones you claim fairly often for business purposes, and I work with Luna and Hermione, but I thought it would be lovely to have a non business get together. I actually invited them all earlier this week, but I have to assume that you didn't hear me tell you about it while you were in panic mode. So, surprise! What's really nice is 'Mione and Greg will get to spoil Viona, and I will have a chance to get them up to date on the plans for the ceremony. I can show off all of our travel photo albums, with our newest additions from yesterday. And!!! I know how much you've been missing her, and I found out yesterday morning that Pansy and Ivan will be able to make it tonight!

So I again hope you get some nice rest, maybe you'll finally be fully caught up from your late energy draining ritual night and from the workout we got yesterday while hiking through all the green!

Come find us in the gardens!

I love you,

Harry
Chapter 115

Chapter Summary

Pansy is not happy and Eloise is playing to the pain.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday at 11:26 PM
Oh Harry!

Have I mentioned yet that you are the best husband in all of space and time? You invited Pansy to dinner!!! I don't know if you invited her to come all the way from Russia or if you just so happened to catch her when she was visiting - as she promised she would do every couple of weeks but either hasn't or has spent the entire time with Hermione. I can't believe how much I missed her!

Turns out, she's been avoiding me since she's extremely miffed that I didn't take the time to visit her when we were in Russia visiting grandmama. Sigh... But now that I've made it up to her (don't ask me how much it cost, heh heh), she'll be visiting more regularly like she promised.

The rest of dinner was lovely. So much so that I've decided that we should host one at least once a month. I'll leave it up to you to decide if you want it to be on weekends in which we plan day trips to somewhere relatively nearby, or if you want to schedule it for weekends when we have nothing else going on.

As I was typing, I brought my laptop into my closet to look for something - it's not like I'm a great typer anyway, and so can hold my laptop with one hand while I peck with the other - but now I'm standing in my closet having no idea what I came in here for. Worse! I didn't type it in my email so I don't have anyway to remember!

Bugger! Since I can't remember, I'm just going to end my email here and go start on your nightly molestation.

If we hold on together, I know our dreams will never die, dreams see us through to forever, where clouds roll by, for you and I,
Draco

P.S. If I can't find my laptop, I probably left it in my closet next to the phoenix costume.

Monday at 10:42 AM
My amazing husband,

You may have mentioned once or twice that you find me to be a pretty good husband! Of course I invited Pansy! She's part of our family you weirdo. A part of our family that I am a little scared of, and I am pretty sure has a prepared plan on how to dispose of my body if I ever hurt you, but still family. I also sent her a giant bouquet of deep purple pansies from Neville's greenhouses with her invitation.
I am sure whatever obnoxiously expensive gift paved your way back into her good graces was perfect, but you could always add on to your apology by explaining that you are terrified of your Grandmama.

I would love to host a dinner once a month! We're all so busy with so many different things, that I think it's a great idea to have a reminder to catch up. As well as, we are all so young. Some of us are starting families and marriages and jobs, etc. But I think we need the occasional evening to be nineteen, hang out with our friends, and not think about all of the adulting we need to do on a daily basis.

Also, we get the excuse to show off our amazing daughter! Unless she's on the move herself, I so rarely see Viona out of your arms, that it was a bit odd for me to see her perched in Greg's arms so much of the evening.

I love you my darling, but I think I am going to set a house-elf on Draco tailing duty. Did you know that when you came for my nightly seeing-to, not only did you absolutely leave your computer in the closet (why do you have a phoenix costume?) but you shagged me and then fell asleep while still wearing your shoes. Not fully dressed! Just socks and shoes.

I'm sure you have since you are quite intimate with my anatomy, but have you noticed that I have a significant bump at this point? Did you know bubbles is supposed to be the size of a peach right now? Then why does it look like a much bigger bump than a peach? Is it because I was slim to begin with? Is it because I have extra organs that I didn't have before? Or are we just going to have a giant baby?

Have you given any thoughts as to names for the bubble or the demon? Boy names? Girl names? Neutral names? It's such a big decision! What if they hate their names? What if they hate us for giving them names they hate? What if bubbles hates me because I let it grow so massive that they came out big enough to ride a broom and then became so big as an adult that they can't fit through a door and later on research finds that people who ate too much watermelon created babies that ended up having something seriously wrong with them?

Draco, I have pre-ruined our children's lives!!

Shite! Gotta go break up play time, I just heard Eloise say they were going to play something "to the pain"!

Love,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

I'm pretty sure it was sarahluzie who said - when Harry and Draco were in Russia - that they were supposed to visit Pansy too, or else she'd be upset with them, and I was like, crap! She's right! So, we worked it into the story. It took us a few chapters to get it in there after it was mentioned, but we did, lol. Also, this should give you a little bit of an idea how far ahead we are from where we're posting, lol. My not fully current master file has us 30K words ahead of what's been posted so far ^_^
Chapter 116

Chapter Summary

Draco flippantly suggests a couple of names, and then prays that Pansy never finds out what he said.

Monday at 11:26 PM
Bubbles is not too big and you haven't ruined his life,

Remind me to kiss your bump tonight. And every night. For the rest of eternity. We'll be these little old wizards with beards longer than the floor, and you'll be like: "Draco, I finished having babies over a hundred years ago, so that's just a little bit of pudgy fat you're kissing and cooing to." And I'll be like: "So? It's a little bit of pudge on my gorgeous husband - who still looks rather dashing all these many many years later."

I'm sort of growing fond of Bubbles - as a nickname. We may have to continue calling him that after he's born. He'll be Draco Harry Lucius James Bubbles Malfoy, and we'll just call him Bubbles for short.

The demon can be Pansy - shite! Don't tell her I said that!!

And why wouldn't I have a phoenix costume? It looks - ahem - *hot* on me. I used to make lots of costumes. The dementors, the dragons, the phoenix, the peacocks - in a variety of colors - the yeti, the thestral, Merlin, that foolish Gryffindor, a unicorn, and a basilisk - just to name the ones I can remember off the top of my head.

And then there's that one I've been dreaming about lately in which I dress you up in a miniscule pair of shimmering gold underwear, a delicate pair of matching cloth slippers, and some sort of glistening oil - flavored so that you taste heavenly for the multitude of tongues that want to lick you. In my head, this is at a party where licking you while not wearing much is pretty much required. I think I'll make that our second anniversary since getting arrested for shagging in public is supposed to be our first one.

Meanwhile, Blaise can wear a Karada Harness made out of red rope, handcuffs, and a pair of red and/or black wings - a visual inside joke, hahaha. Luna can wear...

Wait, why am I talking about costumes? Are we throwing a party? Because if we do, we can make it a costume party and the theme can be - as risqué as possible - with a prize for the person who manages to come closest to being naked without *actually* being naked. At least at first.

And then we can have cake, and lobster, and crab legs, and sushi AND sashimi, and cake, and Koi Soi and larb lu with blood sausages and cake and oh! Blood Pudding!!! Sweet Salazar is that ever delicious!

Why am I hungry all of a sudden?

I just had Muffy bring me some blood pudding, and now I can't find my laptop *anywhere!* I'd swear I had it here just a minute ago! Grr...
I'm just going to have to send this email and go to bed and molest you and hope Muffy finds my laptop by morning. She's giving me a funny look, so I'll bet she hid it on me.

Every breath you take, every move you make, every step you take, I'll be watching you, Draco

P.S. How painful was the game and how many kids played before you intervened? We're they playing hide and hex? That's always so much fun; we should try to remember to play hide and hex with our friends after one of those dinner parties - after we've both given birth and don't have to worry about hurting our precious babies.

Tuesday at 11:02 AM
You're bloody brilliant!

We should throw a costume party! Halloween is only a month away! Ok! I have the whole thing planned out, it just took me 5 seconds, so it's obviously perfect and needs no tweaking.

We throw a kid party during the day, all magical kids welcome. Similar to the Gala, but not fancy and adulty. Have the Unity (present and former) and Tradition kids (and families), they could even put on a skit like they did for the gala. And we can add additional invites if needed. Then, we send the kids home and we have an adult costume party that evening. We could throw it at the Manor!

You could plan our costumes, I want to either look hot, or I want a clever costume, but nothing embarrassing. I don't want a fluffy bunny costume or anything like that. Although I will be enormous, so hot probably won't be an option for me.

Also, what do you mean a "that foolish Gryffindor" costume? A specific Gryffindor? Or just foolish Gryffindors in general? I think I need to see this costume! And, bravo on the "hot" pun about your phoenix costume, but let's be real here is there anything you could wear that wouldn't look hot on you? You're bloody fit!

I was so happy with all of the bump kissing and cooing. It was so sweet, Merlin I love you Draco Malfoy! But isn't it enormous? Hermione and I were talking on Sunday and we figured out that we are both roughly 14 weeks. She has almost nothing! It just looks like she ate a big lunch. I look like I swallowed a rugby ball! You're absolutely sure I haven't ruined its life?

Speaking of Bubbles and the Demon ... this could be a complete coincidence, but, I assume you've heard the phrase "mother's intuition"? Well it covers a whole array of things, but one of them is that often the mother will know about their baby before it is born. In your email you were referring to Bubbles as a he and saying we would name the Demon Pansy.

Well, I have been having very vivid dreams about our family lately, and at first I thought they were just wishful thinking. But, I have had one consistently for probably three weeks, almost every night. And it's the same every time. I have Viona on my hip, although she's older, and I feel that I have a baby in a sling. I step up to our bedroom door, look at Viona and do a reminder "shh" and then I look down into the sling and I see enormous green eyes staring up at me, a shock of platinum hair, and even though babies are androgynous I KNOW he's a boy. I bring them both into our bedroom as quietly as I can, and you are sitting up in bed holding a bundle wrapped in a pink blanket. I walk over and sit next to you, giving Viona a chance to peer at your sleeping bundle. Viona pets her little head causing her cap to come off and there's a mass of black curls, then her eyes flutter open so I can see those silver eyes of yours that I'm in love with echoed on this tiny face.
I know divination is often crap, and I am certainly no seer, but do you think this is a sign?

I reserve the right to veto the name Draco Harry Lucius James Bubbles Malfoy. For so many reasons!

Oh! The to the pain game; Eloise wasn't actually playing the game, she was just reciting the entire conversation between Westley and Humperdinck from The Princess Bride! She watched the movie once and she starts reciting word for word! I hate to break up a great poetry read, but the little ones don't really need to hear "To the pain means the first thing you will lose will be your feet below the ankles. Then your hands at the wrists. Next your nose," directed anywhere in their direction!

Well, I am on lunch duty, so I will end this here.

As You Wish,

Harry
Tuesday at 10:39 PM
Of course I'm brilliant,

You think *you* are carrying the boy? I wanted to carry the boy! But sigh, if you must.

What's wrong with Draco Harry Lucius James Bubbles Malfoy? Do you think I should add Potter in there somewhere? Or do you not want your name in there? We could always go with Draco Lucius Malfoy the Second. Although, I've always loved the name Scorpius - it sounds so mysterious and deadly. Plus Scorpius was a loyal servant to the Goddess Athena. Orion is another good name.

With girls, I sort of like Narcissa Lucille. Or maybe Lucinda? Lulu? No... Amaryllis is pretty. Pansy Hermione? Pansy Hermione Narcissa Lily The Demon Malfoy. Hmm... I sort of like that.

We could always consider the name Harriet for a girl. Ooo! Harriet Draco!

Mmm... Harry... Oh, speaking of, that foolish Gryffindor costume is modeled after a certain reckless hero we both know. It's basically a Gryffindor school uniform with a messy black wig and a pair of glasses. And a quill with a bottle of special scar colored ink.

I love the idea of a party. I have to do my Samhain class on Friday the 29th, but then we could have the party on either Saturday or Sunday. OR we can have the Adult party on Saturday night and the kids party on Sunday afternoon before they either go out for trick or treating - we can even bring Viona out if you want.

Damnit! I lost my train of thought again. All I can think about is you and what sort of costumes I can dress you up in. I have to go measure every inch of your body...

Sugar sugar, oh honey honey, you are my candy boy, and you got me wanting you,

Draco

Wednesday at 9:21 AM
You spoiled prat, you don't dictate nature!

First of all, these are just dreams, I am not saying I know that I am carrying a boy and you are carrying a girl.

Secondly, even if I am 100% right, you know that it wasn't actually up to us right?

And thirdly, are you insinuating something about the quality of genders for children that you need to carry the boy? Hmmm?

A lot of the names you seem to be choosing are naming our children after our loved ones. Is that something you need? I like the idea of carrying on a naming tradition, like the constellations or flowers, but especially for people we know and love and will talk to regularly wouldn't it be confusing to have two Narcissa's or two Lulu's in the house? Although I definitely wouldn't be averse to using a loved ones name as a middle name. Orion Draco Malfoy sounds beautiful to me.

For star names, I really enjoy Vega, Castor or Pollux, Polaris, and Eltanin.
For flower names, I wouldn't be against Amaryllis, I just need to figure out how to turn it into a nickname! I also really love the name Camellia.

I'm also not against using names from the greeks, but why a servant of Athena, and not naming a child after Athena herself? And I love the name Apollo, especially if my dream IS right and he ends up being a blondie like you.

Well, we have a while to decide, and a while before we find out the genders anyway. We can keep throwing ideas back and forth.

So, tonight is your reveal night! Are you excited? I have Viona's shirt here. I know you are bringing her tonight, but you have been just a teensy bit forgetful lately, so I thought I would just make sure it was here for you! I've got your cake all baked and ready for tonight. Everyone has been invited. And I know how much you loved the musical aspect of Fantasia, so tonight's movie is Sleeping Beauty. All of the music is arranged or adapted from the 1890 Tchaikovsky Ballet of Sleeping Beauty.

I am going to go make a disturbing amount of food, and a disturbing mixture of foods, and I will see you, the Princess, and the Demon tonight!

Love,
Harry
Draco will dictate Nature if he wants to!

Wednesday at 10:54 PM
I'll dictate Nature if I want to!

I just know that she probably won't listen, sigh. And no, I'm not saying boys are better than girls, I'm just saying that it's been drilled into me since birth that I should have a male Heir to pass my line down to - because boys typically keep their names when they get married, and thus the *name* would survive through the Heir. I *also* know that even if we only ever had girls, the one that inherits the line could make it a stipulation when she gets married that she keeps her name - as does *her* official Heir. It's just... programming, I suppose. More pureblood tradition shite that I just can't help but want to uphold, sigh.

My reveal was definitely less fussy than yours, and by that I mean that people made less of a fuss over me. It seems that word *had* spread that I'd announced my pregnancy at the Mabon ritual. Thus everyone already knew but were keeping quiet until we said something official. Thus I got a lovely congratulations and a couple of hugs. Rather dignified all around, which I appreciate. Plus cake.

You made me a fantastic carrot cake with garlic cream cheese frosting, and maybe you surprised even yourself because even though you said you were going to put it on the side, it was on the cake. Once garlic has been cooked - I'm assuming you must have boiled it to get it soft enough to mash into the cream cheese - it gets a whole lot less spicy and much sweeter. Thus, once you had it in the cream cheese and lightly sweetened with maple syrup - plus the juice of a freshly squeezed lemon - it tasted really rather good with a hint of zing. The cake was clearly labeled as having garlic in the frosting, and most people were game to try it. Only one person actually *said* it was too weird for their taste and everyone else thought it was lovely.

Thank you so much for making me what I asked for even though you didn't think it would taste good. It's just another of the many reasons I love you.

As usual, Viona was the best looking baby in the world. She was passed around quite a bit as everyone wanted to read her shirt and then nod over how true it was. Because it's *so* true!

During Sleeping Beauty, there was this wonderful little song that Aurora was dancing to, and she was surprised by the Prince. I sort of saw that coming with all the foreshadowing they were doing, so I insisted that you get up and dance with me to: "I know you, I walked with you once upon a dream. I know you, that look in your eyes is so familiar a gleam. And I know it's true that visions are seldom all they seem, but if I know you, I know what you'll do, you'll love me at once, the way you did once upon a dream.

We then danced to the music in our head off to the side as we watched the rest of the movie - we still have to practice for your cousin's wedding after all. We sat back down toward the end because it was attention grabbing and I wanted to watch the Prince succeed. When he did, I kissed you until the kids in the room groaned and told us to stop being disgusting, haha!
After that, we still needed to go shopping for something to wear to your cousin's wedding. We both settled for muggle suits. You bought a stunning black and green pinstriped suit while I bought a - well, let's be honest - a *fabulous* suit in black and gold.

At one point, I took Viona off to the side to look at ties for the both of us, and as I was absorbed with asking her advice between the black and the green for you, a new customer entered the shop, spotted you standing in front of the mirror while a tailor pinned your hem to the correct length, and walked over to flirt with you. I immediately grinned and leaned against the wall to enjoy the show. Sure enough, you were awkward and not quite sure if flirting was going on or not.

I love watching you so much that I could sit there and watch you recite a laundry list for hours - so long as I wasn't listening to you because my mouth would open up and run away with me at some point. So, watching you try to find an awkward balance between flirting back and trying to discourage any real interest was almost adorable. And this man was being very bold and dominant. To be honest, if we weren't already married, you'd probably find him just your type. He was even tall and blond - a sort of dirty blond, but still. Although, I do have a few inches on him, so I still win, but that's not the point.

He was doing his best to convince you that you should go to dinner and a movie with him, and you were so flustered that you couldn't quite get a word out. "Er, erm, ah, er, well, y-you see..."

At that point, the stranger - a muggle who simply thought you were gorgeous, rather than a fan - felt he was making progress and wanted to seal the deal, so he kissed you. My very first thought was that you looked hot - but then again, I'm biased as I find you hot even when you're peeling potatoes. My second thought was that you were holding yourself very stiff and your hands were up in the air like you were trying to figure out the politest way to push him away. And that's when I remembered your no kissing rule.

I Apparated right next to you without even thinking about it, pulled you free from his rather handsy embrace, and held a hand up in front of his face as I immediately kissed you in that way that never fails to make your toes curl. Meanwhile, Viona was giving the (somewhat handsome) stranger an impressive death glare.

Then, pretending to be *far* more affronted than I really was - because the only reason I was affronted was because I knew you didn't like what was going on, rather than any sort of ire over it happening - I turned my iciest Malfoy look on him. "Care to explain why you're kissing *my husband?*"

He was extremely flustered and couldn't apologize fast enough.

I stroked the 'Property of Draco' tag of your collar like I was petting a cat and you melted into it. "Next time you find a gorgeous man in public, check to see if he belongs to someone before you try to stake your claim. You might find that he belongs to someone far less understanding and generous than I."

Viona reinforced this by making a noise that was a lot like she was hissing at him. Knowing that he was not going to win any sort of minor battle between us, he held up his hands as if conceding a valid point, and then backed away.

"Sorry. My mistake." He fled as quickly as possible, and then we finished up our purchase.

You were quiet the rest of the night, and I'm not entirely sure why. All I could do was hold you and stroke your hair and back, kissing your mouth, neck, and shoulder every time the urge struck. As I did so, the song you sing to me whenever you don't realize you're actually singing out loud floated
through my head:

Open your door, I’ll be your tenant, don’t got much baggage, to lay at your feet, but sweet kisses I’ve got to spare, I’ll be there and I’ll cover you - Oh!

Draco

Thursday at 9:48 AM
I love you Draco,

I woke up a few times in the middle of the night, and woke up earlier than usual, so I think I am going to try to head home earlier than usual today. I uh, might even take tomorrow off. I mean, technically we’re still supposed to be honeymooning and we weren't planning on being here for any Fridays and I've been here for most of them!

I'm glad you enjoyed your reveal! Of course I would make the foods you wanted! If people don't like your cake the way you like it, they can go without! And keep in mind when you first started telling me what kind of cake you wanted, I was still in my very very nauseated phase. I still can't eat the things on my bad list (which we can update from hard-boiled eggs to ALL eggs FYI), but I am not feeling sick at the slightest mention of anything out of the ordinary.

Is there anything sweeter than our Viona Skye? Her wearing that shirt had to have been one of the funniest things I have ever seen! I think we should get one in every color!

I get your wanting to uphold the pureblood traditions you were raised with. I think they're something you're going to have to constantly reassess throughout your life, always asking the question "Do I really want this or have I been trained to want this?" But keep in mind that, again, my dream isn't reality, we won't know anything for a while. And even if I am right and I am having a boy, wouldn't that make you happy because your blooded first-born (your requirement to inherit the Manor wards) would be the baby I am having? If it's a boy, what do you think about Orion Draco Malfoy?

What would you think about Camillia Athena for a girl?

Oh last night, dancing with you, was just perfect. When you wrap your arms around me, I let off a weight that I didn't even know I was carrying. I feel all of the tension just draining off of me and I am home.

But then we added tension. Well, I did. You were fine.

I'm tired and that is a legitimate reason why I am taking off early. But the real and biggest reason is because I don't know how to handle my emotions. I've been locked in my office all morning, pretending I have to catch up on paperwork, because I can't stop crying.

Another man kissed me Draco. On the mouth. He kissed me. I know, I am being ridiculous, it's just a kiss. And we've played with another man and a woman. Hell, I had kissed two women before we were together. I know I am losing it for no reason. But, I've always had to share myself with the entire world ya know? A normal person gets to go to school the first time and meet new friends, freaks like me get stared at. Normal people get to have memories of their mum from the childhood, I get to relive my only memory of my mother, the sounds of her death, every time a dementor comes near me. Normal people can look back on their first kiss and laugh or sigh, I get to remember that she was crying because she was grieving for the boy I saw die. I'm just feeling sorry for myself, if it doesn't bother my husband who saw it, how can I be so ridiculous about it? It's just ... it was the one
thing I really had that was just mine, just ours.

I'm so sorry that I can't seem to shake this off. I'm sorry I'm being ridiculous. Thank you so much for knowing that I needed to be held. You always know just what I need. Which is usually just you.

You'll be my King, and I'll be your castle
Harry
Chapter 119

Chapter Summary

Harry explains his feelings.

Thursday at 10:16 AM
Oh my darling Harry,

I understand - now that you've explained it - what you were/are feeling, and maybe this might help. It didn't count. He didn't ask for permission and you wouldn't have consented had he done so. Thus, it was the equivalent to a very mild form of rape. I can remove the memory from you and we'll never mention it again - if you'd like. Just know that *you* are not a bad person for having been kissed against your will. You did nothing wrong.

Also, you're not being silly. You have every right to feel violated. You have every right to feel upset. You are allowed to be mad and cry about this thing that was done to you, and I would *never* tell you to just get over it. Instead, I'll hold you as much as you want. I'll kiss you as much as you want - as many times as it takes for you to feel like your lips belong to only me again.

Maybe this might make you feel a little better. You *do* have something that is just the two of us - something that no one can take away from you, nor can anyone intrude on or make theirs. You have my child inside you. *NO ONE* else will ever have a piece of me inside them. Also, I have your child inside me, and that's not something I will ever let anyone else do. I know I joked about having Blaise get me up the duff if you couldn't, but I never really meant it. We have Viona and we have the babies inside us and they are ours.

Even better, when our children grow up enough to go to school, they are going to walk in their first day and make friends and have the normal childhood memories. Memories of their dads loving them and playing Quidditch with them. Of you making them birthday cakes and me making them Halloween costumes. All those memories you wish you had of your parents, their going to have with us.

But you're deluding yourself if you think they're not going to be stared at. They're going to be gorgeous! Being stared at and pointed at will just be part of their reality. The other kids at school will whisper to each other as they pass by: "Look, it's that Malfoy kid. They say his/her father used to be the best looking kid at Hogwarts for seven years in a row - before he married that foolish Gryffindor bloke who broke every rule the school ever made and had to have a few more made up just so he could break them. Didn't he also save the world or something?"

My point is that we're going to have an entire life together, so try not to let one kiss that doesn't even count upset you for long. And if you need me to remove the memory from you, I will. Just say the word.

I love you more than words can express.

No, you'll be my queen and I'll be your moat,
Draco
P.S. Since you said you're coming home early, I asked my parents to keep an eye on Viona so that we can practice dancing as much as you want between now and your cousin's wedding. Also, from now on, whenever we go out in public, I'll apply some sort of lipbalm to my lips first, and then to yours - THEN seal it with a kiss so that there will literally be a layer of my lips and my kiss between you and anyone who should happen to give you an unwanted kiss in the future.

Friday at 8:12 AM
My Draco,

Thank you again for knowing what I need. Dancing with you was just the stress relief I needed! And I think I'm getting better right?

Although I am quite glad we hadn't gotten to the naked portion of the evening when your mum brought Viona in to dance with us for a bit. I think I am getting so much better at ignoring my upbringing's anti-nudity policy with what my head tells me is completely fine, but there are certain activities that being pressed up against you while I'm naked lead to that do not need to be seen by one's mother in law or daughter.

I know she's too little to really be keeping any actual memories from what's happening in our lives, babies this little are more likely to just remember the feelings of comfort, safety, and happiness, but I really hope she has many memories of dancing around the ballroom with her daddies. At some point she'll be big enough to stand on our toes while we dance with her, and some day she will be old enough to fully dance with. And I hope all of those memories collect into one big happy memory she has of feeling loved while dancing.

Just like those beautiful memories you're predicting all of our kids will be taking with them to school. Quidditch and birthday cakes and halloween costumes. Memories of us being loving with eachother, kissing each other, while they pretend to be disgusted by it but will later be glad they were always able to see how in love their fathers are.

I don't mind if they get stared at for how gorgeous they are, or get stared at for things they accomplished. I just wouldn't want them because they were famous for being orphaned as a baby, for being almost murdered, for carrying around a scar on their face as a permanent reminder of the darkest moment of their life.

I really love your idea of sealing your kisses on me, so if I am ever kissed like that again I will know you've blocked it. Not that that is a real thing or changes much, but I'm certainly not going to turn down extra reasons to get more kisses! I don't need or want you to remove the memory. Because without that memory, I won't have the memory of how hard you work to ensure my happiness. I will just think of you being loving last night, I won't understand what you really did for me. And I wouldn't take away seeing your giant, beautiful (normally guarded) sweet heart for any relief from some silly unimportant memory.

I'm already feeling better this morning, and I'm quite glad I took today off. I am going to go for an extra long run this morning, then we can spend the day however you want. We can practice dancing more, we can snuggle up and watch some movies, we can take Viona for a walk/play outside on the grounds, or we can go out and do something. You spend so much time taking care of me and seeing to my needs, you tell me what you'd like to do today!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 120

Chapter Summary

Harry says something pivotal and important to Aunt Marge.

Sunday at 2:18 AM
Well now, we've had a busy weekend, haven't we my darling husband?

Friday was relaxing enough. We took Viona and Della with us on a small hike around the Wiltshire countryside. Practically in our backyard is not only the Westbury White Horse and Stonehenge, but also Stourhead Gardens - which is full of lovely temples and grottoes. The top of King Alfred's Tower is particularly breathtaking in its views.

After several hours, our girls were getting just a little fussy. Both wanted out of their carriers so they could play for a bit and have a snack. We took them to a nice muggle park so they could play as they liked while eating biscuits and drinking milk - which is something I'm still craving like it's as necessary as the air I'm breathing - or the kisses you give me.

Friday night, we spent at least an hour in the playroom making sure your bum was nice and red. Then I held you as we slept, and I'm pretty sure Viona was in your arms for most of the night because I don't recall being woken up for her feedings. On Saturday morning, I woke up to the best sounds in the world - Viona giggling while you pretended to nip at her fingers and toes in your fox form - right before you suddenly reverted back to your human form and couldn't change again, so I guess you've reached your limit for now.

We took a family bath - splashing and playing more than anything. Eventually, it was time to get ready for the wedding. At Donna's request, we were going to arrive early. However, that didn't happen because you had a mild panic attack and I was committed to making you feel better - no matter what it took. I would have even sent our apologies if necessary, but about 5 minutes before the ceremony was supposed to start, you seemed to shake off all your misgivings and square your shoulders. So, we Apparated to the park where the ceremony was going to take place and snuck seats in the back. You looked around at everyone sitting on the Groom's side a bit apprehensively. For the most part, no one was looking around, and so, didn't look at or notice you. Except for one older woman who had a cat on her lap that she was stroking repeatedly. She lit up with happiness when she saw you, and you even smiled and waved at her.

Donna and Dudley had done their photoshoot before the wedding so that everyone was looking their best and they didn't have guests to worry about boring. That was one of the reasons Donna asked us to come early - she wanted us to be part of the photoshoot. The other reason was that she wanted to introduce you to her family when there were no muggles around to wonder why everyone was fussing over you. In any case, when the ceremony was over, the newly wedded couple went up the aisle and thanked everyone for coming. They mostly shook hands with the guests, hugging a few that they were close with. Once each guest was thanked, they were asked to go to the area of the large and beautiful park which was set up for a banquet.

Since we were the last in line, we had a bit of privacy. Dudley shook your hand and gave you the quickest and awkwardest hug I've ever seen. He was still a bit red when he shook my hand, but since he doesn't have years of bad history with me, it wasn't awkward. Donna was a vision in her lacy
heirloom dress. She hugged us both happily since Americans are apparently more likely to give full body contact hugs (even to strangers) than simple air kisses on the cheeks.

We walked with them toward the table where we'd been assigned to sit - with Donna's extended family next to the table where Dudley, Donna, and their wedding party (including parents) were sitting. This fortunately placed you as far away from your aunt and uncle as possible. We quickly learned that Donna *had not* told her family about you. She warmly introduced you as Dudley's cousin Harry. At first, everyone was simply friendly: "Oh, nice to meet you. I hope our Donna has been taking good care of your cousin." And things like that, but then the wind blew a bit of your messy hair off your forehead and they noticed your scar.

One of Donna's younger sisters (I think she said she had a total of 8 siblings. 8 Harry! How does anyone manage in a family that big? That's even bigger than the Weasley family!) noticed your scar and her eyes got extremely big and round. Almost exactly the same as Donna's reaction, she softly blurted out: "Holy Zeus and Hera! It's Harry Freakin' Potter!" Which caused the rest of Donna's family to inhale a gasp and gape at you.

I had a feeling that this was unnerving to you, so I put an arm around you and gave you a quick kiss. "Actually, his name is Harry Malfoy."

You ruffled Viona's hair with an adoring smile at her. "And this is our adopted daughter Viona."

"Aww! She's so cute!" The same younger sister purred. The rest of the family wanted to shake your hand. Donna apologized but explained that she'd sat us with her family because she thought we'd be more comfortable sitting with people who'd be happy to talk to us rather than with people who had been told the worst things about you while you were growing up.

Such as one very large woman sitting at the table with Dudley and his parents who glared at you with a suspicious and slightly fearful expression. I glared right back at her, silently daring her to say anything at all to you. The weird thing is that of the people who were casting looks of judgment mixed with curiosity at you, none of them seemed to have an opinion on me - aside from clearly wondering if I came from old money, and if so, how much and did I have a title. Even the large woman seemed to feel I passed some sort of unspoken test.

"That's Aunt Marge," you murmured in my ear, probably after you noticed me glaring at her. "Salazar's sweaty sack! There's another one?!!" I blurted out in mild shock.

You shrugged. "Well, she's Vernon's sister, and so not related to me by blood. She was always even more nasty to me than my aunt and uncle, so I accidentally blew her up the last time I saw her and she was insulting me and my parents. She doesn't remember because they came in and obliviated her after deflating her. Even so, I bet she remembers feeling scared or something because she looks like she wants to tell me off for it, but doesn't know exactly what *it* is that she wants to tell me off for."

I kissed you and stroked your hair as you rested your head against my shoulder. "We don't have to stay, love, if you don't want to."

"No, I actually do. It's weird, but just being with you makes me feel like I could take on the world if I had to," you assured me.

"You could, even without me, and you did, remember?" I reminded you with a soft smile.

"Aww," younger sister purred again, staring at us with big watery eyes and her hands clasped over her heart. "I seriously hope I find someone someday that looks at me the way you two look at each
We smiled at her politely, glad that there was at least one person who wasn't offended by two men being married and showing affection in public.

Soon enough, the dancing portion started. I could feel you relax and allow yourself to have fun. Once again, Viona snuggled between us as we danced until she got tired enough to fall asleep, at which point, I rearranged my favorite carrier - a simple piece of cloth in a softly golden color - so that she was in a sling on my back, which would allow her to sleep as much as she wanted while we danced.

"Smart move young man," the repugnant voice of Aunt Marge stated from about three feet away where she was dancing with an older man wearing a colonel's uniform.

"Sorry?" I asked, confused as to what she was referring to.

"I noticed that you won't let that wretched boy touch or hold your daughter, and I think it's very smart of you, considering that he's -"

I let you go and stood in front of you as I stared her down. "The reason I carry *our* daughter rather than him is that I'm a possessive arsehole. It has nothing to do with him, and before you insult him further, I'll have you know that my husband is wonderful with children and runs an orphanage. I'll also have you know that because I am such a possessive arsehole, if you or *anyone* insults what's *mine* again, I'll take revenge in ways you won't like in the slightest."

"Now see here, you insolent -" She began indignantly, and honestly, I think she was probably at least a little drunk by this point.

"Oh fuck off, Marge!" You exclaimed with a dark expression. "I no longer have to put up with you and hold my tongue when you're a bloody bitch to me, so unless you fancy ruining your nephew's wedding by having a shouting match with me right here and now, I suggest that you back off and let me dance with my husband in peace!"

Dudley seemed to sense danger because he quickly intervened by pulling her into a dance and distracting her with questions about her dogs.

After that, others who had believed the worst about you drifted over from time to time to ask things like if it was true that you ran an orphanage. Also, did you ever actually go to a place called St. Brutus's Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys. Did you? What's that all about? You simply shook your head and murmured no, but didn't explain anything to anyone.

I had come prepared. From my magically expanded pocket, I pulled out a photo album containing lots of pictures taken during movie nights, the fundraising gala, and just random moments when you're playing with the kids. Bemused, you drifted off to the side to talk with Donna's family while I took the opportunity to flirt with these idiotic muggles and talk them into donating to Unity House. I'm pretty sure - despite not being fluent in converting muggle money to Galleons - that I made you a pretty penny.

Donna insisted that you dance with her a couple of times while I was fundraising. Once I'd finished pocketing a rather large amount of cash, she insisted that I dance with her too. She was actually raised in a pureblood American wizard family, and so had a few things in common with me, such as knowing how to dance rather well. Thus we were arguably the two best dancers there and had no problems showing off some flashy lifts and flips. Meanwhile, you were dancing with her sisters, brothers, cousins and etc. Those from her family were so excited to meet you that even the men
wanted to dance with you, despite knowing that you were gay and married to a man and that they might be making unwanted statements by dancing with you.

I was a rather popular dance partner after that - and because I was doing things that were very energetic and could jostle or hurt our Princess, we actually shifted her to your chest when I began. Thus you were adorable as you continually peeked at our daughter in the sling carry on your chest. Rubbing her soft hair and cuddling with her as she slept.

Eventually, my perpetual exhaustion kicked in, and since you were getting rather tired by that point too, we called it a night. Said our goodbyes to Dudley and Donna, and found a private spot to Apparate home from. As we were leaving, we were told that Donna's family was going to be staying for a little holiday in a hotel in London starting tomorrow, and that they were going to have a large family lunch with Donna and Dudley before they leave on that fabulous honeymoon we gave them to the Bahamas. We're invited if we'd like to attend. I told them we'd think about it, but really, I'm leaving the decision entirely up to you since I can't remember if we already had plans, and if so, what they are. Also, I didn't want to commit us to going if you'd really rather not.

All in all, I'd say we had a decent night. Too bad we were too tired to shag before falling asleep. That said, I'm writing this as I feed Viona for her 2 am feeding, and so maybe I'll have the energy to molest you after all...

Everything I do, I do it for you,
Draco

Sunday at 8:23 AM
My strength,

I told Marge to fuck off! Holy hell, I told Marge to fuck off. It felt even better than that time I blew her up. And that's saying a lot because that was fantastic. Well, until I thought I was going to be expelled and have my wand snapped. I'm so proud of me!

Merlin, I needed that day off on Friday. As usual, walking hand in hand with you, and discovering new places with my family, and our little sister, is exactly what I needed. Wow, Stourhead Gardens were beyond beautiful. We keep traveling and seeing so many beautiful sights, and we had such beauty practically in our own back yard. I took so many pictures, you are going to be so sick of hearing about which pictures I love.

I did get an absolutely beautiful picture of you and Della. I am no professional photographer, but sometimes the picture just presents itself, and this picture looks like it could be the cover of a magazine! I think we should get it blown up and framed for your parents. I know the Manor has more paintings than pictures, but I think they would love a really good shot of their children.

I love touristy sights, I love seeing any new places, but my very favorite locations are always outdoors. The outdoors make me feel wild and free. I'm actually a little sad that we are heading into cold weather, it means being indoors so much more. I can handle the cold, and we will definitely be bringing Viona outside as often as we can, but it's not like we can really spend all day digging in the garden and enjoying the sunshine for much longer.

Thank you for blistering my bum Friday night. Every time I got flustered at the wedding the soreness was grounding!

I'm just a little disappointed that I can't be a fox anymore, but I would take that a million times to get
us where we are. On our way to growing our family. I can't believe I am 15 weeks today! I will just miss playing around with the Princess that way.

The wedding was absolutely lovely. I managed to avoid my aunt and uncle, and Donna and Dudley looked so happy. And the dancing! As always, I prefer dancing with you, but I didn't hate dancing with Donna's family. They're so refreshingly open.

I'm so happy that I managed to stick up for myself and tell Marge to fuck off, but watching you stand up for me was what gave me the strength to do it. You really think I'm wonderful with children? I know I'm not too bad, but I didn't know you thought I was wonderful!

No, I did not ever go to St. Brutus's Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys! That was my aunt and uncle's story for where I was when I went to Hogwarts.

I cannot believe you got so much fundraising done during the wedding! Aren't you just the most charming schmoozer ever? And wow have you been holding back when you dance with me! You and Donna looked like you were in a musical. I certainly enjoyed resting my feet and snuggling with my best girl while she slept.

It was an exhausting day, but I am feeling well rested and wonderful this morning. I would love to meet up with Donna's family for lunch! If you're feeling up to it, I had no other plans scheduled for this weekend. Nothing planned until next weekend and Viona's ceremony!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 121

Chapter Summary

Harry and Viona go to lunch with Donna's family.

Sunday at 10:28 AM
My sensitive and understanding husband,

You must be out in the garden with Viona while waiting for me to wake up, but I woke up with the nastiest headache imaginable. So, I'm about to take a potion that will put me back to sleep until it cures my headache. But I don't want you to stay home and miss out on lunch with Donna and her family, so please go and take Viona with you. With any luck, I'll be awake and feeling much better when you get home. I look forward to hearing all about it.

Love you,
Draco

Sunday at 3:54 PM
Good evening my love,

I peeked in on you when Viona and I got back from the lunch, and you were still sleeping, so we decided to come over to the Burrow for a bit and let you get some more rest.

Molly is currently filling Viona to the brim with sweets. Don't worry, I gave her the recipe for the biscuits I made with the fruits and juices. So while it's obviously not the best choice, they're not overly processed and sugary garbage. But what are Grandmas for? She is currently strapped in a high chair hanging on Molly's every word, while Molly narrates every step in cooking dinner. I think she is probably storing the information away to cook later on. Because she's the smartest baby.

I was spending time with Ron and George, but everyone was in the mood for some pickup quidditch and I've been put on the no-fly list by the healer, so I thought I would come send you a message to wake up to in case you're up before we are home. I know not flying, and not transforming, and not eating foods that make me vomit are important, and it will all be worth every single moment. But I can't help how moody I am feeling, and the very emotional day yesterday is not helping me regulate my moods very well either. So, instead of watching them all play quidditch while I silently sit on solid ground and miss the wind in my hair, I thought staying out of sight would be a much better plan.

Lunch with Dudley, Donna, and Donna's family was so much fun. Everyone asked about you, and were sad to hear that you weren't feeling well. Everyone sends their well-wishes, and Donna's parents made sure to pull me to the side and tell me that if you had forgotten to tell me that they'd love for us to come visit them in America. At one point they even started laughing at me when I mentioned being sad that "winter" was on its way. Apparently between their main home, in Massachusetts, and their cabin hideaway in Minnesota, they think I am quite silly for thinking I could know anything about winter. So, while we are welcome to visit at any point, they think it would be quite fun to introduce us to "real" winters.
I think it might be fun, although we'd need to question the healer about long distance portkey-ing safety. What do you think?

We went to this fantastic restaurant in London, Mexican and Peruvian Cuisine, called Leicester Square Kitchen. I think it's funny that the Americans came across the pond to have Mexican and Peruvian food, but it was so delicious that I certainly didn't mind. I started out with the Crispy Duck and pomegranate ensalada with papaya chili dressing, then Mexican matchstick chicken with habanero, then seared robata tenderstem broccoli, charred kale, and shimeji mushroom anticucho. For my to-die-for dessert I had the Esfera de Chocolat, which is warm chapon chocolate doughnuts, caramelized pistachio, and dulce de leche ice cream. I shared little tastes of everything with our world traveler Viona, and she loved everything, even the chicken with the habanero!

Oh, and before you start feeling jealous that you missed out on yummy food, I got a serving of the Esfera de Chocolat for you and put it in stasis. As well as one of the entrees which was an avocado and corn salad with blackberry dressing.

Although you definitely missed out on a very fun afternoon. Donna's family would not stop teasing Dudley on the fact that he grew up surrounded by accidental magic, lived with THE Harry Potter (ugh, hated that) and had no idea he had started dating, created a baby with, and then got engaged to, a squib from a very magical family. "So, you thought the glass in the snake enclosure disappeared and then reappeared but didn't believe in magic? Let's hope the baby gets your brains Donna!" I do think the fact that he knew they would all be going back to America and that he was hours away from the Bahamas made him not so bothered by it all.

I really thought going to a muggle restaurant with a massive group of witches and wizards would end with a lot of obliterating, but the fact that they were all American meant that the entire staff just assumed they had no idea about England, and they were just clueless American tourists. I also got to sit next to Donna's starry-eyed little sister Jenny who kept asking me questions about our relationship. Apparently we are the most romantic couple of all time and she has never seen any couple as adorable as we are. She's not wrong, and it was definitely fun being grilled over something besides the war or my scar!

I know that we announced my pregnancy, and Donna knew, but she had not mentioned it to her family, so when I turned down a glass of wine at lunch (I know I can do a small glass, but without you to help me out I had no idea what to pair with my food anyway!) my pregnancy came up. And oh my goodness, if Donna's family thought we were adorable before, we have transcended into all new levels of cute.

All in all, it was a fun lunch, and delicious, but you were missed by everyone and especially by me.

We shouldn't be home too late this evening, we'll stay just long enough after dinner for our tummies to settle and for Arthur to read Viona her after dinner story. And if you are still asleep when I get home, Viona and I will climb in with you and snuggle up to you. I just need to breathe you in a bit.

I swear I couldn't love you more than I do now but I know I will tomorrow,
Your Harry
Sunday at 11:47 PM
Oh Harry,

Do you know what the first thing I thought of when I woke up headache free was? You. But you weren't in the room, so I asked Muffy where you were and she told me the Burrow. Disappointed, I went to take a bath. Once in the tub, I washed up and got every part of me nice and clean. Then I lay back and relaxed for a little while until thoughts of you took over, making me slowly stroke my shaft. I don't normally have to wank anymore and it was sort of weird to be doing so. Would wasting my pleasure on the water rather than you be cheating?

And by that, I *don't* mean that I feel like I'm cheating on you, just that it feels weird to have any sort of pleasure when you're not with me. So, I decided to simply edge until you got home. I got so close and had to back down at least three times before you finally came home. Muffy was one step ahead of us and took Viona to go play with Della for a while. Following her directions, you found me in the bathtub and yelped in surprise when I yanked you into the tub with me - fully clothed and all.

I took advantage of the fact that the tub is charmed to never grow cold by kissing you as much as I wanted, vanishing your clothes when they refused to come off. I took my time to kiss and lick every inch of your body - save for the one place you so obviously wanted me to touch. Just when you were whimpering and on the verge of begging me to take you already, I repositioned us both so that you were across my lap. Thank Merlin our tub is so enormous!

The water added a bit of a sting to your spanking, and I honestly have no idea if this was good for you, or... not. But you didn't tell me to stop, so I kept going. But Salazar's scraggly pubic hair, Harry! I have *no idea* how you could stand not only the spanking lighting your poor arse on fire, but *then* the continued heat of the water in the tub as I shagged you. It's at times like this that I wonder if you ever actually *will* use your safeword if you need to. I probably would have and insisted that we get out of the tub and find something cooling, but you just sort of whimpered and clung to me. I'd hate to think that you suffered something you didn't really like because you think I did. I can assure you that as enjoyable as I *do* find spanking you, having you in pain that you don't want is not my idea of fun.

But now you are sleeping so soundly and you look like you're happy and at peace. Which just makes me want to wake you up and thoroughly irritate you. And molest you. However, there's something I mentioned a *long* time ago that you gave me permission to do but I never have. So, I'm going to get myself nearly there and then shoot my load in your sleeping mouth. And then I'll hopefully be able to sleep again. If not, I'm going to molest you after all.

Sweet dreams are made of this, who am I to disagree? I travel the world and the seven seas, everybody's looking for something - that I HAVE!
Which is you,
Draco

Monday at 8:19 AM
I KNEW that's what I tasted when I woke up this morning!

Was coming into my sleeping mouth everything you wanted it to be? I can't believe I slept through the wanking and the coming as well as obviously the swallowing. I'm such a good little cocksucker I don't even wake up to a mouthful!
Oh darling, I promise I will use my safe word if we ever hit a point I am uncomfortable with. Yes, my spanking last night was more pain than pleasure, but sometimes that’s what I need. That’s why I whimpered and clung to you, I was emotionally drained from the deep spanking and my good cry.

I’m truly not ever worried that you’ll take a spanking too far. While you certainly enjoy spanking me, and you have a hard time keeping your hands off of my bum any time you’ve thoroughly reddened it, I think we both know that the spankings are for me! With how much more I like them than you do I’m just unconcerned that you will take them further than I’m comfortable with.

Viona and I are at Unity House whenever you wake up. It’s going to be a very lazy day as far as I can tell, so it might be a good day for a Dragon visit! If you need to catch up on tech that’s fine too, just thought I’d extend the offer.

Oh, actually, I know you wanted me to take the reins on Viona’s ceremony, and I have, but if you get a chance could you check in with your mom and see if there’s anything she needs help with? I told her exactly the parts I wanted specifically and then let my favorite event planner take care of it from there.

Hopefully I will see you soon!
Harry

P.S. don’t forget your leftovers I brought you from the restaurant yesterday! They’re in the snack hiding spot behind your baby booty!
Chapter 123

Chapter Summary

Wait, what???

Monday at 1:39 PM
Good Afternoon Harry!

I woke up feeling wonderful, ate the food you put in the stasis for me - moaning because it was so delicious - and then Apparated under your desk for a quick 'milking' before popping over to Blaise's to work on our tech. So that's where I'll be if I'm late coming home tonight. It's just that we're *so close* and I want to keep going until I've figured it out.

Crazy little thing called love,
Draco

P.S. YES! It was *so hot* to watch you swallow down every bit I gushed into your mouth while you were asleep! I think I purred myself to sleep because I was so happy!

Monday at 2:04 PM
Oh my Draco,

Draco, my darling, my love, my reason for living ... you’re about to be so embarrassed.

Earlier today Greg started talking to me about some plans he had for erecting a temporary mobile covering for the Park. With the colder weather coming, warming charms inability to cover an entire park effectively, and the amount of very young children we have here at Unity, he had a fantastic idea to keep the Park in use all winter long.

However, as I’m sure you’ve noticed, despite the fact that he is the handyman and not one of the caregivers, Greg is quite the favorite of our little ones. So I let him use my office for some quiet time away from the kids so he could work on his plans in peace.

Roughly forty-five minutes after he went back there he came rushing back out, bright red and refusing to look me in the eye. I figured it was very likely that he found my stash of MMM pictures I keep in my desk. What? We’re bloody hot together!

Imagine my surprise when I went into my office, checked my email, and heard all about my afternoon surprise blowjob .... that I have no memory of.

How do you not notice you’re sucking someone else’s cock??! I mean, you could blindfold me on my knees in a room of full cocks and I know I would know yours by the way it fits in my mouth!

Because I know you’ve been a bit oblivious or out of it lately .... Draco, you sucked off Greg.

I’ll see you at home tonight.
Love Always,
Harry
Monday at 4:54 PM
Fuck!

I have to go thoroughly wash my mouth out now!

Blech!

In my defense, he's actually very close in size and shape to you. He's maybe a hair or two shorter and less wide, and I thought maybe I just hadn't worked you up all the way or something.

WHY DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING?!?!

I mean, even if he didn't *know* it was me down there, he couldn't have possibly assumed that Luna would just pop into your office without warning for a quick little suck and swallow. Or wait? Could he? *Does* Luna pop into your office for that? Fuck that's hot!

But getting back to Greg, it took him at least five minutes to get off; if that were you, don't you think you'd say something during the first minute - such as: "Erm, while this is wonderful, you should probably know I'm not Harry."

Then again, on the other hand, had he done that, I'd have probably died of mortification. This way, all I need to do is vanish the contents of my stomach and cast several cleaning charms on my mouth. I don't have to ever speak of this again. Except to maybe ask him why his spunk tasted a lot like pineapple. I mean seriously, it was sweet and tangy and rather delicious. I've been craving it all day! There's *got* to be a secret to making it taste that way!

But ugh! Blech!

Fuck!

I'll be in the bathroom cleaning every millimeter of my mouth if you need me,

I will follow you, ever since you touched my heart I knew, there isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep, keep me away, away from your love,
Draco

Monday at 5:05 PM
Did you just passive aggressively tell me to figure out what makes Greg’s cum taste so good? Or are you asking me to let you blow him again since you're craving HIM?

I was kidding Draco! That was me! Good to know the entire pineapple I devoured while hiding in the pantry so no one could judge my food consumption had other benefits besides fulfilling my own cravings!

But, you should definitely check it’s me. The reason I decided to give you a hard time is because literally five minutes before you popped under there, Greg HAD been using my office for that exact reason I said earlier.

I can’t believe I tricked the sneaky Slytherin!!
Loving only you,
Harry

P.S. No, Luna does not give me random head under my desk!!
Chapter 125

Chapter Summary

Draco gets back at Harry for tricking him.

Monday at 11:29 PM
Well, you asked for it, so I permanently cast a spell on your right inner thigh while you were sleeping tonight that reads: Draco's bitch. So, from now on, I won't have to worry about whether or not I'm blowing the right man sitting at your desk.

Did you enjoy your extra hard spanking?
I've never had a boy looking any better than you do, and all the people in the world wish they were me at night, because our bodies are oh so close and tight, it never felt so good it never felt so right, and we're glowing like the metal on the edge of a knife, oh come on, hold on tight, though it's cold and lonely in the deep dark night, I can see paradise by the dashboard light,

Draco

Tuesday at 8:42 AM
My Dragon,

You branded me! I can't believe you branded me! Is it seriously permanent, or were you just trying to get me all worked up?

Merlin, that's all so hot.

Did I enjoy my extra hard spanking? It's like you don't even know me! Of course I enjoyed it! I'm collared and branded and owned thoroughly by you. I can't even begin to tell you how secure I am feeling today.

I just got back to Unity after having lunch with Hermione. Wow, what a commute back to the office! Oh wait, I had a lovely walk across the lawns with the five year olds who were on their way back home!

We had an absolutely lovely lunch, then we started talking specifics about Viona's ceremony this Saturday. I told you I already found my chalice? cup? from my own ceremony, and your mother has pulled out yours, and Hermione wants to do the honor of providing one for Viona. Seeing as the ritual calls for milk, wine, and oils (although no drinking the oils!) I thought it would be perfect for us to use ours for the milk and wine and have Viona's own be used to hold the oils. That way we can continue to use ours for our future children, but Viona will have her own keepsake to save and hand down.

Hermione and I had a nice talk, and then a good cry. I am not crying at anything and everything like I was a few weeks ago, but it doesn't take nearly as much as it used to! But we got to discussing our future babies and how close we hope they are and before we knew it we were sobbing and holding each other.
I'll be home a bit early tonight, actually I'm hoping to be early most of this week minus the obvious Wednesday evening movie night, to finalize plans for Saturday. So I will hopefully see you soon.

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 126

Chapter Summary

Viona has her naming ceremony.

Chapter Notes

This is one of the most beautiful chapters in the entire story. It seems that Chrissie always writes the beautiful things while I write the horrifying things, lol. (This refers to the back story on Viona and her mother, etc.)

Wednesday at 11:14 PM
It's both permanent and not. It'll stay there until I cast the spell to remove it, so it *could* be removed if you didn't like it. That said, I was being a bit hasty when I cast the spell. Perhaps I should reword it, and then when you feel ready to get another tattoo after Bubbles is born, we can go have it made *permanent* permanent, and it can even burst into fireworks or something.

So I've been thinking about that offer to visit Donna's family, and if *you* are certain you'd like to do it, I *suppose* we can go this winter. But wouldn't you rather visit the equator? Peru? Rio? Bali? Tahiti? *Anywhere* warm?? No? Sigh... Alright fine, wherever you go, I'll follow you, even to the ends of the Earth and the snowiest and most miserable place on Earth. Wait, we're not going to Antarctica too, are we? If you want to see penguins that badly, we can just buy one and have it delivered to us!

So, tonight was movie night, and I really enjoyed The Last Unicorn - although I must admit that it looked and sounded a bit weird compared to a movie like the Lion King. Visually speaking. Like the quality was much older or rougher or something. But it was still a good story. And as always, the best part was holding onto Viona while you held onto me.

Oh! I didn't get a chance to tell you - between snogging the bloody hell out of you in greeting and watching the movie - but we did it! The laptops work!

Since you are asleep and I'm *way* too energized to sleep just yet, I'm going to go sing and dance in the Ballroom. If my perpetual exhaustion kicks in and makes me fall asleep before I make it back to bed, that's where you'll find me.

But before I go do that, I should ask while I'm thinking about it: when's the next time I have to make an appointment for us to go see our Healer? I can't remember if it's been two weeks or two months since our last appointment. Or years... It feels like I've been stumbling around in this foggy exhaustion for years!

Any way the wind blows,
Draco
Sunday at 10:28 PM
Husband Mine,

I haven’t emailed you in days, and that’s because I was so busy planning for Viona’s day. And now that it’s over, it was worth every minute.
I can’t even begin to explain how wonderful today was. You are currently sleeping soundly, wrapped up with our Viona Skye, and I am still too emotionally raw and energized to sleep.

When I woke up this morning, you and Viona were still sleeping so I laid in bed staring at you both. I just kept thinking about how lucky I am to be living this life. Eventually the Princess woke up and watched me watching you both.

I began telling her about how important today was going to be. I know she has been introduced, and hugged, and snuggled all of our family community. I know she has spent hours on Molly’s hip being snuck sweets. I know she has spent days in the garden with Narcissa. I know she’s had stories read to her by Hermione. I know she’s had Greg telling her all about a project he’s working on. But, just as our wedding ceremony didn’t change anything about our love, Viona’s ceremony isn’t going to change anything about her place in our extended family, but there’s power in the ritual, there’s a statement being made when we stand with her and announce to all that she is ours, that we want them to help us raise her to the best she can be.

Then we went to check on the preparations. Narcissa was busy setting up the area we were going to use for the small party after the ceremony, and as usual everything was flawless and ahead of schedule. So, we headed out to the North Lawns where Arthur and Lucius were setting up the site. They had already set up the altar and were busy cleansing and consecrating the area. I would normally have been worried to leave those two alone and unattended, but they were working like a well-oiled machine. I shouldn’t have underestimated them, they are aware of the importance of the ritual and would do nothing to sabotage their granddaughter’s happiness.

The morning flew by in preparations and welcoming our guests. At some point you pulled Viona and I to our rooms to get ready. Everyone was instructed to wear simple, traditional robes in a solid color of their choice. Your robes were a beautiful pale blue the color of the sky, for our Viona Skye. My robes were a golden yellow color, for the sunshine she brings to us. Viona’s small linen robes were white to represent her beginnings before her life and community helps her create her own self.

When we were ready, the three of us walked to the ceremony site, we met Greg and Hermione halfway across the lawns and they walked the rest of the way with us. Once the five of us were in place, our large family created circle around the altar enclosing us inside. It was so beautiful, the entire area was covered in flowers, both the lilies and narcissus we had at our wedding, as well as verbena, pansies, and sunflowers. Candles from my own ceremony, candles from your ceremony, and brand-new candles for Viona surrounded the space, tucked in with the flowers, on the four corners of the altar, and some were charmed to float overhead.

I was awfully nervous until your voice rang out to start the ceremony, “We call to the Gods and Goddesses, we call to Zeus and Hera God and Goddess of the sky, we call to Artemis Goddess of children, and we call to Hestia Goddess of home, hearth, and family. We ask you to join us today, to welcome our child to our community and to the larger community of our world.”

I didn’t think I would get the words out, but it came, “We gather today to bless a child, A new life that has become part of our world. We gather today to name this child. To call a thing by name is to give it power, and so today we shall give this child a gift. We will welcome her into our hearts and lives and bless her with a name of her own.”

You continued with, “To be a parent is to love and nurture, to lead a child to be a good person. It is
to guide them along the right path and to both teach them and learn from them. It is to rein them in, and to give them wings. It is to smile at their joy, and weep at their pain. It is to walk beside them, and then one day allow them to walk alone. To be a parent is a great gift we have given ourselves, and the greatest responsibility we shall ever have.”

At that point I turned to Hermione and asked, “You stand beside us, for the love of this child. Will you tell the Gods who you are?”
Hermione responded with “I am Hermione Jean Granger, chosen to be Guardian for this child.”

I asked her what it meant for her to be a Guardian and she responded, “To show guidance and counsel, to help her make choices should she need assistance, to be there for her when called upon.”

You turned to Greg and asked the same questions and he responded, “I am Gregory Alexander Goyle, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” And the exact explanation of guardianship that Hermione answered.

We then laid a surprisingly calm Viona on the altar, anointing her head with the oils from her beautiful golden chalice from Hermione. As I placed the oils on her head, you said “May the gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond her world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Viona Skye Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Viona Skye.”

As we passed your beautiful golden cup of wine around our circle, and my dark silvery cup of milk as well, we followed with Viona and each person took a turn welcoming her by name into our community. Seeing our loved ones, those that live nearby and see her every day, and those that traveled from as far as Russia coming together to welcome her was more beautiful than I could have ever hoped.

When the cup made its way to Hermione and Greg, they took their drinks and recited in unison, “Welcome Viona Skye Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you Viona Skye, and over your fathers, and we wish your family love and light. “

We held Viona up to the skies, and then our circle walked away in the same way they came. We were the second to last to leave, with only the grandfathers left to close the circle.

The party afterwards was great and full of delicious food and fun music, dancing and hugs, laughter and many happy tears.

I look at you and our daughter in our bed, I know a new life is hiding within you, I can feel the new life hiding within myself, and I have a day full of memories of our large extended family taking time to welcome our daughter into their lives.

I could not feel more fulfilled right now.

Thank you for this life of ours,
Your Harry
Chapter 127

Chapter Summary

Draco wants one of those thingies that keeps track of his schedule and brings him tea and biscuits.

Tuesday at 11:14 PM
Darling husband of mine,

Is it just me, or do you also miss Quidditch practice? Flying in all sorts of inclement weather. Being yelled at by the team captain to be better than ever. Dodging Bludgers. *Not* having to worry about the bloody Dark Lord and infernal vanishing cabinets. Knowing I was a better player than *all* of the others - except for that lucky sod on the Gryffindor team that could always seem to catch the Snitch without even trying.

Laying awake at night thinking about that lucky sod. Wanking to him. Wanting to lick every inch of his body and tie him to my bed during the Slytherin/Gryffindor match so that he *couldn't* catch the buggering Snitch before me.

Mmm...

Watching him sleep. Telling Muffy to take Viona away. Tying him to the bed. Practicing my deep throating techniques. Thoroughly molesting him. Not being able to *think* about anything else. No wonder it took me so long to solve the laptop problem!

In the immortal words of Marvin Gaye, let's get it on,
Draco

P.S. Should I be planning out a weekend trip? Or ANYTHING? I don't even remember what day it is most of the time! I might need to get one of those thingies that keeps track of my schedule and appointments and brings me tea and biscuits - like a house elf but human.

Wednesday at 8:43 AM
My Draco,

You want an assistant? But that's what you have me for!

Today is currently Wednesday October 13. You have big plans to bring our daughter and snuggle in my arms tonight while we watch a movie with the Unity Kids. This week's movie is going to be (another Roald Dahl book turned movie) Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.

Tomorrow, is Thursday October 14. We have a healer appointment at 11:00. Your mum will watch Viona for us. I'm 16 and a half weeks, you are almost 11 weeks. There is a chance that I am far enough along for the healer to be able to tell which version of baby we're getting from me! If not, we should be able to tell a month from now.

I would absolutely love for you to schedule a trip for us. My wanderlust is itching. But let's wait until
after tomorrow's appointment to make any plans, that way we can ask the healer about safe traveling rules.

Merlin, YES I miss Quidditch! Well, Quidditch is secondary to how much I miss flying! Again, I keep having to remind myself how worth it this pregnancy is going to be. How much I can't wait to hold more of our children in my arms. Picturing our Viona holding her little brother or sister. But, I miss the freedom and wildness of flying! I swear to you, the first time this baby naps I am going to be out on that pitch flying like my life depended on it. And I can't wait until I can take Viona out on little broom rides!

Fucking Hell, thinking about you wanking to me is so hot. Wanking to you was the one highlight from my camping trip from Hell. If I could go back in time and tell younger Harry that some day not only would he survive Voldemort, but that Draco Malfoy would love him? Tell him that the hottest man on the planet would let me kneel for him and suck him? He probably wouldn't believe me!

I'm so thrilled that you finally solved the laptop problem! I am taking you out for a celebratory lunch after our appointments tomorrow! I will make reservations for us at Café Exquis. Since they are willing to create anything, it will be easier to find something for both of us if I am craving all the bread and pasta that Italian fare offers, and you're in the mood for every bit of sealife Japan has recipes for.

I'll see you tonight!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 128

Chapter Summary

Spa day :-)

Friday at 11:19 PM
Oh my darling Harry, when all else fails, go to a spa.

I'm so happy right now! On Wednesday, you held me while we watched that *weird* movie - that was still very interesting. We went home and danced for a bit afterwards, holding onto each other with Viona in between us.

On Thursday, we had our Healer's appointment. She wasn't 100 percent sure because it was still a bit early, but she *thinks* Bubbles is a boy. A boy! Harry! We're going to have a son!!! I am so happy I could cry!

I mean, yes, I will love our daughters every bit as much as I will love our sons, but a son in specific is something I have been hoping for since I was old enough to realize that I'd have kids someday. I'm not entirely sure why, but it's probably a pureblood thing - because Heirs are usually supposed to be boys.

Then today, we popped over to London to visit a spa. I *love* when the three of us are pampered in a spa. Viona is always such a flirt when people are pampering her. It's practically the *only* time she's not determined to be in my arms or lap at all times. Plus, she always looks adorable with freshly painted nails! It's a good thing the best spas have non toxic versions safe even for babies.

As always, watching you be massaged is among my very favorite things to do. Especially that moment when you stop letting that voice in your head tell you that you should be worrying about this or that and relax. It's like you visibly melt into the table. And then little hearts float above your head.

That's it! I'm hiring a massage therapist to come to the Manor *every* day so that we can all have a wonderful massage before going to bed each night. It's one of the absolute best things for pregnancy anyway, so I'm a bit surprised that I haven't done so already.

So, we're spending the night in a Hotel so that we can go to Diagon Alley tomorrow to shop for anything you might want for Halloween. I'm going to be keeping an eye out for things that will make a good bit for a costume - did we definitively decide yes to a party? I think we did, but I can't remember.

And if we manage to get through Diagon tomorrow, we'll go to Hogsmeade for more shopping before the actual weekend before Halloween rush. Otherwise, we'll go tomorrow. It's not like we have to rush. We have all the time in the world to be together and do whatever we want. Hand in hand. With you on a leash.

And by the way, having Muffy keep an eye on Viona while she napped so that I could clip your leash on you and walk you to a leather store, mmm...

It's definitely time to molest you again!
Into your eyes, hopeless and taken, we stole our new lives, in defense of our dreams, we are the kings and queens of promise, we are the Kings!

Draco

Saturday at 9:02 AM
Hey there Daddy-to-be,

I know, I know, I know, it's still too early to be 100% sure, but to heck with it ... we're having a son! Don't worry, I know what you mean, I know you will love our daughters just as much as our sons. There's nothing wrong with hoping the results are one over the other, I think most parents secretly have hopes. I know that I dreamed of having a little girl that I could one day utilize all of my secret love of weddings, parties, beautiful clothes, dancing, etcetera, and my dreams came true with Viona. You haven't noticed that while you may have the shopping addiction I have purchased 90% of her dresses and I am always the one to suggest painting her nails? Why wouldn't I understand that you have long-held hopes and dreams that involve having a son?

But you know this means you have to stop avoiding my wanting to discuss names! My choices #1, #2, and #3 are Orion Draco, Orion Levi, or Polaris Apollo.

You are not seriously hiring a masseuse to come by daily! I told you not to let me become a spoiled snob! I can't believe you would .... oh, it's good for pregnancy? Well ... I suppose if it's for the baby.

Of course we decided for sure a party. If I remember right, you have the ritual at Hogwarts on Friday, then we were going to do the adults only party on Saturday night, and then have the family friendly, kid party, and doing trick or treating afterwards right?

Do you already have the ritual planned? Did you want me or me and Viona to come to this one? No pressure, but I really really really want to see you in action!

Well, I am itching to get started shopping, but the loves of my life are still snoozing away! I may have to climb in bed and squirm around until I accidentally wake them up!

Yours,
Harry
Chapter 129

Chapter Summary

Neville blurs out something shocking ^_^

Saturday at 11:38 PM
Oh Harry,

So much shopping! We may not have bought too much but we sure had a long day just looking and looking. Of course I noticed that you buy the most stuff for Viona and I let you because you have incredible fashion sense when it comes to her and everything you buy her is adorable. Side note, do you understand why my closet is so big now?

I actually really like the name Orion Draco, I think we should go with it. And yes, having a massage therapist massage you everyday is excellent with a baby.

As for that ritual I'm doing for Halloween at Hogwarts, I do have it mostly planned out and I would love for you to come be there for me. You and Viona both. Unfortunately there won't be any nudity but there will be costumes so it's all good.

Merlin dammit! There was something else I was going to say but I can't remember what the bloody hell it is, so I'm just going to go to bed and molest you now.

When you're in my arms, magic happens,
Draco

P.S. Our costumes for the adults only party are going to be hotter than bloody hell!

Monday at 2:56 PM
Damn Damn Double Damn, Fucking bollocking shite!

Well, the good news is that Unity House is about to get a 100,000 galleon donation!

Soooooo, here's what happened. I was having lunch with Neville and we ended up discussing the Prophet. It doesn't follow Neville around quite as much as we're followed, but especially now that we are open and they can't shock people with our antics, they search out the notable names from the war in the hopes of catching something. Well, I mentioned the leather store you took me to this weekend and without even thinking, Neville said, "Oh that's where I get all of my pup's supplies."

I just stared at him for a moment, trying to figure out how to respond, and his eyes got wide and he started stammering about not meaning to tell me that, and could we just forget about it. I laughed and asked him if he was seriously concerned that the man who was on the cover of the Prophet being walked through London on a leash was going to care that he's into puppy play.

He still won't tell me about his pet's identity, but he has officially admitted his kink and you owe me big time! Hope those laptops are lucrative darling!
So this Friday evening we are having a little birthday party for Elena, she's turning 9. We're having all of the Unity Kids and she's invited a few friends from school. I'm apparently making her a cake in the shape of miscellaneous candy, thank you so much Willy Wonka!

Oh! And I received a request for Daisy AND Haiden's adoption process. As usual, I don't have names, but the family wants to adopt multiple children and they think adopting at the same time will help with struggles asserting themselves into a family structure. This way no one was there "first." And with being under a year (Daisy) and just barely 3 (Haiden) they should settle into a routine hopefully easily.

I'd better finish up this paperwork and do my rounds! I don't want to be late for my massage!

Love You Always,
Harry
Chapter 130

Chapter Summary

Draco points out technicalities.

Monday at 10:38 PM
Well technically...

If you reread what I wrote - I mentioned more than once that I'd donate 50,000 or 100 - I *never* said 100,000. But that said, I can afford it even without the income from the laptops and the like, so 100,000 it is. I was actually just so certain that I was right that I was willing to pay vastly more for being wrong, haha!

When you mentioned talking about the Prophet and being on the cover in your leash, were you talking about the first time or this time? Because I know you don't normally read the paper, but they had a few lovely pictures of us. I was walking you around by your leash - of course - but there are a few of us kissing and caressing each other rather boldly. The article itself was shockingly positive, mentioning how clear it is by the looks on our faces that we are arse over tits for each other. Only one small comment near the end dared to wonder if I'd confounded you or slipped you a love potion, but all in all, enough people had written in supporting our alternative lifestyle that the Prophet is trying it's best to understand it better and write about it in an informative as opposed to derogatory way.

Even so, I'll admit that I was nervous when I saw our picture on the cover. I had to stroke my Komboloi as I read, but by the end, I felt good about it on the whole.

I even came by Unity House to tell you about it, but when I arrived, you were chiding the older kids about teasing the younger kids about something. I have no idea what, but by the looks on *all* the kids faces, you were doing a pregnancy hormone fueled rant and had been at it a while. So I snuck up behind you, winked at the kids, and then spun you around so that I could snog the bloody hell out of you. We *both* completely forgot everything at that point.

When we pulled apart, you were flushed and happy, told me you were done with your rounds, and we Apparated home for dinner and massages before some time in our play room and your well-deserved spanking. I'm actually so sated and lethargic that there will be no molestation before I fall asleep tonight.

You make me hard when I'm all soft inside, I see the truth when I'm all stupid eyed, you go straight through my heart, without you, everything just falls apart! You are the perfect drug,

Draco

P.S What should I get her for a birthday present?

P.P.S. Greg got a rather large order through his shop, so he might be scarce for a while.

P.P.P.S. I called it! Puppy play is close enough to Pony play that I win!
Tuesday at 8:27 AM
Don't you argue technicalities with me Draco Lucius Malfoy!

If we want to argue technicalities, you said he would have a kink, and technically he's not the one BEING the puppy, sooooooooo maybe he's not all that kinky!

Mmmm being a puppy ....

No! Harry focus!

I meant the first time I was on the cover leashed, I hadn't seen this most recent round. Anything worth me ordering a copy? After everything calmed down a bit after our first foray onto the cover, I sent them an owl asking for copies of all of the pictures they took, because despite our privacy being violated, we look so good together! And they had no problems sending them last time. Especially if like they say, they got shots where we are looking at each other like we are arse over tits for each other!

As if you could slip me a love potion! Well, to be fair, you probably could. My amormentia has smelled like you for longer than I actively recognized who the smell belonged to, so I probably wouldn't be able to smell anything different than you being next to me.

Wait a minute ... are you slipping me love potions?

Thank you for stopping me ranting at the older kids, they certainly deserved a good dressing down, but I may have lost my train of thought and delved into areas that weren't really a current concern. There's been a bit of teasing and name calling that started out all in good fun, but has recently delved into hurtful comments. So I started out the conversation (yes, it was a conversation and not a lecture at that point) about our house being a home and being family and needing to be there for each other. It quickly delved into loyalty, then traits of the Hogwarts houses, then into Hogwarts itself, and by the time you got there I was talking to them about the importance of education, staying in school, and really being open to the possibility of a lot of future paths and not paint themselves into a corner career wise.

Yikes, Orion is making me crazy! Eeeek, I love having a name for him! He's so much more real! And speaking of real, I think, I'm not 100% sure, but I think I have been feeling him moving! I thought I just had nervous butterflies, but reading the info Hermione gave me about this stage, I think it might be the very beginning flutterings of movement! He's a real tiny person in there Draco!

Oh! Presents for Elena! Here was my thought, she is the tiny dictator, she runs this place like a military general, and she is always the director when they decide to put on a production. So I thought a handheld video camera (obviously modified to work around magic) would be perfect. But, if you find something you think would be better, go ahead, I don't have to be bossy about it.

What's Greg making for the shop? Anything super interesting?

And before you get all smug, ponies are so much different than puppies! Seriously, what am I going to do with you? Puppy play is close enough to Pony play .... Sigh.

Tomorrow night's movie is one I am super super excited about. Although I am a bit nervous that it might be a little scary for the tiny ones. I mean, not our Princess because she is not afraid of anything, but maybe some of the others. We're doing The Nightmare Before Christmas! And George and Angelina are bringing Mac for movie night. I miss him so much! I told George that if he needed an afternoon to himself that I could probably stand to keep Mac with me at Unity for a few hours before the movie ... to be helpful! And not at all because I miss my little shadow!
I love you husband,
Harry
Friday at 4:18 PM
Harry,

I'm sending this from St. Mungo's. I don't think anything is *too* wrong, but the Healers want to keep me overnight for observation.

See, today my partners and I had an appointment with George to talk business, and afterwards, I went to buy a few last things for our costumes and my Halloween Class. Well, being Friday, I knew you'd be home early today, so my mind was more on you than where I was going. Without warning, two wizards stepped out in front of me and cast a variety of nasty hexes at me.

First of all, my reflexes are as good as ever and I was able to jump out of the way. Secondly, the protection spells you cast on my wedding ring kicked in and shielded me. Even so, I thought I'd gotten seriously hurt somehow because everything ached atrociously. I came straight here and the Healers assure me that I'm fine. Probably.

Please get here as soon as you can.

Love you more than I ever thought possible, even without love potions,
Draco

P.S. I'm kind of scared, if nothing is wrong, then why keep me?

Friday at 10:03 PM
My Dragon,

You just fell asleep so I popped home to grab you some pajamas that aren’t “these plebeian St Mungo’s rags”, kiss Viona good night, and since I’m here I took a moment to breathe and send off this message to you.

I love you more than anything. I love you more than there are stars. I love you so much it physically hurts, but not as much as I ache when I’m not near you. You are so kind, and generous, and loving, and clever, and hilarious, you are the most wonderful man I’ve ever known and every day I’m thankful you’re mine.

Of course everything is fine! The healers just need to make sure, and keep an eye on you to make sure you’re resting and taking it easy.

I’m heading back over to you as soon as I send this. I plan on holding you all night long so you remember you’re safe and loved.

Yours,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Draco is out of the hospital :-)

Sunday at 11:16 AM
Oh Harry!

I'm so happy to be back in our bed! Sleeping in a hospital bed - even with you next to me - is *not* comfortable at all. The Healers let me go because everything is fine. I'm fine. The Demon is fine. It's Sunday morning and the weather outside is beautiful.

And my my! You *have* been busy! I woke up to find that you and Viona were gone, so I naturally assumed you had taken her to the garden to play with Della while you either gardened with my mother, or went for a jog. Only, Melissande just delivered the Daily Prophet and *you're* on the cover with a headline reading: "Our Beloved Savior Harry Potter Begs Anyone Who Witnessed the Atrocious Attack on His PREGNANT Husband Draco Malfoy to Come Forward for a Generous Reward."

It seems you found the time to report the attack to the Aurors AND the Prophet. Has any husband ever been so loved as I? Remind me to suck you off *very* thoroughly when I see you next.

That said, your article seems to have had an unintended consequence, it sounds like *all* of my friends have just arrived by floo to check up on me. So I'm going to send this off now, knowing you probably won't get it until after I see you next anyway.

But before I do, I woke up thinking about the *strangest* thing? The flip side to not being able to remember anything for more than a minute or two at a time is that I am hit be the oddest memories at the strangest times. So, do you remember when you told me that Sasha's mum is a girl we went to school with named Penelope? Isn't she that Ravenclaw Prefect that was dating Poncy Weasley for a while before he broke up with her and eventually married Audrey? Does her child perchance have red hair? Just curious.

Too busy with my mob of friends to come up with something flowery, so a simple love always should do the trick,
Draco

P.S. YOUR mob of friends is here too. What the buggering hell am I supposed to do??!! Be nice to them? I suppose they're here because they are concerned about me. Or you, at the very least. I can *try* to be nice... maybe...

Monday at 8:39 AM
Good morning my love,

I had a lovely day with all of our circle yesterday. You are adorably ridiculous. What are you going to do with a set of overemotional Gryffindors and Ravenclaws fawning all over you? Yeah, rough
life for you. You know you were a little king holding court all day!

Oh! Little King! Mmm is it time for the festival again yet?

Of course I reported it to the aurors! I can’t believe it wasn’t automatically reported when you were checked into St Mungo’s! And if we’re going to constantly have to deal with the Prophet being in our business, I’m going to take advantage of it when someone has attacked what’s mine!

I have a meeting with Kingsley today to see what I’m allowed to do. Apparently even being *barf barf barf* The Savior doesn’t “grant me the freedom to go around dispensing vigilante justice” according to the people I’ve told my plans to.

So, yes Sasha’s mum is Penelope. And no she does not have red hair. Penelope was attacked by a group of snatchers during the war and Sasha was the result. Penelope and Percy had broken up well before that time. Percy might be the worst Weasley, but he wouldn’t give up on his child. And he’s much better as an adult than he ever was as a teenager. He’s grown into his ponciness.

I hated leaving you this morning, but seeing as I went flying out of Unity House like a bat out of hell without my usual goodbyes and then missed Elena’s birthday party on Friday when you were attacked I had a little damage control to take care of today.

Elena was quite emotional that we weren’t there, but I explained what happened and now she’s quite worried about you. She took her new video camera she opened from us at her party and has gone around recording a video of well wishes for you from the entire house plus the whole staff. I’m going to drop it off when I head over to Kingsley. If you get this before you’ve noticed it, I’ll leave it on your desk.

I hope you’re still feeling all right! I’ll see your handsome face when I get home.

With everything I am,
Harry
Chapter 133

Chapter Summary

Draco sneaks Elena a large amount of Galleons.

Chapter Notes

One of my favorite chapters ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday at 9:51 AM
My darling husband,

I hope Elena's not too upset we missed her party. I was looking forward to it. Her video was so sweet I nearly shed a tear.

I'm going to have a rather lazy day playing with Della and Viona in the Garden. I also plan to surprise you at least once in your office, so I'll try to remember to stop in and see Elena too. Wish her a belated Happy Birthday. And thank her for the video. And sneak her a large amount of Galleons so that she can buy treats for the rest of the House if she wants.

So, speaking of random things that occur to me when I have no idea why, did you ever figure out if Alric has his house elf taking care of him here after all? I know that house elves can be tricky and impossible to find without a master ordering them to appear for others, but I just thought there'd be some clues or something that you picked up on.

I try to say goodbye and I choke, try to walk away and I stumble, though I try to hide it, it's clear, my world crumbles when you are not there,
Draco

Monday at 2:47 PM
Dear Draco,

Harry asked me to send you a message that he will be home later than intended this evening. He didn’t have access to his email and tasked me with getting the information to you.

I was instructed to let you know that he and Bubbles are completely fine, and as he brought Greg and Blaise as backup as well as shielded himself, there was never any danger. I’m supposed to mention that twice, he and your son were never in any danger.

He had a meeting with Kingsley earlier today where he was told that the Ministry’s hands were tied since no one got a particularly good look at your assailants. When Harry asked about them using a simple Point Me Spell tied to the residual magical signature from the attack and from anything that
may have hit your clothes, he was told that it wasn’t an Auror sanctioned spell and it wouldn’t be able to be used.

Shockingly, Harry decided to ignore the rules and take matters into his own hands.

Therefore, your assailants are now in Ministry custody, however so are Harry, Blaise, and Greg. They should be out soon, although they may have to pay a fine.

When I left Harry may have been shouting through his tears that he’d pay anything to see justice for someone “daring to touch what is Mine!”

If you have any questions, please let me know.

Sincerely,
Hermione Granger

P.S. He also mentioned that he will take his punishment as you see fit. I don’t want to know!

Chapter End Notes

I'm almost certain she actually does, lol ^_^
Draco responds to the news that Harry is in a Ministry holding cell.

Monday at 11:24 PM
Oi my silly, adorable, wonderful mutt,

I love you so much it takes my breath away. I'm so touched by you and blessed by you and... Merlin! I think I'm crying!

So, the moment I got the email from Hermione saying that you were in a Ministry holding cell, I naturally contacted our very prestigious law firm and made certain they *knew* that I expected every single person working there to make you their top priority. Apparently in your Gryffindor foolishness, you'd forgotten that we can do that - call in the top notch lawyers, that is.

So, within about a half an hour, a meeting had been set up. As I understand it, Blaise knew this would be my go to action and so didn't bother contacting his own solicitors - who are the same firm as mine, thus, are naturally interested in his welfare as well. I was in the large conference room with the entire law firm and a few key Ministry Officials when the three of you were escorted in by a half dozen Aurors.

They had you three staggered so that none of you could team up and work on an escape plan - or anything like that. Thus Greg entered the room first. I gave him a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek for being part of the plan to avenge me. Then Blaise entered the room and I couldn't help but hug him tight and snog him - sorry, I know you hate when I do that, but I couldn't help it! He was so concerned about me that he acted like a bloody Gryffindor! It was moving!

But then you entered the room and the entire world vanished. There was nothing but you. I held you tight and kissed you so passionately that we had to be literally torn apart by the Aurors before either of us heard a word anyone else said. Such as: "Mr. Malfoy, please stop kissing your husband so that we can proceed."

Hermione reminded us both that it was in everyone's best interest to get on with things, so we took our seats. Our side pointed out that since you didn't harm anyone (although apparently you had to be held back after the Incarceruses were cast as you wanted to murder them), and that you did the right thing by calling in the Aurors once you had the culprits in hand, it would be *far* more sticky than the Ministry wants for the Prophet to run an article explaining how The Savior was being held for catching the wizards who attacked his pregnant husband. Especially since The Savior happens to be pregnant himself. What if something happened to the unborn child while Harry Potter (they *know* you're actually Malfoy now, but were making a point) was in their custody?

So... All charges were dropped and you three were released - and Minister Shacklebolt wasn't involved in any way, so he can't be accused of playing favorites with you.

I brought you home and directly to our play room so that I could lick every inch of your body before spanking you as you begged for. And then I massaged your throbbing sore arse. And then we shagged at least three times before I passed out.
Harry... you avenged me... You thought I was worth risking everything for!

I love you so bloody much that I could just shout it from the rooftops! So guess what I'm doing tomorrow while you're at work?

Sing with me, for the years, sing for laughter, sing for the tears, sing with me, just for today,
Draco

Tuesday at 8:03 AM
Draco,

Have you lost your mind?

You have just now realized I think you're worth risking everything for? I thought you were the brains in this relationship.

I love you more than I ever thought was humanly possible to love someone. I would do anything for you. What do I have to do to get it through your practically Gryffindor-thick head that you are the most precious and valuable piece of my heart?

For someone who comes across as arrogant or vain, you sure seem to be clueless as to your worth. I of course love you more than anyone else could possibly love you, but do you know how much convincing it took to get Greg and Blaise to come with me? I said "I know how to find the people who assaulted Draco." and before I was completely finished with my sentence they were standing up to come with me.

Do you know how emotionally invested in their birthday party a nine year old is? Elena was beyond upset that her very good friend Draco wasn't at her party, but the second she heard that you had been hurt, she immediately went into mother hen mode and wanted to know what she could do to make you feel better. Every one of those children on that video she made chose to send you those well wishes. They lined up to send you their love you would have thought the prize at the end of the line was a pile of candy!

And if this doesn't tell you how important you are to people then I don't know what will; Hermione's only response to my breaking the law to enact vigilante justice was, "Oh Harry, we'll get you out of here soon." There was ZERO nagging or telling me I should have followed the law. You are so important to "my" friends that the queen of rules and authority thought I did the right thing.

Do you remember when Viona first came to Unity and then came home with us? She was scared and sad and shy and couldn't handle being anywhere without you. But because of your love and your amazing parenting, she has become a smiley, intelligent, force to be reckoned with. She's a world traveler. She's already performing "accidental" magic (you know she flew on purpose!). She happily spends time away from us with her trusted people. She's talking a bit. She's crawling, and she is so close to walking I just know it! Some of that is just because she's the most amazing baby of all time, but her confidence and happiness is because of you.

I suppose I will just have to spend the next, oh 150 years or so showing you how wonderful you are.

I am not going in to Unity today. I think I need an extra day to recover from the drama of yesterday. So I am going to go for a run, shower up, and then climb back into bed with my beautiful family.

You are my everything,
Harry Malfoy
P.S. Before I forget, I have yet to see Alric's house elf, but unless Alric is doing some HIGHLY advanced accidental magic, I am sure his elf is taking good care of him.
Wednesday at 10:46 PM
Oh Harry,

I know you love me and I know others love me - to various degrees. I don't really have a hard time wrapping my head around that. What I *do* have a hard time wrapping my head around is how... Well, I did such terrible things. I had reasons that could arguably be called good - maybe even noble - for doing them, but still, my actions were bad. I still feel like I should be punished for them. I suppose that might even be why I didn't bother to report the attack, after all, I honestly thought that the Aurors would feel like I was getting my just desserts and shrug it off.

Then you reported it and talked about it in the Prophet, and I thought that it was because you loved me. But I also thought that no one else (in general, not our 'circle') would care and that the culprits would get away with it. So, when you *then* took it upon yourself to ask my friends to help you go catch them, risking everything - even the safety of our son (which I'm not thrilled with in the slightest) - I felt not just *loved* but *important* ... Cherished. Maybe even like I might be a good person after all. Or at least not such a bad person as I thought.

And I'll have you know that I can be confident in my worth as a Malfoy - as a bad man who will do bad things to protect those I love; as worthy of being loved - and *still* be amazed that you would do that for me.

And it's both the same thing and completely different than when I considered making your relatives disappear (or having someone else make them disappear). Because while I *could* do something like that for you, it's not just because I love you more than anything, but because you really are so good with every fiber of your being that you deserve people who would do anything and risk anything for you. Which you have. I know that if anything ever happened to you, I'd have to fight Hermione and your weasel - all of them probably - for the privilege of avenging you.

And another thing - erm... fuck! I completely lost my train of thought! Something about loving you...

Sigh...

Well, since I can't remember what I was talking about anymore, I suppose that means that it's time to send this email off and start on your nightly molestation. I'm going to give you a simple blow job because that's all I really want at the moment. So...

OH! I remembered something! While you were at Unity House today - before *and* after I popped into your office to sit under your desk and suck you off - I was in Diagon Alley outside Fortescue's telling everyone who would listen just how wonderful you are and every single reason why I love you - AND all the reasons that they should donate to Unity House. So guess who now has a *lot* more money for his orphanage. Also, don't worry, this time, I had Blaise and Greg with me - plus Hermione and that R word.

You might actually want to read the Prophet tomorrow morning.

You are my past, my present, my future, my forever,
Draco

Thursday at 8:32 AM
Well weren't you positively drool worthy on the cover of the Prophet this morning my love? Dressed to make everyone fall in love with you, not a hair out of place. It just makes me want to muss you up.

I was going to say I can't believe you did that, but of course I can believe it. You are not only the sweetest man to ever live, but a bit of a showman!

I could have used a bit more of a heads up that you were planning on announcing another adoption/movie night/meet and greet for next week Friday! I would like to think it was a spur of the moment thing, but Elena told me that you had asked her about putting together another skit like they did at the gala when you came by to apologize for missing the party and thank her for the video!

It was certainly the kick in the arse that I needed to schedule another one though. I am a terrible person, I keep forgetting that the goal should be to find loving homes for these kids, I just love them all so much! With all of the temporary placements having gone home, and the recent adoptions, we are down to twelve kids, six of them are in school all day every day, and one goes half days. The mornings have become myself, a few caregivers, and only FIVE little ones (well, six when Viona comes with me). It feels so empty.

I suppose, if your hormones are making you as crazy as mine are making me, I should probably tell you that you should NOT go around murdering people so I can have more kids at Unity House.

I don't ever want you to stop your dramatic declarations of love. I don't want you to stop tricking people into donating to Unity and Traditions. I don't want you to become complacent about being "good enough" that you revert back to some of your childhood brainwashing. But, what is it going to take to convince you that you ARE a good person? You are the best man I know, and I'm honored that I get to be your husband. You are loved, and important, and most definitely cherished.

Orion was never in any danger!! I told Hermione to mention that at least twice! Did she forget to tell you? I was shielded! And I had Blaise and Greg there. Plus we surprised the little creeps. You can't go around engaging in duels with your grandmama and get upset with me for cornering a couple of cowards who tried to ambush a pregnant man two on one!

Oh, and I did mention to Hermione that the healer thought it was probably a boy, but I didn't tell her the name we have picked out. I figured that is something we can do together when we're sure.

I should go, I have to message the Prophet so I can ask for a copy of their cover picture featuring this super hot blonde man!

Love
Your Harry

P.S. I rarely have time or need to wank anymore, but I am not ashamed to admit that I had to lock my office door and relieve the tension while looking at the photo of you!
Thursday at 11:27 PM
My beloved Harry,

Reading in your email that you still wank to me on occasion turned me on so badly that I had to drop everything and come visit you in your office. I popped in under your desk, but you weren't there, and I knew that you were probably greeting the bigger kids as they returned from Traditions, and thus wouldn't be back to your office for a while. So, I went looking for you.

Sure enough, you were playing with the kids in the park. I snuck up behind you and pressed a finger to my lips to ask the kids to refrain from spoiling the surprise. They probably gave it away anyway by smirking at me 'secretively,' but I was able to cover your eyes with my hands and whisper "Guess who?" in your ear. Then I spun you around and gave you a kiss that made us both go weak in the knees and cling to each other.

I could hear the kids sort of groan in mild disgust and roll their eyes. Elena even asked: "Don't you know that you are only supposed to kiss a *little* bit in front of us?!

So I smirked at her and said: "This *is* only a little kiss! You should see us when we *really* get into it!"

"Ugh! That's just like my parents were! ... Actually, I really miss that... My mum and dad used to snog in front of me all the time, and as much as I found it embarrassing back then, at least I always knew they loved each other and me. When our car crashed... I was in the back seat, more or less safe and unharmed. My dad had hit his head so hard on the windshield that he was unconscious. The lorry we'd hit - which had slammed on its brakes to avoid colliding with a different vehicle - had rebar as part of its cargo, and one of them had launched out of the back of the lorry and into my mum's chest. She was coughing, but weakly, like she couldn't breathe. She turned to me and said: 'I love you so much Elena. Always remember that. Now get out of the car and run!' … But..." Elena sighed rather heavily. You put your arms around her and hugged her tight.

"But I couldn't move. I was frozen in shock and horror. It was probably a good thing I didn't get out of the car though because other cars couldn't avoid colliding with us because of the slippery ice and I was safer in the car. Until one too many cars joined the pileup and our car and the lorry were pushed over the side of the bridge. I... don't know exactly what happened at that point because I was screaming - I was certain I was going to die! The car hit the water, and then... I watched it sink out of sight. I was suddenly floating above the river. Once it was somewhat calm again, I dropped into the river and lay on my back sobbing until someone came along and fished me out. They tried to rescue my parents and the lorry driver, but it was too late.

"It wasn't until you brought me here to Unity House that I understood I had magic and that's how I got out of the car..." Elena finished, wiping a tear from her eye. Then she hugged you tight and kissed your cheek. "When I see you and Draco hold each other during movie nights, I am reminded of how much my parents loved each other and me, and I feel so much hope that I'll find a love like that someday."

"Me too!" Guinevere and Heidi chimed in, each rubbing Elena's back comfortably. "So don't ever stop loving each other!"

Not only was I feeling sad and helpless, but I could 'feel' you about to burst into tears again, so I grabbed you, gave you a quick kiss, and told the girls: "Oh don't worry about that; we won't. Now if
you'll excuse us, we have something very important to attend to."

They watched us with watery smiles as we walked away. Once alone in your office, I simply held you and let you cry all over my well-tailored shoulder. Even though I *know* these kids are all orphans for one reason or another, it's still heartbreaking to hear the details so... unexpectedly. Once more, I am so proud of you for giving these kids a stable and loving home until they are adopted by the right people.

I love you so much Harry Malfoy. Don't ever change.

If I never feel you in my arms again, if I never feel your tender kiss again, if I never hear I love you now and then, if I never make love to you once again, please understand, if love ends, then I promise you, I promise you, that I shall never breathe again,
Draco

Friday at 9:22 AM
Good morning!

I want to be the first person to wish you good luck today for your ritual/lecture.

Your ever-expanding fan club can't wait to watch you in action! Seriously, ever expanding! I will be 19 weeks on Sunday and I feel like I am housing an entire quidditch team in there! How am I not even halfway done?!! The belly and the mood swings!! All you have is a tiny little pudge spot on your belly, I was way bigger already when I was 13 weeks!

I have to thank you for holding me yesterday after Elena's story. I can be emotional and feeling in front of the kids, it's good for them to see adults have emotions as well, but I think me full on breaking down and sobbing in front of them may have been a bit much.

Yesenia is coming to have a talk with Elena today, see how she's holding up with those memories coming up. She just stated the whole story so matter of fact. I mean, she teared up, but she seemed more focused on our romance than on her loss. I suppose we do have a pretty epic romance!

I'm really glad that she has those memories of her parents being loving with each other. I hope our kids are eventually both a little disgusted, but mostly happy to see their dads are in love. Viona doesn't even bat an eye when we get engrossed in each other. The only part she seems upset about is that the attention is taken away from her. She is so like you it's a little terrifying!

Oh! I've just trusted you to take care of it, but never asked, what are our costumes for the parties? Both the family friendly one for the kids party as well as the one I assume I am going to be super embarrassed to wear but will wear it anyway for you for the adults only party. And what is the Princess going to be?

I know I said it already, but I am so excited to be there for this ritual with you. Viona and I couldn't be prouder of you. And, besides being excited to support you, I am hoping to learn a lot! You know how much I love learning about all of these wizarding traditions.

It's almost like you're a professor. I hope you don't give me detention. Just us alone. With punishments. Maybe I'll be extra naughty and I will need a stern talking to. Maybe my professor will need to take me in hand and realllllly teach me a lesson.

Well you have to be awake to get ready for the day, so I am going to sneak into bed and wake you up in your favorite way!
Yours,
Harry
Chapter 137

Chapter Summary

Draco teaches the Halloween ritual.

Friday at 11:59 PM
My naughty little student!

I'm pretty sure we just fulfilled a many year fantasy of mine. Since we had a fair bit of time after set up before the class/ritual started, we asked Hermione - who had to come because the last class was so successful and she just couldn't stand *not* taking a class - to watch Viona for us for a few minutes so that we could "go to the loo." Which of course means that we escaped down to the dungeons, found an empty classroom that's never used for anything, and did a little bit of roleplay before I shagged you up against a wall.

I had to start by punishing you for misbehaving, including a spanking, but I couldn't be too hard on you since we were pressed for time. When we were done, we returned to the others and tried our best not to look guilty as fuck. I'm pretty sure we failed on that.

Then it was time for the ritual. Since there was no nudity involved, we only needed to have one, and once again, the students got out of classes a little early. They met us in the Great Hall where we started by telling them things like:

"Everyone here probably knows that Halloween is a time when children dress up in costumes, but not many of you probably know the reason *why* - well, it's because All Hallows Eve, which is more commonly called Halloween and less commonly call Samhain (pronounced sow-in or soween), is the night when the veil between the worlds is thinnest. This allows spirits and ancestors to visit us, which is a good thing, but it also allows bad entities to visit too, which is not good. So, to protect their children, parents used to dress them up as demons and other scary things to confuse the bad entities so that they wouldn't be able to prey on them."

Since it wasn't actually the night of Halloween, we could only 'pretend' - as it were. So, we led the kids outside. They were already in costume - as were we. I had arranged it with Macmillan so that the two of us were wearing devil costumes. Not simple black robes with little red horns and a tail, but the somewhat cliché version that's modeled after the God Pan. Thus we both had broad shoulders that appeared to be naked black flesh, hairy goat-like black furred legs, and huge twisted horns 'sprouting' from our heads.

You were dressed in a basic demon costume since that was what I was buying the day I was attacked and wasn't able to accessorize it properly. Still, you looked good. Viona was dressed as a Goblin and somehow managed to look freakin' adorable!

The point of leading the kids outside was to take them on a bit of a nature walk. The real point of the walk was to give them time to commune with their dearly departed. To talk as if to a loved one or ancestor that had passed and normally couldn't be heard, but to expect an answer anyway. To tell them things each person was proud of and ask questions if they had them. And then when they felt like they were heard and or answered, they were to leave a token for the spirit. In real life, it could be anything, but the best things are always food. This symbolizes feeding your loved one as if they were
still with you, but obviously, leaving bits of ham and mashed potatoes all over the Hogwarts grounds would be disrespectful and messy, so we had given each student a very small cup of seeds - which would not only feed their ancestors, but also the general wildlife.

After that, we passed out cake and drinks to the students and talked about each person's ancestors for a bit. I told everyone my favorite memory of my grandfather Abraxas Malfoy - in which he had sat me down to tell me everything I needed to know about being a Malfoy, including our motto of Sanctimonia Vincet Semper - Purity will always Conquer. (Although I didn't tell them the *other* motto, which I'll tell you here is: You'll never catch a Malfoy at the scene of a crime, even if their fingerprints are all over the guilty wand.) I also told everyone how I had Severus Snape as my Godfather, and how - even though I'd argued and disagreed with him quite a bit at times - I could always count on him to help and protect me.

After everyone had said something, we moved back into the castle, into the biggest dungeon so that we could have a party with the ghosts. I'm told it was reminiscent of a Deathday party with all of the castle ghosts and a few others from the area in attendance. There was a table laden with extremely rotten food for them to 'eat' and a table with snacks and drinks that the kids could eat. Warming charms were cast on all the kids, and they were encouraged to talk to the ghosts and ask them questions about their lives.

I know that Macmillan and I kept everything rather simplistic, but that was because we didn't want to traumatize anyone. So we encouraged them to honor and talk about their dead without forcing anyone to really dwell on it. Had tonight actually been Halloween, we *might* have considered holding the ritual closer to midnight and actually calling forth dead loved ones to have a chat with. But all in all, I think it turned out well.

In any case, tomorrow night is our adult party, and as I promised (I think), I'm going to have you wearing nothing but gold satin underwear and shimmering gold body paint - and golden sandals. You'll be the God Adonis. I decided that *I'm* going to be the God Hades... Hercules style. So I'll be wearing black and blue robes, bluish skin, and I even plan to charm my hair to look like it's burning from a blue fire. After a few hours, I plan to take off my robes and reveal the sexy leather trousers underneath. With no shirt. You'll have to tell me if my chest looks as sexy charmed blue as it is normally.

Next year, I think I make you wear a tiny, frilly, little pink thing as the Goddess Aphrodite, haha.

Uh-oh! Viona's starting to fuss, which means that it's time for a feeding. Love you!

Draco

Sunday at 7:14 AM
Morning.

My stupid body wants to stay on schedule and wouldn't let me sleep in! I wanted to say good morning, but I am so tired and feeling pukey, and hmmm. Hold on, potions.

Ok, an anti-nausea potion and half a pepper-up does the trick!

Good morning handsome!

Hopefully that little combo of potions keeps me feeling alright through today's party. I cannot wait! The kids are going to be so adorable!
But last night's party was AMAZING! You were not kidding about me not wearing much, just the satin knickers, gold paint, and sandals. Well, and my collar of course. Did you paint me gold so I could match it? And you! Yes, your chest looked just as sexy blue as it does naturally. I simultaneously wanted to walk you around the room to show off that you are mine, put the robes back on you so no one could see what was mine, and drag you into the nearest cupboard so I could have my way with you.

Oh wait, I did do that last one! Weren't you surprised when I told you that there was an issue that only you could see to, and instead of bringing you to the kitchens to solve a problem, I dragged you into the cupboard next to the ballroom, dropped to my knees, and slammed your gorgeous cock down my throat? I didn't even lock the door, anyone could have just walked in and seen us!

I couldn't help it! We were dancing so obscenely, you kept grinding up against my arse, and I needed you. If you don't want to be dragged into cupboards and thoroughly molested you should try being less bloody fit.

I was a little nervous to walk around in so little with my belly on display, but apparently it was "adorable" according to everyone! Between robes and my spelled trousers, only the people at Unity House and our close friends had seen much of the bump.

Speaking of my bump, I figured out why I'm showing so much more than Hermione, and showed more at 13 weeks than you do. I am gaining the weight, not just baby. I know I have mentioned that I don't really feel hunger, more like I know when I "should" be eating. But between my cravings, eating with the Unity Kids on a regular schedule, eating dinners with the family on a regular schedule, and all of the food we've had while traveling, I have just started to finally pack on a bit of weight that I probably should have had all along. Apparently you and Hermione have always eaten what you should be eating and regularly (discounting the war when stress or lack of food meant not eating) so you're just gaining the normal amount for a pregnancy. I know it's too late for me to hope for a height growth spurt, but I am kind of looking forward to maybe not looking so scrawny anymore!

I'm surprised that you had me do Adonis this year instead of Aphrodite, I would think me being the Goddess of sex and fertility would have made more sense this year while I'm pregnant than it will next year. And since I thought so, did you enjoy the surprise when instead of showering off the gold paint and getting into pajamas, I came out of the bathroom all squeaky clean with some tiny frilly pink knickers? Although I obviously won't be able to wear them next year since you destroyed them when you ripped them off! That was "very rude" and now I think you owe me new pretty knickers!

And OH! Professor Malfoy was fucking sexy! I mean, obviously the play before everything started was a wet dream come true, but you running the ritual was sexy! I didn't think anyone could pull off that costume and still look so bloody fit, but I should have known that if anyone could do it, it would be you.

And our tiny little goblin was so cute! How does she manage to make a goblin costume cute? And next year we'll have three of them!

Well, now that I am feeling semi-human, I think I will go out for a run and clear my head! I'll see you at the party, I'll be the one dressed as a .... wait a minute, you still haven't told me my costume, it's embarrassing isn't it?

Yours,
Harry
Chapter 138

Chapter Summary

Harry talks about the party.

Sunday at 9:36 AM
Morning Harry!

You must still be out on your run. I'm currently sitting with Viona on my lap and my laptop on a tray in front of us. She's happily drinking from a bottle and watching me write to you. I think she's trying to figure out how to write too, haha!

In a few minutes, I'll get up and get our costumes ready to go, and then bring Viona into the shower with me. Unless I decide I want a bath instead. So, because we always call Viona our little Princess, I decided that's what she's going to be for her costume. She's going to wear a fluffy pink dress - although I don't think she'll want to wear a heavy gold Tiara, so I'm going to cast a strong illusion charm on her head so that it *looks* like she's wearing a fabulous gold and diamond tiara. Meanwhile, in order to keep with the theme, you and I will be dressed up as Princes. Your costume is white with white and gold embroidery and is simply gorgeous, and mine is a soft shade of gold that has gold embroidery and other gold accents - such as a couple of chains that look like gold pearls hanging from one shoulder to the other. We both have simple little gold circlets to complete the look.

But before I go try to remember where in my closet I stored our costumes, I just wanted to say that dancing with you was my favorite part of the party last night. Well... It was my favorite until you were overcome by lust and dragged me away. I am honestly hoping I'll have a chance to return the favor at tonight's party. Anyway, yes, we were dancing rather obscenely, but what truly impressed me was that we had not only invited everyone in our circle, but also others from our year (almost everyone was invited, not that everyone showed up), plus a few select people from other years - and not only did everyone who did show up make an effort to be friendly and get along at a party hosted where HE and His Death Eaters used to stay, BUT no one protested (aside from your weasel) when we danced obscenely. Not even when we spent a good 5 or 10 minutes just standing there on the dance floor snogging the bloody hell out of each other.

I'm seriously hoping that at least one person at our party was secretly working for the Daily Prophet, because I would pay good money to see pictures of us nearly shagging on the dance floor in front of every on the front page today or tomorrow. And if no one else does it, I might go through the MMM's to see if there are any extremely juicy ones to send in 'anonymously,' ahahahaha!

Also - ugh! Nevermind, my stomach is objecting to everything all of a sudden!
Love you!
Draco!

Monday at 2:18 AM
My sweet Prince,

Well, for once I am the one up in the middle of the night writing to you! I had to use the loo, and isn't
that great that your son now thinks my bladder is a water bed or something! So now I am wide awake.

And you called it, we were definitely one of the pictures from the party that made it on the cover of the Prophet this morning! Although Ron gets to have zero judgement on our obscene dancing, it's luckily not apparent to everyone else, but if you look at the background of the picture where we are dancing, you can see that a man with very dark skin is snogging a redheaded man ...

Oh today's party was amazing! I want to make this an annual event. But I also don't want to wait that long to do something so fun again either. Maybe I'll try to plan something every three or four months. Maybe a Valentine's Party, and Midsummer's party?

I was so excited to see so many of the kiddos who've left Unity House come back for the party. I know we get to see Mac at family functions, and we live with our Della, but it's been a bit since I've seen others. Lauren and Hannah were too adorable in their angel costumes. It took me a while to realize they had little devil tails sticking out from under their robes! I'm so glad their parents "get" them! And Martin was so excited to see Eric! With Eric already at Hogwarts and Martin still at Traditions they haven't seen each other since the adoption. Those two just took off to a corner to catch up and didn't leave it until they noticed there was a table full of desserts.

Oh the food! It was so bloody good. And ha. ha. ha. you didn't need to put a sign on the table with the melon saying "Harry's: Eat At Your Own Risk!" My mood swings are not that bad!

And Teddy! I love Andi, I really do, but she has never given me the idea that there was a massive sense of humor underneath. But she dressed her grandson in a werewolf costume! A werewolf Draco!! I mean, I know you know since he forced you to carry him around with Viona for at least an hour, but I just can't believe it. I have seriously underestimated Andi!

And your parents even got into the spirit and wore costumes. They and Della were quite the pirate trio. And with the way your father was eyeing your mum all night I have the feeling we'll have to empty out the MMM's again!

Ok I pulled you away from an adult party where we were basically wearing underwear to service you, I cannot believe you managed to sneak me away from what should have been a family friendly party! I must be the most gullible man who ever lived, I fell for, "I left my anti-nausea potion in your office." I thought you were just making my numerous loo trips easier by having the trousers of my costume so much easier to take on and off than regular trousers. Of course not, it was so you could bend me over for a quickie while the rest of the guests bobbed for apples!

Well, our costumes WERE a hit! I was a little nervous that you were going to pick something embarrassing out for me, but the coordinating prince costumes to go with our little Princess? So perfect! Has there every been a more beautiful baby?

However, the best costume of the party goes to Greg and Luna. I saw Luna by herself and was a little confused that she just seemed to be dressed in men's dresswear and had shortened her hair. It seemed a little tame for a Luna costume. But when Greg stepped up next to her with glasses, black hair, and a terribly drawn lightning bolt on his head I almost passed out! Can you believe them? Our friends! Our friends thought it would be funny to come to a party we planned DRESSED AS US! I don't know how I will do it, but I will get them back!

Actually, I will not get them back. Revenge is a terrible plan. We should just take actions that may have caused us embarrassment and realize that no matter what we should never ever ever try to take revenge on our loved ones.
You, as usual, sounded amazing singing to our daughter while you danced her around the room. How can you possibly blame me for wanting everyone to hear you (via a mild Sonorus)? I have never heard a more beautiful rendition of "She's the One" than hearing you sing to Viona.

Well, I am finally getting sleepy. I think I will send this off, and snuggle back into my bed with my family.

Good night my Prince,
Harry
Monday at 9:53 PM
Love of my life,

After our weekend, today has been a rather relaxing Monday. You only went into Unity house for a few hours to do a bit of paperwork, and then came home just in time for me to be fully awake, full from breakfast, and clean from a bath with Viona. Blaise, Theo, Derek, and I had already decided to not work today due to being hungover - or well, they were certain that they were going to be hungover after partying all weekend. They went to that ritual we were actually invited to but declined to attend, and as far as I know, actually *are* hungover today.

For once, I'm sort of glad I *couldn't* get drunk! Hangovers are never fun. Good thing I have a potion for that!

Speaking of potions, I'd *swear* I made a potion specifically for you, but I can't remember what it was for or why I made it. If I remember, I'll go look through my potions cabinet and my potion making notes and see if I can remember.

Whenever you trick me into singing in front of everyone, I get so lost in it that I don't notice, and then when I *do,* I'm so embarrassed that I want to murder you, but then at the same time, I'm proud of myself that I apparently sound rather good and make people applaud. So I'm torn between punishing you and rewarding you!

So, before I forget, your email reminded me to read the Daily Prophet and not only do I *love* the picture of us practically shagging on the cover - Merlin we're hot! - but it made me think to check the MMMs and ugh! Remind me to never do that again! You can handle the cameras every time they need to be emptied and reset because I *really* don't need to see my parents doing that! How in the Salazar buggering hell do they *do* that anyway?!?! That's.... rather impressive actually. And now I have to go Obliviate myself! But in any case, I found several extremely clear pictures of Blaise and the weasel snogging the hell out of each other on the dance floor too, so you're right, neither has the right to heckle us about our obscenity at a party in our home in which the theme was to come in a costume that was as scandalous as possible without being outright naked, so... interested in seeing how many others actually *did* shag on the dance floor?

I'm going to make a photo album, make this a yearly event, and see how many albums full of photographic sexual content we end up with before we're just too old to party anymore, haha!

There was something else I was going to say, but I completely forgot it, grr!

Anyway, Luna and Greg were hilarious! It was sort of weird to see the picture from when she spotted me on my own at one point and gave me a shockingly thorough kiss. The reason it was weird was because I was painted blue and had blue flames for hair, and she looked enough like me that I looked like I was kissing my own evil twin in the picture. It was also rather hot! Which brings back memories of play night with her, and you doing... mmm...

What was I talking about again? Something about you. Pictures of you... mmm... Oh! Speaking of, since I had dressed you in a couple of different costumes this weekend, I got one of you wearing nothing but your collar, a leash, and the cock cage - on your knees and lookingadorably contrite and ashamed. Thus you have finally fulfilled your promise to let me dress you up in anything and get a picture of it. That one's going on the wall of our playroom!
But since we all had a nice and relaxing day, mostly playing in the garden and soaking up what is likely to be the last bit of sun before winter sets in properly - and we even took a nap with Viona this afternoon - it just means that we are both wide awake while she's asleep for the night. Or well, the next few hours before her first feeding anyway. Thus, we are going to go soak in and maybe frot and shag in the rooftop onsen when you get back from the loo. You've been in there long enough that I'm beginning to wonder if you're sick or something. Er... Maybe I'd better go check on you!

Love you more than my own life! I love you so much that if you told me you'd be happier living on the other side of the world without me, despite it breaking my heart, I'd let you go. And then curse you so that no one else could ever touch you! Because you are mine, Harry Malfoy, and don't you ever forget it!

Draco

P.S. My next Class/Ritual at Hogwarts is on Tuesday/Wednesday December 21st/22nd, and the one after that is February 2nd - so hosting a Valentine's Day party for the kids at Unity House is actually rather brilliant, both in general and timing wise in specific. I'm dead certain that it'll be the perfect day for prospective parents to fall in love with the kids. And in the same vein, when did you decide to do that extra movie night I apparently kicked you in the pants to do?

Tuesday at 8:52 AM
Hey you great big barger-inner!

Merlin am I glad I have already gotten you to marry me and have you thoroughly pregnant with my baby! If I didn't already have you locked down you may have left me after you barged in on me in the loo!

Ok I know it looked really weird. To the point where you just went "er ..." and then walked out of the room backwards. Hermione had told me a really great waxing spell and I was trying to ... groom. I suppose me on all fours, with my head peeking backwards between my legs, with my wand pointed at my bits was not the sight you were expecting to see.

So our next movie night is as usual tomorrow, but Friday will be the open movie night. I'm glad I took off early yesterday, because I got a few more names of what we think are muggleborns in the system and I have interviews tomorrow and Thursday. After our (very fun) long weekend, and my upcoming busy week, I needed a little extra rest.

And by rest I of course mean a sex marathon on the roof! Your pale skin looks otherworldly beautiful in the moonlight. How on Earth did I get so lucky as to marry the sexiest man to ever live?

And speaking of sexy, holy hell those pictures from the party are insane! I thought we were obscene, there was more than one couple LITERALLY having sex on the dance floor! I thought you meant dancing so obscenely that they might as well be shagging. But no, literal penetration on the dance floor!

And speaking of pictures, my best guess for how your parents "do that" would be a very carefully placed Engorgio and hearty sticking charm.

I hope you forgive me for waking you up so early this morning. You had the grumpiest face, and were so tired you asked me "what the hell Potter??" which isn't even my name!! But when I grabbed your hand, placed it on my bump, and you felt our son moving? Your face shifted from cranky to adoring immediately. Then, between my sobbing, and your excited shouting we woke up Viona. She got to feel her little brother move too. And when we told her that was her baby brother
moving in there, she kissed my bump and said "baby." She's going to be the very best big sister!

I have to finish up this email and calm myself before I go out and make lunch for the kiddos. I've thoroughly made myself cry again, and no one wants soggy sandwiches for lunch!

You will never have to give me up for my happiness, because you are my happiness!
Harry Malfoy
Chapter 140

Chapter Summary

Draco inadvertently confuses Harry, lol :-)

Tuesday at 12:22 PM
Oh! Is *that* what you were doing? I thought that you were practicing going into labor techniques or maybe casting minor stinging hexes on your bollocks or something. I would have offered to help, but I figured that even though we're married, you still have the right to masturbate in private - or torture your bollocks in private - if you want, so I just left you to it. I must confess that I'm rather relieved that you weren't *actually* torturing your bollocks, because I might need them to get me pregnant again in the future.

Although, with how much the demon has made me feel tired and achy today, I'd be INSANE to voluntarily go through this again. Plus I'm itchy *everywhere!* I have to check my potions cabinet to see if I have an anti-itch potion in stock... Thank Salazar and Merlin I do! And oh! I *did* make a potion just for you. It's a bit of a growth potion - specifically, a grow a few inches taller potion. While I think you are the perfect height to hold in my arms while dancing and cuddling, you have mentioned several times that you wish you were just a little taller, so I made you a potion for that.

That said, I don't think it's a good idea for you to take the potion whilst pregnant. There's a possibility that the potion would effect the baby and not you - which could make *him* a few inches bigger all around inside you - and then taller than usual for his age after he's born.

In any case, this gives you some time to really think it over and decide if that's what you want - to be taller, that is. I'll support your decision either way.

But getting back to you on your hands and knees. Mmm... I had a point I was going to make. What was it again? You on your hands and knees? Mmm... ... ... You are bloody hot! I'm going to have to charm a toy to play with you all by itself while I stand back and watch. I want to see the look on your face as you get *so* close... and then I might cast an orgasm denial spell and see how long before you beg. At the same time, I can stand next to you and stroke my shaft because watching you is going to turn me on so bad!

And Oh! I remembered! You were on your hands and knees grooming yourself. There's actually a spell that can permanently remove any hair you don't want. There's actually a spell that can permanently remove any hair you don't want. I personally favor a spell that stops the hair from growing, that way, I had it all groomed *exactly* the way I want it to be back when I was about 16 or so, and it hasn't grown since. My body hair, that is. The hair on my head still grows like it normally would.

Your body hair... mmm... That trail of hair leading down the middle of your stomach to your shaft is one of my favorite things. Although I completely understand why you removed it once the baby bump got noticeable - that did look just a little odd. And at the moment, all the hair from your chest arms and legs has been removed so that you'd look sleek and 'Godly' in your Adonis costume. You know, if you wanted the hair around your shaft groomed, you could have just asked me to do that when I was casting shaving spells on the rest of your body. Or did you just not think about it at the time? Wait! A waxing spell? I don't think I've heard of that before. Might have to try it on you when you're in need of cruel and unusual punishment.
Hmm... it should be after lunch now, which means that you should be back in your office for a bit before the bigger kids come back from Traditions. Which means that now's the perfect time to pop in under your desk and give you a good milking. I have to inspect your special grooming for myself, after all.

This flame that burns inside of me, I'm here in secret harmony, it's a kind of magic,
Draco

Tuesday at 2:24 PM

Labor techniques? What's that now? How would that even work? I mean I know I have a potion induced uterus but there are no girl bits down there. What?!? I thought it was going to be like a muggle C-section. Why would I have to practice for labor? Answer me WHY DRACO?!?

I'm so sorry that you're tired and achy and itchy. When I get home tonight I am going to massage every inch of you with whatever lotion or oil or potion you'd like. Kiss every single square inch of you. Worship the body that's carrying my baby. The man who created the one I am carrying. The brilliantly wonderful man who created the potions that allowed this to be possible. The love of my life who doesn't properly label his potions ...

Oh! Potions! So, a growth potion? I am really glad I can't make the call right this moment and have to think about it. I honestly don't know how to feel about this. When I read your email and that you had taken the time to brew something for me just because you know how much my height bothers me? I am sure it will come as no shock to you that I cried for a solid five minutes before I could even read the rest of the email. You are brilliant and wonderful and thoughtful and fit and good at shagging and you have a cock that makes me drool and ... wait what was I saying? Oh! What a fantastic husband you are because of the good care you take of me. I love you Draco. But YOU think I'm the perfect height. And I love the way my head feels tucked in under your chin when you hold me. I think it's less that I hate being short, but that I hate WHY I am short. Both of my parents were taller than I am, so you know it's because of the malnutrition. So I love that you made the potion, and I will definitely give it some thought but when it comes down to it, I used to be self conscious about my height, but then I thought, fuck that, I'm Harry Potter ... er actually Malfoy.

So, a waxing spell is apparently just like one of the two spells you were talking about to either remove hair or stop growth, but growing up muggles Hermione and I apparently use the muggle term "waxing" which I hear is just as horrible as it sounds. Why don't you go ahead and give me the same spells you gave yourself and set it to however you want me to be .... groomed.

So yeah, after dinner you should do the sculpting and then we should do that whoooooole idea of me on my hands and knees, and the charmed toy, and you wanking yourself, and the begging, dear Merlin the begging! I love to hate to love to beg you. I don't want to torture my bollocks in private, any bollock torture should be from you. You remember, and there was no damage! They weren't even bruised!

And I know you originally were just going to carry the one, but as the person on the receiving end of your pregnancy induced horniness and craving for my cock, I will promise to fully support any future choice of being pregnant again.

But I should go do my rounds and head back to you my love.

Your shorty,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Harry wonders how Draco has *any* spare time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Tuesday at 10:56 PM

The Healer has assured us that when the time comes to deliver, we'll be cut open and the baby yanked out, so no, we won't need to worry about labor techniques. That said, I've been reading and *re* reading all the pregnancy books almost obsessively in my spare time, and when I saw you on your hands and knees, my first thought was the part of the book I was reading earlier in which it's advised to strengthen back and abdominal muscles by getting on hands and knees and arching the back like a cat before lowering it like a cow - over and over.

You might note that my second thought was that you were masturbating or torturing your bollocks and that I felt bad for interrupting. So, in my mind, *that* was more likely than labor techniques. Not sure why grooming just didn't occur to me as a possibility. I'd have offered to help.

By the way, if you will recall, *you* were the one who took your glasses off and grabbed a random green potion out of my cabinet. *I* label my potions just fine, ta ever so!

Tonight was so hot! I know I say that all the time, but it's always true. You are so hot and when you let me tie you to your spanking table so that I can torture you with toys and orgasm denials spells, I feel like I could just burst from how hot it is!

You're always saying how lucky you are to have me, but it's actually me who's lucky to have you. Can you imagine anyone else on the planet letting me just pop in at random to suck them off, then attacking them when they get home, THEN tying them up and playing with them for hours until they fall into an exhausted sleep, and *then* molesting them in their sleep? Before you, I had to play with multiple people over the course of a month or so if I wanted to do all of that.

And that's not even mentioning how wonderful you are when it comes to exploring our various kinks.

But that's not even the best part! I get to snuggle with you, and hold you in my arms, and kiss you, and dance with you, and fall asleep to you, and have babies with you!

Bubbles moved! You waking me up is always a risky move, but you did it so that I wouldn't miss Bubbles moving! I am so blessed by you!

I know it's sort of last minute at this point, but we received an invitation a while back that I put in a drawer until I had a chance to talk it over with you - and then forgot all about it until earlier when I was rummaging through my drawer - but they're having a fundraising ball at the Ministry for various organizations. I thought that you might not want to go, in which case, I can just send them a few galleons, but if you *do,* we can dance with each other for a few hours for a good cause.
I'm actually sort of surprised that the Minister for Magic hasn't nagged you to attend as one of the attractions for everyone else. If they even lightly *implied* that they were going to auction off a date with you, it would probably be the most packed function they've had in *years!*

And then I'd get to sit on the other side of the restaurant as you ate dinner with your auction date, and take pictures and try to guess what you're thinking based on your expressions, and then Apparate over to prove that I am a fire breathing dragon if they dare try anything without my permission. And then have my way with you on the table in front of your date and the rest of the diners. Mmm...

Merlin! I lost my train of thought again! Something about sucking you off in front of a crowd. I don't get to do that *nearly* often enough!

No wait! I was talking about the ministry ball! I think we should go. If you want. I'd love to have another opportunity to hold you in my arms in public. And since Viona would have to stay home, we could consider it an official date. What do you think?

Don't stop believing, hold on to that feeling, street light, people, living just to find emotion, hiding somewhere in the night,

Draco

Wednesday at 8:42 AM

Oh thank all the gods! I wasn't sure if the idea of growing a baby exit or the idea of a baby exiting out of the one spot I already have was more horrifying.

But thanks for the new work out idea. I really like my belly right now, but it's only cute because there's a bubbles in there, I'd like it to go back to relatively normal eventually.

I was a little confused though, you said you've been reading pregnancy books in your spare time. How do you have any free time? You spend your time working on your muggle/magical tech inventions. You visit me constantly. You have Viona most of the time. You spend time with your little sister and your parents. You help Hermione when she needs it at Traditions. You plan massive Halloween parties. You craft lesson plans to teach traditional rituals to the Hogwarts students. Hey, SuperDraco, could you set the bar a little lower so the rest of us mere mortals could attempt a jump or two?

Just so you know my love, you are never unwelcome when I am wanking. I almost never do anything to myself anymore, why on Earth would I need to when I get a thorough servicing any time I want? But even the other day when I had to toss one off in my office because you on the cover of the Prophet was so bloody hot, I still would have welcomed an extra hand if you had happened to pop in at that moment.

If a man can't take off his glasses and randomly take any potion in his cabinet in the hopes that it's a headache potion then they couldn't have been labeled all that well.

On second thought, maybe I'm really lucky it was the fertility potion and I didn't do serious damage to myself.

You should really plan accordingly for having a lunatic share your bathroom!

Of course last night was hot, it's US. I am not completely unattractive, you are the hottest man on Earth, and we were doing delightfully dirty things. Yeah, I am really quite the saint for "letting" you tie me to the spanking table. It's a hard knock life for me for sure.
I am quite lucky to have you. I think we were incredibly lucky to find each other, and clever enough to let the past stay in the past and grow our relationship. However, you say things like "Can you imagine anyone else on the planet letting me just pop in at random to suck them off, then attacking them when they get home, THEN tying them up and playing with them for hours until they fall into an exhausted sleep, and *then* molesting them in their sleep?" and then I imagine it, and then my hormones make me enraged and blow up things in my office. Sooooo maybe we don't ask Harry to imagine such things again?

But I will agree, the best part is snuggling with you, and having you hold me, and kissing, unghhh I love kissing you, and dancing and falling asleep wrapped in you, and parenting with you and having babies with you! I love hearing you passionately explain about wizarding traditions. I love seeing that glint in your eye when you're trying to solve a tech problem. There is no sight I love more than watching you with our daughter. The sex, is mind blowingly amazing every single time, but it pales in comparison to being married to Draco the person, not just Draco the sex god.

Oh! Dancing! I will go to whatever ball you want to drag me to. Support a charity and be wrapped in my husband's arms all night, I'm all in. Unless you are planning to actually allow a date with me to be auctioned off and then it's a hard pass. I don't care if you're sitting on the other side of the restaurant or the other side of my chair, it's a no.

So, if you're asking me out on a date, then the answer is yes I'd be delighted! We can always ask your parents to watch Viona, but do you think maybe it's time to let either of her Godparents babysit? When is the ball?

Don't forget it's (regular) movie night! I'll see you by six, but if you pop in randomly before then and I'm gone, I'll be at an interview this afternoon and I will see you as soon as I get back!

Yours,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

This chapter contains one of my all time favorite Harry line: "You say can you imagine... and then I do and nearly blow up my office, so let's not ask Harry to imagine things like that in the future, mmkay?" lmao ^_^
Chapter 142

Wednesday at 11:59 PM
Oh! I guess I forgot to mention this...

So I actually do have a bit of spare time at the moment because now that we've figured out how to make laptops that work in areas of high magic, the bulk of the work needed now is infrastructure - which Blaise and Derek are working on - and marketing - which Theo is working with George on. The part I'm in charge of - mass production - is not something I could feasibly do all on my own anyway. So, I've hired a couple of wizards and a witch who passed a few very rigorous tests I put them through to handle the assembly and quality testing. They work out of the back of Greg's shop, and between the three of them, build from scratch an average of nine laptops a day - plus the Crystal Phones. Strangely, more people are interested in the laptops than the phones or the Insta-owls. As for those, I *do* do most of the work of creating them when necessary, but I can do them in bulk and only need to create about a dozen a week - which I can do in less than an hour. The four of us made about a thousand of them initially, which sold out almost right away, so now only a few are needed each week.

And I feel like I'm rambling. Oh! The point I was trying to make is that I'm able to stay home most of the time now and only go in for weekly meetings. This was decided on Tuesday, yesterday, so it's a new development and I'm not surprised that I forgot to tell you about it right away. That said, you probably wondered why I wasn't mentioning going into work a lot, and instead talked more about being with Viona and popping in on you whenever I liked. It's because even when I went in, I didn't really have much to do, so I was reading.

Tonight was movie night and you had a new kid that stood awkwardly off to the side as everyone else scrambled to get their favorite seats. He kept watching you as if expecting you to tell him *exactly* where he was supposed to sit and how he was supposed to act. As I understand it, he's a squib and has been raised in a rather domineering pureblood family - taken good care of so long as he did his best to seem invisible and unimportant. I'm not sure who tipped you off about him, but you went to talk to his family and ask if they'd let him live in Unity House and go to Traditions since he couldn't go to Hogwarts with the rest of his siblings. They said yes, but that now presents you with the problem of how do you handle a 15 year old boy. The rest of the kids his age go to Hogwarts, so you're not really prepared for kids like him.

I talked with Hermione about it for a few minutes before the movie started, and she thinks it would best to let him take charge of his own education, studying whatever he wants under the guidance of someone who can check up on him every day and make sure that he's not slacking off. But he didn't seem like a slacker to me, simply a boy who had always been told how to think and act his whole life. So... maybe Hermione's idea is for the best if for no other reason than to teach him to think for himself.

In any case, what I really wanted to talk about was how - as he was standing awkwardly off to the side - he was watching you like he was your new house elf and he wanted to serve you to the best of his abilities. Then he saw me come up and stand next to you in the overstuffed armchair you always sit in. I could see him sort of glare for a split second, meaning he had probably heard of me and my role in the war, and didn't like the idea of me anywhere near you. But it was the next bit that makes me dead certain that his family either never talked about us when reading the Prophet, or talked about us but said bad things.

Once you were comfortable in the chair, I sat cross-legged on a cushion on the floor like I always do,
my head in your lap and Viona in mine. You ran your hands through my hair, making me purr and tilt my head back so that I could look up at you as you bent over and gave me a kiss. Bubbles is making that a bit awkward at the moment, but you still managed it. A strangled gasp made us both look over at the kid - sorry, I forget his name: Boris, Hubert, Rupert, Randy? Something with an R? Bah! Anyway, he was staring at us as if we had just murdered a puppy in front of him and he wasn't sure whether he should call the Aurors.

Elena was my little Hero! She marched over to him, grabbed his hand, and said: "They're married, moron! Now stop goggling at them like a creeper and sit there! Yes, there. And would you like popcorn or apple slices? Also, water, milk, or juice?"

I couldn't hear whatever he stammered at her, but she nodded and went to get whatever he requested. Meanwhile, I was looking up at you again, smiling as you carded your fingers through my hair. But you seemed lost in thought and I really hope you weren't upset by Rory? Cory? Hamish? No, probably not.

Anyway, the movie we watched was Mulan, and I was enthralled from the moment she cut her hair and stole her father's sword. I feel like I'd get along rather well with her. I looked it up on my laptop after we got home, and did you know that the movie was released last year on my birthday? I feel like it's fate or something that I love the movie. Although, as much as I thought the song I'll Make a Man Out of You would be the one stuck in my head, it's actually Reflection.

But getting to other things, the Ministry Ball is tomorrow, but don't worry, I already know what we can wear to it. We have a lot of suits we bought for a variety of selection for Dudley's wedding and then didn't wear, so we'll naturally look fabulous. And even if you want to wear dress robes to prevent Bubbles from being quite so overt, I have plenty of nice ones that have never been worn we can choose from. My parents have actually said they planned to attend the ball too, so I already asked Greg and Luna (after the movie), and they were delighted to accept. Although, Greg reminded me that he just got another order through his shop, so we can't stay out *too* late because he needs to go to bed by 10 - to which Luna told me to stay out all night if we want because she'll watch Viona as long as we need since she's not scheduled to start work until the afternoon on Friday.

Speaking of Friday, I should tell you before I forget again that I have a few things scheduled that day. I am meeting with the manager of Malfoy Apothecary to go over business details for an hour or so before lunch, and then after lunch, I have a rather big meeting scheduled where all the people who run the various businesses I own or invest in will report their quarterly profits along with their short term and long term goals. My father handled the last quarter meeting for me, and technically, this meeting should have taken place in October, but I was a bit busy then and had to push it back to now.

Most of the businesses I merely invest in and so really have no say in how they are run and this is more a formality than anything. The three I do own - other than our tech company and the Apothecary - are run by extremely competent people who needed full investment (hence me owning the business) because they had profitable ideas but no capital. Café Exquis is making money hand over fist, but the wizarding theme park keeps running short of funds and making no real progress, so I'm either going to have to fire everyone and hire better people, or just scrap the business altogether. It'll depend on the progress reports. I still think the business will eventually make a ton of money, it just doesn't seem to be able to find a location the Ministry will approve massive wards, muggle repelling charms, and demolition of what's otherwise undeveloped wilderness. Sigh.

And putting it in or near a large muggle city doesn't seem feasible either, so I think I'm probably just going to scrap the whole thing after all.
And now I've *really* rambled on! I'm too tired now to even molest you, so simply holding you while I fall asleep will have to do.

I'd start a revolution if I could get up in the morning,
Draco

Thursday at 10:12 AM
Finnegan, his name is Finnegan. So, you were super close with ... none of your guesses.

I sat down with him this morning and we had a nice long talk. He is a really unique blend of feeling as though he has to follow with what he's told and blending in with everyone around him, but also being quite independent and self reliant so he isn't too needy. Obviously we didn't solve the problem of his future in one conversation, and he's only 15 so he definitely has time to figure his life out, but I think I have a solid idea in the works and I think he has a better feel for being able to discover who he is because of the freedom of being the only 15 year old at Unity and Traditions.

I asked him whether he thought he'd be happier in the wizarding world or in the muggle world in the future. His response gave me a HUGE epiphany and now I may need to search out the services of a planning and business mastermind. He mentioned that he wishes there were more positions in the wizarding world that dealt with the muggle community directly and bridging some areas that don't break the statute. He wants an education that would make him qualified for muggle jobs or allow him to transfer into the muggle education system, but that he wants to know enough about the wizarding world to not be cut off from everyone he's known his entire life.

So, here's my new thought process; why aren't we utilizing squib children to the most perfect position in our society, muggle interactions? What better position for a bright pureblooded squib than working at Traditions or Hogwarts and being the muggleborn parental liaison? Instead of training a fully magical witch or wizard in how to blend into the muggle world, why aren't we having squibs who were born and raised with all of the wizarding traditional knowledge responsible for telling the families of muggleborns about their magical child? We could create an entire secondary culture that can run a wizarding post office so these muggles who are aware of the wizarding world don't have to figure out owls, or own businesses that could exist outside of Diagon Alley so a Muggleborn could purchase their schoolbooks without having to convert their money to galleons or so their parents don't have to try to navigate Diagon Alley without magic. Or even work in depth in businesses that wizards are creating in an effort to bring muggle technology into the wizarding world ...

The other item that came up in our conversation was you. Or more specifically, you and I. You weren't wrong in thinking he was looking poorly at you, but it's not for the reason of believing the Prophet or his family's ramblings about your role in the war. He was raised in a home like my own upbringing; isolated and homophobic. I actually set up a series of extra counseling sessions with the mind healers on staff, more than the weekly sessions all of the Unity Kids get, to deal with some of his internal conflict on allowing himself to think outside of what he's been trained to do. He couldn't believe that not only were we "allowed" to be married and affectionate in public, but that no one else thought anything was out of the ordinary. Apparently he has had no interaction with anyone gay or bisexual and was surprised that someone as "normal" as myself was gay. Side note: yay! someone thinks I'm normal!

Perhaps this is just me projecting my own insecurities, but I got the impression he was quite relieved to hear that there was a whole world of people who believe love is love and homophobics are morons. It seemed less "I guess I'll have to put up with these LGBT people" and more "oh thank goodness, it's ok to be that way."
Now that that's out of the way; when were you going to tell me that the café I kept going on and on about and have now taken you to TWICE is part of your business portfolio? Merlin, life with you will never be boring!

Your wizarding theme park needs a location? What are they doing with the area that was utilized for the Quidditch cup in 1994?

And speaking of your businesses, I would like to purchase a few of your laptops for Unity House. I thought one or two being available for the kids use would be nice, but also specifically for Finn so that he can take online muggle courses. They have homeschooling resources online that could help him supplement his education.

I'll be home early so we can get ready for the ball, I just have to finish the paperwork for Finn's intake and the other two that are joining us on Monday. I would love to wear whichever suit you think is best for the occasion. I think the picture of me in knickers, paint, and little else with my belly sticking out has made trying to cover up the bump a little irrelevant! Can't wait to dance in your arms!

Yours,
Harry
Thursday at 11:48 PM

Finnegan eh? Maybe that's why I couldn't remember it, because I assumed that it was a last name and had no idea how his family were purebloods since the only Finnegan in the wizarding world that I know of is your fellow Gryffindor and I happen to remember - for some strange reason - that his dad's a muggle and his mum's a witch. I imagine that was quite a shock for him when he found out.

It honestly amuses me to think about how muggles react when they first find out about magic. I like to imagine them fainting. Or trying to use wands and then being confused because nothing happened. Or - wait a minute!!!

Harry! I just had a brilliant idea! Okay, so you know how wands work, right? They're made up of magical ingredients that have properties that are useful in spellwork. They *are* a magical object that in the hands of the witch or wizard they choose, can do pretty much anything there's a spell for. *BUT* what if there was a *different* sort of wand - hell! It doesn't have to be a wand! Remember how Portkeys can be anything?

So, picture this, say I take a stick of wood or a broken muggle thingy that changes the channel on that telly thingy, and I cast a dozen or so charms on it so that the stick or thingy can do preprogrammed spells on command! Like basic household spells mostly. Cleaning and reheating tea and things that you and I take for granted but SQUIBS and those who have magic, but not a lot or are not very good at using it (such as Lockhart), can suddenly use at least a few spells. I imagine that since the object is not a wand and instead a holder for spells, even muggles could use it - obviously only those who are related to or otherwise know about our kind.

George could probably even turn it into a joke and program things with hexes to turn hair purple (I'm *still* miffed about that!) or tickling spells for kids to use on each other when they're not old enough to own wands yet. And!

Wait... I don't remember how I got onto this subject. I mean it's a good subject and I'll definitely tinker around with it, but wasn't there something else I was supposed to be talking about?

Hmm...

Oh!

Finnegan sounds like he's in good hands, and I'm not surprised that his family are prejudiced against gay people. It's a sort of pureblood trait and I'm honestly surprised that more people in our community *don't* sling hate at us. I think it's probably because *you* are one half of this equation. If I'd married any other man, I'd probably have to be more cautious about going out in public. It's stupid really, because even though we *can* have children by using potions, purebloods have a rather heavy expectation that marriage is to pass on bloodlines, and that is best done via a heterosexual couple. To be fair, the potions don't always work. The wizard who wants to get pregnant has to have enough magic for it to work, and then enough for the pregnancy to come to full
term. There's actually a chance that the wizard could run dangerously low on magic toward the end of the pregnancy and have all sorts of complications. So, purebloods just avoid the whole scenario, I suppose.

As for Café Exquis, you're probably going to laugh... So, what happened was that I met with the couple who wanted to open it and listened to their business plan, decided that it was worth investing in, and gave them enough money to cover all their projected costs - they had a lot of detailed estimates from real contractors, and actually, I put that money in an account that had a manager to ensure that they weren't just going to take it and run off. The manager had to approve expenditures and more or less only paid out to legitimate contractors and the like. Anyway, once that was set up, I didn't have to have anything more to do with the business. I grew a bit bored and eventually emailed you. Then I went to Russia for Pansy's wedding, then I came back and focused all my time and attention on you, so I... forgot... Yes. I forgot that I owned Café Exquis. Even when we went on dates there, I wasn't thinking about it so much as I was thinking about you. Also, you probably assumed that when the 'owners' of the café - the people who built it from scratch using my money - came over to our table to personally ensure that everything was excellent that they were fawning over you because of your fame, but in actuality, they wanted to make sure that I wasn't upset and likely to demand they pay me back sooner rather than later. Once they do, obviously they *will* own it, but until then, it's all in my name.

The venue for the Quidditch World Cup was naturally one of the first places that was suggested, but it's actually a muggle campground and apparently quite significant to muggles, so they would notice and be upset if it suddenly 'disappeared.' To my relief, progress was actually made. We've decided to pull a St. Mungo's. See, there wasn't a place big enough in a wizarding area that could host an entire hospital, so they found a conveniently located muggle building and converted it. We're going to do the same, and actually, that means that I can pick anywhere I like for it. If the entire amusement park is inside a magically expanded building, the building can be any size initially, and there doesn't need to be as many wards on it - just the basic ones to repel muggles. There's actually an office building down the street from St. Mungo's that looks promising. But I'm leaving it in the hands of my people and won't need to really do anything except read reports and make one or two decisions - at least not until the next quarterly meeting.

The key to being a successful business owner is to own businesses that other people have the passion and drive to create and run for you, and just be the man providing the money and reaping the profit, haha! Speaking of, I had some thoughts...

You talked about a muggle/wizarding hybrid post office, run by squibs. That's brilliant! So here's what I'm going to do, I'm going to run an advert in the Daily Prophet looking to hire squibs. Often, squibs have had to seek education in the muggle world too, and so, it's likely that I can find some with experience in running a business - or at least some sort of degree in running a business. I can then task them with brainstorming ways to make a hybrid post office, and when they come up with a brilliant business plan that will work, I'll make sure it's a case where *you* are the man that owns it and earns the profits. That said, I might actually have to talk with someone in the Ministry first to see how feasible such a thing is. There might be muggle laws against 'private' post offices. Maybe you can ask your good friend the Minister? He'd probably know and be far more likely to help if he heard the idea from your brilliant and enthusiastic mind.

Also, I think I'll write an article or give an interview or something talking about how Traditions is (or will be) perfectly set up to educate squib children as an alternative to Hogwarts - which they can't attend. We'll see if there are others in the same situation as Finnegan. What do you think?

Hmm... my perpetual exhaustion seems to be lessening a bit. Even so, I'm probably going to have to forego molesting you again tonight. Well... maybe just a quick suck...
I'll be there for you, these five words I swear to you, when you breathe, I want to be the air for you, I'll be there for you, I live and I'd die for you, I'd steal the sun from the sky for you, words can't say what love can do, I'll be there for you,

Draco

Monday at 9:26 AM
My Dragon,

Am I even still alive? I don't think I have slept or sat down in at least a decade. It's Monday November 8th, I am assuming 1999, but it could be 2018 for all I know. I just want to sleep for a month but there is too much to do. Between Unity, Traditions, potentially adding the squib children population, this exhausting pregnancy, and wanting to actually see the family I love and adore, I think I have to hire an assistant.

I suppose I would need to do so in a few months to take over my duties when I have bubbles and then when you have the demon, so this would give me time to get them completely comfortable by the time I take some leave. But, and this may surprise you, I am not particularly good at relinquishing control.

Speaking of Orion and the demon, we have an appointment on Friday "morning" at 10:30. You'll be exactly 15 weeks, and I will be 20.5. So we should know for sure if Orion is an Orion or if we have to pick a more ladylike name for him.

But wait, I forgot about panicking and now I am panicking. What do you mean it takes a lot of magic to allow a pregnancy and that there are complications? What if I don't have enough magic? I could lose this baby? But I know him and I love him and he's already a part of our family! What do I need to do? Should I eat healthier? Give up magic? Work out more? Work out less? Is there a way I should be sleeping or not sleeping or sitting or laying? Maybe we should just go to the healer right now instead of waiting until Friday? Oh dear Merlin, is my panicking bad for the baby?

Ok, I took some deep breaths, threw up my entire breakfast, and then breathed some more, and now I am less hysterical. I think it's very likely that I will need you to get me out of my own head tonight. At least I remember that conversation with the healer and I know that's safe!

I love your ideas for a preprogrammed wand to perform basic spells. I have a feeling they would need to be highly regulated, what happens when someone figures out how to program it with an unforgiveable or something seemingly innocent but that used wrong could be dangerous, but with the right spells would be bloody brilliant!

I completely believe you about the key to being a business owner is trusting the right people to run something they are passionate about. My investment in WWW, and trusting George (and at the time Fred) to be amazing was definitely the right call!

So the last few days have been sheer chaos. Thursday night was the ball, and I really adored having a night "alone" with you. Spending the night in your arms is the perfect date. So I had a lovely evening with my amazing husband, there were important charities supported, and Greg got some much needed quality time with his goddaughter. And as we all assumed, he was sound asleep when we picked her up, Luna having the situation well in hand. And I think I forgot to mention to you, but Friday morning I asked him how he enjoyed their night. He got a giant grin on his face and then he quickly paled and said "a little heads up that she flies would have been nice!"

Friday morning came much too early (why did we stay out so late Thursday?!?) and with it came
planning for the Friday movie/potential adoptees night, and preparing for today's two new arrivals. And a meeting with Kingsley to ask him about potentially getting a list of the young squib community, as well as talk to him about the legalities of squib run muggle/wizarding businesses, post office, etc. He said he'd have a list for me this week, and while he's going to check on the legality of post offices, he thought that worst case we would just set up an address and have the muggle post just deliver it there as if it's an address, and we could distribute from there.

Saturday morning and afternoon we talked with Hermione about adding what we would need to do to add an extra educational wing to Traditions to accommodate the squib curriculum. Which of course turned into a very long play session with Viona and her Godmother, and a very long bitch session where three very pregnant people complained about everything having to do with pregnancy. Apparently your mum thought it was "adorable" and she was able to commiserate seeing as she had such a rough pregnancy with you, but Grampy Lulu took Viona and Della out quite quickly muttering something along the lines of "Grandfather and Papa will save you from them my darlings!"

Saturday evening was "our" interview with the reporter to talk about Traditions moving into education for squibs. It was supposed to be just you, but I completely forgot it was happening at that time, and came in to whine at you because my back hurt. Of course the reporter couldn't keep herself from pulling me into the conversation. If it had been about anything else I probably could have oh gee um err'ed my way out of the conversation but it's hard to feign ignorance on the school you're responsible for creating.

And then Sunday should have been a nice relaxing day before the craziness that will be this week. Instead, it was spent receiving pureblooded guests that "just had to pop in and visit my dear friends the Malfoys" with the intention of trying to get insider information for their squib relatives. Which, despite them being weird and vague and creepily manipulative, was actually a good thing. I have high hopes for these kids that have otherwise been hidden away and not really allowed to exist in either world.

By the time bedtime rolled around, we only had enough energy for two shags before we fell asleep in each others arms.

And this morning showed up much too early. As soon as I send off this email I need to head over to the apparition point to receive our two new Unity Kids, Cynthia and Bradley who are six and five. They're not blood related, but they were at the same orphanage so they know each other and will be coming together.

Ah, shite shite shite, I lost track of time, they'll be here any minute!

I love love love you!

Always,
Harry
Chapter 144

Chapter Summary

Calm down Harry, you have enough magic.

Monday at 11:37 AM
Dearest Harry,

Try not to panic! I know that's asking the impossible, but honestly, you have nothing to worry about. First of all, you're the most powerful wizard in the world! You definitely have enough magic. Secondly, the worst complications are when a wizard doesn't go to a Healer on a regular basis, runs too low on magic, and then, well. In your case, we make regular appointments and the Healer is monitoring your magic levels. If they looked low, she'd give you supplemental potions. Thus the absolute worst case scenario for *you* would be that you need to take potions and maybe deliver a bit early.

After our weekend, I'd love nothing more than to stay in bed and eat - mmm, I was craving the best food ever this morning! I had Muffy combine goulash with mashed potatoes and gravy, and then add some mayonnaise. It was *so good!* And now I'm sucking on a big and juicy gherkin. And I could really go for some Chunky Monkey - ooo! Dip my gherkin in it!

Wait, I was talking about something else... Oh! As much as I'd *like* to stay in bed, I can't either. I'm reviewing applications and setting up interviews. Also, since you mentioned needing an assistant, and *I've* mentioned needing an assistant, I've decided that we'll hire one that can work for both of us - since you'll need him or her more than me, I just need someone to keep track of my schedule and remind me to make my Healer Appointments on time.

And ensure that I always have the best bookings at the best restaurants. I'm thinking we should go back to Japan so that I can eat everything they make - aside from their unfermented soy products. Did you know - this is horrifying actually - but they used to regularly feed growing girls in China lots of unfermented soy products, which they call things like bean curd and would make into sweet treats, specifically because it was known to soften bones and make them easier to break and reshape during foot binding. Mothers would wrap their daughters' feet as they were nearing puberty with wet strips of cloth/hide and the like that would tighten and shrink as it dried, and then force them to walk back and forth until the bones broke - repeating the process over and over until the shape of the foot resembled a chili pepper about three inches long. And these were the mothers that loved their daughters and wanted the best possible life for them. Mothers who didn't care allowed their daughters to have unbound feet like heathens.

How the fuck did I get on this topic???

Merlin and Salazar! Now I *need* to have cherry cheesecake like it was vital to my continued existence!

Oh! As I was saying, since we both want an assistant, I've decided to send an advert for that to the Prophet too. I'm certain you'll want to sit in on the interviews to ensure that we choose the right candidate for you, but I figured since I have a bit more time than you at the moment, I can weed through the applications and narrow the selection down to those that are qualified to help you with
the actual running of Unity House. If you'd really rather handle the whole process yourself, I can always send all the applications to you.

And even though I promised to never talk about this because the whole idea was horrifying to you, I thought you might actually like to know that Muffy was shocked to realize that she's carrying triplets rather than just one. That's actually *really* rare as house elves normally only have one with the rare set of twins. I think I've only ever heard of one set of triplets being born to Malfoy elves in the last 200 years or so.

But anyway...

Wait. There was something else I was going to say. Erm...

Fuck it! I can't remember, sigh...

Oh well you hold me so close and my knees grow weak, and my soul is flying high above the ground, I'm trying to speak but no matter what I do, I just can't seem to make any sound,

Draco

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Tuesday at 8:26 AM
My Draco,

I am not the most powerful wizard in the world! I'm not exactly a slouch, but I'm far from the most powerful! I just have incredible luck. How else could I have landed you if I weren't so incredibly lucky?

Thank you for the reassurance on there being a solution if my magic were to drop, but I am awfully anxious to get to the healer on Friday. And the non-panicked part of me is excited to hear and see our babies again!

I'm so glad I'm not really in the morning sickness stage anymore. Listening to you talk about your food combinations only makes me a little nauseated, instead of throwing up everything in my stomach! You do realize that all your talk of gherkins made it sound like really weird innuendo right?

It does sound like I'm the one who needs the assistant, seeing as I've already been keeping track of your healers appointments. If you truly don't mind I will leave the application and interview process to you. Between the interviews I had to conduct to get Unity and Traditions open, the "interviews" I go on to meet potential Kids or students, and the interviews I am going to do in the upcoming weeks to add more staff to handle a new squib curriculum, I am fully on board passing that over to you!

I knew that foot binding was a thing, and I knew it wasn't a good thing, but I didn't know all of those specifics. That's just horrifying. Although it definitely makes me wonder; in that culture it was "normal" and those parents legitimately thought they were doing something good for their child, how many things do we do that would look nightmarish to someone outside of our society? I mean, I know I've mentioned that Neville's uncle dropped him out of a window to hopefully scare out his accidental magic, that is horrifying to me. And I KNOW his uncle was wrong and the whole idea was terrible, but he probably thought he was doing something good by bringing out Neville's magic.

But, yes, I would love to go back to Japan some time. It's been ages and ages since we went anywhere! I'm getting itchy again! We can ask Healer Rowe on Friday what our traveling restrictions are, and maybe plan a getaway some time soon?
But not in the next week or two! We got our two new arrivals yesterday, and I am sure this will be a complete surprise to you, but I love them already! They remind me of Lauren and Hannah and will be bringing some mischief back into Unity House. And I've also received four sets of paperwork for adoption requests from Friday's event. Martin will be leaving us! But he is the only older kid going now, the other three are Rowan (Dolohov), Terrance, and Reece. So now my mornings will be even emptier! We will only have two babies in the morning, and two five year olds coming back from Traditions in the afternoons.

I said I wanted to hear nothing about the enforced house elf breeding situation, not that I didn't want to hear about Muffy! That's quite exciting that she's having triplets. Is she healthy and doing well and all that? I can't imagine tiny Muffy having three babies growing, but then again they will also be tiny so it's not that crazy!

But I had better run, not only do I have a ton of paperwork to accomplish, but I also feel like I need cherry cheesecake to survive. Or just the cherries. Ooh, maraschino cherries. Ooooooh maraschino cherries dripping on your skin where I have to lick and suck all the juices off of you.

Ok, off to do unspeakable things to myself!

Yours,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Draco explains who the father of Muffy's babies is.

Wednesday at 1:24 PM
Oh, well, since you don't mind hearing about Muffy, I'll tell you everything.

So, once having permission to have a baby if she wanted, it was a matter of finding an elf to be the father. All the elves in the Manor are related to each other, and while I suppose *some* families might order their elves to breed with relatives, we have always known that we get healthier elves and thus better service if we breed them with elves from a different family.

However, much like purebloods have ended up all related to each other *somewhere* in their family tree, so have house elves. I let Muffy have a nearly unprecedented amount of freedom in the matter by telling her to look around for someone that would be suitable to mate with so that I could handle getting permission from that elf's family. As it turns out, she knows an elf that's actually a third cousin - which is quite a lot of distance even in pureblood families - that she thought would be perfect for the task. And as it turns out, I agree.

It's Kreacher, and since you didn't want to know anything and I'm married to you and thus one of his Masters, I told him that he had permission to make babies *if he wanted to* - I knew that part was important to you. That was the last I'd heard of the matter for quite some time, and then Muffy told me that it had worked. She got pregnant after even me, but since elves don't need to incubate for quite so long as humans, she's due a little before you are by a couple of weeks.

When she told me that she's pregnant, she also mentioned that she's healthy. There are special Healers for elves - much like veterinarians for magical creatures, I suppose - and she's been seeing one. Which is how she found out that she's carrying triplets.

Side note, Kreacher took my permission to have babies *if he wanted to* to heart, and there are a couple other elves in the Manor now expecting (I'd given them *all* permission after all), and since the elves at Hogwarts fall into a sort of category in which they are *owned* but also rather free on the whole, the moment Kreacher told them (since you still have him working there apparently. Why not at Unity House?), they sent a formal request asking McGonagall for permission to breed as they liked, and she gave it, so there are a few females there who are expecting with some of our males as the fathers.

You can skip this if you don't want to know anymore, but I had a chat with one of the Hogwarts elves when she was here for... breeding, and she told me that even though there are more than a hundred elves at the Castle, they actually are mostly related too. Previous Headmasters never truly thought about how or why they bred, only preferring to think about the fact that they maintained a controlled and mostly perfect population for the Castle. *Dumbledore* - on the other hand - took an active interest in their general health and wellbeing and actively asked around the families that owned elves every couple of years if they'd agree to breeding, and I suppose that on the whole, there was never really a good reason to refuse. Thus while the Hogwarts elves used to be rather closely related, they're now mostly first and second cousins. That said, they hadn't discussed the subject with McGonagall at all since she became Headmistress, and so, are somewhat grateful to me for bringing
the subject up and giving them courage to ask her about it.

It's currently Wednesday. I've been so busy with applications and setting up interviews that I haven't had time to email you since Monday! The good news is that I've been able to 'permanently' book a private meeting room at the Leaky to conduct the interviews in. That means tomorrow and Friday, I'll be there if you need me for anything. Interestingly enough, I listed an email address I created specifically for this process so that squibs could contact me that way if they prefer, and about two thirds of them have, which is actually really convenient for me.

Oh, before I forget, don't worry about Viona. I plan to bring her with me. It's never too early to start her lessons on how to be a business mogul.

Also before I forget, I've decided that I'm going to hire at least one of the squibs for a completely different job. He or she (or they) will be my eyes and ears in the muggle tech industry, with the job of buying all the latest tech and learning how it works (the usage of, not the mechanics, although I suppose if this employee could do both, that might help us out in the long run). Then report back on what's good, what's bad, and what can be improved.

In that vein, I am about to end this email and pop into your office for a lengthy milking - if you have the time, but I'm *also* going to bring the six laptops that I had my employees set aside after they were made specifically for you to use at Unity House and Traditions. I figure that even if only Finnegan needs them at first, the other kids should get used to having them around and - WAIT!!!

You said that after this round of adoptions, you'd only have 2 babies and 2 five year olds! DID ELENA GET ADOPTED?!?! *NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Okay, it'll actually be a few minutes before I come visit you...

It's not right, it's not fair, what you're missing over there, someday I'll find a way to show you, just how lucky I am, to know you, ooo I love the way you, love the way you love me, there's nowhere else I'd rather be, ooo to feel the way I, feel with your arms around me, I only wish that you could see~~ the way you love me,
Draco

Wednesday at 3:26 PM
My patient love,

Sorry, sorry, no, Elena is still with us. I said in the mornings I will just have the two babies and then in the afternoons the two five year olds. We still have 7 Traditions aged Kids. That wasn't very clear, I was just whining about my boring mornings!

Do you want the updated roster of Unity Kids so you can look back at this email for reference whenever you forget?

Finnegan Fawley - 15 - Squib
Guinevere Walker - 10 - War Orphan
Heidi Turner - 9 - War Orphan
Elena Rojas - 9 - Muggleborn
Ryan Sanders - 7 - War Orphan
Brenna Green - 6 - War Orphan
Cynthia Sears - 6 - Muggleborn
Eloise Marsh - 5 - DE rampage birth
Soooo, you have interviews set up on Friday? Like Friday Friday? As in this coming Friday when we have our healer's appointments? Yikes my darling, you certainly need an assistant. And possibly a guard. One of these days you are going to get lost in that closet of yours while looking for a Gryffindor Seeker's costume and we will never hear from you again!

I should put a tracker on you.

So ... you pimped out my house elf? Huh. Um, I have him at Hogwarts instead of Unity House so that I don't really have to see him much. I wouldn't free him because he doesn't want his freedom and I wouldn't dishonor him that way, but he reminds me of a very terrible time in my life, and of how hard the last days of Sirius' life were. I don't blame Kreacher anymore, but it's hard to see him. And this way everyone benefits, Kreacher has a place to belong and feel useful, Hogwarts gets a well trained elf, and I get to not have flashbacks when I'm trying to relax with the kids.

Merlin Draco, I adore you, you're bringing our 10 month old daughter to two days worth of business interviews so that she can learn the ropes of being a business mogul? Well, if anyone is going to pick it up at 10 months old, it would be our brilliant daughter.

I really love your idea of hiring someone whose sole job is to purchase, use, and review muggle tech. It seems as though as soon as a new gadget comes out it's almost obsolete already and muggles are working on something new. To have someone bring you the new gadgets right away will get them to you much quicker and while they're still relevant.

Thank you thank you thank you for the laptops! As soon as I was done with my - servicing, I brought one to Finn. He's been typing away for the last hour. I have a feeling that he will skip movie night tonight and keep on learning. Not a big deal, Mary Poppins is probably not the ideal movie to watch if you're a fifteen year old boy!

Set yourself a reminder, movie night, tonight, you, Viona, me, be here!

The measure of love is to love without measure,
Harry
Chapter 146

Chapter Summary

Draco doesn't care *what* Muffy says, he was *not* crying!

Wednesday at 11:43 PM

Harry,

I don't care *what* Muffy says, I absolutely did *not* go wander around my closet to sob like a banshee for a few minutes when I thought Elena had been adopted, and the only reason my eyes were a little red when I finally popped in on you was that I found one of my bottles of glitter and some got in my eyes. And then had to cast Scourgify spells on them. Which stings like a bitch!

Not to fear, the interviews on Friday are starting after lunch. I try to never conduct *any* business until after lunch, which is why I know my 'mornings' are open for things like Healer's appointments.

And speaking of! I had the strangest craving pop up a minute or so ago while I was... huh... What was I doing? I think I was in the loo. Anyway, I remembered how you had once mentioned having to suck off a room full of blokes while blindfolded, and I *also* remembered that I've had dreams about *and* just a general urge to watch you do exactly that. So... how adverse would you be to having to pick me out of a lineup? While blindfolded.

Mary Poppins was certainly interesting. Even though they sort of made a point to never actually say it, I'm dead certain she was a witch. I've now got the chim-cheree song stuck in my head.

And no, you did *not* see me giving my girl Elena private singing lessons in the corner. She was just asking my advice about a bit they're working on. It seems she wants me to beg you to have some sort of party - *not* an adoption meet and greet sort of party, but just a general party in which a lot of people are invited and she can direct the kids in putting on a show, or a concert actually. Or maybe both? That part wasn't clear. She thinks you'll be more likely to agree if you think it's my idea.

I'm just a tiny bit depressed that Viona didn't want to sit in my lap during the movie. Maybe she just wasn't interested in it, but she crawled away. Away Harry! I almost couldn't concentrate on the movie until I saw her trying to steal apple slices from Hermione, and then I reassured myself that she was probably just hungry. But still, she didn't sit in my lap at all for the rest of the movie and I kept thinking she was there and trying to stroke her silky hair, but she wasn't there. I felt the scourgify sting my eyes again.

Is this what it's like for you? Oi!

Why am I in my closet? Hmm...

And another thing! I was playing with Viona in my marmoset form this morning and I ended up transforming back into me without wanting to and couldn't change back, so I guess I hit my limit. Sigh. That's actually a rather fun thing to do and I look forward to being able to do it again after the demon is born.

Yeah, I know, right?
Even though it's fairly late, I seem to have a bit of energy still and since I'm itchy as fuck again, I'm going to brew some more anti-itch potion.

When I feel down, I want you above me, I search myself, I want you to find me, I forget myself, I want you to remind me, when I think about you, I touch myself.

Draco

Thursday at 8:46 AM
My poor sweet teary-eyed husband,

When you asked "Is this what it's like for you?" did you mean because I cry all the time or because I regularly see Viona pick other people over me? Either way, yes. At first it was a little hard for me to deal with how much she preferred you to me. I actually brought it up in one of my therapy appointments (yes, I still go - no, I'm not stopping) and found out that parental jealousy is actually quite common. It doesn't mean she doesn't love me. Our children will go through phases where they may prefer you, or me, or other loved ones. She knows who her Daddy and her MumDad are.

And at this stage in development, at ten months old, she technically should still be anxious to be removed from her main caregiver (you, obviously). For her to voluntarily remove herself from you, according to the parenting books I've read, it actually means that she is so secure in you, she trusts that you will be there when she needs you, so she feels safe to explore. She crawled AWAY from you BECAUSE of how wonderful of a Daddy you are to her.

Damn I am brilliant! I picked the absolute best other Father for my children!

I love that you were giving Elena singing lessons. We can definitely have a party. We just did the big to-do for Halloween, so I don't really have plans for anything, but it's certainly not going to take much to talk me into having a bunch of kids over and watching Elena and her minions perform some fun show!

Of course Mary Poppins is a witch! Did you see that undetectable extension charm on that bag? And a charmed measuring tape that describes the person's traits instead of their height? Might as well be a sorting .... measuring tape.

OK so I love and adore you. I love you more than anything else in the world. You are my life. I am trying to figure out how to word this next thing without it coming out wrong.

So, you know how ... um. Ok, here's the thing. Well, would it bother you.

Bloody Hell Harry! You're a Gryffindor! Suck it up and say it!

Ha! Ok, suck. So here's the thing. I don't necessarily "want" to suck off a room full of stranger cock. However, you have brought it up so much, that I have made it this ultimate fantasy of yours in my head. Like, when I think of serving you in a way that is 100% for you, that is what comes to mind.

Also, I am a bit late to the game, but I seem to have caught your earlier extreme horniness. Even with how busy we have been, we've shagged at least once most days. Add on your random mid-afternoon suck, and we still have a very active sex life. And on top of that I think I have wanked more in the last week than I have since we started shagging (although I have certainly not reached pre-relationship levels where I was practically wanking to thoughts of you every hour on the hour!)

What I am saying in my rambly chaotic way is, if it's something you truly want, I could be convinced to be blindfolded in an effort to find you. The thought of it may actually lead to this afternoon's
wanking session!

Maybe that bright point will take the sting out of you not being able to transform into your marmoset for a while?

I hope your interviews go well today! Kiss our little business mogul for me!

Yours in all things,
Harry
Chapter 147

Chapter Summary

Harry's still anxious to get to the Healer.

Thursday at 1:02 PM

Oi!

First of all, I was NOT crying! But on the subject of crying, I've read - and experienced with you and Hermione - that crying for no reason, or for reasons that wouldn't normally make you cry, happens quite often in pregnancy. That's what I was asking about: if silly little things made you feel like you were going to cry, which in your case, actually does make you cry. And how you felt about it.

But I'm going to make this email short and basically end here because you gave me the go ahead to set up a line of sucking, and so I have to go back over all that research I did on muggle clubs that specialize in kinky sex. You might not remember, but we were talking about *those* sorts of clubs when Ivan was here and he and my father were bonding.

Plus I only have a few more minutes to waste before my next interviewee arrives.

But oh! I think I'll combine the kinky club with a weekend getaway and scratch two itches with one claw - and bonus! I can also work in a little sucking *you* off in front of a cheering audience.

As for that party Elena wants, you actually should hold off on it a little. We just had Halloween, Christmas is next month, and another big party right now might be a bit much, but maybe a smaller recital? We can invite basically everyone who already comes for movie night. Maybe we can actually even have the recital after (or before) the next movie.

Oh! It's time! Viona is already glaring at this one, so that's not a good sign for him, hahaha!

Love you,
Draco

Thursday at 6:04 PM

My stoic husband,

Of course you weren't crying. My apologies for insinuating such nonsense. I simply meant teary-eyed because of the way your eyes looked after a scourgify.

Obviously.

After I get back to Unity tomorrow from our healer's appointment or after the big kids get out of Traditions, whichever comes last, I am going to let Elena see next week's movie early. We are watching Beauty and the Beast, and I think it would be wonderful if she managed to create a scene from the movie we're about to watch. I imagine her choosing the Be Our Guest song, but we'll see what her mind comes up with!
I'm quite nervous for tomorrow. Having gone into this pregnancy without even trying, I haven't been anxious because things have all fallen into place. But now that I know things can go wrong, I am losing my mind. I'm hoping the healer gives me a solid kick in the arse tomorrow and can relieve my fears enough that I feel silly for being so panicky this week.

I can't wait to hear about our plans for a kinky weekend to satiate your desires. Or maybe not hear about it at all and be surprised! Whatever you want Sir.

For once I am home before you, your interviews must be running late, so I am going to steal Della from your parents, bundle her up and cast some warming charms, and take her for a walk around the grounds before dinner.

See you soon!

Love,
Harry
Thursday at 10:47 PM

Oh Harry,

I honestly had no idea that there were so many squibs! I thought squibs were rather rare and can only recall one - Filch. But it seems like every family in the wizarding community has at least one. The people I interviewed ranged from fresh out of Hogwarts (well, if they could go, but I mean that age) to 123. Yes, there was one sweet little old lady that is 123 and has been waiting her whole life for a job in the Wizarding World suited to someone with no magic. She's from the Nott family and obviously predates Theo's father by about 80 years - but isn't his grandmother, more like a great-great-great-aunt. She was raised in an era in which squibs were often, erm...

Please sit down and take a stomach settling potion before reading on.

So, squibs were considered nearly worse than muggles back in the day. This is obviously no longer a problem as evidence by how many of them there are these days, but anyway. Since they were born to families that were full of magic - even the *not* pureblood families - but didn't have magic themselves, they were considered worthless. Obviously, they'd have to reach age 11 and receive (or rather, NOT receive) their Hogwarts letter for the family to be absolutely *sure* they had a squib, but at that point, those children very often mysteriously... died.

I've done research into ancestry practically my whole life because it's a passion both of my parents have and passed onto me, so I can confirm that there are a lot of children aged 11 or 12 in the books who suddenly succumbed to deadly illnesses or accidents. I never really thought about why before, oh... shortly before I started emailing you, I suppose.

Anyway, for families that loved their children enough that they couldn't arrange for an accident, they did other things. This part reminds me a bit of Chinese mothers and daughters. The squibs obviously would have a very hard life in the wizarding community, and so, those that survived mystery illnesses and accidents (or never had them in the first place), we often given to muggle families. This was actually more common in families that had enough money to be able to afford to pay a muggle family to take in and care for their squib child. No explanation needed to be given other than the child didn't fit into the family and the family was willing to pay some poverty stricken muggle couple to take them. I'm sure that while this *might* have worked for some children, others probably were treated like free labor while the couple did whatever they liked with the money.

I read my grandmother Malfoy's diary when I was younger, and in it, she wrote about one of her best childhood friends. It was a childhood diary, if that wasn't obvious, so for at least two years, most of the entries were what she and 'Genie got up to that day. If her diary is to be believed, they were both mischievous little buggers! But then my grandmother got her Hogwarts letter and 'Genie didn't. My grandmother and 'Genie were playing hide and seek, so my mother was hiding in 'Genie's closet when her parents came in and Obliviated her. When they were done, they told 'Genie that she was a poor orphan child who had an accident and couldn't remember anything, but not to worry because they were going to bring her back to the orphanage and she'd more than likely be adopted by a nice
loving family soon.

My grandmother was horrified and ran home sobbing to her parents, but they told her to either accept what had happened or they'd remove all memories of 'Genie from her. So she kept her mouth shut and went to Hogwarts and pretended like nothing was wrong. Then, when she was graduated and living on her own - I kept reading her diaries because she had a sharp sense of humor and they were entertaining - she went to look for 'Genie, hoping to offer her a place to live and renew their friendship. She quickly tracked down the nearest orphanage and asked about 'Genie. Turns out, 'Genie was a very beautiful young woman. So beautiful that she was 'adopted' by woman who owned a brothel at age 14. At age 15, she'd given birth to a little boy that was set out in the snow the moment the cord was cut. At age 16, she died of syphilis.

Heartbroken, my grandmother numbly agreed to the arranged marriage to my grandfather, waited until she'd had my father, and then went to 'Genie's parents and hexed them in cold blood. A variety of different hexes, none of which were unforgiveable, but nonetheless resulted in their deaths. She wrote about the whole thing in chilling detail in her diary (which my father has never read and probably has no idea they exist. I found them in the attic, inside a locked Hogwarts trunk that had belonged to my grandmother). Shortly thereafter, Aurors came to question her about the murders and she confessed. She was very quietly taken away and kissed by Dementors so that news of the scandal would never get out to the public.

But back to the sweet old Miss Nott. She told me her story. Apparently, her parents loved her enough that they couldn't bring themselves to harm her, so they treated her like one of those daughters I've previously told you about. One that they didn't need to waste an education on because she was going to be married off someday. Except that obviously, they couldn't marry her to any wizarding family, so they were going to try to find a prosperous muggle family to marry her off to. Only she managed to convince them by the time she was old enough to marry that she'd be better off and happier owning a muggle bakery, which they bought for her and she ran for over 50 years before she had to retire to avoid questions like why wasn't she aging properly. But by then, she had quite a lot of money saved up.

Which means that she doesn't actually *need* a job, she just wants one to keep her busy. So... remember that bookstore idea you had? A place in muggle public that muggleborns can buy their supplies at and their parents can just pay muggle money. Well, you now own of those, run by Rubella Nott. And because she is over a hundred years older than me, I figured that it would be prudent to hire *her* an assistant. A 56 year old man named Thomas Gint - the squib child of a witch and her muggle husband, whom she divorced when she realized that her children were squibs, leaving them in his custody. But rather than be too outraged on his behalf, please try to keep in mind that she felt remorse about 10 years later and made it up to them. They apparently have a quite good relationship now. As for Thomas and Rubella, they were giving each other looks that might just give me nightmares for the rest of my life! Merlin and Salazar! It's worse than watching my parents flirt!

But along those same lines, there were actually *16* different squibs between the ages of 30 and 60 who already owned businesses in the muggle world and misinterpreted the part of the advert in which I wrote: Seeking squibs to run a muggle hybrid business - as: Seeking squibs who own a muggle business to coordinate with the wizarding world.

So... guess what I'm now doing in my spare time, sigh. Actually, this part's not going to be too bad. Since Theo is working on product promotion, he's had a crash course in advertising and the like, so he's going to meet with them on Monday to see about spreading the word to the wizarding public that there are cafés, pubs, and other establishments in muggle public that they can go to as alternative to Diagon Alley. I just have to have my law firm file some paperwork attaching my name to them as an official silent partner so that they can apply for floo connections and Apparation points.
Salazar's curly little arse hairs! This is why my day lasted so long, I had so much more to do than expected! It's also why I had Muffy come and bring Viona home at 6PM when she was starting to get fussy. She was an absolute perfect Slytherin until that point! She sat on my lap and stared at everyone as if peering into their souls. Then she'd either sort of relax and nibble on a biscuit and just listen in - at which point, things were usually going pretty well - OR she'd start glaring and growling at them. When she did that, it confirmed my feeling that that person was giving me a cock and bull story and couldn't be trusted. So I'd send them away.

When all is said and done, I *did* find three candidates so far for the hybrid post office. Minister Shacklebolt sent me the official muggle regulations concerning post offices, and it seems that private ones are allowed to exist as businesses so long as they follow certain standardized rules. For example, they can't charge over 10% more for the same services, nor can they *under* charge by more than 10% and end up putting a dent in the muggle post's revenue. There's a lot more, but for the most part, it's the same regulations *any* business has to follow. So, it sounds like we'll be good to go.

I have more squibs to meet with tomorrow, and I assume that much like today, the squibs I *actually* scheduled to meet with will bring all their friends. Which is the reason it took so long. I had about three times more people to talk to than I anticipated. The other reason being, of course, that those people had other ideas that were worth implementing.

That said, I am almost certain I found the *perfect* assistant for you. The strange thing is that the advert was only printed this morning, and so I hadn't set up any interviews yet nor even waded through the initial applications, but this 24 year old squib woman has a degree in business management and is frustrated because - so far - the only thing she's been able to do with it is manage a fast food place. Thus, she has experience in things like paperwork, ordering supplies, balancing a budget, creating a rota, handling complaints, and basically everything I imagine would be helpful in helping you run an orphanage. Actually, I'm dead certain Hermione will try to poach her for Traditions!

In any case, I'm sending Tabitha Finch-Fletchley to meet with you tomorrow morning - like before I even wake up as I know it's one of the few times that you are in your office with almost no distractions from your paperwork and the like. And I'm not likely to pop in for a quick milking.

But now I'm exhausted and will be sound asleep before I even finish crawling into bed with you and Viona.

Our lives remain, in these small hours, these little wonders, these twists and turns of fate, time falls away, but these small hours, these small hours, still remain,

Draco

Friday at 10:22 AM
My love!

I barely had time to skim your email so please forgive me if you asked me a question and I seem to be ignoring you.

I have to pop off to our appointment in five minutes so I'll probably see you and tell you this before you get a chance to read this. But even if I've already said it in person, it's worth hearing twice.

Thank you for finding Tabitha for me! You are the most amazing husband ever. You are the most amazing businessman. And there is no one better suited to hiring amazing assistants!
I hope you really really love me, because I have a feeling that hiring Tabitha will make me obsolete! Hermione can’t ever meet her! She will try to poach her and then I will have to murder one of my best friends.

Merlin I bloody love you Draco Lucius Malfoy!

Heading off! See you in a few minutes!

Forever in your debt,
Harry
Friday at 12:56 PM
My adorably worried husband,

Holding your hand as we watched the hologram spells, and also listening to the woosh woosh woosh of the rapid little heartbeats... It's one of the best moments of my life!

This time, little Orion took after me and danced around a bit so that Healer Rowe had a rather good look at his genitals, and so did we because the hologram spell shows him as he actually looks in there. Sort of creature like still, but definitely well formed and on track. Whereas the demon still looks a bit like a long worm with arms and legs. Or maybe like a dragon, haha. It's still a bit too early to tell if our little demon is a boy or a girl, but I've decided that it really doesn't matter.

Healer Rowe chuckled when you blurted out that you were worried about your magic levels now that I'd mentioned that things could go wrong if they fell too low. She drew up a chart to show you your levels from each appointment. Also, since you apparently *have* been admitted to St. Mungo's at least once prior to that point, she had a base reading from before you got pregnant. Your base reading is on the high end. You were right in that you are *not* the most powerful wizard in the world, but I was right in that you are up there with them.

She used the analogy of muggle intelligence quotas. The most powerful wizards would be the equivalent of geniuses and everyone else falls somewhere under that on the scale. You - according to her - would actually be a hair or two shy of reaching that genius qualification, but that still puts you at above about 85 percent of the population.

During your pregnancy, your magic has been funneling into the baby at an expected rate, making your overall level decline at about three percent a month. This means that even if you are pregnant longer than the usual 40 weeks, you'll still have about 2/3rds of your magic left and probably won't even notice a drop in the quality of it or ability to use it. Also, your 2/3rds is roughly the same amount of magic that *most* average wizards have. So. Nothing to worry about.

I found it a bit high handed of Rowe to try to guilt you into stopping worrying by reminding you that worrying is not good for the baby, but if it works, I'll send her an all expenses paid vacation to Tahiti.

Once you had calmed down for the moment, you asked her to finish examining me, and that's when she paused and asked if you'd like to take a few drops of calming draught. This immediately put us both on edge, and you naturally started wailing that something was wrong and that it was all your fault somehow. Thus, Healer Rowe had to administer you a calming drop after all before you'd believe her that nothing was *wrong* so much as less fortunate as you.

It seems that I'm only about 70 or 75 percent on that power scale (100 percent being the most powerful wizard on record, which was Merlin) - which also puts me above average when it comes to the amount of power I *normally* have. But for whatever reason, the demon is draining me at a rate closer to five percent a month, and so I'm not only lower in power than you to begin with, but it's draining faster. Rowe assures us that it's not bad enough to affect me and I probably haven't even noticed a difference. Although, that explains my perpetual exhaustion! So she prescribed me that power boosting potion I told you about. So long as I take it regularly, it will offset the drain on my magic. Exactly how much remains to be seen, but she assured me that I don't have to stop using magic. Most spells are fine, but that I should probably floo rather than Apparate whenever possible. *If* the drain lowers my magic to less than half of what I normally have, she'll restrict me at that point, but it's nothing either of us needs to worry about at this moment.
As for long distance traveling, she says that in country Apparation is still safe for both of us (especially if someone else Apparates me), floo travel is more or less safe too. The only real risk is if we try to floo somewhere more than a certain distance away - such as London to Hogwarts would be about the limit of the distance. The longer the distance, the more likely that the traveler will be battered, and while bumps and bruises wouldn't harm the baby, being battered might. SO, if where we want to go is too far to Apparate to and if it can't be gotten to via a series of smaller floo trips, THEN we should simply take muggle transportation.

Which means that if we want to go to America to visit Donna's family (side note: should we bring Dudley and Donna with us when we go?), we'll have to go to the trouble of obtaining passports and airplane tickets.

The good news is that she took you off broom restrictions. Apparently she was being overly cautious because of your extreme worry that you'd harm the baby. And yes there is obviously a risk of falling, but also, sudden changes in altitude and speed can cause contractions. So, we can also go anywhere we like via broom if we want, so long as we accelerate and decelerate slowly, and well as ascend and descend gradually. Also, she advised us to have calming potions on hand if we feel any sort of contractions - which if we're careful, won't be a problem. Along the same lines, if you have a loyal Thestral or a *calm* Hippogriff, you can ride those as well. We both can, but that's not so likely since I have a bit of residual contention towards Hippogriffs.

Anyway, there's a department in the Ministry that exists to help our kind obtain muggle documents when necessary, so we should be able to get passports with no problems. I'm thinking that trip to America would be perfect for the week between Christmas and the New Year. That way, we're *here* to spend the holiday without our circle, but still visiting Donna's family during a time when they are likely to be home from work and the like. Plus, if we bring Donna, she'll be only a *little* late celebrating with her family.

I just sent Muffy off to ask her if she and Dudley want and are able to come with us, and if so, when might be the best time for them. Also, I'm going to *ENSURE* our safety by buying one of those private jets. Or maybe just hiring one. I suppose it'll depend on what I find when I go to look for options.

SHITE! My first interviewee just arrived and I was so absorbed with writing to you and snuggling with Viona while sipping on tea, that I forgot there was a *reason* that I'm in a private meeting room in the Leaky! Gotta go!

Love,
Draco

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Saturday at 9:29 AM
Good morning my sleeping Dragon,

I slept in as late as my body would possibly allow, so roughly thirty minutes later than usual. Then I went for a nice long run. Took a delightfully hot shower. And you are still sound asleep. But, my sweet Princess was awake and petting your hair while you slept. So I decided to literally get her out of your hair and she and I had a lovely breakfast together. And by lovely I mean, she and I devoured all of the fruit on the table while your father stared at us in horror.

Now I am sitting in the sun room, quite sad that I can't be sunning myself in the garden, but I suppose this beautiful room, full of plants and calm colors, and the morning light streaming in the huge windows will have to do. Viona and Della are playing quite sweetly, so I decided to settle in
and write you back finally after your miniature novels from the last few days!

Viona has already asked for you a few times, each time I've told her you're still sleeping and the first few times she made quite the face at me. But I am immune to death glares! I actually told her that you were very tired and needed to rest so she is now coming up to me every few minutes and saying "Ma! Da, shhhh" and putting her tiny chubby finger up to her lips. Because she's brilliant.

Thank you for putting up with my panicked, high-strung self this past week. I finally have this dream family and I am just terrified that the floor is going to drop out from under me and I will lose you all. But I felt very relieved by our appointment, so now I am down to a normal amount of hormonal anxiety.

And oh my goodness! Seeing our babies wiggling around and looking more and more like real, tiny people was indescribable. I can't believe we got to see the hologram, it was so detailed. Orion already has your pointy little features! That one is going to be allllllll Malfoy! And the demon was so precious already! It did not look like a worm! Although I will allow the dragon description. Although demon and I will be having a little chat about all the magical draining it's putting on you! It's going to come into this world already grounded!

Also, I did not wail! I was simply making sure she could hear me over the sound of .... things that were loud. I'm sorry but how was I supposed to react when she checked out my reason for living and then asked if I wanted to take a calming draught before she told me how he was?

I know it is Saturday, and my day off, but my instinct is to check in at Unity House. But I think I am going to devote my entire weekend to my family and friends. I have complete faith that Tabitha has things handled! So today is all you and Viona, and Andi and Teddy are coming over a little later to play a bit and have dinner with us. Then tomorrow night we have one of our friends' dinners. I know we talked about doing these once a month, but things got a little crazy last month! So it's been more like a month and a half since the last one. I'm excited to see everyone and especially to tell them about all of our crazy new business ventures.

I love that you have Viona as your guard baby for weeding out the bad interviews! I can't believe she was so good for you for two days worth of interviews. I know I would have gotten antsy and been a nightmare to deal with. Who would you rather have sit through hours of interviews? A ten month old baby or Harry ..... obviously the baby.

I would LOVE to go to America in between Christmas and New Year! And I would say that we should definitely take Donna and Dudley, but apparently you already asked her so my answer is irrelevant. I wouldn't think obtaining muggle ID would be particularly difficult. I know it wouldn't be hard for me since I lived in the muggle world for my entire childhood, I am already in the system! But, I've never flown on a plane! It sounds like fun!

Flying!! I can fly again! Later this afternoon I think I will go for a fly. I will be careful, I promise no stunts, but I am longing to feel the wind in my hair. I thought about taking Viona on a short little ride, but I definitely want you to be here when she has her first broom ride.

I was going to tease you about your enormous heart and your willingness to take on sixteen muggle businesses just to ease the lives of people who are squibs, but while it's true you have a huge heart, I also know that with your luck and financial sense you're going to end up raking in the galleons hand over fist!

My heart absolutely breaks for all of these people who were either killed or obliviated and thrown into a world they knew nothing about. One of the reasons I was only able to skim your email the other day before our appointment is because I sobbed through the entire description of squib
persecution. These were their children! We already know Viona has magic, but I can't imagine looking into those big chocolatey brown eyes and feeling anything but love and acceptance for her.

And your poor grandmother! Subject to dementors because she took vengeance upon some piles of filth that called themselves a wizard and witch? Damnit! How can we with magic claim superiority when we're relegating girl children to an uneducated future with only an arranged marriage to look forward to, and murdering or orphaning any children born without magic! I'm so mad! I can't even think straight right now!

Oh! Our sweet girls just came up and gave me kisses and hugs. I think they could feel the rage rolling off of me in waves! Viona and Della are the sweetest children!

They certainly calmed me down, but now they've remembered I'm here and are demanding pony rides.

I'll see you when you wake up, hopefully you get a ton of sleep and wake up well rested!

Yours for ever and for always,
Harry
Sunday at 4:14 PM
Oh Harry,

I'm a little bit embarrassed to admit this since you think the world of me, but I don't actually own those 16 businesses. They were already well established and rather prosperous, but without a witch or wizard on the official paperwork, they can't apply for floo access or an Apparation point. Thus, I had one of my solicitors drop in and draw up a little contract that will let them list me as a silent partner on the paperwork for a small monthly fee. This means that I'm only getting paid about 20 Galleons a month for them to use my name. Each, so alright, that is a nice little bit when multiplied by 16, but even that is rather paltry when compared to my other income streams.

The only other stipulation of the contract was that if the business starts to flounder for any reason, they should consult with me for potential solutions. And if they want to sell, they also have to consult with me as I will have to either remove my name so it can be sold to muggles, or help them find wizarding buyers. Or just buy it myself if it makes enough money to be worth it.

But I have to cut this short, our friends are starting to arrive for dinner and I haven't finished getting dressed. You must be in the kitchen still - baking biscuits and helping the elves with dinner - so I'll send Muffy (and Viona) to you to let you know it's time.

For all eternity,
Draco

P.S. Even though I'm going to win it because you do not know anything about it, I've just placed a little wager on which one of us snogs the bloody hell out of the other first. It's what I plan to do the first moment I see you, so I'm going to win, and my prize shall be casting an orgasm denial spell on myself tonight and forcing you to suck on me for as long as I want, heh heh heh. But if you win, you get to claim whatever prize you want. Except you won't win because you know nothing about this and won't have a chance to read your email until tomorrow probably, hahaha!

Monday at 8:19 AM
My Dragon,

Fucking shite Draco! I thought I had lost my touch at sucking cock. It took so long for you to come I thought I was doing a terrible job! Next time warn me and I will just enjoy. I mean honestly you don't have to go to such measures. You think you hiding under my desk for a quick suck is something, I could just stay under your desk while you're mogul-ing and suck you down for hours!

Merlin damn it I am never going to get anything done if I keep thinking of you.

I feel so refreshed and happy this morning. This weekend full of my loved ones was just what I needed. Teddy is getting way too big! I don't like it! Ok, I like it, he's super fun at this age, but I have a feeling I'm going to be one of those parents that stresses every time their child gets a bit older. I'm already dreading and anxiously waiting for Viona's birthday in January. I assume between you and I and your mum we probably have a million ideas, but do you know what you want to do as far as celebrating her birthday?

And dinner with our circle was fantastic! When we first got together, and planned for the wedding, it
was definitely a "yours" and "mine" situation with our friends. But we've been married for less than six months and already they are our friends, and most of them are friends with each other! Sometimes I think they should tone it down a bit! Ron and Blaise were heckling me about how fat I've gotten (do you think I'm too fat?) and I had to threaten them with stocking their cabinets with headache potions that are just a bit "off." I have joked in the past about going back in time and reassuring little Harry that he would have a great life, but I can't imagine being able to convince him that some day Blaise and Ron would be dating, in a triad with Hermione, and would heckle me because I am so heavily pregnant with Draco Malfoy’s baby. I think his brain would short circuit.

I think Pansy has finally warmed up to Viona. I thought maybe she didn't like babies, they are awfully spitty and gooey, but I think she was a bit miffed at not being your best girl anymore! But I think she has caught on to how brilliant and devious the Princess is and has decided she's going to teach her how to be the perfect Slytherin royalty. Like a little protégé.

Oh, when you said silent partner, you meant really really silent! That's fine too. I think it's a good idea either way. And especially seeing as you are venturing out into muggle/wizarding combination businesses it can only be a good thing to grow your business contacts. I'm not sure if any of their businesses are compatible with any of your other ventures, but I would bet there are cross promotions that you could utilize. Let's say one of them owns a coffee shop that has wifi, you could potentially sell them one of your magic compatible laptops for wizards who frequent their shop to use.

I showed up here at Unity this morning, every single piece of paper is organized and those that needed filling out are filled out beautifully. The rota for the next two weeks is completed. Everything is exactly where it needs to be. There's nothing for me to do! She even took care of our paperwork for applying for muggle identification! So I am going to sign off of this email and go play with some babies! It was definitely the right day to bring Viona, I just get to play with her all day.

I love you more than anything,
Harry
Chapter 151

Chapter Summary

Draco's brain has short circuited.

Monday at 1:09 PM
I'm pretty sure my brain just short circuited!

Thinking about you sucking me off while I'm conducting a business meeting...

.....

Fuck! There was something else I was going to say!

I'm honestly not sure I'd get any business done! I'd probably agree to fund scam businesses and lose out on a lot of money, but fuck it! It'd probably be worth it!

.....

Mind out of the gutter Draco!

I've got more interviews set up for today. I found another three candidates on Friday for the post office, so I told them to come in and brainstorm today. But in addition to that, I just keep getting more and more squibs who want to meet with me. Plus the advert I put out for an assistant has a *lot* of qualified witches and wizards vying for the job - that I already filled, so... Now I'm hiring an assistant for Hermione. She *needs* one - especially since Traditions is *already* expanding it's curriculum and staff to include squib children.

It's sure going to be tough wading through all these applicants without Viona here to help me judge their character, but I'll manage. I hope she has fun playing with you all day.

...

Whoa! I apparently set my laptop aside without sending this email when my six post office candidates arrived, so I can add that bit of news before I send this. As I suspected, they were brilliant. I chose them specifically because they had business degrees and the like, and showed a real passion for their interests - of which, integrating muggle things with Wizarding was big. Anyway, between the six of them, they went over the regulations Shacklebolt had sent me, and had a workable business plan in practically no time. This plan covered almost every situation I could think of!

They figured out how our kind can send owls to the hybrid post office and have the employees send the letter/package to a regular muggle address - which I assume the Ministry of Magic will love as it lessens the risk of muggles noticing owls arriving at their neighbors. Also, parents of muggleborns who don't have an owl can call up and ask for an owl to pick up a delivery, but possibly best of all, the hybrid P.O. will be in a muggle building and thus have a muggle address, thus, if a muggle parent needed to send you a letter about their magical child you have at Traditions (or rather, Hermione), they can just address it to the hybrid P.O. and it will be forwarded from there.

Obviously, there's more to it than that, but the rest is mostly technical information that would bore
you anyway.

I don't remember if I said this before, but that Book Shop that you now own run by Rubella Nott is located just down the street from the Leaky Cauldron - for convenience of the muggle parents. If it turns out they need to go into Diagon Alley after all, they'll be right there. And actually, they will have to go to Diagon at least one time because they will have to buy their wands from Ollivander's, but still I think it might help lessen the general congestion if those that don't have to go into Diagon can just pick up their books down the street.

The post office - which you'll also own, in case you forgot that part - will actually be right next door. And so, I am pretty sure they can even do regular muggle delivery for anyone that wants to skip the trip to London altogether.

This sparked something unexpected in me...

The actual area where the Leaky Cauldron is located is in a rather run down section of London, and the reason it's run down is *because* of the strong wards around Diagon - they repel muggles a bit more than intended, and so the area has been slowly abandoned. I think I'm going to buy up as much of it as I can and develop it into an area that is *all* hybrid wizarding muggle.

But that will take *years* to implement, even if I bought it all today, so it's not likely to come up again in conversation for a while.

Looks like my next appointment is finally here - ten minutes late, grr. So I'll send this off now.

Crazy little thing called love,
Draco

P.S. My mum told me this morning that she's planning a naming ceremony for Della on her birthday - which is March 8th - so under no circumstances to plan any sort of holiday or trip for then. Good thing she warned me because I probably would have otherwise, haha!

Wednesday at 12:23 PM
My love,

Yay! Another naming ceremony! Do you know what her official name is going to be? When she came to Unity, she was Delphini. And she immediately became Della because that's what she called herself and I have a penchant for nicknaming people. And when your parents adopted her you told me her name was going to be Della Andromeda Malfoy. So, was that you just telling me her middle name or are they changing her name from Delphini to officially being Della?

It doesn't matter, just curious about my sister's name! And her sweet little face just looks like a Della face doesn't it?

So it's already Wednesday and you have been stuck in meetings all week! You absolutely cannot miss tonight! Not only am I unwilling to part with my movie snuggle buddy, but I am pretty sure Elena would murder you if you missed the performance she's spent the last five days perfecting! She is an unstoppable force to be reckoned with and I have no issues honestly admitting to being terrified of her. She's like a tiny Hermione.

Oh! Hermione's assistant started today. She sent me a Howler saying that she would have appreciated a heads up instead of a knock on her door with the assistant saying "Draco hired me, I start today, what do you need me to start with?" And then an hour later I got an apology email
because she can't believe how much she was able to get accomplished today with "Finally, someone who understands my need for order!"

I hope your days went better yesterday and today since I let you take your tiny business partner with you. Geez a guy thinks he's being helpful by taking the baby off the hands of someone stuck in interviews and business meetings all day and all I get is a huffy comment about taking away your guard baby!

Wait, so I own the book store and the post office? So I am now in the school business, the orphanage business, post offices, book stores, and house-elf stud services? Quite the diversified portfolio I have. Oh! I always forget my first investment, WWW. Schools, orphans, mail, books, elves, jokes. I do really love all the brainstorming your post office crew has already done. It sounds like you've compiled quite the team!

Why would you want to get your mind out of the gutter? I love it when your mind is thoroughly entrenched in the gutter! It always means such lovely things for me.

Actually, I have no paperwork, all the babies are napping, and the two younger kids are helping Luna put together lunch. I may just have to pop over to the leaky and check out this gorgeous blonde man I keep hearing about!

See you in a minute!

Harry
Chapter 152

Chapter Summary

Harry sits in on the brainstorming session.

Wednesday at 5:52 PM
Harry!

You are the best husband ever! I don't know how you did it, but literally the *moment* Viona was getting fussy because lunch time was approaching - and apparently a bottle just wasn't cutting it - you popped into the Leaky and reminded me to take a break.

I immediately stopped paying attention to anything that wasn't you, and *your* post office team fell silent, so I sort of felt like we'd entered our own world. You took Viona from me, gave me a quick and tender kiss, and then plopped into my lap. The armchair was perfectly supportive for all three of us and only creaked a little under our combined weight.

"Any plans for lunch?" You asked.

"Lunch?" I parroted rather stupidly because I was vividly imagining what I'd do to you if we Apparated straight back to our bedroom and asked Muffy to take Viona.

"You know, that thing you eat when you're hungry during the middle of the day," you replied in an impressively smart arsed tone.

I rolled my eyes and glared unappreciatively at you. "I was probably just going to have Tom bring something up, but since you're here, maybe I can talk you into popping over to Exquis and ordering me a tray with pate, caviar, ceviche, and koi soi on a bed of sourdough rye crackers."

"Yeh, yeh!" Viona blurted out. I *think* she was agreeing.

"Ooo! That'll give me a chance to order a bowl of melon balls and other fruit and berries - as a sort of salad," you said, apparently liking my idea.

We got lost in a kiss until one of those who had *not* disappeared off the planet as I'd assumed purred: "Aww! So adorable!"

I cleared my throat and blushed just a little. "Er... I forgot you were still in the room. Everyone, meet your actual boss, Harry Malfoy."

This led to about ten minutes of them acting like total fans and shaking your hand and asking questions before you could politely excuse yourself. Except you were still trying to awkwardly figure out how to politely excuse yourself, so I said: "Oi, mutt, I thought you were going to go fetch some food to feed your demon carrying dragon!"

"Oh! Is the demon hungry?! Actually, Bubbles would just about murder an old lady right now for some strawberry cheesecake!" You said as you rubbed your gorgeous little bump.

"Mmm... add an entire cheesecake to our order. Strawberry, naturally."
You gave me a quick kiss before taking Viona to help you order our food. I used the time that you were gone to remind the one man that looked repulsed by our public affection that we're married, and working for you - under my management - meant that he was going to see us being disgustingly affectionate on a regular basis. I pointed out that if he didn't like it, he could always leave.

He stayed.

I also ordered some food for them to eat as we all continued to work. At this point, since we'd already decided on premises for the post office, we were going over blueprints and arguing over how to redesign the space to best serve all our needs. Since we're *not* going to have a fleet of delivery vehicles, a floo is going to be almost a necessity to deliver orders to anyone connected to the network. Also, we'll definitely need a designated Apparation point for customers to arrive at as needed. Not to mention hiring someone who can Apparate as a delivery person. And -

Well, there's no need to bore you by going over *all* the details again, especially since you heard most of it when you returned with our order. Being you has some perks since they made sure to give you the fastest service possible! We transfigured the arm chair into a couch so that we could sit next to each other as we ate, with Viona sitting so that one of her adorable butt cheeks was on each of our laps. We had our food on a tray like table like thing across on the couch, thus, she helped herself to whatever she liked - which was strangely a fistful of pate and a fistful of melon so that she could take a "bite" of each at the same time. That sounded good, so I tried it when she offered to share, and despite the baby drool, it was a decent combination.

Although you heaved and fervently declined when she offered it to you.

Wasn't she adorable when she called you mumda? How long has she been calling you that?

When you were full, you rested your head on my shoulder and just listened as we discussed everything that needed to be discussed. I mostly took notes so that I could not only remember the important parts, but also make a list of things that will need to be done, and then delegate it to them because there's no way in Salazar's sweaty arse that *I'm* going to do all the work when I have a team of people to do it for me. Er, you actually, but you know what I mean.

Since you were right there, I ran my hand through your hair, loving how it's definitely long enough to wear in a pony tail now. For our wedding, it would *just barely* form a pony (thus Pansy opted for a different style), but now you've got a good inch or so of hair when you put it back, which you do a lot because it makes your hair a bit more manageable. Today it was hanging free and looking rather wild. I didn't mind because it gave me something to play with when I didn't need to take notes.

Nearing 3 o'clock, a silvery intangible hare startled our team by bursting into the room. In a dreamy voice that could only belong to one person, it said: "Good afternoon Harry. I do hope you are enjoying your time away from Unity House. Nothing is seriously wrong, so please don't panic, it's just that we think one of the kids performed some accidental magic on one of the toilets, and now it won't stop flooding. I sent a Patronus to Greg, but he's off working on a custom playhouse for a paying customer and can't just drop everything and come help out, so I was wondering what you'd like me to do?"

"Bugger!" You exclaimed with a weary sigh and cast a Patronus. "Tell Luna: I'll be right there to see what I can do. Please just try to keep the kids away from the flooding." You stood up and gave me a kiss. "Gotta go."

"Of course," I murmured in understanding. "Good luck!"

"Thanks! And *don't* forget to finish this up in time for the movie! I'll send Muffy to come forcibly
Apparate you if I have to!" You threatened with a stern frown.

I chuckled and tugged you closer for another kiss. "I'll try my best."

"You'd better," you stated before giving me one last kiss and Apparating away.

I finished up our planning session about 20 minutes ago and realized I had just enough time to recap my day - you know how it helps me think things through and unwind - so, now that I'm done, I'm going to send this off to you. I'll even be in plenty of time for the movie!

L'amour est enfante de boheme, il n'a jamais - jamais connu de loi,
Draco

Thursday at 8:28 AM
Good morning Dragon!

Last night was hilarious!

I really thought the kids would do a production of Be Our Guest. I thought maybe they would do Belle. I was even picturing a rendition of the title song, Beauty and the Beast. No, of course not. Elena decided to do a production of The Mob Song. She had these sweet lovely children dress up like a rampaging mob with pitchforks and torches! Never a dull moment over here!

Thankfully we had taken care of the flooding situation before it was time for the movie. Apparently Alric doesn't like potty training. Or more specifically, his accidental magic does not like potty training. And when a toilet is magically incapable of not flooding, no one tries to get him to use the potty.

But on the bright side, I finally got a glimpse of Alric's house elf. I had gotten to the point of being willing to beg or bribe Alric to do anything to make the flooding stop (at least it was clean water) and he giggled a bit and said "ok, fix" and I'd have missed it if I hadn't turned at just the right moment, but his house elf snapped his fingers, the flooding stopped, and he disapparated away immediately.

Most days I am completely thankful for magic, it's amazing, but during the toilet fiasco I was definitely wishing accidental magic from toddlers who don't want to potty train was not real! I'm a little worried about when our brilliant but stubborn Viona gets to be old enough to potty train.

Oh! Viona. She has been calling me Mumda for a few weeks. When she first started calling me Mum, remember I thought she was just making Mmmm noises at me? Well once you told me that she was calling me Mum, I decided to try talking her out of it. So every time she said Mum I would say "no, I'm not Mum, I'm Dad" and that turned into her calling me both. The ONE thing I didn't want to be called was Mum! Oh well, she's precious and she loves me. I'll be her Mumda.

I didn't realize that one of the post office staff was looking repulsed at our public affection. Which one? He's going to be so uncomfortable! I think it's funny that when we get lost in each other that Viona doesn't even bat an eye. Well, I assume she doesn't, I am generally quite lost in your kisses. She's probably rolling her eyes at everyone present with a "can you see what I have to put up with with these two?" face.

It was really interesting to see the brainstorming and planning session for the post office. I'm glad I don't have to be hands on. It was enough work putting together all of the details for Unity and Traditions, and I'm passionate about orphans and education. I am thrilled to have the post office starting up, but I'm certainly not passionate about mail.
But males .... mmm one male in particular .... mmm you naked.

Ah! Fucking shite Draco! I am horny again!

You are my husband and I am pregnant with your baby. You should see to all of my cravings! See to all of my royal demands. And right now I am craving you. I demand cock!

Prince of Penis,
Duke of Dick
King of ... Kock
Harry
Chapter 153

Chapter Summary

Potty training can be frustrating, but hilarious. Just ask Narcissa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Thursday at 11:16 PM

Oh my wonderful Harry,

Tell my mother the Alric refusing to potty train story - when I am *not* in the room - and let her regale you!

So two things: First thing, when I mentioned that to Aya, she laughed and told me how she mastered the potty training thing with her younger children. Just have the one you want to train on your hip while you help or supervise an older one that is already trained or mostly trained. Put absolutely no pressure on the untrained one, don't even mention going potty to him (or her). Just act like they aren't even there beyond you happened to have them in your arms when you went to help the others. Then sit back and watch (not literally) because the younger kids will naturally want to imitate the older kids.

I assume that Greg made small child size toilets, right? If not, tell him to do so - when he has a chance. Also, bring him with you when *you* go to the bathroom and just sort of set him off to the side while you wee. Again, don't tell him anything about him going. The key is to let him try it on his own when he's ready and wants to prove what a big kid he is. And then let him train himself.

Side note, you probably didn't realize this, but I actually *have* been potty training Viona. She is *always* in the bathroom with me, bathing and whatnot (although I will take pity on her nose and let her crawl away if I have to, erm, well). So I've gotten into the habit of conjuring up a flat, pear shaped basin like thing and letting her stand - holding her hand, it's the only way she can truly stand at the moment - and practice 'hitting the target.' She's actually pretty good at it. And she's recently started squirming and making hissing noises at me if she has to go and I haven't realized that I could use a loo break yet. Best of all, I can vanish the pear basin when she's done with it and not have to deal with the mess. The other part has been stranger. If she needs to poo, she'll try to sit on the basin, so I conjure a sort of seat thing the perfect size for her to sit on, and she sits there looking at baby books whether she's actually going or not while I'm busy with my face and hair and my own business. If she does go, when she's done, she claps her hands for Muffy to come in and clean her bottom.

So anyway, thing number two: Aya. Remember when I said that I was going to hire a massage therapist to come in everyday and massage the both of us? Well I'd forgotten until one of the squibs I'd interviews lamented that she'd learned massage therapy, but the places that hired her kept charging her too much for use of the room and so she wasn't really making as much as she'd like and was wondering if I could refer some wizarding clients to her, and I couldn't get a word out before I leapt up and hugged her, giving her a big ol' smooch on the cheek. She was hired on the spot and will be here to do her job each night after dinner. She'll start with you, then work on me, then while she's working on Viona, we can slip off to our playroom for a bit, and hopefully, when she's done
with Viona, our little princess will be ready for bedtime and can just be lain down and watched by Muffy until you're ready to go to bed.

Did you like when I tied you to the whipping X and flogged you? You didn't use your safe word, but sometimes it *sounds* like you want to beg me to stop - but don't. That said, I can tell you made a trip to subspace at some point, so I'm sure you had more fun than it sounded like. Before even that, you looked all happy and subby as I made you kneel and give me a heavenly blow job. I even had your leash attached to your collar and tugged on it whenever the urge struck.

Merlin! I'm unbelievably blessed to be married to you!

I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life, oh just to be with you is having the best day of my life,
Draco

P.S. I think the Mob Song was so very in character for my girl Elena and our Unity kids. Are there any musicals that *aren't* available to watch like a movie that have songs sort of like that that Elena would like?

Friday at 8:57 AM
Bahahahahahahaha!

Ok Sorry, I am calm now.

I think.

Nope! Ah hahahahahahahaha!


Oh Merlin.

Anywho! Good morning my love! I wanted to mention a few things before I get to my important business. Speaking of laughing hysterically at you. You wrote in your email "I assume that Greg made small child size toilets, right? If not, tell him to do so - when he has a chance. Also, bring him with you when *you* go to the bathroom" and obviously you meant bring Alric, but I read it straight through and thought "I love Greg and all, but I certainly don't need to bring him with me when I go to the bathroom! I'm sure he knows what he's doing." Damn I miss caffeine.

I love that you're already training Viona. She's amazing. She claps her hands for Muffy to clean her booty?!? That is so adorable!

Of course I liked my flogging! But I have to say, you have mentioned a number of times that you think I wanted to use my safe word but didn't. I promise you that I will use my safe word if I ever feel the need. This type of relationship has to exist with trust. And just like I trust you 100% to dominate me as you see fit, and just like I trust that you would stop IF I used my safe word, you need to trust me that I will use it. Do you trust me?

Yes! There are a ton of musicals that haven't been turned into movies. We can go to any music shop and order sheet music and sometimes even scripts for musicals. You and Elena should take a trip into London some time soon, browse for music, and then shop for costumes!

However that will have to wait a while.
I hope you didn't have anything planned for this weekend. I could really use your help, but at the very least I will not be home except to sleep for the next few days, possibly even longer. It seems our calm bubble of being bored and having a small amount of kids here is about to burst.

I got notice this morning that the Aurors were investigating some death eater groups that had managed to avoid detection for this long and got a tip that there was a group holed up at some safe house. Well, it was like a death eater run orphanage in there. There were 30 children there between the ages of not quite 2 and the oldest is 8. They were all brought to St. Mungo's to check on their health, and then the ministry is going to do what they can to see about any families that may be looking for them.

I honestly do not understand the death eater logic, although I know that's a good thing. It seems most of these children were "saved" by these death eaters. The story I got from Kingsley was that during the war these death eater's were sent to deal with muggleborn and blood traitors (I just threw up in my mouth a little) and they didn't have an issue killing the adults, but apparently had enough humanity to feel that killing magical children was wrong. So they killed the parents and then had this place to hide the children from Voldemort.

Until I hear word about any families being found for these kids I have no idea if we are receiving 30 kids, none, or somewhere in between. I put out the call for the all hands on deck situation, and once everyone gets here we are going into prep mode. It should be easier than the last time we had a huge influx because we won't have to build extra beds, and unless we get the full 30, we shouldn't have to hire any new caregivers. But it's still going to be a lot of work, and I have a feeling these kids may need a lot of hands on care and love in the upcoming days.

Do any of the squibs you've met in the last few days love children? Do they enjoy reading stories?

Molly is bringing Mac over soon. She's planning on cooking enough food to feed a small army, and Mac insisted on coming with his Grandma. When he looks at you with that stare that is too old for his years and says "Some of the new kids will need me." well, we've all learned to listen to him!

Ah, heard a few cracks of Apparition! Hopefully I will see you soon, if not I will see you when I climb into bed tonight. Kiss Viona for me please!

Intensely yours,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

Note: Draco had actually asked a sort of service to send over Massage Therapists from time to time, but none of them really *clicked,* which is why he was so happy to find Aya :-)

Also, be sure to come back tomorrow because one of the chapters I plan to post is going to be so worth reading :-)
Friday at 2:42 PM
Dear Harry,

Today has certainly been a busy day! So busy, in fact, that even though I went to Unity House - and brought two squibs and a talented witch with me from my many interviews - the two of us barely had time to smile at each other across the room, let alone find the time to talk to one another. That didn't stop us from touching each other's hands as we passed by. Or stealing super quick kisses when one of us had to rush by the other.

I directed my trio to entertain the veteran kids. They read books, colored with, sang songs, and just generally kept them occupied. Finnegan seemed to feel he had to supervise them by sitting in the room at all times with his laptop on his knees. Apparently, he's taking an online course of some sort. It was nice to see him enjoying something I created so much.

At one point, an owl arrived for you, and since you were nowhere to be found at that exact moment (I actually think you were in the loo), the owl delivered the letter to me. I didn't even look at who it was addressed to at first because the owl delivered it to me. So I assumed that it was for me, but then I read: "Dear Harry," and realized that I was mistaken. That said, the next line grabbed my attention and refused to let go.

"I am filled with sorrow that I have to write to you, but I fear what might happen otherwise. Last night, the Quill of Acceptance happened to fly over and write in the Book of Admittance that a magical child had been born - while I was still in my office attending to things that needed my attention. I had the quill and book moved to my office and put in a locked display because it makes me inordinately happy whenever I witness the quill write in the book. Since I had a deep curiosity to know the child's name, I went and took a look in the book. It listed Xander Perkins; born to Theodora Perkins at 10:42 PM.

"I couldn't help but smile as I sent a note of congratulations to Ms. Perkins. She was once an excellent student. Perhaps not the *brightest* witch of her age, but a hard worker who cared about her grades. She always gave each subject her entire focus until she was proficient and was hard on herself if something proved difficult to master. I look forward to watching her son learn and grow someday.

"Sadly, this morning, I received an email - side note, please thank your husband for me. I've been using the laptop he gave me - one of several now at the school as the entire staff volunteered to test them for him - and it has made certain tasks easier. I'm really quite impressed with it! Anyway, I received an email from a nurse at a Muggle hospital in London's East End. It seems she'd noticed my letter laying on the empty bed where Theodora had been and felt obligated to tell me that poor Ms. Perkins had died due to complications from delivery. I'm not certain why Theodora was in a muggle hospital as opposed to St. Mungo's, but she was, and so, didn't have the magical support that might have saved her life.

"I wrote back to ask what had happened to the boy, and was told that since there were no known relatives, nor any contact information of any kind really, that she could tell me the news in the hopes that *I* might know something useful. Unless someone comes forward, the infant is considered an orphan. The hospital has to keep him to monitor his health for the rest of today at the very least, but then he'll more than likely be taken by the muggle child services.

"I've looked, and so far, I cannot find any information on living relatives for Theodora, nor does it

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seem that anyone knows her the baby's father is. I'm sincerely hoping, Harry, that *you* can work some sort of magic to help ensure that this child has the best care under the circumstances.

"Sincerely, Minerva."

So, since you were missing and it seemed that time might be of the essence, I immediately went into your office and firecalled Minister Shacklebolt. I barely had to read the letter to him and he was already ordering his secretary to liaison with the muggle hospital and any agency necessary. At the same time, he issued me paperwork designating me the temporary caregiver so that I may go check up on this baby and make sure that all his needs are being met.

So, if you suddenly notice that I am no longer crossing your path all over Unity House, that's where I am: the East End Hospital.

Love unconditionally,
Draco

Friday at 8:54 PM
Dear Harry,

I have no idea if you've even had time to read my first email yet - as I've had no response - but I have an important update to give you. Xander Perkins was pronounced fit as a fiddle and healthy as a horse (apparently muggles love their clichés) and was discharged from the hospital. Since I am the only person with official paperwork on him at the moment, he was released into my care. Naturally, I assumed that you'd want me to bring him straight to Unity House under *any* other circumstances, but that because of how crazy, busy, and crowded it is there at the moment, it might be best to just bring him home with me. So that's what I did.

To be clear, this isn't another case where I fell in love at first sight and can't even bring myself to put him down. Yes, he is tiny and so very light that it's easy to carry him around - especially in a sling - but I feel no real attachment to him other than finding him adorable. Mother, Della, Viona, and Muffy are all taking turns holding him too. (Yes, I'm holding Viona at the time!)

In any case, he will be just fine with us here until things settle down at Unity. If you actually *do* end up staying there until you have to Apparate home for sleep, then don't worry about anything other than getting your rest. And if you're not reading these emails until tomorrow morning, don't worry, I will try to pop back over there to help out some more.

And I will always love you,
Draco

Monday at 4:27 PM
My Dragon,

I'm sitting in my office taking a couple deep breaths before I head home. It's Monday, sorry I didn't respond earlier, but you were in and out of here all weekend, so you knew why. Thank you so much for taking care of Xander all weekend. Now that things are settled we can bring him back here tomorrow. It was so helpful not having a newborn here during this settling process. I suppose you could bring him back tonight even if you'd like.

You said on Friday that Viona was holding the baby; how did she do with him? I'm just curious as to how she's going to do when Orion and then the demon get here. It's the first time she's ever been
around a baby younger than her. Daisy was the closest and she was a few months older.

I've sure missed my family these last few days. Is Viona walking? Reading? Has she gotten her Hogwarts letter? Does she miss me? Oh Merlin! What am I going to do when she goes off to Hogwarts? I won't see her for months at a time! I always looked forward to term starting but for me it was an escape, as a parent I am horrified! How am I going to let my babies go off to school without seeing them every day?!? And we'll have to do it with all of them! And Della! And Teddy! They're going to leave even sooner! I'm short, do you think anyone would notice if I stowed away in their trunks?

OK breathe Harry, breathe. Get your mind on something else!

Oh! Final tallies. We had eleven kids here. There were thirty children rescued from the safe house. Nine of them had family members willing and able to take them immediately. Seven of them came to Unity House but will be going home with family in the next week or two once they have their homes ready for them. We have fourteen permanent additions to Unity House.

So thirty-two children here for now, and twenty-five by the end of this week or next. I think I can safely say that my mornings will not be boring! But with Tabitha on top of my office jobs, I am going to be relegated to fun Uncle who sometimes has to sign papers because his name's on the legal stuff.

Part of the reason I decided to sit down and write an email before I came home was, as usual, to simply clear my head. I've had more than one person mention that they can't believe how much we still communicate through email seeing as we live with each other. And obviously we talk every day, and sleep together, and have dinner together most nights, and our evenings are spent with each other and Viona. What else could we have to say to each other ... but I love being able to also communicate this way. Plus you're adorable when you peck at your keyboard.

But, as you know, I often use this as a way to talk to you about things I can't muster up the courage to say. Or not always that I don't have the courage, but I know that even in front of me you have a tendency to guard your reactions and tense up at the idea of someone seeing you open and vulnerable.

It seems that every time I think things are settling down, something has to happen to turn our world upside down again. Between marriages and adoptions and playtimes and businesses and Grandmamas and Dursleys and movie nights and galas, it's always something isn't it?

Well, today's world spinner came in the form of a very sweet little three year old boy named Sebastian. He's wicked smart (he can read at the age of 3!) quite shy, has black hair, and eyes so dark they might as well be black. Apparently it wasn't only death eater raids that brought children to their safe house, but where death eater supporters dropped off babies they had with those death eaters to avoid being caught looking dark themselves. Even if the father of that baby never knew of his existence.

Sebastian is a Snape.

I will be home by dinner, which is in an hour. Hopefully you read this before then and have time to process. If you don't want to process alone, send me a quick insta-owl message and I will come right home and be with you.

You are my everything,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Draco is stunned by the news that Snape had a son.

Monday at 4:58 PM
...
...
Severus had a son? ...
I just...
And he never knew? ...
Does my Godfather having a son make me a Godbrother?
I just...
Wow...
I wonder if my parents know...
I'll be over to Unity House in a few minutes to meet with little Sebastian. Does he perchance have a dry wit and scathing humor? Does he look at everyone like he can't understand why he must deal with such morons?
I should probably bring my parents, come to think of it. They were good friends with Severus and might like to see his son.

When I hold him in my arms, you know, he sets my soul on fire, ooh, when my baby kisses me, my heart becomes filled with desire, when he wraps his lovin' arms around me, it 'bout tires me out of my mind, yeah, when my baby kisses me, chills run up and down my spine, because he's some kind of wonderful, yes he is!
Draco

P.S. Who in the ever loving hell was his mother?!?!

Tuesday at 8:46 AM
My Dragon,

Well this is the first morning in a while that has felt somewhat normal. I woke up in my own bed, with my little family, got ready and headed to a well-run, calm Unity House. I helped the older Kids head off to Traditions, and have had a “lazy” morning with the little ones.

But it’s nap time, so I have a bit of time before the little Tradition Kids head back.
Last night was surprisingly fun. You were coming to meet Sebastian anyway, so you brought Xander with to drop him off here.

But oh my goodness, it looked like Lucius was going to faint when he met Sebastian! That tiny little serious face, his intensely dark eyes boring into your father’s, and an overly polite “Good to meet you Mister Mafloy” and he might as well have been a tiny version of his father.

We didn’t talk much last night. Just got in some much needed hugs. So about Sebastian. He was dropped off at 3 days old at that safe house. A note pinned to him with his birthdate and his name. And with the exception of his small (thank Merlin) nose, he is obviously ALL Snape. I can’t think of any way to find out his maternity. Not that it really matters, she left him with those people, it’s not like it would be healthy for him if she were to show back up.

I’m going to be home on time for the first time in ages! And a whole one day in a row seeing as tomorrow night is movie night! And speaking of movie night, we’re actually skipping it next week. We’re going to decorate Unity House’s Christmas tree. So instead of snuggling with a movie, we’re going to eat biscuits and drink hot cocoa until we explode.

But this weekend, come hell or high water, I’m going shopping! Only 32 days until Christmas and I haven’t even started my shopping!

More love for you than there are stars in the sky,
Harry
Tuesday at 11:06 PM
My Harry,

Maybe because I'm pregnant, but I have to admit that it took a bit of effort on my part to hand Xander over. And it hurt just a little to leave without him. I kept thinking about the demon and how he or she would feel if the only person who'd held her for more than the time it took to feed or change her just suddenly abandoned her to strangers. I probably shouldn't have had him sleep in bed with us, but where else was I supposed to put him? In any case, I persevered and feel better now that I've had a decent night's sleep.

Sebastian was definitely an interesting little bloke! So so SO like his father! I would not be at all surprised if he already has his Masters in potion making! I snorted and had to leave the room to laugh my arse off for a bit when he said to my father: "So... you're that Mafloy bastard that defect-ta-ted at the end of the war and got off scot free." To my surprise, when I calmed down and came back into the room, my father had Sebastian on his lap and was talking about Severus - about his order of Merlin for spying so well no one was ever really certain which side he was on. About his life in general and why he was *not* a bastard for betraying the Dark Lord. And even why the Dark Lord needed to be defeated in the end.

I'm sure that a three year old probably didn't understand everything that was said, but Sebastian seemed to hang on my father's every word, nodding his head seriously in understanding from time to time.

As for the rest of the new kids, as I understand it, the older ones have had it the hardest as they remember their real parents - who were murdered, often right in front of them. They felt a bit like prisoners even though they were treated decently well considering that they are actually magical children and *should* have been precious to the Dark Lord. The younger ones didn't really know any different and weren't necessarily traumatized by their upbringing... until now. The unfortunate truth is that in apprehending those former Death Eaters, we've torn the younger children from the only home they've ever known - good, bad, or otherwise. It's a good thing you have Mind Healers on staff!

The new kids seem to be quite close though, looking out for each other - the older ones sort of helping to raise the younger ones. So they do have a sort of large family feel to them. A lot have even expressed sadness that some of them had families to go back to.

Out of curiosity, do those kids that have families still qualify for Mind Healing? They probably need to be reminded why having a family is a good thing, even if it means that they might not see their orphanage 'brothers and sisters' again.

It was heartwarming to see my girl Elena in charge of making everyone feel at home. She must have made some sort of pact with Alric's house elf because she always seemed to have a snack or something on hand when any of the kids started getting cranky. She told them the ins and outs, and made sure that they all knew to: "Go to any of the adults (especially Harry) if you just need a hug and some reassurance. Go to Yesenia if you want to talk or cry about something. Go to Luna if you need to be cheered up. Go to the Kitchen if you're hungry. Go to Harry if the toilet won't stop flooding. Go to Draco if you want to listen to some music; it doesn't take much to get him to pull out his guitar."

Merlin I love that girl!
Mac and Molly kept coming back - Molly to 'help' (ahem, take charge of) the staff in the kitchen by making food. Mac worked miracles by hugging the frightened little ones that couldn't quite trust an adult just yet. He'd also hold their hands and help them feel better. He sort of hums in a way that just calms them down, and then tells them that everything will be alright. He's definitely a miracle child!

I think the funniest part of yesterday was when you had Alric in one arm and Viona in the other, and suddenly *you* had to go to the loo *that second.* So, rather than waste time trying to hand them off to others, you just brought them with you. Salazar! I *wish* I'd been there to witness this first hand! Before you could even decide how to get your trousers off with your hands full, Viona hissed and pointed to the floor. So, you set them both down and - at first - were a bit confused as to why she was hissing insistently, but then you remembered me telling you about the flat pear shaped basin, so you conjured one and were amazed when she grabbed onto a little metal bar on the side of the counter the right height to help her stand up and stay standing as she 'hit the target.' (I'm assuming she pulled off her nappy first. She tends to take it off whenever she can these days and may not have had it on to begin with under her dress.)

Seeing this, Alric was affronted! How *dare* a *baby* be able to do something he couldn't? With a snarl, he pushed her out of his way so that he could hit the target too. By this point, you were finished with your task and watching in amazement as they fought over who was actually supposed to be weeing in the basin. I can only imagine that they got more wee on the floor and walls than in the basin at that point, hahahaha!

It was wonderful to have you home in time for dinner today. Just being able to snuggle with you and Viona in our bed after dinner - reading to her and doing not much else - was the best thing ever. I look forward to shopping. Oh! Did I remember to tell you? I figured out how to charm whatever Viona wears while were shopping so that it'll tell any tossers passing by to sod off if they annoy me. I *love* it!

Intoxicate me now, with your lovin' now, I think I'm ready now, 
Draco

Wednesday at 8:26 AM
My sweet Draco,

Aren't you just the Huffelpuffiest man in the whole world? I knew you would get attached to that baby! I mean, not Viona attached, but I knew it wasn't going to be as simple as "here, take this baby back!" Can you see why I am such a terrible person to run an orphanage? I want to take them all home with me. I'm glad we have the Manor because we may end up with a tribe of children. Maybe you should start checking my pockets when I come home to make sure I haven't shrunk any children and snuck them home with me. Before I knew who was adopting Mac I was sorely tempted to throw him over my shoulder and hide him in your closet when I found out he was being adopted! I have a feeling both you and I would feel that way when it comes time for Elena to be adopted.

And speaking of babies .... I love that I can call Orion by his name. You know how I feel about using people's names or nicknames. Being called "boy" or "freak" my whole childhood, I think names are powerful. I've hated calling the Demon "it" because we don't know the gender and so have obviously not picked out a name. But have you noticed that you occasionally say "he or she" but when you choose to only use one of them that you always use the same one? Are you having a little "mother's intuition"? or is it just a coincidence that you use the same one?

Isn't Bastian fantastic? He has such a serious face. And you can tell that little mind is working constantly! I keep expecting him to call me "Potter" and ask me potions questions that I have no idea
of the answer to. It was very sweet that your father took the time to tell him about his father. I think Lucius will do a good job of that. I had a very hard time learning about my own dad; my aunt and uncle thought so poorly of magic that they made up stories and would tell me what a terrible drunk loser he was, then his friends painted him out to be this larger than life hero, and when I realized that in school he was a bully I was crushed. I still am conflicted about my feelings. Although I suppose having mixed feelings about your parents being real people and not idols is kind of an adult thing.

I think this newest set of Kids are going to have it quite hard. They obviously will all be getting the mental health help that they need, regardless of whether or not they stay at or even came to Unity House, but I know it's going to be a long road for most of them. I can't imagine how hard it will be, they were well cared for and had a community in each other, and now they've been torn away from what they know. The ones that have families to go to, that's definitely going to be beneficial for them, but I wonder if the fourteen that will be "permanent" Unity Kids will have an easier transition being with half of their original community and not being separated.

Oh my Elena. Isn't she wonderful? Did you know she has mentioned to me a number of times that she hopes to be able to work at Unity House when she's old enough? Ummmm, pretty sure you already do sweetheart! Between her and Mac are any of us adults really needed? I'm really quite thrilled to be the official hugger!

Merlin, the loo situation! I should have just conjured two of the basins, but I really really had to go! They fought over who got to pee! Although I think what caught me most off guard was Viona standing to pee. Well I suppose that's what happens when you have two daddies!

Last night, feeling normal in my bed with my family, was perfect. And I'm already excited for tonight's movie night. We're watching Annie tonight. Another musical! And this one is about a little orphan, I think it will be fun, but I'm hopeful it doesn't upset any of the kids! Fingers crossed! See you soon my love!

Please be gentle with my heart, it's in your hands,
Harry
Chapter 157

Chapter Summary

Draco receives some shocking news and does not take it well.

Chapter Notes

WARNING! Angst.

Actually, this chapter starts off a rather heavy arc that will end by the last chapter I post tomorrow, but will have a lasting effect for quite some time.

Thursday at 10:13 PM
Harry!

How dare they! How dare my parents! After I spent *my entire childhood* alone, always wishing I had a brother or sister, I now have both!!! I could just strangle them!

Why?!?! Why do they all of a sudden NOW decide that they want more kids?! Why can't they have done this - oh - 15 to 17 years ago?!

I'm trying not to be a selfish arsehole, but I can't help but be enraged!!! I'm in the crystal room destroying everything and it isn't helping me calm down in the slightest! But fuck! I've wanted a brother or sister my whole life so that I'd have a built in friend or enemy or at the very least, someone who's been through all the same shit I have and understands what it's like!

Then came Della and I was able to push away my feelings of 'why now' because she's actually my cousin, so it made more sense than not for my parents to adopt her. I *love* being an older brother, and I know that I will love my new brother every bit as much, but Harry, if my parents wanted more kids, then why in the Merlin buggering hell didn't they have some SOONER?!?!

Fuck! I can't think straight anymore! And I think the demon is delighted by all this destructive rage because every time I cast an Incendio, I feel a perverse thrill zing throughout my entire body.

Please don't worry that I will be cold or less than brotherly to little Sebastian, it's just that ever since my parents announced their intentions over dinner tonight, I've felt...

I don't even know.

I'm feeling extremely tired all of a sudden. If you can't find me, I'm sleeping on the floor of the crystal room amidst the burning shards.

Love,
Draco
Thursday at 10:41 PM
My love,

I found you fast asleep in your closet. I checked the crystal room first, but all I found were the charred remains of ... I'm not exactly sure, they were that well destroyed. So I of course levitated you to our bed, and while I got ready for bed, our Viona petted your hair.

Now she's asleep, drooling on your head a bit, I should probably move her. And you're still asleep. So I will type ... something. I'm not sure what to say to help.

No matter what, please don't let yourself feel badly for being upset. You seemed very quick to remind me that you would love your new little brother. You think I don't know that? I have never met someone with more room in their heart for love. I just have to laugh at my former self who thought you were the Ice Prince. I have never met someone more willing to open their heart to people. You just hide it under a layer of snark, sneers, and a posh voice. You are entitled to be enraged and jealous and sad and frustrated and any other adjective I can't quite come up with at the moment. Hell, I am mad for you!

But I get the feeling that helping you stay angry is probably not for the best. If I am wrong, please tell me to shush and I will gladly go blow up crystal with you. But, I think once you've calmed down, and hopefully a full night's sleep will do the trick, you might need some reminders as to how they could dare.

First of all, you've heard the stories, I don't think your mother would have survived another pregnancy. Literally. And then where would we all be? Serving Voldemort most likely since your mum saved the damn world.

And as much as there are things in the past I would love to fix, growing up with a sibling would have made you a different person. And I wouldn't change a single second of my terrible childhood if there was a chance of not having this life I have right now. Maybe it's selfish, ok I know it's selfish, but there's not one single thing I would go back and change if it meant I wouldn't have you, Viona, Orion, and the Demon. I would take every hunger pain, every smack, every night spent out in the cold on the lawn, every Christmas morning from my cupboard, a million times over to keep you just as you are.

And as you and I know, when you meet *your* child, sometimes you just know. Like how you knew Viona was ours. And how I know ... nevermind. I love you.

The wizarding world was so different when we were growing up. People seemed stuck in this limbo of having just gone through such trauma but not really knowing if it was truly over. It was a scary time, that didn't exactly make growing a family the safest choice.

I wish I could take away your pain and your uncertainty. I wish I could go back in time and tell little Draco that everything would be alright (and maybe he should be just a tad sweeter to the scrawny boy with the messy hair).

I already told Luna I'm not coming in tomorrow. I will hold you and pamper you all day long. I will remind you as many times as you need that you're wonderful. And if you need me to, I will go blow things up with you. I won't even take offense if you get sick of my hovering and tell me to fuck off again!

I'm going to send this and go to sleep, but hopefully you don't see this until you've had a full night's sleep and are well rested. If it's morning, and I'm not there, I'm off for a run and there's a Ben and Jerry's under stasis in your top nightstand drawer!
Your non-brotherly, partner in crime, who knows what you've gone through and loves you for it, Harry
Chapter 158

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Harry tries his best to remain calm.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: This is still party of a rather heavy arc...

Friday at 4:22 AM – just after an urgent trip to the loo
So tired Harry...

I was in my closet? I thought I Apparated to my potions cabinet. I need... potion...

So sleepy...

Lov...
D

Friday at 7:16 AM
Oh my love,

You have once again landed yourself in St. Mungo's. And this time there is no one for me to assault and bring to justice.

I'm not sure if you actually read my email last night or if you were too exhausted, but I didn't actually intend to help you blow up more things, I took today off so I could force you to rest and haul your ass to St. Mungo's if I needed to since you were using up massive amounts of magic. I figured I would let you sleep all night, and then trick you into going in by telling you we were going to go shopping or eating delicious food somewhere. You know, your weaknesses!

However, after you sent off your message to me, you fell asleep with your laptop on your chest again. Thankfully this time you weren't doing such a good job of sitting up and I was woken up when your laptop fell on my head. I say thankfully because you almost lost the Demon Draco. You used up such a massive amount of magic in one go that you were severely depleted and your body didn't have enough magic to sustain you both. I could have lost the both of you in one go.

Draco Lucius Malfoy. You are allowed to be angry. You are allowed to be enraged. You can grab as many breakables as you'd like and hurl them at the wall to hear the smash. I can hold you while you sob and scream. You can take your rage out by flogging my bum raw. But I swear to any god listening, that if you risk your life again you will not enjoy the consequences. I am your husband, I am your friend, I am your sub, but if you risk me losing you again .... I don't even know what will
happen because I am reining all my emotions in right now.

I will not bury one more piece of my soul Draco. I won't allow it. I won't survive it.

For your visit to the Healer's I bought you a gift! Well, not so much bought as assigned. You officially have a house-elf babysitter. Dibly is your official elf for the duration of the pregnancy. Healer Rowe will explain the specifics, but as I understand it you are grounded from all magic. For the next two weeks, you are to use absolutely no magic. Anything you need will be done by myself or Dibly or by your own sweet little hands. After two weeks, Healer Rowe will reassess and if everything stays as is, you will have some magic back but heavily restricted. As in first year spells, beginning of first year spells at that.

I love you more than life itself Draco. But you need to take your health seriously. I was more scared than I've ever been in my life when I woke up to seeing you, not asleep, but unconscious. You need to care for yourself the way you care for everyone else.

Love,
Harry
Chapter 159

Chapter Summary

Draco wonders why he was so upset now that he's had time to think about it.

Chapter Notes

This is still part of the heavy arc, but I think you should be able to see that while Draco's actions will have lingering consequences, the heavy part of the arc will be cleared up fairly quickly.

Monday at 11:27 PM
Fuck Harry!

I could have died! And for what? Something stupid that doesn't even upset me now that I've had some time to think about it. Salazar's moldy toe nails! I'm not even sure why I was so upset in the first place! I've always wanted siblings and now I have them. I'm happy about that, and if my parents want to adopt 100 more, I'll love them all just as much as I will love our kids.

But for some reason, hearing that they were going to adopt a little boy that isn't our blood - that they have no obligation to - well, I suppose it hurt a little. I mean if they could do that now, why not back when I was younger? But even though it hurt *a little,* that was no reason for me to get so bloody furious about it. I really don't know where that came from, but I do think it was fueled by pregnancy hormones. I already tried to explain that the casting of the spells sent a thrilling zing through me.

Healer Rowe thinks I was feeling my power drain, although she has no bloody idea why I registered it as a good feeling. She would have thought it would feel unpleasant. In any case, yes, I ended up wasting so much of my magic that my body couldn't cope. I am now on the strictest restrictions possible. And bed rest.

Ugh, bed rest. Normally, I might like having an excuse to stay in bed all day, but the reality of it is nearly the worst fate I can imagine. Lucky for me that the fact that I am so low on magic means that I am so exhausted that I sleep most of the time. I sleep, wake up long enough to get something to eat and down a power restoration potion, go to the loo, and then go back to sleep.

Only the fact that Aya is perfectly willing to massage me as much as I want has helped make this tedium bearable. But don't worry, as much as it sounds like it, I'm not complaining. I deserve much worse for nearly killing both me and the demon. I tell you what, Harry, when I feel like I can stay awake for longer than 20 minutes at a time, I'll let you spank me for a change to punish me for being such a reckless moron.

I'm going to sign off now because I'm already asleep sitting in bed while typing again, but before I do, I can admit something to you that I'm not sure I'd even admit to myself if I was fully awake and back to normal... When I woke up to find that I was in St. Mungo's and you were standing off to the side looking hard and completely closed off - and my mother was using an
embroidery charm to help keep her emotions under control even though how pale she was announced them loud and clear to me - I thought... Well, I thought that I was on my death bed and I was so very afraid. I wanted nothing more than for you to put your arms around me, but there were tests and treatments and oh so many things, and all the while, you just sort of stood there as if made of stone.

I've never felt so helpless and vulnerable in my life - and I'm not trying to make you upset or anything when I say this, but you might remember that I've had some horrifying things happen to me in the past that made me feel helpless. They were worth it in the end because they were all part of the path that led to you, but...

Even now that I'm home and confined to our bed, you're holding yourself back, and... I miss you!

Contritely, remorsefully, and apologetically yours,
Draco

P.S. Please shout at me or something. *Anything* but that scary calm that makes me wonder if someone stole my husband and has been Polyjuicing into him to drive me batty.

Sunday at 9:03 AM
Draco,

So, was waking up with my head in your lap while I sobbed hysterically everything you wanted it to be?

I honestly don't even know what day it is anymore. I've been going through the motions. I've been caring for Viona. I think I've been eating. But I certainly haven't been living. I'm sorry it hurt you. I'm sorry you missed me. But I had to close myself off for my own sanity. I had to put up a wall between myself and my emotions. Severus would be so proud, I finally managed occlumency. Well, I'm sure he wouldn't actually be proud of me, but he wouldn't have cause to yell and throw things at me!

I have never been more scared. I have never felt this helpless. I've never felt so alone. And given my past, that is saying something! I don't think I've even been this angry. I'm not going to rage and yell at you. But if it makes you feel better I will rage at you through email. Just so you know my emotions are there, and your emotional Gryffindor is here and not some polyjuiced automaton.

How fucking dare you?! I know that it was hormone driven. I know!! Don't you think I've had days where I'm so stressed and hormonal that all I need is the release of flying? That I need to feel the freedom of doing every terrifying death deflecting trick on a broom I know and then invent several new even more dangerous tricks? But I don't. I don't. I put on my Malfoy mask and I rein it in. Because I would never EVER choose to risk my life, to risk making you a widower, to risk Viona and the Demon growing up without me, because I was mad.

I've never been this angry with you! Never. The war took so much. It took so many people away from me. And I thought it had taken all of my hope with it. Then you came back into my life and I let myself hope again. I allowed myself to really believe that my future was bright and full of promise. And then you almost DIED! Why would you do that to me? I feel so betrayed.

Wow, I actually feel a lot better having gotten that off my chest.
You've been staying awake more and more lately. So I hope that means you're on your way back to healthy. You think you've missed me? I miss you so much it hurts. Although, that could partially be the back pain. And oh Merlin has Viona missed you. If you're looking forward to angry loved ones raging at you, you are in for a treat with the Princess! When you're sleeping and she's in here awake, her new favorite thing is to pet your hair while giving you the Slytherin death glare.

So you enjoying feeling your power drain and Healer Rowe being confused that you enjoyed it as opposed to feeling painful? Is she aware of your penchant to enjoying crucio-ing yourself? You basically gave yourself pain until you were floating away into exhaustion. Sound familiar? I don't think I will be giving you spankings. I think you've had quite enough pain. If you really think you deserve a punishment, maybe I will list all of the people who love you and would be grieving right now if we had lost you.

Ok enough. I told you my feelings, you apologized, I let my anger out. It's done. I 100% forgive you. But forgetting will take longer.


All of my love,
Harry

P.S. One of the silver linings to your being so closely monitored with your health is that I got to see the Demon hologram a number of times. And, she wouldn't tell me without you being awake enough to hear it too, but Healer Rowe knows what kind of baby we're getting! So hurry up and wake up so we can find out!

P.P.S. If you enjoyed me raging at you, you are in for a real treat when Pansy and 'Mione get their hands on you!
Chapter 160

Chapter Summary

Harry's a beautifully messy emotional Gryffindor again, and that means the world is all right once more.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday at 10:37 AM
Oh my Harry,

I got to hold you and comfort you while you sobbed, and I have never felt so relieved in my life! No, having people sob and rage at me *because* of me is never a fun thing, but I deserved every bit of it, so I just kept reminding myself to keep breathing and surrender to my punishment gracefully. You were my beautifully messy emotional Gryffindor again, which meant the world was right once more.

Pansy and Hermione teamed up to visit me and verbally filet me, repeating many of the same things you had. It was actually rather satisfying to fall asleep on them before they were done. You were right about Viona, she babbles at me like she's trying to yell at me too, but then she falls silent and just snuggles with me as much as she can. I hope you're taking her into the shower or bath with you and letting her watch when you brush your hair and whatnot, because she's so very used to that with me that it would be comforting to her. Not to mention, she's rather fussy when it comes to her personal hygiene and I don't think she'd be very happy with you if you didn't understand when she hisses at you that she needs to go to the loo. It's a particular hiss, more of a pssss than a hsss.

Anyway, I'm not actually sure if I should tell you this or not, but if you think *you* and Pansmione gave me a hard time, you should have been in the room when *my mother* finally got a chance to take her ire out on me. It was a dark and stormy day to begin with, so even though it was probably about noon - and you and Viona were out eating lunch, I presume - I woke up to find it very dark in the room. My mother was working on some more embroidery and sipping on a cup of tea, and I gulped because I *knew* that I was about to be the adult equivalent of grounded for the rest of my life.

She saw that I was awake, set her tea and embroidery aside, sat on my bed, and took my hand in hers. "My darling, I'm so relieved that you are getting better and the Healer assures us that you will *eventually* be fine. The news that you nearly died from sheer stupidity had me in agony." She paused to get her face right in mine. "Understand this, if you *ever* do something so foolish and insane again, should you be so lucky as to survive it a second time, I will remind you why even your father is afraid of me. I think using a precise cutting spell to tear thin strips of your soft skin from your body while you watch and try not to scream. And then feed them to a hellhound, hmm? Do you think that would make you think twice? Knowing that a demonic dog would forever after have a taste of your flesh and be just waiting for you to let your guard down? Do you think that would stop you from being stupid in the future?"

I gulped again, because Harry, you don't realize this but my mum is *not* a woman to be trifled with. *Never* take her lightly. She is the daughter of my grandmama after all. "Yes mum," I assured her. "I will be so careful from now on that you'll think caution is my given middle name."
"Good," she stated in a tone that made it clear she was actually saying you'd better.

Sebastian came in at some point, and he apologized that having him for a brother made me want to kill myself. Oh Harry! That broke my heart! I pulled him into my arms and gave him a tight hug. I ran my hand through his hair - side note, I'm going to have to make a potion just for him that makes his hair look a little less greasy. I mean it's actually not; it's soft and exactly the way a child his age's hair should be, but it *looks* greasy. And if it looks that way now, imagine what it'll be like when he's a teenager! Anyway, I held him and told him that I'm honestly delighted to be his big brother.

Then I told him some of my favorite memories from when his father used to babysit me as a child. Such as the time he fell asleep while reading me stories from Beedle the Bard and I spilled a bottle of ink, got ink all over my hands, and put handprints *all* over him. Or the time when absolutely *nothing* could get me out of a fierce strop, so he resorted to bribing me with hot chocolate, and then put me at ease by conjuring up a pair of matching footie pajamas and holding me on his lap next to a fire as we drank our hot chocolate.

I even had Muffy summon the picture from my closet so I could show it to him. My mum had taken it in secret as Severus was absorbed in teaching me everything there was to know about potions. I was probably five at the time, but on that particular day, I'm dead certain that I could have made a passable Draught of Living Death.

Side note, that elf you assigned to me - Flossie? Flibby? Dippy? Dibly? Wibbly? Whatever his name is! - he seems to be in a subtle war with Muffy. She's been my elf since I was born and considers me *hers* and yet, I've asked her to see to Viona more often than not. And you. And so, she'll be out of the room when I wake up and need Dopey? to hand me my restoration potion and help me walk to the loo. So *he* does his best to prove he's the best elf who ever lived and worthy of serving me exclusively. But then I call on Muffy automatically because that's my lifelong habit, and the two of them try not to be obvious as they glare daggers at each other.

If one of them disappears mysteriously, I'm already about 98% certain the other one was responsible for it.

But anyway, I think I managed to reassure Sebastian that he's not in any way at fault for me being sick. And I was astonished that my parents had gotten custody of him so quickly, until Healer Rowe showed up for my 2 week check up and I realized it had actually been more than about four days since I was released from the hospital. Yikes! I know I've been sleeping a lot and waking up for short periods of time, but I honestly thought that I was waking up every hour or so and that only a few days had gone by in total, but nope.

So, I'm still on a zero magic restriction. Apparently even with all the restoration potions I've been taking, I'm still alarmingly low on magic. Which completely explains why I can only seem to stay awake for about two hours at a time at the moment. It's my body's way of making sure that I don't overdo *anything* and get as much rest as possible. She did a hologram spell of the demon - reassuring us all that the baby was doing as well as can be and actually, was hogging my magic a bit more than before - probably to ensure that he or she gets all of the nutrition and support necessary to grow and develop properly despite my idiocy.

Healer Rowe smiled at me warmly and asked if I'd like her to tell us the baby's gender, and I - well, I was already drifting back to sleep at that point and was fairly sure I wouldn't remember anyway, so I told her to tell you. That way you can decide if you simply want to wait until I'm awake again to tell me, or if you want to do something special. OR - since we already *know* we have a Girl (Viona) and a boy (Orion) - maybe you'll make me wait until the baby is born to find out the gender.

In any case, I think I've used up most of the energy I woke up with this morning and am going to end
here and go back to sleep until you come home this afternoon. You think *you* have no idea what day it is! It could be my birthday for all I know!

You give me fever, when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight, fever! In the morning, fever all through the night,
Draco

Tuesday at 2:28 PM
Well my love,

Even though I have popped into Unity over the last two weeks here and there, and I came in yesterday after Healer Rowe came by, today is my first full day back at Unity House. Apparently they can survive without my constant presence. It's a relief seeing as I will be having a baby in roughly three months, but I also feel a little unimportant. So I drowned my sorrows in fresh biscuits and now my stomach is not happy with me.

- 

Although I was furious with you, I hope you realize that my anger and sadness was all a symptom of how much I love, adore, and need you. I was just so terrified I would lose you. I know that's where Pansmione and your mum were coming from. I love strong women. I am so thankful that even with two dads, Viona has so many powerful female role models. But, if I were you right now I would be very afraid!

Regarding your mum; do you think I didn't know how much she wasn't to be trifled with? She straight up lied to Voldemort's face without batting an eye. She's an unstoppable force! I certainly wasn't going to threaten to skin you and feed the pieces to Hellhounds, but I also don't think she was wrong in threatening it. You mind your mother Draco!

Elena has already regaled me this morning with all of her ideas that she's spent the last two weeks planning. I hope you are looking forward to a LOT of showtunes! One of the days you spent mostly asleep, I went into Diagon and then into London to do some Christmas shopping ... alone. I was hoping it would take my mind off of the stressful situation, but it just reminded me of how much I wanted to be doing (some) of my shopping with you. And while I was out I stopped into a music store and got quite a bit of sheet music for Elena to use for more productions. I also may have purchased a piano, a few guitars, a couple drumsets and several hand drums in different styles for Unity.

- 

However, I did manage to find a perfect Christmas gift for you! And no, under no circumstances am I telling you what I bought for you. You will have to be patient and wait for Christmas!

Another thing I purchased during my retail therapy was a massive amount of movies. Both children's movies for Unity House (and our house) as well as movies intended for older audiences that we can watch together or with our circle some time.

Viona has been coming with me on all of my bathroom trips, both toilet and bathing based trips. I think I finally have a handle on what her noises mean. She is certainly her Daddy's girl, she has a very strict ritual of how she likes things done, and is definitely particular about her own looks. Have you ever gone to get her dressed and she looks at what you picked out, then looks at you with something akin to pity in her eyes? Like "what am I going to do with this fashion challenged
moron?" She does NOT like wearing orange. And somehow she knows what our plans are because she will let me put her in the little baby jeans when we're staying at home, but if we're going somewhere she will insist on a dress.

I am in no way saying that this situation was good. It was NOT. But the only silver lining to this entire two weeks of Hell has been how much time I've gotten to spend with the Princess. She's the most brilliantly perfect baby of all time, and I have been so immersed in Unity House that I wasn't making her enough of a priority.

No way am I completely stepping away, but my extended absence to be home with you has shown me how well run Unity House is. So I am going to cut back to three mornings per week, and popping in from time to time just to play. And obviously movie nights! I've missed the last few, and I can't wait until you're well enough for us to get back into our habit. Who could possibly concentrate on a movie if their gorgeous husband wasn't in their lap?

Gods I have missed you! You were within arms reach most of the time, but you felt a million miles away. I was worried at first that being with you constantly would make you sick of me, like last time when I smothered you. But your unconsciousness meant that you didn't even realize how badly I was hovering!

At least your first few days at home, if you woke up when I wasn't next to you, you would get quite panicky. It didn't take much to convince me to not leave your side. Don't worry, whenever you were washed, I made sure to dry your face immediately. I did all of your hair and skin rituals, so if you notice that your many beauty products seem emptier don't worry, they were all used on you. And of course Viona, she shrieked the house down when I tried to tell her they were yours.

Great house elves are hard to find, so don't let Muffy or DIBLY murder each other please. I had a talk with Muffy, she is not being replaced, she is still YOUR elf. But I reminded her that knowing she was keeping her babies safe, and knowing that she was taking amazing care of your husband and daughter, would be more important to you than who handed you your potion. Don't tell Dibly this, but I may have stroked her ego a bit too much, and I mentioned that she was needed for the truly important things, we could leave the boring stuff ANY OLD elf could do to someone else.

I want to know who told Sebastian that you tried to kill yourself and who would possibly tell him it was because of him? I can't imagine either of your parents saying something to hurt their children that way. And I certainly didn't. He's one of those children that is so quiet and so smart that adults underestimate him, so maybe he just overheard one of us? I'm so sad that he felt it was his fault. And what a shock, you responded with love and affection and went out of your way to make him feel welcome and tell him about his birth father. Merlin, you're a Hufflepuff!

Really, I can't believe you managed to convince the hat you belonged in Slytherin! You are loyal and hardworking to a fault. You've got a heart bigger than your ego, and THAT is saying something! I can't wait to come home to you. I will be home very soon, maybe before you even wake up and read this! I plan to drive you crazy by being at your side until you're sick of my face.

Loving you more every day - Harry

P.S. I know a secret! I've hidden it in plain sight!
Chapter End Notes

Did you catch it?
Wednesday at 10:46 PM
My wonderful Husband,

I woke up this morning - my morning, so about 9:45 ish - to the feeling that I was in a good mood and rather energetic. I read through some emails - which were mostly status reports from your post office team. Lucky for me, I'd included Tabitha as an unofficial part of the team so that she could keep *you* in the loop as necessary, because she took it upon herself to inform the team what was going on with me and basically problem solved when necessary. That just means that all I really needed to do this morning was make decisions on a few things and sign off on others.

When I was done, and had eaten, I took a nap and woke up refreshed again around 3 PM. After a quick cup of tea and another bottle of potion, plus a croissant generously buttered and slathered with cherry jam and smothered in chicken gravy, mmm... Anyway, I felt up to a quick visit with you, only when I told Dibly??? to Apparate me there, he brought me to the front entrance rather than your office. I walked into the building and heard music, so I followed it to the small parlor in the back that Luna must have decorated because it has nothing but cushions on the floor for seats, and strange animals painted directly on the walls.

There I found my girl Elena leading a few of the other older kids in a sort of impromptu jam session. Almost none of them have really had more than basic lessons, so while they do sound decent as they play, they are obviously not professional. She was as delighted to see me as I was to see her and hugged me for about a minute straight. The other kids greeted me warmly, but none of them felt the need to hug me, which I sort of appreciate.

Not wanting to strain myself, I decided that it would be for the best if I sat down on a cushion. And hell! Since I was there, I might as well join the jam. No one was playing the guitar because it's a little harder to play than the drums most of them favored, so I had Dibly? bring one to me. Felan - no wait... That fifteen year old bloke... Finnegans? Anyway, he had received extensive piano lessons from his pureblood parents, so he lay down the melody that the rest of the kids drummed to. I strummed the guitar, and before I'd arrived, Elena had been drumming and singing whatever floated through her mind, but now she was sitting right next to me and trying to figure out how I played the guitar. I sort of gave her some very basic lessons - teaching her one chord that sounded good no matter what music was playing.
After that, the two of us sang a few songs while Finnegan played the right music on the piano and the drummers kept the beat anyway they liked. It was really interesting actually. Sort of a tribal Disney playlist.

You might have missed me completely and just gone home to be with me - and found me missing - but you always make your 'rounds' before leaving, and apparently, you thought you were hearing a ghost or some sort of mimic creature. You drifted into the room and stood staring without me noticing for a minute or so, and when the song came to an end, you knocked me over with a hug (and kiss) so enthusiastic that it almost turned towards the obscene side in front of the kids - who all groaned in disgust and told us to save that sort of thing for our bedroom.

So we came home...

And I fell right to sleep, sigh...

Sweet dreams are made of this,
Draco

P.S. I can't find this clue you hid in our room *anywhere* and can only assume that by 'in plain sight' you meant the back of my closet.

Thursday at 8:27 AM
I loved my surprise visitor yesterday! I am so happy you had enough energy to come out, spend time with the kids, and play some music. Damn you are so hot when you play the guitar. You surrounded by children and singing, it's like everything I love about you rolled into one ridiculously fit package. And your guitar sitting on your little baby bump? Adorable!

The timing seemed perfect. You seemed to have exactly enough energy to find the new music room, snuggle into the cushions, and then direct your minions to play with you. I don't even know if your head hit the pillow before you were asleep again when we got home!

So, your Elena seemed to have a sticking charm that kept her right up to your side didn't she? She was so worried for you. I tried to keep a positive spin on things, and I don't think most of the kids noticed how worried I was, but she's awfully intelligent and observant. She and I had a good long cry last week about you. Seeing you yesterday lifted her spirits, she's been babbling nonstop about when I think you might be well enough to give her actual guitar lessons. Watch out, the dictator has plans for you!

- 

As I was waking up this morning, it was so good to see that you seemed sound asleep. Obviously I am used to you looking sound asleep when I wake up in the mornings! But since you've been home from St. Mungo's your sleep has looked more like being unconscious than natural sleep. It's gotten better the longer you've been home, but this morning it looked completely like my normal sleepy husband. I need to send a message to Healer Rowe, I was so adamant about keeping track of your magic limitations, that I completely forgot to ask if there were any sex restrictions. When you were in danger and couldn't stay awake for longer than a few minutes, it was the last thing on my mind. But as you seem to be on the mend .... well it's certainly on my mind.

- 

Given that I am enormous, maybe you aren't all that interested in sex with me right now anyway.
Draco! I can barely see my toes and I still have about fourteen weeks to go! There's no more room. Orion is going to come out of me big enough to go to school. I swear he has to be at least thirty pounds right now! Where is the rest of him going to fit? I have to bend over to see my toes!

I never said the clue was hidden in our room. It's hidden in the email. But don't you worry darling, I have a second clue and this one IS hidden in our closet. Do you think you are up to getting Viona dressed today? Ask Muffy to come get Viona from me and ask Dibly to pop you into the closet. Right at the entrance where I have been keeping Viona's collection of shoes, is a deep lavender swing top with little coordinating purple, green, and blue floral leggings. Could you please please please get her dressed in that outfit for me?

Right now I am just playing, so whenever you wake up, read this, and send Muffy to get Viona, I will do my rounds and come right home to spend some time with my family. I'm thinking a picnic lunch in bed? I have already made us a basket of finger foods like I did for our first date. I will pamper you, and feed you any weird mixture of foods you can think to put together.

Longing to see you - Harry

-

P.S. I wonder which of these two clues you notice first

Chapter End Notes

What about this time?
Thursday at
Salazar buggering Slytherin, Harry!

That baby bump of mine came out of nowhere! It seems to have grown from the size of a grapefruit to a fully inflated Quaffle overnight! Alright, so maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration, but... a cantaloupe at the very least. I don't really think about it most of the time, and then I look down and bam! It's in my face!

As for sex, I'll make you a deal; since you want me to have Viona brought home so I can dress her and we can have a little family picnic - which means that you'll be home most of the day - how about (after the picnic when I fall asleep and wake back up again) we put the Princess down for a nap and do something really not so strenuous in the play room. Such as frot. Or give each other oral. Actually, I really hate to admit this, but as much as I really *really* want to shag like stallions, I might not have the energy, so frotting might just be all I can stay awake for.

I'm pathetic Harry! I can't even shag! If this goes on for much longer, you have my permission to murder me, and yes, I am joking as I know that *that's* how I got into this mess, ugh.

So, your last two emails have been sort of weird, and when I try to figure out why, I think I'm overanalyzing them because... hmm...

I just sent Muffy off to get Viona and set my laptop aside so Dippy - I mean Dibly - could Apparate me to our closet and Harry! You wonderfully devious man you! That dress you mentioned says:

DADDY
ARE YOU
READY
FOR TWO
PRINCESSES?
Which means I wasn't just seeing something weird and overanalyzing your emails! We're having a
girl! I mean we have a girl but that *I'm* pregnant with a girl! We're going to have one of each!

I'm giddy as fuck Harry, get here already!

I keep staring, I can't stop it, I know I shouldn't but I can't stop it, S-T-A-R-I-N-G I can't stop staring!

Draco

Friday at 8:41 AM
Good Morning Dragon,

Don't worry, there will be no hidden clues in this email. You now know all of my secrets, so I have
nothing I could hide anyway!

I had a hard time climbing out of bed this morning. You and Viona were all warm and cozy, I
obviously wouldn't have been able to sleep any longer, but snuggling in and watching you sleep
would have been nice. But I did want to get into Unity before the Traditions kids head out. With
only being here in the mornings now, I want to make sure I still get to see the older kids.

I feel badly for the older kids. Statistically speaking, they are less likely to be adopted, and those that
do get adopted are more likely to live here for quite some time before they're adopted. Many people
who want to adopt want as young of a child as possible. I can see where they're coming from, they
don't want to have missed too much of their lives and if they're going to be parents they want to get
the full childhood. And I realize I have no room to talk since we adopted the youngest child to come
into Unity before Xander came, but I look at these kids and think "who wouldn't want them?"

Yes, your baby bump did seem to pop up quickly. For you at least, you have spent most of the last
two weeks unconscious and when you were awake you were fairly out of it, so I suppose it really
did seem to pop up overnight. Is it weird that I find it sexy as Hell? I just want to worship the body
that is growing my daughter.

Eek! A daughter! I had to hold that secret in for three days! Three days Draco! Do you know how
hard that was for me? But you know what I am going to insist on now right? Names! I have some
ideas, but what are you thinking? And I will have to again put my foot down and say no to "Girl
Draco"! I really like the name Lyra, it's a star-based name, but it's also musical. What about Lyra
Morgan? Morgan is a welsh name meaning born of the seas. So we would have Viona in charge of
the Sky, and Lyra controlling the Sea!

But, I feel like I really put my foot down and got my way with Orion that I don't want to force any names on you! You tell me which names you love.

Mmm, frotting last night was wonderful. I've missed feeling your skin on mine. The bright side of both of us finishing embarrassingly quickly was that we didn't use up too much energy. So once you took a little nap, you seemed up for a little more. And I know you were upset about not being able to shag because of how much energy it would use up, but I have all the energy in the world! So I think you staying very very still while I rode you was a great compromise!

While all of the sexy stuff was wonderful and much needed, the best part of the day was picnicking with my family. Viona looked like she couldn't quite believe that both of her Daddies were awake and with her at the same time. She kept climbing between us to shove food in our mouths. You haven't truly lived until you've had a soggy biscuit crammed in your mouth from an enthusiastic baby.

Well, I'm off to read some stories to the littles, I'll be home soon and then I have the whole weekend with you! I figure you won't have the energy to go out shopping, but I got some catalogues that do owl ordering, so we can sit together and pick out the last of the Christmas presents. Only eight shopping days left! We need to get on it!

All of my Love,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

If you didn't catch it, in Harry's last two emails, the first letter of each paragraph came together to form a word :-)
Chapter 163

Chapter Summary

Viona has excellent taste.

Friday at 10:24 AM
My dearest Harry,

I did something that could be considered cheating. NOT sexually or romantically, but spirit of the season. Since I *know* that I can't really go out shopping at the moment, I was wondering how to buy all the presents I need to. The internet helped a lot because I was able to do my most important shopping there in the comfort of my bed - thus I have found you the perfect present. I hope.

Anyway, the cheating part is that since I can't do the majority of my shopping myself, I decided to ask an elf to help me - and in this case I mean Santa Claus elf, not house elf. Well, at first I *did* actually send Muffy to Unity House to deliver an Insta-owl to my girl Elena, but then it was Elena that became my Santa elf. I told her that I was sad I couldn't shop for the Unity kids all by myself and that I needed her help. She was *delighted* to help!

So, after a little bit of initial planning, I then contacted and managed to convince both Luna and Hermione to take Elena shopping in Diagon Alley *and* around London so that she could buy whatever she liked for the Unity Kids - using my money, of course. I gave her a generous amount so that she could buy them all real presents instead of cheap little toys and candy. These presents are from me, but since I can't do much more than pay for them, they're really from Elena. SO, I'm having her put *both* our names on them. This is probably for the best anyway since I don't truly know most of the kids - especially the new ones - and therefore don't have any idea what they'd like.

You said that you were only going in for a little bit this morning, so you'll probably be home later when Luna and Hermione show up with Elena and everything they bought so they can show me and I can help wrap presents - the muggle way. This should be interesting as I'm not sure I've ever done so before.

Then - after we're done and they're gone - maybe I'll have enough energy to give you a proper milking, since I haven't been able to do so in an *eternity!* I could maybe just hold still and let you use my mouth if I'm too tired to -

Holy Merlin! Harry! Viona just walked!!! It didn't look like wobbly first steps, so I probably missed those. She just stood up from where she was playing on the floor with the Moaning Myrtle doll I made her and walked over to the picture of me as a baby - where she pointed insistently and grunted before blurting out: "Fee!" Muffy promptly appeared and opened the mini stasis for her, giving her -

MY BEN AND JERRY'S CHERRY GARCIA!!!

Has Muffy been sneaking our daughter ice cream a lot??? I must go deal with this...

I love you more than Ben and Jerry,
Draco
Saturday at 7:49 AM

Yes, I'm sorry Dragon, Viona started walking during your two weeks of recuperating. I'm sorry you missed it. If the pattern is anything to go by, I got to hear her first word, you got to see her crawl for the first time, and then I saw her first steps, so the next milestone is yours!

I was not aware of the ice cream situation though. I hope she hasn't been having too much. But, hey, the girl's got taste, she went for the good stuff. If you're going to have junk food it should at least be good junk food!

You cannot imagine how shocked I was to walk into our room to see you, Viona, Elena, Hermione, and Luna wrapping presents on the bed. Scraps of paper, tape, ribbons, scissors, tissue paper and rolls of shiny wrapping paper strewn from one end of the room to the other. Viona looked quite proud of herself with her fistfuls of paper while sitting on a mountain of scraps she'd collected. Poor Muffy was darting all over trying to clean up as you all just kept adding to the mess.

Aren't you just the sweetest thing, making sure all of the Kids have presents from you ... and Elena of course! And I think it worked out well because Elena, while she wouldn't even tell me what she'd purchased, said she got something each child would want. I went a bit more practical for their gifts from me; which I was going to put your name on but apparently you give group gifts with Elena! There's a muggle recommendation for Christmas gifts which is "something you want, something you need, something to wear, and something to read." I thought that would help me keep everything even and they would get a good mix of things.

So, for their "want" I got each Kid a toy of some sort from me (except for Finn who's too old, but I got him a portable music player and some music to play on it)

And then they each got for their "need" their own trunk. I thought living in a house like Unity House, it's hard to have things that feel like just yours, so this would be a nice place to put their belongings they were able to bring here, as well as keep any little treasures they want to keep, and then when they leave us, they have a nice way to pack up their belongings. Did you know that most kids in the muggle foster system don't have so much as a travel bag to bring their things from home to home? Their things are often just tossed in a garbage bag for them to bring to their new place.

For their something to wear, I got them a comfy set of wintery pajamas, and a new pair of trainers.

And for something to read, they each got a copy of Tales of Beedle the Bard, a muggle fairy tales book, and then some sort of age appropriate book.

So, unless Elena and I happened to pick the exact same toy for the exact same child, which is unlikely, there shouldn't be any duplicates! I was planning on giving the Kids as a group, the musical instruments, but I was too impatient to let them at them so I just brought them over the same day I bought them.

Oh my "milking" last night was fantastic. Gods I have missed your mouth. Well, not just for that, I have missed talking with you. And, heaven help me, I missed your snark and wit. And actually falling asleep wrapped in each others arms, I just about happy cried myself to sleep!

Well, I just woke up and you are of course still sleeping, so I think I am going to go for a walk and then come back and you'll hopefully be up by then. I think I have finally hit a point where I can't really go running anymore. I have the energy for it, but my bump doesn't have enough support so there's just too much pressure when I run.
We can have breakfast when you're up and then go through the catalogues and look online so we can pick out some presents from US. I've picked up a few small things here or there for Viona, I got her some pajamas and books when I got those for the Unity Kids, but what do WE want to get her? For Della, I went to the Black Vault and picked out a few child appropriate heirlooms and thought we could go through them and see if any looked like they'd be good for her (there was an old fashioned rocking unicorn that I thought looked adorable). And when I was at a muggle toy store, I saw that they have chemistry sets for little kids, it's a lot like potions but he wouldn't need magic. I didn't buy it, but we could pull some up online and you can see if that's something you'd like to get for Sebastian.

Oh! And I thought some time today, we could find a beautiful spot in the Manor gardens and I could take a picture of you, Della, and Sebastian, and we could give that to your parents. What do you think?

Ok, off for my unsatisfying walk!

Love you,
Harry
Chapter 164

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry discuss girl names.

Chapter Notes

Today when I was scrolling through my facebook, I saw something that said there was a deal on House Pride items on a website, just choose your House and your shirt size, and they send you a sort of grab bag of goodies. So, despite not having money to buy anything, I was curious enough to check it out. For each House, there were 6 sizes: XS S M L XL XXL. In Slytherin and Ravenclaw, L XL and XXL were all sold out (WAA-HAA-HAA!). In Gryffindor, XXL was sold out, but every other size was available (effin' Gryffindors!). And for Hufflepuff... the only available size left was S. I can only assume that the makers of this event thought they'd need way more Gryffindor things than the rest of the Houses (especially Hufflepuff), OR there's just an eff ton more Hufflepuffs than the rest of the Houses, lol.

Still, all the best Slytherin stuff always seems to be sold out before I can buy any :( That said, the Slytherin lounge pants I want are back in stock on Amazon ^_^ Too bad I can't buy anything at all until we get our new house, sigh...

Saturday at 8:56 AM
Morning Harry,

So I'm pretty sure I woke up just after you left for your walk because it was before 9AM! It was actually closer to 8:30, I think. (Maybe even before that!!!) Not sure exactly what woke me up - it may have been the call of the loo - but once I returned to bed, I realized that I was suddenly *obsessed* with names!

First of all, I do adore Lyra Morgana, and I'm not saying no because it's definitely on the list, but now there's a hundred other names vying for my attention and I thought I'd write down a few while I'm awake and plagued by them.

So, starting with Goddess names, I'm going to go in reverse order:

Selene - We can pronounce it either the modern Suh-leen or the ancient Greek See-Lee-Nee. (Which is a bit of a tongue twister, so probably Suh-Lee-Nee.) She was the Goddess of the moon and was renowned for her beauty and fair flowing hair. Not that I'm saying our daughter should be reduced to *only* her looks, just that she's bound to be gorgeous. She drove a chariot across the night sky, which was the ancient Greek way of describing the actual moon. She is literally the moon and actually, her Roman name is Luna, so I thought you might like that. She's a shining light guiding men through even the darkest night.

Next is Circe - Which we can pronounce the more modern and softer Seer-cee, or the more ancient and harsher Keer-kee. She was a goddess of magic and renounced for her vast knowledge of potions...
and herbs - who happened to have a penchant for transfiguring men into animals, so... I guess she knew how to protect herself, haha.

This last one is actually the one I like the most... Eris. I think Eris Malfoy has a nice ring to it. I *know* that most people assume that she was the Goddess of strife and nothing more, but if you look into her a bit more, there's actually two different versions of her. One is the personification of strife and was hated but respected in equal measure because she could cause men a lot of - ahem - strife if they disrespected her. I can see why you would object to this as a namesake, but her second version is a bit softer and more well liked. She was the daughter of Nyx (the Goddess of Night and actually, that's not a bad name either), and Hesiod wrote that she was an inspiration to men, sparking their innate sense of competition and persuading them to do their best in an effort to 'outdo' others like them. Even when she *is* considered nothing but a bad influence, she's never truly doing this of her own accord but at the bidding of the various Gods. Left to herself, she tends to be more interested in mischief.

I have so many other ideas! For example, I'm due in May, so perhaps the minor Goddess Maia, or the Earth Goddess Gaia, but maybe I might deliver in April. April is ruled by fire and so - deviating from Goddess names - Sapphire might be a good name for her - or a version of it, Sephira.

And I haven't even begun to get into all the flower names and other gemstones and -

Oh, Viona just woke up and started hissing at me, so I have to end here and bring her to the bathroom.

I want to lay you down in a bed of roses, for tonight I'll sleep on a bed of nails, I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is, and lay you down on a bed of roses,
Draco

Sunday at 9:24 AM
My sleepy love,

We've had a lovely morning together, but you're having an afternoon snooze so I thought I would look over your current list of names you like and give you my thoughts. First of all, there aren't any you said that I don't like, so no veto-ing needs to happen!

I kind of liked Selene until you mentioned that her Roman name was Luna, and she's the Goddess of the moon, so now I love it. I like Morgana because it was similar to Skye, but moon is awfully connected to the sky so I think it's a really good name. I personally prefer the Suh-leen pronunciation, but I also like the idea of nicknaming her Leenie. But it's awfully similar to what I've nicknamed Elena, which is Lainie.

But if she's know for fair hair, what if she inherits my black hair? Then it doesn't make as much sense.

I like the name Circe, and again I like the softer Seer-cee pronunciation. But being known for her knowledge of potions and herbs? What if she ends up with my potions talent? Then she has the wrong name!! I do like the idea that she transfigured men into animals, I love a strong girl!

The name Eris .... ok so I like the way the name sounds. And I even like the meaning. A well balanced life has joy and strife. We grow from strife. The idea of competition and her interest in mischief is delightful. And I do like her mother's name of Nyx as well. Maybe as a middle name? But my concern with the name Eris is, it sounds a bit like heiress. And she's going to be a spoiled
little rich girl who is a literal heiress. So I worry about the name being a bit too on the nose.

I don't really love the idea of choosing her name based on being born in May or in April, and this is super selfish so again, I am not going to put my foot down or anything, but I really like the idea of choosing her name well before she is born. And if we went with Maia or an April based name we wouldn't be able to really know her name until her birth. Although I really do like Sephira which doesn't have to be specifically April.

I really like Thalia, muse and goddess of music, song, and dance.

I love the idea of combining our mothers both having flower names, with our love of Greek Goddesses by using Antheia, the goddess of flowers.

Persephone, is one of those stories that I have always loved. I don't think she was trapped with Hades, she could have eaten anything and she ate a few seeds? She chose that life. She was a Queen. She was powerful. And she reveled in having both dark and light "halves" of her life. There is a breathtakingly beautiful poem called Persephone Speaks and I truly believe she was not a victim but a woman who made choices to control her own destiny. So yeah, I love Persephone.

Oh! You're doing your "I'm about to wake up" squirming thing. I am going to go kiss you awake!

Love you,
Harry

Poem, Persephone Speaks
“
I asked him for it.
For the blood, for the rust,
for the sin.
I didn’t want the pearls other girls talked about,
or the fine marble of palaces,
or even the roses in the mouth of servants.
I wanted pomegranates—
I wanted darkness,
I wanted him.
So I grabbed my king and ran away
to a land of death,
where I reigned and people whispered
that I’d been dragged.
I’ll tell you I’ve changed. I’ll tell you,
the red on my lips isn’t wine.
I hope you’ve heard of homs,
but that isn’t half of it. Out of an entire kingdom
he kneels only to me,
calls me Queen, calls me Mercy.
Mama, Mama, I hope you get this.
Know the bed is warm and our hearts are cold,
know never have I been better
than when I am here.
Do not send flowers,
we’ll throw them in the river.
‘Flowers are for the dead’, ‘feast that’s what
the mortals say.
I’ll come back when he bores me,
but Mama,
not today.

— Daniella Michallen, “Persephone Speaks”
Chapter 165

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about the Winter Solstice class/ritual and Harry talks about Christmas.

Wednesday at 12:21 PM
My beautiful Harry,

You look *gorgeous* when your face is all flushed from the cold. It makes me wish I could drag you out into the cold more often and have my wicked way with you. But that's not likely to happen as being naked in the cold isn't *nearly* as fun as it might sound.

Once again, I basically got so caught up and focused on preparing for my class/ritual that I forgot to email you or pay much attention to you at all, really. I'm so sorry about that, but I only have so much awake time these days and I wanted to make sure that I had *everything* perfected. Plus, Macmillan came over for a bit to make sure that we were still on the same page for the ritual.

As you know by know - since you were there with me - the actual biggest hurdle we had to overcome was transportation. We didn't want the students to think they had to stay at Hogwarts for the entire two weeks for something that only lasted one night. If they did, they'd miss out on so much valuable time with their family AND be stuck in the school with not much to do.

So, it was arranged that all the students (unless they actually wanted to stay) would go home as usual on Sunday the 19th via the Hogwarts Express (returning Sunday January 2nd, but that's not really important). WITH them, they brought a description of the class/ritual and invitations for parents to come and bring their children. I didn't think even half the students - and their parents - would actually come back for the ritual, but the first two had been such a success that they were all quite looking forward to it and *begged* their parents to bring them.

So... we had nearly the entire student population of the castle *and their parents* (And some family friends and others interested in attending the ritual, such as Hermione) show up throughout the day of December 21st. McGonagall showed her support by having the elves shift the usual feast from Christmas day to that night. They had almost no students staying for the break and didn't really need that much food on the day anyway.

But before the feast began, we led everyone out of the castle to the largest flat space we could find with the best view of the sky. This first part was going to be rather short and to the point. Once all spread out and facing the dwindling sun, Macmillan, Bones, Luna, and Parvati Patil started politely asking for quiet until I called out: "Oi! Shut it before you miss it!"

Once there was silence, we asked everyone to lift their candles that we'd passed out earlier. These were *all* candles strongly charmed to *not* burn anything - such as the little hands holding them. Plus, they were charmed to not burn down at all. Basically, they were ever burning candles.

At 3:39 PM, the last sliver of the sun disappeared below the horizon - not plunging us into instant darkness, but rather official twilight - aka dusk. Macmillan held his candle up to the sky and cried out: "The sun has set! Farewell and safe journey, we await your return!"
I held my candle up and added: "Helios, God of the Sun, may your journey through the longest of nights bring you safely back to us."

Bones, Patil, and Luna took turns holding up their candles and calling out prayers to their own preferred sun Deities, and then as one, we chanted the spell to light the candles until everyone was chanting it and all the candles were lit. At that point, we knew we actually had the entire night before the next portion of the ritual was in which it was needed. So, we told everyone to keep their candle safe and otherwise do whatever they liked until called to order again - such as eat the excellent feast in the Great Hall.

This year just so happened to have one of the rarest events... The Winter Solstice had a full moon, but not just any full moon, one in which the moon was the closest to the earth as it could get, making it appear bigger and more beautiful than usual. It's progress was pointed out every hour or so through the enchanted ceiling in the Great Hall. Finally, after everyone had eaten and chatted and entered a sleepy lethargy (I myself had to be excused after eating so that I could rest in a guest bedroom assigned to me for the night. You and Viona joined me for a while, but Luna came in to wake us all up a little before 11PM), it was time for the actual class portion to begin.

Once again, we all migrated outside, everyone wearing thick cloaks covered in warming charms. From about 11:05 to 11:25, we took turns explaining the reason for the ritual.

"Once again, it is difficult for *us* to imagine what it was like for our ancestors. We *know* that the Earth revolves around the sun, and that nothing could stop it - meaning that the sun *will* rise again in the morning."

"Unless it's too cloudy, being Scotland and all," George pointed out, making everyone laugh.

"True, but even if we can't see it, it's there. But try to imagine what it was like - even just 150 years ago. Sure, even muggles were aware of the truth about the Sun and Earth by that point, but it was still hard to have faith in something as constant as the sun during a time when there's more darkness than light and it's always cold."

"So, our ancestors would hold a vigil to honor the sun and remind it - and themselves - why it *needed* to return and bring back the light. This was an important night because it was the longest one of the year, and by this night, people could generally take a look in their pantries and see if they'd actually preserved enough food for the entire winter. If not, there wasn't much that could be done. The Earth was sleeping and a lot of animals hibernate for the winter, making hunting and gathering food so much harder. It was a time of year that many people died. It was dark, cold, lonely, deadly, and seemingly hopeless."

"And yet, on this night, hope could be found again. Then Sun - once it rises - will slowly grow in length - or rather, the day will. As the Sun gets stronger and the days get longer, hope grows. Maybe there's enough food to last until spring after all."

"Now mind you, we witches and wizards have had it slightly easier because while Gamp's Law states that food cannot be made from nothing, it can be made from *something.* So, if a witch found that she didn't have quite enough to feed her family for the rest of winter, she could transfigure a shoe into a rabbit and roast it. But obviously, she'd have to have *something* to transfigure, thus, it wasn't a perfect solution for poorer families."

"We mostly don't have to worry about these things our like our ancestors did. We have warm houses and plenty of food. We have so many conveniences that we no longer need to rest in the winter months - and can go out shopping instead! But that doesn't mean that our rituals are unimportant and useless. I know I'm not alone in feeling that winter is already dragging on too long and that it'll
Until now, we'd all taken turns saying the parts we'd had assigned to us by Macmillan, but now the five of us held up our candles and said in unison: "By holding vigil, we take the seed of hope and help it grow until it is a beacon of light in the darkness! Don't just appreciate the light, be the light!"

At 11:25 PM, the moon reached it's highest point in the sky and we asked everyone to appreciate it's beauty. Any other Winter Solstice, it would have been a smaller reminder that there is always light (hope) to be found in the darkness, but tonight, it was a shining beacon that nearly gave off enough light to fool people into thinking it was still daytime. But it wasn't, so we signaled to Hagrid, and he started the bonfire.

The class portion was over and the actual second half of the ritual wouldn't take place until morning, so we passed out biscuits and cups of nog to drink from. Macmillan and the others had activities planned to keep everyone entertained until sunrise, but it was also an excellent opportunity to talk as a group about things each person could do to make winter a little bit more fun when stuck indoors through days and *weeks* of tediously bad weather. How to keep people happy when tempers started to fray.

We also discussed if this was part of the reason why giving gifts had become so popular, as a way to literally spread hope and joy to others when it seemed like there was nothing to be happy about. After a while, the large group devolved into hundreds of smaller groups having their own discussions about anything that crossed their minds. Parents chatted with friends they hadn't seen in years. Students took advantage of the never ending plates of biscuits.

Elena had begged and begged for me to bring her, and since there was no age restrictions on the ritual and families had brought younger children with them (such as Viona), I'd agreed, and she'd actually come with Luna. The other kids had been given an option to attend, but none of them wanted to - except for, strangely enough, Finnegan. He'd been dying of curiosity to see Hogwarts his whole life and wasn't about to pass up his only chance to ever see it with his own eyes and walk its halls. Not to mention, chat with his siblings. Anyway, since it was free time again, Elena asked me to teach her another chord to play on the guitar you'd bought for Unity House.

This was something I'd planned anyway - playing my guitar, that is - so I agreed and spent about an hour just strumming with her. Other people had brought (or conjured or transfigured) other instruments - mainly drums - and so a rather impressive impromptu jam session formed. Those that didn't want to play and felt like dancing did so around the bonfire. Fun was definitely had by all.

The fire was going to be kept alive all night, and tended to by the others, but I unsurprisingly grew tired rather quickly. So I kissed Elena on the cheek and left her to jam and sing while we three retired to the guest bedroom to sleep until morning. McGonagall had made sure that everyone knew that if they got sleepy, the Great Hall was cleared and full of sleeping bags for a sort of gigantic slumber party. Also, there would be a castle wide bell to wake everyone up in time to eat breakfast and make it back outside for the ritual. Otherwise, they were welcome to stay outside and play by the fire.

The general alarm woke everyone up at 7:15 so that people could get up and clear out of the Great Hall for a few minutes so the tables could be set back up and breakfast served. Also, you know, bathroom breaks and the like. At 8:30, Macmillan, Bones, Patil, Luna, and I led everyone back outside yet again. By this point, the bonfire had been allowed to die down but wasn't out completely yet. It was intended to stay glowing at the very least until the sun rose. Some people had stayed out by the fire all night and breakfast had actually been brought out to them by the elves.

At 8:41, quiet was asked for again. Not by me as I still felt half dead, despite two restorative potions *and* a cup or three of extra strong tea. At 8:42, the first glimpse of the sun appeared over the
horizon. Macmillan held up his candle and cried out: "The sun has returned!"

Luna: "The light of the sun has returned to us,"

Bones: "Bringing life and warmth with it,"

Patil: "The shadows will vanish, and life will continue,

Me: "We are blessed by the light of the sun! … Now, everyone, hold up your candle and praise the sun, or say a prayer, or make a wish, or affirm how you plan to make a difference and spread joy. And when you're done, shout out: Welcome back Sun - or Helios or any sun God in particular - and then throw your candle into the dying bonfire."

As told, everyone gave their salutations to the sun and then cried out welcome and tossed their candles into the fire. As we had spelled it to do, once the last candle landed in the fire, it exploded into a colorful representation of the morning sky. The fire then sort of collapsed in on itself to form a single small yule log which was already burning. It was then carried into the Castle by Hagrid - with everyone following him - until he was in front of the main hearth in the Great Hall.

Hagrid: "With this log, we carry the hopes and dreams for the coming year into our home." He then set the log in the unlit hearth and used it to light the waiting logs on fire. The hearths in the Great Hall traditionally stay lit for the duration of the cold months, but having them put out and relit ritually like this was symbolic of inviting the Sun and all the hope it brings with it into the home.

After that, the ritual was over and Viona and I were allowed to go back to bed while everyone else stayed for a bit to chat before going back home. It was - after all - now Wednesday and only two shopping days left before Christmas.

Speaking of, I promised to somehow summon up the energy to go shopping with you today, after my post lunch nap, which I'm about to start on. I hope you and Viona are having fun playing with Della, Teddy, and Sebastian.

All my love,
Draco

Friday at 12:02 AM
Happy Christmas Draco,

It's technically not Christmas quite yet. There's about twenty minutes to go. But I had too much running through my head to sleep. Off to email I go!

Per usual, the ritual was wonderful. I think we both know you need to work a little less hard so I don't want to give you ideas of careers to add on to your workload, but if you ever decide you need a new career direction, maybe you should take up teaching full time. Obviously every subject can't be entertaining all the time. It's just not realistic. But you make the ritual, the magic, the lesson come alive.

Our children are so lucky that they will get to learn all of our traditions from you. You have such a good mix of tradition and reality. For example; you made sure to mention that we know now that no matter what, the scientific knowledge of "the sun will be back" means we don't need to do this ritual to literally bring the sun back. And, that not only is it important to understand what gave our ancestors hope during a long winter, and remember how they lived, but that even knowing something is imminent, it never hurts to add hope or light or community or tradition to our lives.
Don't worry about ignoring me for the days leading up to your big day. I know you miss me when we have intense, all hands on deck, situations at Unity, but you understand that it's not every day and that it's something important keeping me from home longer than either of us would like. Well, I certainly understand that not only is this important to you, but it's very important to those attending the ritual.

I was a bit worried that you were going to overdo it and possibly end up back on bedrest or back in St. Mungo's. But you did a wonderful job of resting when your body told you to rest, both leading up to the ritual and during the ritual itself. Viona hung on your every word, and seemed intent on not allowing her eyes to close for even a second lest she miss something, so it was doubly good that you took some rest time as it forced her to rest as well.

And it seemed like you both got plenty of rest since you were able to go shopping with me, and I hear the Princess had the energy to give her grandparents quite a hard time while we were gone. Apparently your mum left the kids alone with your father for just a moment, and he turned his head and the girls were gone! In his panicked search for them, in which he tried to lie to Narcissa and tell her he was just playing hide and seek with the girls, he completely forgot that the house elves would be able to find them. So when he finally admitted that he had lost them, your mum calmly called Muffy, and asked her to find Viona and Della. They never left the room! They had just hidden under his desk and managed to stay quiet during the entire event. And even better than that? Sebastian was in the room as well, and when Lucius saw that he wasn't surprised about their location he asked him why he didn't say anything and Sebastian responded, "That's cheating Papa, you don't tell the seeker where the hiders are!"

I loved walking hand in hand with you, picking out gifts for our loved ones. Between owl ordering, online ordering, what I picked up during my retail therapy day, and Elena's help, we really didn't NEED to go, but I couldn't let our first Christmas together, our first Christmas as parents, pass us by without doing at least a little window shopping in the holiday hullabaloo. I guess we both find each other irresistible when our cheeks are flushed from the cold, because there were plenty of times we had to stop just to kiss.

I'm not planning on letting you anywhere near your email tomorrow morning before we open gifts, I'm sure the little ones in the house won't let us sleep in long enough for you to be awake enough to even turn the computer on anyway, so I am going to talk about your gift. I am sure tomorrow morning when you open it, I will be too emotional and overwhelmed to articulate why I picked your main gift out for you, so while I am somewhat coherent I want to explain myself.

Molly, and now your mum, are the only mothers I've ever known. I had so much "freedom" as a child, because no one really cared about me. One of the first things I ever noticed at the Burrow, was their family clock. Instead of telling time, its hands showed each member of the family, where they were if they were in danger, that kind of information. I remember thinking to myself that I hoped some day, I could have a family where we all cared so much about each other, that we needed a magical clock to make sure everyone is happy and healthy and accounted for. So right now, there are just three golden hands, engraved with our names and inlaid with our birthstones, so you can keep track of your family. I already have two more hands ready to add as soon as Orion and the Demon are born.

To me, the clock symbolizes everything I've ever wanted in a family, and that all started with you. I love you husband mine.

I couldn't help myself while we were shopping, I had to get Viona, Teddy, Della, and Sebastian matching Christmas pajamas. I can't wait to see them all around the tree in the morning, shredding through their presents, faces flushed with happiness and laughter, looking like a matching set of
people I can't live without.

I can't believe my life. That's actually what's keeping me from sleep. I am so overwhelmed with love and sheer disbelief that this is my life. In a few hours it's going to be our first family Christmas. I am going to sit on the sofa, exhausted, wishing the hot cocoa in my mug was actually coffee, and watch my loved ones on my first ever Christmas with a real family. Tonight before bed, I got to listen to you read our daughter The Night Before Christmas. The kids and I set out fresh biscuits and milk for Santa. I had to help send a very excited Sebastian and Della back to bed a half a dozen times each. We're going to sing (me quite terribly) carols. We're going to eat way too much delicious food. How did I get here? The boy watching Christmas morning from his cupboard is going to wake up tomorrow morning smothered in love. It's too much.

And then we head to Unity House tomorrow evening to celebrate with them. To make sure they have a wonderful, magical Christmas. I will get to see their eyes light up when they open their presents. We will get to have a musical jam session I am sure!

And the next day we get to do it all over again at the Burrow! I have so many people in my life I have to spread our joy out over multiple days!

Oh! It's midnight! This time I mean it, Happy Christmas Draco; my husband, my best friend, my partner, my life.

I'll see you in the morning! I'll be the one with tired eyes and the biggest smile you've ever seen!

Yours,
Harry
Chapter 166

Chapter Summary

Draco bought a jet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday at 9:17 PM
Oh Harry! You wonderful perfect man you!
Your clock was oh so perfect for our little family!

I had sort of the same idea actually. I bought you a solid gold pendant to dangle from your collar and property of Draco tag. As you already know, it's a tree. So far, the tree has two roots - one with my name on it and the other with yours - and three branches. Viona's name is on the biggest branch going almost straight up and off to the left. Orion is the slightly smaller branch going up and to the right, and the branch for the Demon is slightly smaller and to the left of Viona. The tree can be added to as our family grows.

Remind me again why you decided against the name La Reina del Dragón?

I had a nightmare last night that we named the Demon Anchovy Pizza! And then I ate her!!! Which woke me up around 3 AM sweating rather heavily and needing the loo. So once I came back, I snuggled up in bed and had an apple danish smothered in rich and buttery chicken gravy. Have you ever realized that gravy goes perfectly with *everything?*

Viona woke up for her night feeding at that point - she's down to just the one (occasionally two), but you probably know that since you more than likely woke up with her every night when I was too out of it to wake up. After we'd both eaten, she had to go to the loo, so I brought her and then we went back to bed and fell asleep.

So now, being the Monday after Christmas with all our family bonding out of the way, we are currently on a plane with Donna and Dudley on our way to a place called Minnesota - in the middle of The United States up at the very top. As I vowed, I made certain that we were going to have the safest possible trip. So... I bought private jet. Actually, I found a man who was a retired RAF fighter pilot who had to sell his private jet because he had fallen on hard times and needed the cash and offered to buy it from him under the condition that he keep it in his private hangar and fly us around when we need to go somewhere - which gives him a bit of extra income. I *also* told him that he could potentially make a lot of extra income (at least for the next few months) because now that my friends know I bought a jet, they're curious to try it despite international Portkeys being far quicker.

And then, solely to make me (and more than likely you) feel safer, I had Blaise and Hermione team up to cast every sort of protective charm on the jet that they could think of. But she's pregnant too and can't overdo her magic either, so she had that R word help them. Despite that, I'm fairly certain that none of them would risk your health and safety, let alone our children, so I trust the charms to all be in top notch working condition. Therefore, no matter what happens to this plane - we will all be perfectly safe.
The jet is actually rather luxurious considering it's size. It's hard to describe, but it reminds me of a very small house. That flies. It has a bedroom and a bathroom - so that's nice, especially since I'm still only able to stay awake for about three to four hours at a time - which means that I'm probably going to sleep most of the trip. The rest of the plane is a sort of sitting room with extremely comfortable chairs that can lay back and be slept in. Well, there's also a tiny kitchen area and the cockpit.

We've brought both Muffy and Dippy - Dibby - Dibly! Merlin, I think I might remember that eventually! Good thing he doesn't take offense to me constantly calling him: "You there, elf!" Also, I made sure that the kitchen was stocked with far more food than we could possibly eat during our entire stay in America, but I wanted to be certain that all our various cravings were met. Including Donna's, who's currently going to *die* if she doesn't have fried fish with a side of seared salmon and cranberry jelly - which must be an American thing.

And now I'm hungry again! Buggering hell! No matter, Muffy just brought me a banana muffin slathered in paté and drowning in sausage gravy. With a side of sausage gravy. And an avocado. Mmm...

Ha! Viona liked it too!

But now I'm falling asleep in this flying bed that was so small that it would just barely fit all three of us if we held each other tight, prompting me to enlarge it. So I'm going to send this email off to you out in the sitting room chatting with your cousin and Donna.

My love is like a storybook story, but it's as real as the feelings I feel,

Draco

Thursday at 1:13 PM
My Ice Prince,

I know I tell you that you aren't the ice prince, and that I can't believe I ever thought of you as icy. But. It is so cold here that I think we are all covered in a layer of frost! Donna's family was not kidding, we had no idea what winter felt like.

Thankfully we have warming charms, but muggles live here, how do they survive? We went into a muggle city yesterday, and there were people just walking about like it wasn't subzero temperatures! Maybe they were also secretly wizards or witches and had warming charms?

Our plane ride was so fun! Once I stopped vomiting it was so interesting to watch the world below speed by. I was a bit worried that I would start panicking and feeling claustrophobic, but it was spacious enough inside that it didn't really feel any more closed in than a small home. I ended up having a really nice time with Dudley and Donna while you slept. I'm really glad he bumped into us at the museum that day. I would have spent the rest of my life remembering him with all of my bad memories, and had no idea he had managed to turn into a decent bloke.

But it was a long enough flight that I was certainly happy to be on solid ground again when we landed. And they had a feast prepared for us when we landed! In theory none of us should have been hungry with all of the food we had available on the plane, but three out of four of us are pregnant so we ate our fill. Her poor relatives, so many green faces when they saw your food creations. I know I have had a lot of cravings, but none of mine are mixtures, I just need fruit (melon in particular obviously) like I need air. And I'm not sure you've noticed the additions to our stasis behind your baby booty, but I've been waking in the middle of the night and devouring almonds. By the fistful!
If you could not eat our sweet baby Anchovy Pizza I would appreciate it. Aren't these pregnancy dreams crazy? At this point, most of my crazy dreams have been sex related. It's all I can think about. I want to drag you away constantly to make you ravish me. The one that keeps popping up at least three nights a week for me; we are in the play room, and all of the people we've played with so far are watching us, you have me gagged with my hands tied behind my back, and everyone watches while you take me. The second most common one is your fantasy of me being blindfolded and forced to find you amongst the crowd.

Think unsexy things think unsexy things think unsexy things!

That was so sweet of Hermione, Blaise, and RON to charm the jet for safety. You are right, none of them would risk my, or the children's safety, but they all care about you. Yes, even RON. It's so funny, you refuse to say his name, and he still calls you the ferret, but I know you both actually like each other. You both just have a jealousy problem! You're still jealous that I chose his friendship, and he's jealous that you've stolen his best mate.

Oh my poor Ron, he is actually quite jealous of you. You'd think with him being in love with two people, that he'd understand the difference between loving your friends and LOVING someone, but with your history he's been having a hard time wrapping his mind around it. Just like Pansy was avoiding you after we didn't visit her when we were in Russia, Ron has been keeping me at arms length since we got married. We ended up having a really nice talk on boxing day when we were at the Burrow. We both ended up crying a bit, and he admitted that he had been pulling away so that it hurt less when I stopped being friends with him. The idiot. I think I managed to convince him that he's well and stuck with me, so you will likely have so many opportunities to get used to saying RON since I think we will be seeing a bit more of him!

I am hoping you have a ton of energy after this nap you're taking, we are going sledding! I have a feeling our flying Princess is going to love speeding down the hill. Obviously held tightly by one of us. And I brought one of the MMM's with us. So hopefully we will get quite a few pictures while we are here.

I love my tree pendant! It's beautiful! And I love that we both had the idea to give each other something representative of our family. And something we can add on to as our family grows.

Need to run and go through all of their spare winter gear to find things for us to wear sledding!

Your frozen husband,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

If 9PM seems like a weird time for people to hop on a plane and leave London, please keep in mind that it's about a 9-9 1/2 hour flight and they 'gain' 7 hours as they go. So, they arrived between noon and 2PM, which seems like a good arrival time, lol. And even though it wasn't said, the others napped for a bit too so that they weren't too tired to do things when they arrived. Plus, it would have been about 6AM in London, so they definitely would have needed some sleep, lol :-(
Chapter 167

Chapter Summary

A handful of punks ruins Draco's day.

Chapter Notes

EEK! We went up over 200K when I wasn't looking!

Sunday at 10:24 PM
Grr.....

Americans...

They are *damn* lucky that I'm still on a no magic restriction!!!

GRR!

I'm not talking about Donna's family, they've been lovely. No. It's the *other* Americans I want to murder.

First of all, almost *none* of the restaurants we've been to knows how to properly cook a steak when I ask for medium rare. But I can overlook that because I'd ordered a bunch of other food and ended up not wanting the steak after all. I mean I'm craving the bloody taste of it, but not the overly tough chewiness, so, meh.

Going shopping wasn't a terrible experience because when we actually *needed* assistance, sales women would fawn all over us - although wearing trousers that hide our bumps is sort of disconcerting now that I've gotten used to seeing it there. Weird.

No, everything was going fine as we wandered the biggest Mall in America. Until we were sitting outside an ice cream place called Haagen-Daas (mmmmmmmmm, so many flavors to try...), and this group of punks spotted the two of us sharing about a dozen small cups of ice cream and kissing each other after every bite. They came over to harass us and call us things like fags (what do cigarettes have to do with anything?) and homos. At least this slur, I understood.

Donna's father made a calming gesture and murmured: "Settle down now boys," but of course, this had no effect. I stood up and thrust Viona into your arms. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw you hold Dudley back when he tried to get up to provide back up - apparently he is a boxing champion or something. I even heard you tell him: "Wait, this is my favorite part."

Now facing down a group of five or six punks ranging from about 17 to 25, I sarcastically drawled: "Something I can help you with?"

Which naturally made them try to insult and threaten me. I snorted in amusement because: "Who do you think you're talking to? I eat morons like you for breakfast!" Which started off an insult battle
that - as could only be expected - I won. Which frustrated them to no end. One of them dared to grab me by the lapel of my expensively embroidered bespoke waistcoat, and I glared at him, pulling out my wand and preparing to hex them all even as they prepared to maul me. I swear to you Harry, if I hadn't been pregnant and on a no magic restriction, they would have *all* been transfigured into crunchy beetles so that I'd have the satisfaction of hearing them crunch when I stepped on them!

Suddenly, a rather snake-like voice hissed out: "Never. Touch. What's. Mine!" We all looked over to find you standing next to the table and surrounded by a literal halo of fire. Your hair was whipping around wildly in a nonexistent wind. You looked glorious! I *think* the lights in the mall were flickering and the background music got static-y. The look on your face promised to murder them all in hot blood and then feed their entrails to hellhounds while licking their blood off your hands. They let me go and held their hands up while slowly backing away.

As much as I wanted to stalk after them and show them exactly why it's never a good idea to mess with me, I had more important things to deal with. Crossing my arms over my chest, I stared you down. "Oi mutt! Calm the fuck down! Rage isn't good for the baby!"

It was almost fascinating to see you instantly go from enraged and on fire to looking like someone had just dumped a bucket of water over your head. "I'm hurting the baby!" You wailed in a bit of a panic, and then burst into sobs. "I'm hurting the baby!"

I grabbed you and pulled you into my arms. "Calm down, you're *not* hurting the baby, oi!" But it wasn't until I started kissing you that you finally melted. And while you were able to more or less enjoy the rest of the day, my mood was ruined and I was the snarkiest, bastardiest version of myself to everyone who crossed my path (aside from you and our group).

We walked hand in hand and even then, I was tempted to put your leash on you to make *me* feel better, but that probably would have turned the many looks of: Do you see those two hot gay blokes with audacity to hold hands in public - to: What the fuck are those two gay freaks doing in public?!?!

GRR!!!

Viona's dress was now permanently reading: My dad hates you so fuck off! - Even though she was being held by Dudley because I hadn't taken the time to put my favorite carrier back on after the ice cream shop.

That said, we returned to Donna's family's house soon enough (it was nearing four hours and my mood was obviously getting worse with exhaustion), and I was able to take a nap. Don't worry, as irate as I am that a handful of punks was able to ruin my day (and my general feelings about America), I'm having enough fun here that I'm not going to insist we return home early.

Besides, we're going sledding again tomorrow, and that's just about the most fun I've ever had - short of actually flying on a broom.

Your love is better than ice cream, better than anything else that I've tried, and your love is better than chocolate, everyone here knows how to fight,

Draco

P.S. The glimpse I got of the look on Dudley's face when he saw you *on fire* was priceless!

Monday at 1:31 PM
Hello love,
Ok you're right, I overreacted just a bit.

Despite the fact that Orion has been playing a one-man game of quidditch in my abdomen, I have been panicking that my temper tantrum hurt him somehow. So after we all had a fantastic time sledding today, when you took a nap I headed out to a local healer just for a quick check.

Do NOT tell Healer Rowe I cheated on her healing!

Well the Healer checked me out, and checked Orion out (P.S. all his boy parts are still there, I had her check!) and we are doing just fine. And she even had an answer for why I look like I swallowed a whale while you have a teeny tiny little adorable bump. I'm carrying completely out. It's why I only have to use the loo overmuch when I am laying down, he's nowhere near my organs, he's just hanging out near my belly button. My best guess is because he's trying to get to you!

She did ask why I felt the need to come in, seeing as I have such good care at home and had been seen recently. I told her I am a chronic worrier about harming my loved ones and mentioned my temper tantrum. She full on belly laughed and said that must be what she heard about happening at that Mall. I guess the muggle news reported a surge in "teenagers overusing drugs that cause hallucinations" as the only people who witnessed it (close enough to actually see anything clearly) were our group and the homophobic punk losers. I guess someone overheard them talking about what I looked like enraged and they assumed they were on some sort of muggle drug.

I really wanted to watch you thoroughly destroy them emotionally, that is definitely my favorite part! But they touched you Draco! They put their filthy, disgusting, hateful, pathetic, bigoted, worthless hands on you. Ugh, worthless cretins not knowing high quality humans when they see it. Fucking homophobes. They ruined ice cream time!

I do feel badly that we may have caused some embarrassment to our hosts. Not in being open in public or anything like that, but in causing a scene. But I haven't noticed them treating us any differently since my temper tantrum, and they haven't kicked us out, so I think we're ok.

Donna thought it was fantastic. We both know she's loud and expressive and certainly not shy, but she told me that she's terrible at confrontation and generally tries to avoid all conflict. However, being Petunia and Vernon's daughter-in-law has given her a few opportunities to stand up for herself. She said your quick wit really gave her a lot of ideas and she's hoping to be able to avoid conflict with just the right cutting barb pointed in their direction. I gave her a few pointers on my aunt and uncle's emotional weaknesses. She plans on mentioning their neighbors' nice (newer and better than Vernon's) car and how she's never seen more beautiful gardens than a different neighbor (the one Petunia can NEVER outdo!)

While you've been napping, I pulled out the camera to see what we've got, and I have the sweetest picture of you, me, and Viona all squished on the same sled. Red cheeks and noses, and you can practically hear her giggles from the picture!

I've been having a blast here! But I am getting a bit anxious to get home. I need to see Della and Sebastian. I need to see my Unity Kids. And I miss our bed.

Love always,
Harry
Thursday at 11:52 AM Minnesota time
Darling Harry,

Don't tell anyone, but I'm glad you were hit by an extremely fierce bout of homesickness. We originally planned to stay here in Minnesota until Sunday January 2nd, but a little after a lovely at home dinner on Wednesday, you burst...

You were having an amusing chat as I was sitting on a cushion on the floor with Viona so that she could play with a litter of 8 week old puppies (side note, try your best not to tell my mother I brought home a puppy, it might be for the best if she never finds out). Viona was giggling like mad and you were laughing about whatever Donna said, and then you said something along the lines of: "That reminds me of the time that the Unity Kids - " but you never finished what you were reminded of because you suddenly just burst out sobbing. "I miss my Unity Kids! They're going to have to celebrate the New Year without me! What if they think I abandoned them!"

I set Viona aside and crawled over to you so I could try to wipe your tears away. "They *know* you haven't abandoned them, love. Hush, hush, there's no need to be so upset..."

But you were still blubbering about the kids needing you, so I pulled you into a hug and rocked you back and forth a bit.

"It's alright, love, calm down, we'll go home first thing in the morning. You be back at Unity House in practically no time."

After about a minute, you wiped your eyes and laughed a bit nervously and a lot embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I'm being silly! It's the hormones!"

"Even so, I'm serious, we'll go home and tell the bloke flying our jet to come back for Dudley and Donna whenever they want.," I assured you.

"OR," Donna's mother interjected. "We could always come with you. There's not really anything spectacular around *here* for New Years, so we were going to suggest taking a Portkey to either New York City or Orlando Florida to enjoy one of the fabulous celebrations. But if you're going back to London, we may as well celebrate there since they host one of the world's best New Year's parties."

"That's a brilliant idea!" Donna agreed in a fairly good impersonation of a British accent.

So now it's Thursday and we're on our jet flying back home, or well, to London. Which will also give us the opportunity to bring the Unity Kids into London for the New Year's Parade. Not entirely sure if we should have them in Westminster for the beginning of the parade, or in Green Park for the end of the parade. Or maybe somewhere along the way. There's probably a spot charmed to let wizard kind watch the parade in privacy so that they don't attract attention from muggles if they're not in muggle clothes. Not sure as my parents never brought me to the muggle celebration since there was usually always a posh party at one of their friends mansions (or ours). Molly might know.

Anyway, I wore myself out watching Muffy and Dippy - Diply? ... Dibly! Him pack up all my belongings, so, to no surprise, I'm going to take a nap while the jet flies this rather large group of people across the pond. Oh! Remind me to thank Donna's father for casting a Confundus on the pilot so that he wouldn't question how the sitting room now had about 20 more chairs (and plenty of room
for them). Also, I'm pretty sure one of them cast charms to make sure that the fuel wouldn't run out too soon due to all the extra weight.

Crazy little thing called love,
Draco

P.S. I'm so sorry I haven't been feeling particularly horny lately. You've been so patient and I just haven't been in the mood. When I start feeling horny, I start feeling exhausted. I think my magic is trying to prevent me from using up too much energy, and it sucks! But I have something in mind for Sunday that will hopefully help relieve any horniness you've been suffering.

P.P.S. I already sent word to Aya that her services will be very necessary once we check into our hotel room in London, and when she's done massaging us, she can make a bit of extra money if she wants by massaging everyone else, haha.

P.P.P.S - The reason I'm glad we're going home a bit early is that I'm pretty sure I've been overdoing it with how tired I'm currently feeling. But don't panic, it's *not* bad enough to go into the hospital, just that I should really stop pushing myself to do so much.

Thursday at 4:19 PM London time
My love,

I'm so glad that my homesickness combined with the wicked hormone surge didn't ruin anyone's fun. But you should try to slip in that you were happy to go home too so I don't feel like everyone had to pacify me.

I already feel so much better being home. Well, I know we're not actually home, we're at a hotel. But we're in our homeland. And we're going to see our people soon. Do you think the Kids will have gotten any bigger?

Ok, so I won't tell your mum about the puppy, but you know that there's no way we're going to be able to keep it from Della or Sebastian. And even if we could, Viona is talking more and more every day and she WILL tell her! I think they have a strong women's conspiracy and some day they will overtake the world. So maybe you should preemptively strike and tell your mum first, but think of a really good way to tell her? Maybe with jewelry?

I just, I know the Unity Kids aren't MY kids, but they are my kids. Ya know? And I just imagine New Year's Eve, and I know the caregivers would do fun things with the Kids, but can't you just picture our Elena sitting in the music room playing the guitar by herself because there's no one there who wants to jam with her? I can't. I just. I've missed them so much!

You are currently getting your massage. I would be in there watching, but with how horny I've been I can't be anywhere near you while you make sexy noises. And I would be playing with Viona, but she's napping. So this is my third choice. Luna and the caregiver crew should be here tomorrow morning with all of the Kids. Yep, they are bringing all 24 of them! We commandeered a number of suites so they can sleep nearby and not have to trek all the way home with an army of exhausted children. And that way if the little ones are too tired to stay out for all of the festivities, they can be popped back here for nice quiet napping space.

And speaking of exhaustion and overdoing it. I believe you that you have been cautious enough that you don't feel the need to go to the hospital, but that you just need to stop pushing yourself. I know it has to be especially hard during the holidays when there are so many people you want to see and
celebrate with. But, it would make me feel so much better if you either popped over to see Healer Rowe just to confirm you're ok, or if we could see if we could get a Healer house call. It would bring my worry level way down! For me?

And speaking of for me .... are you going to tell me about Sunday? Or just leave me squirming in anticipation until then? Not cool! You know how I get!

Oh! I hear movement, I think that means it's my turn for the massage! Outta my way!

Blissfully Yours,
Harry

P.S. Remember to thank Donna's father for casting a Confundus on the pilot.
Thursday at 5:16 PM
My love,

Thanks for the reminder about thanking Ben Cullen - aha! Even despite my terrible memory in general lately, and my even worse memory when it comes to names in specific, I still managed to remember his name. I feel *way* too proud of myself right now, ugh.

Anyway, your reminder made me take the time while you were having your massage (after reading the email) to have Muffy Apparate me to Diagon Alley so that I could visit the Enchanted Jewelers and buy him a nice manly gold chain to thank him for not only the Confundus on the pilot, but *also* the prodigious use of Confundus *and* memory charms to make the hotel staff rent us our rooms (about an hour too early) to begin with and the rest of the rooms we'll need for Unity House. Without him, we'd have had to stay at the Manor and Apparate to London as needed, which wouldn't have been that big a deal, but still, this adds to the fun of the celebration.

Plus, we get to go to eat at the Aqua Shard again! After all, we're staying in the Shangri-La Hotel that's in the Shard that has the Aqua Shard Restaurant on floor 31. It should be quite interesting to see what they and our personal butler'll deliver for room service at 3 am when the three pregnant people wake up to go to the loo and suffer from cravings, hahaha!

Our suite is naturally the best one they have and maybe because of how expensive it is, it hadn't been booked yet, so we didn't have to steal it from someone like the Cullens did, lol. They picked basic rooms for their brood, but our Shangri-La Suite on the 39th floor is spacious enough to host them all during the fireworks display, so we don't even have to worry about going anywhere to see it. Although, their rooms are on higher floors, so they might have better views depending on the direction they're facing.

Muffy and Dibby - Dibly, sorry! - are highly offended that we rented a room that came with the muggle equivalent of a house elf, but they'll just have to deal with it since we haven't used the Butler for much of anything so far - but Dudley might have.

I felt a little bad about cutting Donna and Dudley's holiday in America short, so I added the extra bedroom to the Suite and they get to sleep in it. Dudley can't bring himself to get too close to the windows though. He can look out them just fine, but looking *down* is a whole other matter, haha! I love the fact that the floor in the bathrooms are heated - and we have a nearly divine Jacuzzi in our private bathroom, mmm... I know where I'm sleeping tonight! Well, during one of my naps more likely.

We left Minnesota at about 11:50 AM, and despite the time it took to fly to London, the time difference of 7 hours means that we arrived around 1:30 PM And then it took us about a half an hour to hail cabs and travel to The Shard since it wasn't really feasible for so many people to Apparate (and side Apparate the underage ones) to a place only *we* had seen before. After check in, we tried the Ting restaurant on the 35th floor and I had braised octopus with a black seabream fillet. You had - I don't remember. Pigeon or something. I was too focused on my food. They have a seafood special on Fridays, so I might just come back tomorrow for lunch as well.

Why am I talking about food? It's making me hungry again! I'm going to end this email here and order a duck and foie gras terrine. Don't worry, I'll interrupt the last ten minutes of your massage to ask if you want anything, hahaha!
You may be my sub, but I'm a slave for you,
Draco

P.S. I just realized that I don't know what you actually plan to do with the Unity Kids during the fireworks tomorrow. They'll all fit in here (it'll be crowded with them *and* the Cullens, haha) BUT since the kids and their caregivers are going to be in rooms higher up than ours, should we try to do an even more crowded viewing in one of those rooms? Nah, probably best to stick to our room, which will at least fit everyone and has views in every direction. That said, I still have *no idea* what we're doing with them for the parade on Saturday...

P.P.S Yes, I also popped in to see Healer Rowe for a minute since we're in London anyway, and by popped in, I mean I had Muffy bring me. She said that I'm... the same as I was right before we left, so I'm not worse, but I'm not any better either - which I probably would be if I hadn't pushed myself as much. She still has me on a zero magic restriction, sigh...

P.P.P.S. DAMN YOU! Making me think of Elena playing the guitar all alone nearly made me cry and I *hate* crying!!! Don't do that again!

Saturday at 8:24 AM
Happy New Year my love,

Let's see, last year at this time, I was hungover and alone at Grimmauld. I had spent time with my friends through midnight, and celebrated the ending of 1998, which was both horrible and great. I relished the end of the war, and the beginning of our society's rebuild, but couldn't help but think of all we had lost and I had such hopes for 1999 being better. Not that it would take much.

My every hope was blown away. This year, I re-met the love of my life. Got married. Had a daughter. Made a family out of our friends. Gained a little brother and sister. Build a home for orphaned children full of love and laughter and fun. Watched many of those children find their forever homes. Saw the beginnings of a school that will help our community grow in new ways. I am pregnant with a perfect tiny little boy. My husband is pregnant with a perfect tiny little girl. Oh, and I got LAID!

A lot.

This upcoming year, I have the birth of our next two children to look forward to. I have the birth of my godchild to look forward to (ok, so I haven't been asked, but that child had better be MINE!) I mean, whatever they choose is completely fine and their choice. We have Della's naming ceremony. And I am actually quite looking forward to continuing to grow my relationship with my cousin, and look forward to the birth of his baby too.

Yesterday was so fun. I got to spend so much time with the Kids. And last night all crammed together, watching the fireworks from our rooms, was perfect! I got to be wrapped in your arms while I held Viona for once. She fell asleep before midnight, but I was able to wake her up to see in the new year. Oddly enough she was not cranky about being woken, but she certainly fell right back to sleep when the festivities were over. Although someone did sleep through the last half of the fireworks! I peeked back at you at one point and Elena had snuggled up next to you and fallen asleep on your shoulder. You've really been so good for her.

I'm sorry I made you almost cry thinking of Elena being alone. But keep in mind we came back so she didn't have to! Instead she was with us while we watched the fireworks!
Thank you for going to get a quick check up while you were in London. I'm not surprised your levels haven't gotten much better, you really have been doing too much. As soon as we get home from all of the New Year celebrations tonight (or are we staying tonight too and heading back Sunday morning?) I am going to enforce a complete relaxation and rest time for you! You must stay in our bed or snuggled up on one of the sofas in the sun room, let everyone wait on you hand and foot, and eat as much ben and jerry's as you can fit in your tummy. You are allowed to take visitors in your throne room ... I mean in whatever room you're occupying Little King. Remember, I am cutting back to three mornings per week and then just fun pop-ins at Unity. So I will be home to entertain you much more than I have been.

Oh! You have a sexy fun thing planned for Sunday. As long as you won't be doing any magic I suppose I will let you wait a day for your enforced rest!

I'm so proud of you for finally remembering Ben's name! I thought at first you were forgetting names because you didn't care for people. So – for example – you keep forgetting Dibby's name because you don't want Muffy to think you care for him more than her. But it's just your brain fog! I'm sorry, I know it's been frustrating for you. But you only have roughly four months left! And I should have less than three!

Well, I had better finish up and see if the caregivers need any help getting the Kids ready for the parade! I'm so excited! I've not been to a parade before.

All my love,
Harry
Chapter 170

Monday at 2:02 AM
My Harry,

I have no idea how you managed to snag Viona on Friday while I was stuck holding Xander, but I don't really mind. It was a refreshing change to see Viona in your arms. The best part was when she was in your lap and insisted on holding Xander - the look on *your* face was priceless! And then when Midnight arrived and the fireworks began, Xander was wide eyed because even though he supposedly can't see far enough to see the fireworks clearly out the window, the explosions of light and color were still captivating. Elena had her head on my shoulder so that she could get a look at Xander's adorable little expressions, and then she fell asleep. I didn't realize it at first, but when I did, I couldn't help but kiss her head and ruffle her hair.

Despite a late night (after plenty of naps, Merlin! I feel like an old man!), I still had a lot of sleep before I had to wake up. You all conspired to let me sleep until close to 11:30, but then *had* to wake me up so that I'd have time to eat something before we had to Apparate to the Wizarding Grandstand not too far from the start of the parade in Westminster. Everyone else went on ahead, using muggle transportation for the most part, but you, Elena, and Viona stayed behind so that the four of us could save my energy for the Parade. Muffy Apparated me and Elena, but you were able to Apparate yourself and Viona.

The parade was AMAZING! I'd never been to one before either. Over 12,000 people performed! There were floats, beautiful cars, the strangest costumes, and so many marching bands that they apparently had a sort of contest for which was the best. The kids all had a blast! So did the adults, haha.

But after the end, we left everyone to their own devices as the three of us (and our elves) went home. I was able to rest for the most part for the remainder of the day. Lucky for me, my mother decided that I was too weak to survive a murder attempt and *did not* murder me for bringing home a pug puppy. He's so adorable! I've decided to name him Onyx because he has black fur. He's a bit like Viona in that he wants me to hold him at all times and gives me thousands of kisses when I do.

So anyway, now it's Sunday night - actually, it's Monday morning, but semantics, right? Knowing that I've not really been in the mood *and* that I can't really use a lot of energy, I decided to ask a friend to help me give you a thorough servicing. We took it slow with you giving me and Blaise a bit of pampering. I loved watching you relax and get all subby as you gave us both very light massages (we have Aya for the therapeutic kind, so that wasn't necessary), and then painted our nails.

When you were ready, it was basically a repeat of last time in which I watched Blaise top you. I held your hand and praised you the entire time. Seeing you enjoy yourself never fails to get me horny, which you took advantage of by stroking my shaft with a hand and swallowing when I eventually reached my climax. But then we got to do something *no one* has ever done!

We still have that replica of Blaise, remember? So when you had recovered enough for another go (Blaise has insanely fast recovery time, doesn't he?), you strapped the replica on and topped Blaise with his own shaft! I will relish the memory of that for the rest of my life! He now knows *exactly* why he's a lot to take, buwahahahahahaha!

And now we're snuggled up in bed. I woke up for a loo break around 1 AM, fed Viona, brought her to the loo as well, and came back to bed to recap my day - er, weekend - and now, I'm going to just kiss you and maybe stroke your shaft a bit as I fall back to sleep.
My love for you grows exponentially every day,
Draco

P.S. I was originally going to invite Luna over instead of Blaise for you to do a full pampering session, but I decided that with as horny as you were, you might appreciate our favorite slag instead.

Monday at 8:16 AM
Hi you,

Mmm, I adore you. You're just the most wonderful husband on the planet.

I'm obviously not in subspace, but even "topping" Blaise last night, I am still feeling so subby this morning. I thought I would sleep it off and wake up feeling "normal" this morning. Decided I shouldn't walk around in this gooey headspace all day and thought a brisk walk would clear the last of the floaty feeling off. It did not. So apparently this is just how I'm going to feel today!

Last night was delicious. See, I can be so good for you. I know you hadn't been in the mood lately, so I was pleasantly surprised when you were hard enough for me to play with and suck while Blaise buggered me. Thank you for never leaving my side. Nothing against Blaise, but I no matter how horny I am currently feeling, I wouldn't want to do that without you.

Topping Blaise with his own cock was brilliant! And you were so perfect. Seeing as he knew better than to call you Master again, and how even though I know you friend-love him you didn't tell him how much you love him the way you do to me when I'm the one bottoming, it was so sweet watching you comfort and coach him through it. I think I get what you mean now about enjoying watching my pleasure with someone else because you can focus on every reaction, because watching you comfortingly shush him, tell him he's doing well, and give him updates like "more than half of that shaft is already in you" and "you've taken it all, don't you feel so full sweetheart?" was so bloody hot.

But nothing was as hot as when you started making demands of me. "Yes, love, give it to him harder" and "Fuck him for me Harry" "Oi Mutt, you reach around and stroke him, he deserves to come on that shaft that's made us come so much. He deserves it. That's it, such good boys you are." Fuck, I need to stop thinking about last night because you are sleeping and I am granite down there.

Thank you for inviting Blaise instead of Luna. I needed a good hard pounding and she doesn't have the bits for that. Well, unless she pegged me like she pegs you. I guess I don't know if it's really a pounding though. Isn't she awfully gentle with you?

Oh the parade! We simply must make this an annual thing! And next year we shouldn't be all heavily pregnant and some of us will definitely not be suffering from magical exhaustion. But we will likely be suffering from "we have a toddler and two babies" exhaustion!

Yes, you poor poor man, you were STUCK holding the adorable teeny tiny baby. However will you ever survive this rough life of yours? Doesn't he just make you ache to hold Orion and the still-unnamed-Demon in your arms? Oh my goodness, our sweet Princess holding a baby! She was gentle and enamored and adorable and I can't wait to see her hold her little brother and sister! She is just going to be the best big sister to ever exist. I bet she's learning most of it from Elena, she isn't a big sister but she's so wonderful and caring with Viona. And she thought Xander was the sweetest. She sure is in love with the little ones.

Maybe she likes the idea of training up the young ones so she can get a head start on being their
dictator!

I'm about to pop in to Unity, just to check that the kids are all settled back in after their crazy weekend. But today is not one of my actual work mornings. So once I do a few rounds, annoy all of the Kids with some terrible singing, and read a story or two I will be home. I may even be home before you're up!

Your property,
Harry
Chapter 171

Chapter Summary

Draco jams with the kids.

Monday at 5:42 PM
So today has been a lazy day and I've rested as much as possible. I have no plans to do much of anything, other than read to Viona, sing to her, and snuggle with you as much as possible. Maybe we'll dance for a bit if I have the energy. Not the energetic kind, but rather the swaying together to the soft music kind.

The only thing I've decided I want to try to do regularly until I feel up to resuming business is Apparating (I mean *being* Apparated) over to Unity House in the afternoons for an hour or two to jam with my girl Elena and the other kids. I'm rather impressed by Finneghan, a couple of the others told me at New Years about how he's teaching piano to any of the kids that wants to learn. Our jam sessions are bound to get better and better!

That's all I can think over for now.

Everywhere I'm looking now, I'm surrounded by your embrace, baby I can see your halo, you know you're my saving grace, you're everything I need and more, it's written all over your face, baby I can feel your halo, pray it won't fade away,

Draco

Tuesday at 3:56 PM
You are adorably ridiculous when you think no one is watching you! I heard gorgeous music coming from the music room, and wanted to see whose talent was flourishing! Surprise surprise, it was my talented husband jamming with the Kids. Well, I think we all know you were jamming with A kid. But there were others in the room too!

Don't worry, I don't think any of the others feel slighted by your obvious affection for Elena, but it's quite obvious to me. Her dark head of curly hair bent next to your glossy platinum, and both of you smiling at each other is one of those sights I just adore. She must be doing really well, I certainly don't get that big of a smile when you try to teach me how to dance!

Dancing with you last night was great! It's just my level of dancing, swaying a bit, having your arms wrapped around me, our massive (well just mine) bumps getting in the way, and tucking my head under your chin.

Finn is really good with the other Kids. I think he finally has a place where he is being sought out for his talents instead of being hidden away. The Kids don't care that he doesn't have magic. I think it's very much a case of "Can you play music with me?" "Can you read me stories?" "Do you tell fun jokes at the dinner table?" then who cares if you can do magic? I love that he's been teaching music lessons, and I hope he is feeling accomplished and having fun, I just hope he knows he doesn't have to "earn his keep" or anything like that. He could just be a pain in the arse teenager who stinks a little and eats too much and we would still love him.
Speaking of Ron ... He and Hermione wanted to know if we wanted to have dinner together tomorrow night. I mentioned that you needed your rest, and he said it was going to be a low-key, dinner at home made (reheated by) Ron (actually made by Molly). Do you think you'll have the energy to have dinner? Or should I tell them we need a couple more days of rest? Please be honest, I don't want you to over-do. But I thought it might not be too much since it's not a restaurant or a big to-do.

When I think of my future, it's all you,
Harry
Chapter 172

Chapter Summary

Draco is frustrated my his continual lack of energy.

Chapter Notes

Sorry everyone that I only posted once yesterday, but my browser was screwing up and so I just called it quits and crocheted instead, lol.

Tuesday at 11:46 PM
Darling Harry,

I'd love to - er, no. I'd actually *tolerate* dinner with Hermione and her/your weasel. Low key is perfect, and I won't worry about food poisoning since Molly is the one who actually cooked it.

Merlin buggering Godric! How many more weeks of this do I have to endure?! It seems that no matter *how* many magic restoring/boosting potions I take, I'm just barely maintaining my current level of being awake for about four hours and then asleep for 4-8 hours. Which means that I've had some time in the middle of the night to just sit up in bed and watch you sleep, which is kind of nice. Even so, I *long* for the days when I can go to bed, sleep a solid 10-12 hours and wake up refreshed and ready to take on the world!

One thing is certain, whether or not I *do* decide to carry another baby in the future, it'll *definitely* have to wait until I've recovered all my magic, and that could take years - but hopefully not. Healer Rowe thinks that my magic will regenerate at a rate of 3-5% per month, and so hopefully, if I continue to take potions to increase - perhaps even double that rate - I can be back to normal in about a year.

A YEAR!!! Fuck... Apparently I'm not the Hufflepuff you think I am but an idiotic Gryffindor, grr...

Well, since there's nothing to do but watch you sleep, maybe I can do a little light molestation. Just wank you or maybe blow you. I wonder if I can do it so slowly and gently that you sleep right through it, haha!

Oh boy, see I'm trusting you with my heart, my soul - Boy I gotta watch my body ’cuz I'm not just anybody - 'cuz I really need somebody, tell me you're that somebody,
Draco

Tuesday at 8:22 AM
My own,

No, RON is my friend, and Hermione’s boyfriend, he’s actually YOUR weasel seeing as you’re the
only one who ever calls him that. You know he’s growing on you! Admit it! And even if you can’t admit liking Ron, you know you legitimately and openly love Hermione!

So, if you make it all the way to your due date, you have .... sixteen weeks left to endure? Four months? Four weeks per month? The healer knows how far we are, I’ve stopped keeping track of weeks I think. I’m so enormous. Hi, I’m Draco, I’m still fabulously trim and toned and fit with an adorable baby bump. Hi, I’m Harry, I’m a little teapot short and stout.

You keep talking about wanting to carry more. When we first started talking children, when you weren’t being a loon and saying we should have 100, we thought four would be nice. And it seemed like you had no interest in carrying. Then you wanted to carry the one. And now you’re talking about needing at least a year to build your magic back up to carry again? You know that in four months we will already have 3/4 of the children we were planning on? What’s going on? Is it the hormones or are you thinking we should have more than four?

I’m willing to discuss it, and I will NEVER tell you what to do with your body, but I’ll be honest and tell you how worried I’ve been about your health. I’ve never been more frightened than I was watching you in St Mungo’s. I just wonder why you’re so adamant about carrying more. Is it because you wanted to carry the boy?

Or maybe it’s because I’m so enormous and ugly that you don’t want to risk having to look at me so horribly disgusting ever again! Is that it? You married this tiny, short, slim man and this pregnant lump isn’t doing it for you anymore?

I love you Draco.

I also might be having a mood swing.

I hope you’re resting up, I don’t think you want to have to take a nap in Ron and ‘Mione’s bed tonight!

Oh and speaking of bed, I do not remember waking up to a molestation last night so you either changed your mind, fell asleep before you started, or you are so smooth that I stayed asleep!

Maybe I’ll try to repay the favor tonight?

Your idiotic Gryffindor,

Harry
Chapter 173

Chapter Summary

Elena pays Draco a surprise visit.

Tuesday at 5:02 PM
My Harry,

When we go to dinner with Hermione and that R word, remind me to ask her how all the new squib kids are doing. I know that they started when everyone returned from winter break - since that was the soonest Traditions could feasibly begin teaching them - but I have no idea if they liked/wanted to come school, or if this is a bunch of kids who've basically been evicted from their wizarding homes. As I understand it, most of the parents actually chose to keep their kids that weren't yet old enough to go to Hogwarts, so the squibs are all 11 and up. Which will hopefully give Finnegan some company closer to his own age. Hmm...? Did he decide to move into the new Traditions Squib Dormitory, or did he decide to stay in Unity House?

Anyway, as for how many kids we have and who carries them, I look at it this way, we agreed to *have* four kids - that means that between us, we carry/give birth to four kids. In any combination of the two of us. Or at least, that's my hope. The rest are extras for us to love because we can. I say extras plural because I just know that you're going to fall in love with at least one every couple of years. Which means we'll be adopting more, I have no doubt about this.

Oh! I know it might have been hard to understand this (because I curled up to and buried my face in a pillow and you thought I'd fallen asleep), but I was really happy to learn that someone has already applied to adopt Xander. I know they *all* deserve to be adopted and have forever homes, but the fact that he is an infant means that in just three or four months time, he won't even remember that he didn't have parents. He won't remember Unity House or... me...

No, I'm not crying! *You're* crying!

Bloody hormones!

Elena got permission from someone to floo over to the Manor while I was eating breakfast with Viona. Her parents must have been open about nudity because when she sat on the bed with us, she didn't even blink or blush or anything about the fact that I was naked (and so was Viona, she *hates* wearing clothes if she doesn't have to). I was still under the blanket up to my waist and didn't even think about my nudity until I had to go to the loo. And then I was like: Do I ask Dibby to bring me a bathrobe or do I just pretend like nothing is out of the ordinary?

But Elena was playing with Onyx and not paying any attention to me, so I slipped out of bed and carried Viona to the bathroom so we could do our business and take a quick shower. Naturally, while we were doing so, Dilly changed the bedding and cleaned the bedroom in general. Then he escorted Elena on a walk so that Onyx could do his business.

When I was done with my shower and morning routine - a quick, just the basics version (and yes, I usually moisturize Viona too, so I can see why she threw a strop when you tried to tell her the products weren't for her) - I went into my closet and... I swear by Merlin and all his minions that
*every* *single* *time* I enter my closet these days, I completely *forget* why I'm in there! So, I wandered around for a minute or so trying to remember what I was looking for.

Just then, my Viking Warrior Prince costume caught my eye and since I hadn't worn it in a while, I thought: why not? Also, I had Muffy transfigure some of the clothes that Viona refuses to wear into a matching mini Viking Princess costume. Fuck! How did we manage to adopt such an adorable daughter?!

Anyway, when I returned to my bedroom, *that's* when I remembered that I had Elena over for a visit. After she laughed so hard I really thought she was going to wet herself, she begged me to make *her* a matching costume too. So we went back into my closet, only this time, I had her there to remind me what I was doing. So, in practically no time at all, I had Muffy transfigure an outfit that I'd bought for me at some point and have never worn into a costume that matched and yet contrasted Viona's.

After that, Elena finally got around to telling me why she was visiting. She thinks it's supremely unfair that Unity House only has a Piano, a couple of drums sets and a few hand drums, and a pair of guitars. She says that it's only right that they should have recorders and tambourines, and maracas, and - well, basically everything a *real* school has for music class. She gave me these huge, sad, puppy dog eyes, and Harry! She had an excellent point! So how was I going to say no to that?

So... I took her shopping in London at a music shop that specializes in teaching music to kids. We bought a little of everything. Erm... Do you know if there's an application to fill out and hand to Minister Shacklebolt to give a muggle permission to know about our kind? See, one of the young men in the shop - who simply *had* to serve us because he loved our costumes - did such a good job of teaching Elena a pretty tune on a recorder that, well, I want to hire him to teach at Unity House. I *know* that he's a muggle, but once you see him with Viona...

She sat in his lap!!! He shook a maraca at her for a couple of seconds and she insisted that I put her down, walked over to him, and *sat in his lap!* Then she took the maraca and shook it at him, so he grabbed a pair of these ridged sticks that look a bit like long lolly's and rubbed them together, and just like that, they were jammin'!

The only down side was that Elena seem to like how he looked. He was 16 or 17 - and so practically twice her age - and yet I caught her looking at him out of the corner of her eyes more than once. Luckily, he was completely oblivious.

After Muffy Apparated us home, I had her Apparate Elena and all our purchases back to Unity House, so you may actually know about them before you get this email. As for me, I used the last of my energy for the moment to write this email, and now I'm going to take a nap.

Everything's going to be alright, rockabye, rockabye, everything's going to be all right, rockabye, rockabye,
Draco

P.S. Yes, my goal was to stealth pleasure you, so I went very slowly and basically teased the fuck out of myself. The downside is that before you actually orgasmed – you were hard and seemed happy but nowhere near the finish line – I got tired and fell asleep, sigh...

Wednesday at 8:29 AM
HA!
You have to call him Ron now. You must. There is no way the father of your Godchild can be called "The R Word"! I'm a little surprised that they decided to do two godfathers instead of one and a godmother, but Hermione insists it will be a couple, and "if the couple we want happens to be two men, so be it!" They're already bucking tradition by not getting married before baby gets here, so why not have two godfathers?

I love that when they asked US that you looked at me with a sweet smile on your face, not realizing Ron had said godfatherS. When I said "you know it's a yes from me" and we all turned to look at you, you looked like a deer caught in headlights. After you managed to stammer out "m-m-me?" Ron casually said "Of course ferret, you think you've grown enough to ask a muggleborn to be your child's Godmother, but a Weasley doesn't have the guts to choose a Malfoy?" Well, once it became a challenge, it managed to snap you out of your shock and you agreed.

We should really buckle down and pick a name for the Demon. And while we're at it we should talk godparents for her and Orion. I like to plan ahead! I'm thinking Blaise and Pansy, and Ron and Luna? What do you think?

You seemed pleasantly surprised at how well the new squib classes are going. It seems they are all thriving in an educational setting where they don't have to hide who their family is, but don't have to pretend to be magical to be welcomed. Finn decided to move into the Dormitory, he didn't want to be the only one of his newfound friends to not be there. But he asked me if he was still welcome to come give the kids lessons and visit sometimes. I assured him that even if he changed his mind a week from now and wanted to come back to Unity full time he would always have a place, but that I was glad he wanted to visit, because I know the Kids are already missing him being there. He was kind of a big brother to all of the smaller ones.

You think I want to adopt again? Why do you think that? Have I been giving signs of wanting to adopt again? I have tried not to. Oh! You mean in the future. Well, sure I won't turn down the possibility.

You, Elena, and Viona went shopping in muggle London, dressed in coordinating Viking costumes, to purchase more musical instruments because you're a sucker when it comes to Elena? Why am I even surprised? Elena is nine, for girls that's a completely normal age to start eyeing up crushes. Why does that bother you?

Love love always,
Harry
Chapter 174

Chapter Summary

Harry's the smart one, apparently.

Wednesday at 10:16 AM
My love,

If he can call me ferret, I can call him weasel - Godfather or not! Alright, I'll admit it, I was thrown for a loop. I did not expect them to even *consider* me, let alone actually chose me. Don't you dare tell him this, but I'm honored and rather chuffed.

As for Godparents for our babies, I like the combination of Blaise, Pansy, Luna, and that weasel. Were you thinking literally Blaise and Pansy as one pair and Luna as part of the other pair? Or perhaps Blaise and Luna, and Pansy and the weasel? Or maybe even Blaise and the weasel, and Pansy and Luna? And which pair do you want for which baby. Actually, I don't really care which combination you choose, just make sure that R word is Godfather to Orion - I think it's only fitting that he be Godfather to the one you're actually carrying, just as Pansy should definitely be the Godmother to the one I'm carrying no matter which combination you choose.

So, names for the demon. I really *really* like Eris, and I don't even care how on the nose it sounds to Heiress. So, how does Eris Narcissa sound? Or Eris Lily? Or we could try to balance out the mischievous/strife-y aspects by naming her Eris Athena or Eris Harmonia (her actual Greek counterpart). Er, no, that might sound a bit too weird. Eris Hermione? Wait! I can't name her that or Pansy'll murder me with my own intestines! DON'T tell anyone I considered that as an option! Ooo... Eris Lyra?

What do you mean you tried not to seem like you wanted to adopt again O.o ? (Side note, someone - Pansy probably - told me about something called emoticons, that above is a squinty face or me raising a brow and piercing you with my Malfoy scrutiny.)

Elena is *only* nine! She's not allowed to notice boys until she's *at least* 16! Maybe it's a good thing you didn't say there was a way we could get permission to tell muggles after all. It means that boy won't be in Unity House to catch any eyes, and as a man who likes men, he wasn't even all that good looking. Sort of plain and pimply. Definitely NOT as gorgeous as you, and honestly, once *anyone* sees you, how can anyone else even compare?

Walking around London as a Viking was rather entertaining! Despite all the people who looked at us as if we were freaks - or pointedly ignored us altogether - there were actually a lot of people who complimented our costumes, and Viona preened as if all the attention was only to be expected since she's the most adorable baby in the world. We might have to make sure that she knows it's okay to share that title once our new babies are born.

Wise men say, only fools rush in, but I can't help falling in love with you,
Draco
I loooooooove the name Eris Lyra! Eris Lyra Malfoy. Oh my Merlin. That’s just perfect. I can’t. Ok hold on I can’t stop crying.

I don’t necessarily care about the combination of godparents. But if you want Pansy for (Eris?!?) the demon and Ron for Orion, I think it would be nice to do two godmothers for our girl and two godfathers for our boy. So Orion would have Ron and Blaise, and the Demon would have Pansy and Luna? I like it if you like it.

Oh sorry I completely spaced about asking about releasing magic information. But what if instead of having them come to do lessons at Unity, we brought Kids interested to him for lessons. Then even if they talk about magic, he’ll assume they just have an active imagination.

I never said I wanted to adopt again. I said I was worried you were getting an adoption vibe from me. Like how when you knew Viona was ours and you gave off a “this is MY baby” vibe to anyone in sight.

It would be absolutely crazy if I wanted to adopt. I mean, we have a baby and two more babies on the way. And we’re so young, probably too young to adopt a bigger Kid. And how would we ever find a Kid who knows us and loves us and wouldn’t freak out that we’re practically nudists. And would be wonderful with Viona. And likes babies. And would like music enough to play with you when you got the itch. And would wear ridiculous family costumes with us. And wouldn’t mind helping take care of Onyx. And that you’d feel comfortable loving and treating like they’re your child .....  

I swear, you used to be quite clever.

The smart one apparently, 
Harry
Chapter 175

Chapter Summary

Isn't this a little crazy?

Wednesday at 3:19 PM
Wait...
But...
But...
Are you saying what I think you're saying?!?!
But...
Isn't there a law or something that states we have to be *old* enough to have had the child we want to adopt???

Also, would this be the best thing for *her* or is it just so that selfish Draco doesn't ever have to contemplate life after she's adopted by her true parents. Also, the only part of her life that would change is coming here each night. She'd still be going to Traditions each day, and probably spending time in the afternoons with her friends, so really, her life would be the same except for sleeping here. Is that selfish of us to deprive her of a chance to be adopted by older parents who might be better for her just so I can have my girl by my side more often?

And what about the other kids? Isn't this a bit like telling them that if they aren't adopted by a certain amount of time, we'll just add them to our tribe? Are we telling them we *don't* love them if we don't add them to our tribe???

Salazar' slaggy mother! I'm flustered and need to clear my head! I'm going to have Dimby Apparate me to Unity House to jam with the kids - since they're back from traditions now. But before I do, I honestly think it'll be less hassle in the long run if we get clearance for him to come to Unity House rather than continuously bring a *lot* of kids to him on a regular basis. But it's your House and so your call.

Love you,
Draco

P.S. Eris Lyra it is!

Thursday at 8:42 AM
Of course I’m saying what you think I’m saying.

Look, all of those concerns you brought up? I get it. It’s why it’s taken months for me to say anything. And I still haven’t actually said anything.
Technically.

I’ve thought of every one of those concerns. We have a lot happening in our lives. We are 19 years old and will have three children before we’re twenty. The idea of taking on a fourth would make us insane.

Except you knew exactly who I meant. And even when you were trying to talk me out of it you said bringing her home would be selfish for you. You worried about what would truly be best for her. You called her your girl.

I get being worried about us taking her from future better, older, parents for her. What kind of couple would you think would be best for her?
- Care about her and love her.
- Encourage her education.
- Encourage her creativity.
- Can afford all of her needs and some of her wants.
- Can give her affectionate parents that love each other deeply and don’t mind showing it in a way that makes her feel secure.
- Be a safe loving space for her to feel free to be herself.

Hmmm.

So I’m going to talk to Kingsley Monday, I’ll bring up the statute waiver with him then. You don’t need to say I get to make the calls for Unity since the House is mine; you do so much for Unity, you know it’s as much yours as it is mine!

Give Viona love and kisses for me, and pat your bump for me and tell little Eris that her other daddy loves her! I should be home soon.

Truly, Madly, Deeply,
Harry
Thursday at 11:13 PM
So...

Are we doing this? Are we making Elena a Malfoy? Elena Rojas Malfoy?

Salazar buggering Slytherin! What do you think *she'll* think?! Should we maybe ask her first?

In other news, you keep saying that my bump is so small compared to yours, but I finally managed to teach you a Bachata earlier tonight since all you really have to do as the 'male' partner is direct me and do an occasional quick step. I figured that it would be easy enough even with you pregnant, and I was right. What kills me is that *I* had a hard time with the slightly more complicated but still relatively simple 'female' steps of the dance, grr!

I mean, I know that I don't run and 'exercise' like you do, but I do usually sneak in at least an hour of dancing with Viona each day, so I *should* be in shape still, but apparently anything more than a sway is beyond me, and it's not necessarily due to my magic/energy drain. I mean, I felt fine at the time. There was no indication that I was overdoing it, but my body literally *ached* after we finished the dance, and I don't like it one bit!

I had to go comfort myself with crispy bacon crumbled over vanilla ice cream, sigh...

I like the way you hold me, every night for so long, baby, and I like the way you say my name, in the middle of the night while you are sleeping,

Draco

P.S. I feel like I'm forgetting something important. Harry, what am I forgetting?

Friday at 8:31 AM
Mine,

Yes, I think we are doing this.

Of course we should ask her. She is old enough to give her thoughts on adoption. Maybe she’s not interested and all of our worry is for nothing. Maybe she thinks of us as fun big brothers and doesn’t have any interest in being our daughter.

But she seeks us out as much or more than we seek her out. I think she’s just much smarter than we are and figured it out sooner!

I thoroughly enjoyed dancing with you. I think what it comes down to is I do specific exercises that build my core muscles on top of running, while your exercise comes from specific activities you enjoy that keep you in shape. So it was just a matter of you not having targeted those specific muscles used for the dance the way I have.

Speaking of, I’m going to head out for my brisk walk (still so sad that running is uncomfortable for me right now) I’ll climb back in bed with you when I’m all squeaky clean from my post walk shower.

Yours,
Sunday at 11:16 AM
Oh Harry,

Why was I so nervous? We popped in to Unity House for a little bit earlier. Despite being a cold January Sunday, most of the kids were outside playing in the snow, but Elena was inside that cozy little room in the back that I think has been officially designated the music room. She was going over sheet music and practicing songs to see which she'd like to sing for possible upcoming performances. Thankfully for us, it was just her.

When she looked up and saw the three of us (five if you count those inside us) in the room, she gasped in surprise and delight and rushed to hug us all. My hands were shaking. Hell! I think my entire body was shaking! She noticed this and frowned.

"Alright there, Draco?"

I nodded rather solemnly. "Listen, Elena, we've got something we'd like to ask you about."

She could feel how serious we were being, and maybe she thought she was going to get in trouble about something, but she sort of withdrew a bit into her. I recognize the action as I've done it plenty of times in the past. It's like she was bracing herself for the worst yet again.

"Yeah? What?"

I looked at you and you smiled encouragingly, taking my hand in yours and giving it a good squeeze.

"How... How would you like it if... if we adopted you?"

I barely got the question out of my mouth and Elena burst into tears and hugged me so tight I really think that Eris kicked her in protest. She then hugged you, utterly sobbing now.

"Y-y-you m-m-mean it?!!" She asked in a wail.

Well, I daresay that even if we didn't mean it, at that point, we would have been obligated to say yes. Lucky for us we did mean it, so we squashed her in a hug between us. I'm dead certain you were sobbing at that point too.

I have no idea what we're doing now. You went to your office to do some sort of paperwork and I stayed behind to try to calm down and focus on giving Elena a guitar lesson. Except she was far too emotional to focus, so she just grabbed a hand drum to bang on absently while I strummed a pretty tune.

Harry, are we insane?

We're insane, aren't we?

And yet, I love you more today that I did yesterday! If we're insane, I'm not certain I want to be sane.

Hurry back from your office before I fall apart because I have no idea what we've gotten ourselves into and now I'm a bit scared.

Plus, I'm getting hungry. How does salad sound to you? A great big one with eggs and cheese and
onions and gherkins and sauerkraut and strawberries and bacon and sunflower seeds with mashed potatoes and gravy for the dressing? Mmmmm....

But I fear, I have nothing to give, I have so much to lose here in this lonely place, tangled up in our embrace, there's nothing I'd like better than to fall... but I fear, I have nothing to give,
Draco

Sunday at 12:39 PM
Oh Harry...

We're back to you asleep while I hold you because you cried so hard.

While you were in your office and I was waiting for you to do whatever you were doing, crying probably, the wards activated. So, I rushed to where you and Luna were rushing to. There we found...

She wouldn't tell us who she was and she was under a few heavy glamours and even heavier cloaks so that we couldn't see who she was. She sounded like she was 15 at most!

"You take babies with no questions asked, right?"

"Well... yes..." you replied uncertainly as you clearly wanted to ask a bunch of questions.

The girl withdrew from her cloak and then opened her rucksack and pulled out a warmly bundled baby. "Here, take her. I can't... If my parents knew I'd had a baby, they'd murder me - or at the very least disown me and kick me out. Please take her! Hurry! I have to get back to Hog - I have to get back before they notice I'm missing!"

She thrust the baby into your arms, broke out into a sob, and then ran back over to a boy of probably at least 16 - who also wore glamours and a heavy cloak. He took her hand and Apparated them away. The two of us were speechless, but Luna took the baby from you and crooned.

"Oh you sweet darling, let me make sure your warm and well fed." But when we got back inside and took a good look, it was clear that the baby had literally *just* been born as it was still covered in blood and fluid, and was sleeping like I'm told most newborns do until they've recovered from the ordeal of their birth.

With a heavy heart, we left Luna to it and returned home because you needed to break down in the comfort of our bed.

I still love you Harry, never forget that,
Draco

Monday at 8:52 AM
Hi love,

I had hoped to hurry back quickly enough for you.

Oh my heart just broke for that baby. We've never had that situation before, well you know that obviously. Viona was the closest at just being dropped, disinherited, and then left. But she at least had a note and was older. And had a name. And wasn't still wet from childbirth.
And that poor girl, to feel your only option is to have a baby in secret and then leave it as soon as it's born. My heart just breaks for everyone.

Baby is currently at St. Mungo’s. After we left, Luna sent for a healer to come check baby out, and she was a bit small and they wanted to check her out thoroughly as it was quite obvious the mother hadn’t had antenatal care and most likely gave birth with no or little assistance. She was "fine" but they wanted to monitor her a bit.

Baby should be here later on today. I don't expect her to be with us for more than a couple of days. I wouldn't be surprised if the Department of Children's Services already had a family lined up for her. You saw how quickly Xander was adopted, those brand new babies don't last too long.

I sent a very discreet message to Minerva to tell her to keep an eye out for a child who may need medical assistance. I worry if she was that frightened of being caught, what would she hide in order to not be found out? She has every right to her privacy, but I would never forgive myself if I found out a child had bled out because they were scared.

Last night I was already emotional from talking with Elena. And I don't know if you knew this or not, but my hormones make me a little extra teary. And then the baby being dropped off was just the last straw for my poor pregnant brain. But I woke up this morning feeling lighter and better. I snuck into Unity here bright and early and I should be home quite soon.

So, I'm a bit sneaky. I didn't say a word to Elena obviously, she's a good actress but even she couldn't have faked her reaction to us asking her. I didn't say a word to anyone at Unity, even Luna. But on Friday I went into the Ministry and got every bit of paperwork having to do with the adoption ready and filled out and processed as far as I could without your help. So when I went to my office, I was literally sending the fully filled out paperwork directly to the Department of Children's Services.

When we decided when we were going to talk to Elena, I messaged my favorite person in the department, and told her to keep an eye out for the papers just in case.

So, my "long" time in my office was sending off the papers.

When I came in this morning, our official guardianship papers were already on my desk! Of course, my first stop was to go to Traditions and pull her out of classes. Education is important, but today is a special day, so she's got the day off! We headed of to Elena's (former) room and I helped her pack. She packed, and I did my rounds, but she wanted to do her own goodbyes by herself. So I am sending this off to clear my head a bit.

Wake up sleepyhead! Your daughter and I will be home soon!

Insanely Yours,
Harry
Monday at 11:21 PM
My mother and father took the news well... enough.

My mother had actually taken a shine to Elena during all those movie nights and other events. So she simply smiled and murmured: "Well, I think that between us, we've officially had more children than there's ever been in the House of Malfoy at one time before. And there's still more to come! Come here darling, let your new grandmother hug you."

My father reminded us where I'd gotten my sarcasm and snark from. "It seems that becoming a Malfoy is now as simple as winning a muggle lottery. I do hope you don't expect me to be a doting grandfather. I'm not the one you come to when you want a cuddle. I'm the one you come to when you need a bully to disappear."

"Unless he's Draco and he's bullying me," you muttered under your breath, making me smirk before giving you a kiss.

"Good to know," Elena replied as she shook my father's hand.

"You know," my mother added. "Since Elena is too old to do a traditional naming ceremony, you should really do a smaller and more private version in which you basically introduce her to our ancestors and ask them to include her as a part of our family and watch over her as they would any other Malfoy (and Black. And Potter too, I suppose)."

You immediately loved the idea. So I'm currently looking through historical records to see if there's already a pureblood tradition for this, or if we have to make our own. I just know you'll have plenty of useful ideas, and honestly, if you would rather plan it all out on your own, I wouldn't mind. But so far, all I have is that we could cast a circle and ask our ancestors to join us and welcome her, and then maybe have a couple key people from our group of friends on hand to bestow blessings. I don't know. Maybe all we really need is a sort of extended family dinner. Make her feel welcome and normal by not making a fuss so much as just including her as part of the family. Hmm..

The best part so far was - yes this made me laugh! Each time before when Elena's been here, she's only seen our suite - and a bit of the Manor grounds, not to mention the outside of the Manor itself - when she took Onyx for a walk. Then today, she saw a bit more as we brought her to my parents. But the *best* part was the look in her eyes as we brought her around to inspect the handful of suites in the same wing as ours.

"I'm suddenly Annie..." she murmured under her breath, but I heard her anyway.

I thought she was just going to choose the suite closest to us because it meant less walking when she wanted to come see us, but nope. She took a good look at all the options with a critical eye and picked the one down the hall that had the best 'bones.' She already has about a million plans to remodel the suite so that she has her own music studio *and* area to practice dancing in. She wants to sing and dance and maybe even direct others in productions. But first, the elves need to help her ensure that the suite is properly soundproof and set up exactly the way she likes it.

Which just means that when her room is ready, I'll be taking her shopping again. Did you happen to remember to ask Minister Shacklebolt about that muggle? If I'm going to be in his shop anyway, might as well do a little business while I'm at it.
Having Elena come into our suite an hour or so after dinner so that she was there when we sat in front of the fire and read to Viona - while sipping on hot chocolate and eating honeydew smothered in beef gravy (alright, that part was just me and Viona) - was sheer perfection. How did we get so lucky as to have this beautiful, wonderful family?

Without you Harry, I'd be sad and alone. You are my everything,
Draco

Tuesday at 8:46 AM
My Lucky Husband,

I’m not sure who we have to thank for this blessed life we’re leading, but I think we should just start thanking Gods starting with the A’s and work our way through to Z just in case.

Yesterday flew by, but ending it the four of us (or six depending on how you’re counting!) just felt right don’t you think? Like Elena was the piece we were missing? Giggles and snuggles over hot cocoa with our beautiful amazing brilliant daughters!

I am embarrassed to tell you how long I’ve wanted this. She’s just my girl, you know?

It surprises me precisely zero percent that she was particular about which suite would be hers, and the same as to her reasonings. The girl’s got vision and big plans! You’re going to take her shopping once her room is fully remodeled to shop for Music? That means I get to take her shopping for her bedroom furniture and decor!

Oh, music! With the hubbub of adopting as well as the baby being dropped off at Unity I did not have a chance to ask Kingsley about letting that muggle musician know about magic. I will talk to him this afternoon.

Elena is an early bird like me, so she and I had a wonderful breakfast together and even time for a quick (it was cold!) walk before I had to bring her to Traditions.

We talked about how she’s felt since coming home, and she ended up asking me why her and why now? As much as she’s thrilled to be here, she asked if it was a pity adoption since she’d been there for so long. She even said “I really did love it there, you didn’t have to save me if you didn’t want this.” Well I broke down in tears and held her so tightly. This was a conversation that I think you and I need to have with her in depth, but I basically told her that I’m not sure how long You knew she was ours, but that I had known almost since day one. Then she got sassy and said “in that case what took you so bloody long?” Merlin she’s our kid! So I told her our concerns with being parents to a child we weren’t even old enough to have had ourselves, and she said “That doesn’t matter! We love each other!” So there you have it, who cares about her age, we love her and she loves us.

I love the idea of having a welcoming/introduction to the ancestors ceremony for Elena. I have some ideas, and I took over so much for Viona’s ceremony that you can do all the planning if you want to and I will go along with it. But we used items from our own ceremonies for Viona’s, so we should go dig through the Potter and Black vaults to see if there’s something special we can use for Elena.

Your father makes me laugh! First of all, he doesn’t get rid of bullies! Second, I have a feeling our Elena can get rid of her own bullies! Third, I don’t know who he thinks he’s fooling, he snuggles Viona all the time when he thinks no one is looking!

Your mum is so classy and such a perfect Grandmother. So tonight the Weasleys as well as Andi and
Teddy are coming over for dinner and introducing Elena as family, and Elena will get her welcome from her other grandma.

I do think our ages don’t seem to phase her, but she thinks it’s kind of funny that she now has an aunt and uncle who are 3 and not even 2 yet. But Della and Sebastian already love her so I don’t think that transition will be very hard.

Oh oh oh I forgot to tell you!!! McGonagall sent me a message. She had Madam Pomfrey go around and give every student a quick health scan making up some rumor that a potentially contagious virus was going around and was able to find and properly care for that girl, whose identity Pomfrey hasn't revealed to even McGonagall to keep her privacy. What it comes down to is, we don't have to worry about her anymore. And her Head of House, Flitwick, has decided to make certain that she knows all the necessary charms to prevent such a thing from happening again. The staff went as far as to decide those charms probably should have been taught to the student body prior to this, so yay Hogwarts is getting some Sex Ed!

I’m going to be home soon to prep for tonight’s dinner if needed before I head back to pick Elena up from school. If you have the energy we should come pick her up together with Viona.

I’ll see you soon my love,
Harry
Chapter 179

Chapter Summary

Draco is wracked with guilt.

Friday at 11:24 PM
My darling, very understanding husband,

I've been wracked with guilt and I don't know if I should actually tell you this, but...

So earlier today, I was in bed enjoying some pudding. I had Viona with me and since it's after Traditions lets out, Elena was home too. She asked me what I was eating, so I told her and she wanted to try it. Then, you came in the room to find me, Viona, and Elena eating what looked like chocolate pudding, and I suppose that it is, after a fashion.

"Ooo! Chocolate pudding!" You exclaimed happily and crowded the bed next to me so that you could dip your finger in my (rather large) bowl of pudding and take a taste. "Mmm..." You moaned in pleasure. Then you conjured a spoon and shared my pudding with me. All the while, I was torn between telling you exactly what you were eating, and just never letting you find out.

See, it was Sanguinaccio Dulce. It *is* chocolate pudding... made with blood. The blood thickens as it cooks to give it an absolutely luscious mouth feel, and with the sweet and saltiness of the pudding enhanced with hints of cinnamon and orange, it truly is delicious. And obviously you agree since you ate nearly half of my bowl - which I was sharing with Viona. I sincerely hope that when you read exactly what it is that you ate, you won't be too horrified. Don't worry, it's not human blood or anything. It's actually pig's blood from the farm where we obtain most of our food. I'm not sure if you've seen them deliver, but they drive up in a muggle truck a couple times a month to deliver milk, eggs, meat, and things like that.

Actually, ever since I started craving milk - which I am still very much craving like it's better than ice cream! I've had them delivering milk at least once a week. Funny enough, they've had this system in which they almost never see or interact with us (and obviously not the elves) by leaving order forms each week when they drop off a delivery. The elves order things we need on the form, go obtain money from our vault and have it converted to muggle currency, and then leave the order form on the counter with the money so that it gets picked up during the next delivery. However, when I started wanting milk like it was as necessary as the air I breathe, I actually ambushed the farmer during one of his deliveries and demanded he deliver as much milk as he could each week. Amused, he decided that I meant a more reasonable four litres a day, which is probably more than I actually drink, but I come close and the rest is consumed by Della - and now Sebastian - so it balances out. Plus, I know that Viona is about to turn a year old, and obviously the centuries of breast milk in stasis have been perfect for her, but it's about that time in which she should maybe transition. Right? She's turning one this month - or am I mistaken? Anyway, I think breastmilk for the night feedings still, but farm fresh cow's milk during the day. She's eating most of the same things I am, so she's had a little milk by this point already and seems to tolerate it well, but I don't want to transition her if you think she should still be drinking breastmilk. After all, it's not like it's *ever* going to be bad for her.
So I know I haven't emailed a lot this week, but I was planning out Elena's welcome ritual for Sunday. She got quite a few presents from everyone at dinner the other night. Like me, she had to go to her room for a few minutes to cry in private because not even when her parents were alive did she have such a *big* and loving family. It's overwhelming! I know how she feels, if I'm honest.

But then you've taken her shopping after she floos home from Traditions each day - staying to chat with her friends as long as she likes. So you've been busy helping her pick out her color scheme and other decorations for her bedroom. She's not only talented in music, but she's artistic too! I've helped her draw a few things on her walls, but had to leave the painting to her and the elves because I'm pregnant and the fumes could potentially cause problems - which means that you've also had to stay out of her room when the painting is happening. But you're actually good at decorating, so she loves having you help with that.

Oi mutt! How in the bloody hell are you so good a color schemes and little girl fashions - not to mention weddings - when you are *deplorable* with fashion in general?? It's baffling!

DAMNIT!!! *Why* am I in my closet?! I appear to be dressed. Was I planning to change? Was I looking for something? Argh...

Whatever... So, since I'm coming to bed, I remembered that I forgot to ask you what you think of the addition to our bed. With us both having ever growing bumps between us, it hasn't exactly been comfortable for Viona to sleep between us these days. Also, it's probably not the best when she kicks us in her sleep. So, I bought what's known as a day bed for her. It's a bit like a Hogwarts sized three sided crib. The open side is right against our bed. That way, she can sleep in her own bed. And once Orion and Eris are born, they can also sleep in that part of the bed with her, or in bed with us - or both depending on how much they squirm around as they get older. But don't worry, I charmed it so that the beds can't shift apart at night and create a gap she could get stuck in. I hope you don't think this is me trying to get her out of our bed after all.

But speaking of her not in our bed, since she *is* in her own bed and sound asleep, I'm wondering if I can stealth pleasure you again. I'm in the mood for a proper milking.

Prepare to be molested!

I cherish the thought, of always having you here by my side, oh baby, I cherish the joy, you keep bringing it into my life, I'm always singing it, I cherish your strength, you got the power to make me feel good, oh baby, I perish the thought, of ever leaving, I never would,

Draco

Saturday at 12:56 PM
My Dragon,

You can't start a message with talk of you being wracked with guilt! I thought for sure you were going to confess to not being in love with me anymore. Or guilt because you're endangering your life by using magic against restrictions. But not telling me about an ingredient after I had already started eating something? That was probably the best option.

At first I read that and felt a little squeamish, but I don't really know why. If I am willing to eat ham or pork chops, which is made of pig, why would I turn my nose up at using the blood as well? And it really was quite delicious. So thank you for sharing your treat with me!

Draco! I am the worst father on the planet! Yes, Viona turns one year old this month! With your
health and all of our other changes over the last month I completely forgot! I am about to be a father of four and I can't remember my daughter's birthday! It's a week from this coming Monday, her birthday is January 24th. Our little Princess is going to be a year old! So obviously we need to plan a birthday party for her!

You're napping anyway, so as soon as I finish this email I am going to send off an owl to see if Molly can head over as soon as possible. I will ask the Grandmas if they're willing to take over party planning. Ha! If they're willing!

Ok as far as breastmilk vs cow’s milk. I don't necessarily think we should transition her. Human milk is still most beneficial for getting nutrients. So I would say if she is having milk as the largest portion of her meal, as in having a bottle/cup of milk with nothing else or with a small snack I think she should continue to have the breastmilk. But, as far as having sips of cow's milk, or having milk in her oatmeal or cereal, or having a small cup of milk when she has a biscuit, sure we can go ahead and transition her. So basically, if we're going for nutritional value, let's feed her what her body was designed to consume, if we're going for taste or snacking, cow's milk is fine.

I'm very much looking forward to Elena's welcome ritual tomorrow. You know how I feel about ceremony and tradition. I think it's really important that not only we show her that this is her place and she's wanted and welcomed, but that we make a statement to all those closest to us that we are actively choosing her to join our family. I hope that fact that she has met everyone who will be coming tomorrow, and she knows most of them quite well. I do think it may take her a bit to transition Hermione in her head from Headmistress Granger into Auntie Hermione.

I do like Viona's sidecar bed in our room. I was starting to get less sleep than I'm used to. When you spoon up behind me, Eris kicks me in the back, Orion kicks me from the inside all night long, and then Viona was wiggling around and kicking me as well. I would have put up with it, because I've already mentioned how important this cosleeping is for me, but the bed next to ours was the perfect compromise.

Ok off to send an owl to Molly, and hunt down your mum! Enjoy your rest you gorgeous sleepy prince of mine.

Love,

Harry
Chapter 180

Chapter Summary

It's Elena's welcome to the family ceremony.

Sunday at 7:24 PM
My beautiful husband,

Today was lovely. We invited our circle of friends and family over for the ceremony - including Grandmama and Kisa! Which is sort of ironic since no one participated in the ritual aside from us. Everyone else simply joined hands and formed a literal circle just outside the magic circle we cast (you cast, sigh). The ceremony took place in the Malfoy family graveyard on the edge of the north fields and the surrounding woods.

Inside the circle, the three of us sat - well, four of us since I had Viona in a carrier on my back - on grandpa Abraxas Malfoy's grave and lit candles.

"I Draco Malfoy call to my Ancestors - to Abraxas Malfoy, to Cygnus Black, to -" I went on until I had summoned close to a dozen of the more important people in my lineage, ending with a general call to all the rest of them.

Then it was your turn. "I Harry Potter Malfoy (we had decided that you'd used your 'maiden' name too since it was those ancestors you were calling to) call to my Ancestors - to James and Lily Potter, to Fleamont and Euphemia Potter, to Sirius Black and Remus and Nymphadora Lupin, to -" you ironically didn't know their names, so you ended with: "Grandmother and Grandfather Evans and all the rest of my Ancestors in all lines who care to join us here."

"We've called you here today to introduce you to our daughter, Elena. She's not our blood and so you may not have noticed her yet, but she is our heart, so we ask you to accept her into our family and watch over her in the same way that you would us," I said in a respectful and ritualistic tone.

"Please guide her, advise her when necessary, and help her to become her best self - reaching her full potential as she grows into a beautiful woman," you added.

Elena was already holding the incense for her part. She held it to one of the candles to light it, then once it was on fire, blew it out to let the smoke float away in the light breeze. She then set the stick in the holder between the candles. "Dear Malfoy and Potter Ancestors - and all the others who love them and have come here today. Thank you for welcoming me into your family and watching over me. I promise to do my best to make you all proud." With her hands together prayerfully, she bowed towards the candles and incense.

I pulled a small box out of my pocket. "To help my Ancestors find and watch over my daughter, I present her with an official Malfoy family signet - taken from the vault that's been in our family since the beginning." Opening the box, I showed Elena the smallish and mildly feminine silver ring that was rather plain aside from the flat spot carved with the Malfoy crest. Then I pulled it out of the box and slipped it on her finger.

You also pulled out a box, this was just a tiny bit bigger. "To help my Ancestors find and watch over
my daughter, I present her with an official Potter family crest - taken from the Potter vault." You opened the box and showed her the delicate chain with a small and mildly feminine pendant dangling from it bearing the Potter family crest. Taking it from the box, you put it around her neck. Both of you were very teary eyed by that point and my eyes were stinging.

"I give my thanks to my Ancestors for joining us today and bid you farewell. Please continue to guide us with your divinity and grace."

You repeated my words, then with our hands together prayerfully, we bowed toward the candles and incense. That was the end of the ritual, so we opened the magic circle. Our circle of people took turns hugging Elena (even my father very briefly), and we had a small picnic in the graveyard until the cold drove us into the Manor.

Guess who took over birthday planning for Viona from the grandmas... That's right, Elena did. Also, perhaps unsurprisingly, she and Kisa got along like a house on fire. I think I'm legitimately afraid of what those two might plot if left alone for longer than five minutes. Speaking of, they've been secluded in Elena's bedroom for the last hour or so. Perhaps I should go check on them and make sure they haven't... well, taken over the world just yet.

But I'm the only one who'll walk across a fire for you, and I'm the only one who'll drown in my desire for you,
Draco

P.S. I think I'm getting my libido back. Not only have I been in the mood to lightly molest you at night again, but I can't stop picturing you on your hands and knees while I bugger you from behind. Care to visit our playroom with me for a bit tonight?

Monday at 8:28 AM
Good morning!

Well, I assume that it's afternoon for you by the time you read this. Yesterday being a long, and wonderful, day would have made you tired enough I would think. But then last night in the playroom? I bet you sleep until afternoon for sure!

Oh my wonderful husband, if something happened and we could never have sex again, I would still be in love with you, and I would still be in this marriage 100%. And I know that you have been recovering from some serious health concerns. So I have been taking your decrease in libido and been completely fine with it. And when you've felt like being together and stuck with hand jobs, blow jobs, letting me ride you, or having me very gently top you, it's been great and fulfilling like any sex between us is.

But you having the energy and inclination to put me on my hands and knees and taking me from behind? Sweet Merlin did I need that. I'm delightfully sore this morning. I'm emotionally fulfilled from our beautiful welcome ceremony for our daughter yesterday. I got to have a nice morning with Elena before I brought her to school. I feel like I'm in a Disney movie! I just have to find some woodland creatures to sing songs with me!

Are Grandmama and Kisa going to still be here when we come home tonight or do they need to head back soon? I'd love to take Kisa with Elena and I to pick up some finishing touches for Elena's room. I might be quite good at weddings and little girl clothes and bedroom décor, but I think Lainie would like the input of another girl her age and not her lame old Dad!
Oh! Speaking of my wedding planning abilities; you never told Pansy that all those ideas I gave you for her wedding came from me? Not even when we were planning our wedding? She and I were talking a bit last night and I was talking about all of the things we were doing to the new bedroom and she couldn't believe I had it in me. I laughed and mentioned that for someone who'd already benefitted from my style choices, she seemed awfully judgemental. And then I find out you took credit for all of my ideas! You sneaky sneak!

Well, I have some other emails to check. They really pile up over the weekend when I'm not checking my Unity email very often!

Eternally yours,

Harry
Chapter 181

Chapter Summary

Harry is asked for help from a little girl.

Trigger warning: reference to an off page rape of a minor.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the super long lag between posts today, my hubby was brought into the ER this morning and had to have his gall bladder removed. He's out of surgery and doing fine now, but while I was in the waiting room, I finally responded to Chrissie's last email after a three day dry spell, so I was basically distracted from posting. Tomorrow should be normal again.

Also, I always intended to post this entire mini arc as one post, so maybe the fact that it is *more* than a normal email exchange will make up for the lag :-)

Saturday at 2:13 AM
Dear Harry Potter,

My name is Beatrix and I read in the paper that you run an orphanage and school for squib kids. The article listed an email address for Unity House, so I hope you get this.

I'm 13 years old - just turned it on December 26th - and I'm not technically an orphan, but my mum - who was a witch - died when I was a baby. My dad's a muggle, but he declined to send me to Hogwarts when I got my letter. He constantly tells me that he's going to "F" the abnormality and magic right out of me, but all he's managed to do is "F" the magic of life into me.

I'm really afraid of what he'll do to me when he finds out! Can you please help me? Can I live at your Orphanage? I currently live on a street called Magnolia Crescent in Little Whinging, Surrey. I have a neighbor named Arabella Figg who sometimes lets me hide in her house for a few hours. She's the one who lets me read the Daily Prophet, and even though she doesn't know everything, she suspects enough that she's considering buying a hex to send to my father. If she does and he dies, will I be allowed to come to Unity House?

Please let me know as soon as you can if you can help me.
Thank you,
Beatrix Jones

Monday at 8:32 AM
Beatrix,
I will help you. I have contacted some people who will be helping me get you out of there.

The first thing I need you to do is stay calm and know we're on our way to help you.

Next, find some way, some excuse, to get to Mrs. Figg's house. She will let you stay there as long as you need to. She always had a safe place for me when I was growing up. Tell her Harry sent you, and you don't have to tell her any specifics of what's happening, but let her know that the Minister of Magic and I are coming to get you, and to call the muggle police if she needed to keep your abuser away from you.

You are so brave and strong. I can't wait to meet someone who was brave enough to reach out to a stranger for help in such a scary situation.

I will be there as soon as I can.
Harry Potter - Malfoy

Monday at 8:36 AM
KS

I just received an email from a halfblood witch whose muggle father wouldn't allow her to attend Hogwarts.

She's being sexually abused, and most likely needs medical care.

I already owled Madame Pomfrey at Hogwarts to see if she would meet me in Surrey, but I know we can't do anything without your authorization.

Can you meet me at Arabella Figg's house as soon as you get this? I assume you remember Mrs. Figg. She's the squib who lived near my relatives, she was a member of the Order.

This little girl just turned 13 last month!

HJM

Monday at 8:48 AM
I'm sorry my love, but I have a feeling I won't be home for dinner or possibly until bedtime. A Unity Emergency has come up that needs to be dealt with immediately.

I doubt I'll have time to bring Elena home after school, she can just come here, but I assume she would rather go home. So can you send Muffy or one of your parents to come get her after school please?

I love you. I'll tell you all about it later, but I need to get ahold of a few people immediately.

Don't worry, Orion and I aren't in any danger, but time is of the essence

-Harry

Monday at 10:19 AM
Dearest Harry,
I've just woken up and checked my email. I see that you're dealing with an emergency, so I'll stay home and wait patiently for you to either come home or send me more information.

Love more than anything,
Draco

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Monday at 11:56 PM
My heart and soul,

It's nearly midnight. I hope you're sound asleep. I am taking a quick breather in my office before I head home. And by breather I of course mean a hearty sob fest.

I know you're sleeping, and I will probably see you and have cried my eyes out to you by the time you actually read this. But I needed to empty my head a bit, purge it out onto the computer screen, before I came home.

After I sent off my first email to you today, I went into my Unity Email account and had an email from a 13 year old, half-blood witch, living alone with her muggle father. Her name is Beatrix. She had gotten my information from my old neighbor, a lovely squib named Arabella Figg, you may remember me telling Donna about her before?

Well, Beatrix was begging for sanctuary from her abusive ... "father". The quotes are because no father would be able to do what he did to her. I thought my relatives were bad (and don't worry, I know they were) but there were some lines even they wouldn't cross. This "man" shat all over that line. I can't even begin to tell you the amount of rage I feel for this whole situation.

Things honestly went as smoothly as they possibly could have on my end. I had sent her a response and told her to get to Mrs. Figg's house. So when Kingsley, Madame Pomfrey, and I got there she was already there and her father was nowhere nearby. Madame Pomfrey took her into a separate room from the rest of us, gave her a quick scan and check up, asked her some questions, and came out and told Kingsley there was enough evidence to legally take her to a safe place.

So Madame Pomfrey and I brought her to Unity for now, and Kingsley went to gather a group of Aurors to deal with the abuser. I'm not sure if he's going to go on trial and pay for his crimes through the muggle law or wizarding, but he's not ever getting anywhere near her again!

So this evening was spent getting her settled into a room. Introducing her to the rest of the Kids. Giving her the tour. And a number of long talks between her and Yesenia, her and I and Yesenia, her and Luna, etc. I think she is going to need some extensive help for a long time, but she can start healing right now, she never has to see him again.

I'm going to head home now, crawl into bed with you, and I assume I will be crying myself to sleep.

You give me hope and light when I fear being blinded by the darkness,
Harry
Tuesday at 2:28 AM  
Dearest Harry,

You came home at about midnight and were crying, which I rather expected because you had a Unity House Emergency. I was asleep, but I woke up right away and held you, rubbing your back until you calmed down. Viona woke up, clapped her hands for Muffy to bring her a bottle, and then snuggled up with us, hugging you as you fell asleep.

Now that I've read your email, I know why you were so distressed. I'm happy that the Ministry is handling the matter, because if they weren't, I know someone that would be happy to handle it for us. Speaking of, Grandmama and Kisa decided to stay another night so that they could visit with Andromeda and Teddy again tomorrow (well, later on this morning at this point) - this time without other people taking up their time and attention. So, when you wake up, you'll have Teddy here for a bit to help cheer you up. I think that between Teddy, Viona, Della, Sebastian, and Elena (and Kisa, I suppose), you *should* feel better in no time.

I'm not sure if you're going into Unity, but I suspect that you'll probably go in for at least long enough to drop Elena off at Traditions. If so, maybe you should let Elena skip at least her first class so that she can talk to Beatrix too and give her the 'real' tour. I think talking to a girl relatively the same age will help Beatrix feel better. Just... perhaps don't let her meet Kisa just yet. I think that Kisa deciding to teach Beatrix Krav Maga this instant - to a girl that was abused to the point of being pregnant - well, as a pregnant person who knows Krav Maga, I'm pretty sure it would be too strenuous on her.

I'm going to watch you sleep until I feel sleepy again myself. Happily, I'm up to about six hours of awake time now. Unfortunately, it seems to be a twice a day thing where I'm awake for about 6 hours in the afternoon, then I go to bed and sleep for about six hours, wake up for six, sleep for six, and so on. I think my body's just not comfortable staying asleep for a normal amount of time because Eris makes everything ache ferociously.

Anyway, whatever you decide to do in the morning, please return to our room and kiss me when I wake up. If you leave Viona with Della, Sebastian, and Teddy, then we'll have some alone time. I wonder what we can do to make you feel better?

Love you so much that I don't *need* flowery poetry or songs, but I love them anyway, so... Life is a mystery, everyone must stand alone, I hear you call my name, and it feels like... home, Draco

Tuesday at 8:23 AM  
Morning my love,
I decided to take your advice and bring Elena to Unity before school started. She immediately latched onto Beatrix and is now giving her the real tour. It seems to change every time, but I love that it always includes go to Harry for comforts. Although I sobbed a bit when today's included "and if you just need a hug or some comfort, you can go to my Dad Harry. But do not go to him if you want to learn anything about music, that will have to wait until my Dad, Draco, comes here."

She also went on and on about how great movie nights are, so I have to pick something really great for tomorrow night. I probably should have thought about it before now! I'm usually much better about getting it ready earlier. I swear Orion is sucking all of the brain matter right out of my head!

So, while they're doing their tour I figured I could come respond to your email.

Thank you for holding me while I cried last night. I'm so sorry I woke you up, and then sorry our Eris kept you up. Don't worry, later today I plan on giving her a stern talking-to and let her know that torturing her Daddy is NOT ok!

As soon as Lainie is done with her tour, I am going to drop her off at Traditions and come home. I had a bit of time with all of the Malfoy kids this morning, but I am looking forward to a much longer playtime when I get back. I think I need to stop apparating soon and floo everywhere instead. It's not so much the magic drain, although I can actually feel the decrease a bit if I apparate very far, but my center of gravity is so off that I keep almost falling or bumping Orion into things. Ugh, I hate the floo.

I have already instructed Muffy to please come get me when you wake up. I know exactly what I want for cheering up! Naked time in the playroom! Naked time in the playroom! Ooooh, can I have some spankings? It's been much much too long since my last spanking!

Ok, I may have to go rush the tour, I want to come hoooooome!

Yours in all things,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Things have calmed down.

Saturday at 4:21 PM
My dearest Harry,

Hasn't this week just been wonderful? After *everything* that's happened - it always seems to be one thing or another, doesn't it? - Well, it was nice that the *only* thing that happened this week from Wednesday on was movie night and me stopping by Traditions/Unity House each day when Elena gets out of school so that we can jam with the Unity Kids (and Traditions squibs as Finnegan and a lot of the others have had actual lessons and don't mind helping the younger kids learn).

Speaking of learning, I'm so proud of you that despite everything that happened, you managed to remember to get permission for that muggle to know about magic *if* he figures it out. Basically, if he's oblivious, he may never know, but if he uses his eyes and ears, he might freak out and earn an official explanation, hahaha!

So that was the only other excitement I had this week. I dressed us up as King Arthur, Queen Guinevere (Viona), and Morgana because Elena asked oh so prettily and I thought why not? Once in costume (you were playing with the tiny baby girl dropped off at Unity), I had Dimbly Apparate us to the muggle music shop. As we were waiting for the muggle boy (yes, I know, it's a bit weird to call him a boy when I'm only a couple years older than him, but since he's still a minor and I'm not, I feel justified), I caught Elena surreptitiously staring at him again. Well, *this time* I'm her dad, so I was able to give her a stern talking to.

"Oi! You're not old enough to be interested in boys yet! Wait until you're 16, at the *very* least!"

She snorted and sniggered, shaking her head. Then she whispered in my ear. "I'm not interested in him like that. I'm just wondering if I'll be able to avoid the horribly pimply stage he's going through when I'm his age."

I felt so relieved that it was almost like a bucket of water had been dumped over my head. "Oh!... Good. And yes, one of the potions sold at Malfoy Apothecary is a complexion fixer. It's actually relatively easy to make, but since the recipe is a closely guarded secret, we're able to sell the potion for a lot of money and make it seem like it's rare and only the best witches and wizards can afford it. But you'll be well stocked when you need it. In fact, I have some in my bathroom cabinet, so if you wake up with a pimple, just let me know."

"Did you ever need it?" Elena wondered.

"Are you joking?! I couldn't get through a single day at Hogwarts without applying the potion at least twice!"

SHITE! Pretend I didn't tell you that!!!

Anyway, as she was giggling, the boy came over and grinned at us. "Oh! It's that royal family again!
How are you all today, Your Majesty, Your Highnesses?"

Oh, I like him...

"Elena is turning her bedroom into a music studio and needs all new instruments," I explained. "And since we're here, I figured I'd hire you on as a music tutor."

Elena tugged on my sleeve and gave me a glare that would be a whole lot more impressive if she'd been born a Malfoy. "Daddy, I'm not Elena today, I'm Morgana!"

I lightly bowed to her. "My apologies, Morgana. Morgana wants to buy all new instruments for her room."

"What can I have?" Elena asked as she looked around the shop.

"What do you want, my love?"

"Well... I was thinking a piano and a drum set - naturally - I should really get a guitar of my own to practice with, but I also want a cello. Should I get a violin?"

"Of course, and hand drums and a tambourine so that Sebastian, Della, and Viona can play too. Lots and lots of hand drums in all sizes. I really like the big ones that send a zing through my body when they're banged on."

"Ooo! I like them too! Oh! Should I get one of those things that you can plug a guitar in and make it LOUDER???"

I laughed and ruffled her hair. "That's a different sort of guitar, so we'll need two of those since I only have an acoustic guitar at the moment."

"WAIT!" The poor boy attending us cried out desperately. "I'm going to need to write some of this down!"

It took an hour or so, but eventually we had everything Elena wanted. I was then able to talk a little more about the job opportunity I'd offered. He said he'd need to see this place for himself first, and then talk to his parents about it. That said, he's actually the son of the owners of the shop, so if he does accept, he won't be upsetting an employer. I suppose that also explains why he's so talented and good at teaching music.

Good thing Elena is *not* suffering from brain fog, because she was able to give him the address to Unity House - or actually, the Leaky Cauldron. The first test of how observant he is will be when I have him step through a door that Minister Shacklebolt is having magically connected to Unity House. Thus, he'll be able to take muggle transport to the Leaky each day, and then be magically (and unnoticeably if he doesn't look out a window) transported to Unity House. And then back.

But I'm not meeting with him until Monday afternoon when Elena gets out of Traditions for the day. More importantly, tomorrow is Sunday and the party for our Princess. Her actual birthday may be on Monday, but everyone agreed that a party on Sunday would be for the best. So... I'm quite looking forward to cake! I had Muffy make me a banana cake filled with buttery mashed potatoes and frosted with chicken gravy and topped with crumbled crispy bacon and cherries. I'm dead certain no one else will try it - aside from Viona - but that just means more for me, buwahahahahahaha!

Ooo! Speaking of food, I'm going to send someone over to Café Exquis to order me a plate of hibachi grilled calamari. Mmm...
You can't start a fire without a spark, this one's for hire, even if we're just dancing in the dark,
Draco

Sunday at 9:22 PM
My Draco,

You know, oddly enough with how this week started, it really was a wonderful week.

But nothing was as good as today was. Viona's first birthday party!

We have had enough fun festivities that I don't think Viona really knew today was going to be any different than any other time we had have our whole crazy circus over. I tried prepping her a bit before people started coming over, but all it accomplished was making me feel quite silly. I kept saying "Your family is coming over for your birthday party today, you're going to be One!" And every single time I tried she would finish my sentence with "two, fwee, fouw!" Because she's brilliant.

You slept in, and I was hopeful that would mean you'd have the energy to enjoy the whole party. So when Viona woke up, she and I took a bath. And yes I used all of your skin care regiment on her. And don't worry, she made sure I did them in the right order! I had narrowed down her birthday party outfit to three finalists and let her pick her favorite. Which is how she ended up wearing the purple lacy dress covered in sparkles. And yes! I was finally able to get her gorgeous hair up in some baby pigtails.

Once she was clean, pampered, and dressed we made our way over to Elena's room. I knew she wouldn't still be asleep, she's my early riser, but I was surprised to see she was already hard at work on her music. She said she'd been working on a secret and I wasn't allowed to know what it was because I am terrible at keeping secrets. Can you believe her? Well, she decided she wanted to be the first person to sing Happy Birthday to her sister, so she pulled out her guitar and sang. Viona clapped along, and as soon as she was done she demanded I put her down so she could walk over and give Lainie kisses.

Then we left her to finish whatever secret she was planning and to let her get ready for the party in peace. So we decided to check with the Grandmas that the party was ready to happen as scheduled. It of course was, but they had to fawn all over how sweet and perfect she was in her party dress.

By the time the party guests were arriving, you had woken up and done your own morning bathing beauty rituals, so we got to play with the kids to keep them distracted while your mum, Molly, and Andi saw to the final steps. You were distracted talking with Sebastian so I am not sure if you noticed, but a fight almost broke out between Della and Viona! They usually get along so well, I could not believe it. But Della went to climb into Elena's lap, and Viona did her growling thing and then said "No! My!" and tried to push Della off of Elena. Luckily Elena knows how to handle little ones and firmly told them she had room for both of them and pulled both of them onto her lap. Viona stopped her growling, but she was definitely giving her Auntie Della some serious side-eye.

And I just got to listen to Teddy regale me with some story about .... something. I don't think he took a single breath! I have no idea what he was talking about, but I am sure I heard the word Dragon a few times.

He kept poking me in the bump though, kept asking about the baby. I think he's trying to figure out if I am messing with him.
Well the party was a smashing success. I really thought our "big" gift would be the hit. It would have been the hit for me! And she certainly liked zooming around on her little toddler broom. But nothing held a candle to Greg's custom built, Viona-sized, castle. Someone has taken his role as Godfather to heart!

I was a bit disappointed at cake time, but I truly should have known better. I had these expectations of her just annihilating her cake and ending up covered in pale pink frosting. Getting adorable pictures of her messy little face. No, she allowed her hands to get messy, because she definitely wanted that cake in her mouth, but in no way was she going to allow her party dress or her pretty hair to be messed up.

But the rest of the children made a big enough mess that I suppose they made up for her unwillingness to smear frosting. I think Mac knew I wanted a mess, either that or George has not been keeping up on the table manners we used to work on, and was covered in cake mess from ear to ear.

But all good things must come to an end. Once you and Viona started dozing off snuggled up, people started heading home themselves. Once everyone was gone I got you and Viona popped off to bed and out of your dress clothes. I got Elena ready for bed and read her a few stories. And now I am trying to wind down a bit before I climb into bed too.

This was a perfect day. And tomorrow, just our little family of (currently) four will have our own little celebration for her actual birthday.

Sweet Dreams,
Harry
Chapter 184

Chapter Summary

Harry is *not* going to remind Draco to kiss someone else.

Monday at 3:12 PM
Remind me to kiss Tabitha!

With all our attention on the fact that it's Viona's birthday, we plumb forgot that it's *also* the day we have Healers appointments scheduled. Tabitha took it upon herself to floo to the Manor - you must have keyed her into the wards for emergencies - and remind *you* that we had an appointment today at 11 AM.

You then nearly panicked because it was already almost 10:30, and not only have I been sleeping until at least noon most days, but it usually takes me nearly an hour to get ready in the mornings. But once you had kissed me awake and soothed my grumbles, I agreed to you casting all the quick cleaning spells so that I could make a last minute trip to a public place. We made it *just* in time for our appointment. I have *no idea* how we'd have managed if we had to take muggle transportation!

How long do you suppose it would take that jet I bought to fly us from Wiltshire to London? Out of curiosity, I just looked it up and it would only take about 10 or 15 minutes - but then it would probably take longer than that for us to get from the Airport to St. Mungo's, so floo is definitely the way to go, haha!

What was I talking about?

Oh! Our Healer's appointment. Rowe gave us a thorough antenatal check up. We got to see the hologram spells again, and Orion still has boy parts even as Eris still has girl parts. I *hate* to admit this - because I really don't mind having another girl (good thing you're having a boy to even out the number, otherwise the two of us would be overrun by girls!) - but I keep hoping that Eris will turn into an Ares. In any case, they're both healthy. You're still due on March 27th, and I'm still due on May 7th. I don't even want to *think* about how many weeks that is! Worse! Days!

The best part is that my magic levels have come up *just* enough that I *could* be permitted to do beginning of First Year spells... except that she can't see me needing to use Wingardium Leviosa all that often and fears I'd be tempted to use charms to heat my tea and other slightly more complex spells if she gives me the clearance to use simple spells. So... I'm still on a zero magic restriction, sigh.

That said, she said that if I forgot myself or had an outburst of accidental magic, I more than likely would be fine, just very tired again. Unless I have an enraged outburst like you did in the Mall of America. Thankfully, I've had a lot of practice recently controlling the tendency to rage at things when I'm upset. And come to think of it, you've kept me so happy that I can't recall *being* upset since... Well, the Mall of America. And before that, hmm... ... ... I can't remember!

As for Eris, she's being as much of a magic hog as always, but so long as I continue to take my magic boosting/restoration potions, I should maintain my improvement so that I might actually manage to stay awake eight hours at a time by the time she's born and I'm back to only four hours at
a time again, hahahahaha! (I'm only laughing because hexing myself for being stupid won't help in the slightest, sigh.)

But anyway, we're back home now and you left for a bit to pick Elena up from Traditions. So, I'm emailing you as I sit in bed eating my leftover cake, mmm. I think I'm going to have Dibby make me a strawberry and banana smoothie with gravy, and ooo! I wonder what it'd taste like if I had him add a few thin slices of prime rib...

Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue, my disposition depends on you, sometimes I love you, sometimes I hate you, but when I hate you, it's just 'cuz I love you, that's how I am, so what can I do, I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm happy when I'm with you,

Draco

P.S. Did you manage to pry Elena's secret from her yet?

Monday at 9:23 PM
My Love,

I think I'm going to NOT remind you to kiss someone else. I will remind you to thank her if you'd like!

I know we've had a few discussions on the future of having and carrying more biological children. I know I will want to carry at least one more, but I don't think we need to plan our lives too far ahead. We can take things as they come. But I think we should try very very hard to not be pregnant at the same time again. I think one of us should have a fully functioning brain at all times, and this brain fog we've both come down with is not ideal for parenting!

Our evening was perfect. A picnic dinner just the four of us, in our room of course since January is not exactly ideal picnic weather. Did you enjoy the cupcakes I made? I decorated Viona's, Elena's, and mine to look like it had mashed potatoes, butter, and veggies on top. But it was just dyed frosting and fondant to be decorative. However, yours actually had mashed potatoes and veggies on yours. I hope it was the right combination of cravings for you. And then snuggling up on the sofa to watch a movie. I think it's a bit dark for the Unity Kids, but with our brave girls I thought The Labyrinth was a fun choice. They seemed to like it. What did you think?

No, Elena has not told me her secret yet. And when those soundproofing spells were put up, they were not joking. I couldn't even get an extendable ear through it! Which then made me panic because what if she was in there and trapped under a drum and crying for help and no one could hear her. But Muffy assured me that she would be able to get through to her and she won't be in any danger. Then I asked Muffy to tell me what she was doing and that sassy elf said "If Master Harry orders Muffy to tell, she will, but Miss Elena would be so disappointed and Muffy knows Master Harry doesn't want that."

I'm glad your magic levels are improving, I've been so worried about you. Then I worry that my worrying is hurting Orion. Then I worry about how much I've been worrying. It's a never-ending cycle of worry! But seeing our healthy babies did relieve quite a bit of that. It's hard to tell from the hologram, but I really think Orion is going to look just like you. Even the way his ears are shaped are you! I can't really tell with Eris though. No matter who they look like, they will join their sisters in being the most beautiful children on the planet.

You have your next ritual coming up soon right? Are you going to feel well enough for that? You did so well in December despite your exhaustion, but you were still overdoing it.
Remember, tomorrow is one of my actual mornings at Unity, so I won't be coming right home after I drop Lainie off.

Well, you and Viona were tuckered out after the movie and went right to sleep, but Elena had a bit of homework to do, so I've been writing while she's been working. But she's packing up now, so I am going to read her a story and tuck her in, then I will be in bed.

Love you,
Harry
Chapter 185

Chapter Summary

Draco brings Ethan to the Unity House Music Room.

Tuesday at 10:26 PM
Darling Harry,

Merlin, I love you so much!

Lucky for me, that muggle boy - who I *think* is named Ethan - had sent a message to the Leaky telling me he couldn't make it Monday and had to reschedule for today. It's lucky because I completely forgot about him yesterday! I remembered today when - after reading your email and deciding to do something nice for Tabitha - I went in my closet to get dressed. Forgot why I was there. Then spotted my King Arthur costume. THAT reminded me of the boy, and since I was naked, I hastily got dressed.

Super long story short, after I got dressed in my favorite bright blue robes, I spotted my laptop and remembered all over again that I wanted to get something nice for Tabitha, so I had Dilly Apparate me over to Neville's shop so that I could order her a lovely bouquet of flowers. Bouquet in hand, I then had myself Apparated over to Unity House where you and Tabitha were in your office. You lit up when I walked in, but then glowered rather darkly when I presented the flowers to Tabitha, thanking her and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Then I asked her to leave us alone for about twenty minutes. Shaking her head with a knowing smile, she left the office, which we locked. I spent the first five minutes kissing you until you were purring from happiness, and then milked you, using an orgasm denial spell to prolong it for a few minutes since you had a bit of a hair trigger. I'm so sorry that I've been taking it slow. I know you have needs and I've been neglecting them, but now that I'm rather horny again, I'm almost certain me popping in for a milking is going to be a regular thing again. Good thing under your desk is still cozy, ready, and waiting for me pop in whenever I like. And by pop in, I mean have Muffy Apparate me, sigh.

When Tabitha knocked on the door twenty or so minutes later, I ended the spell and let you have your squealing orgasm. Also, try to keep in mind that even though I'm technically on a zero magic restriction, Healer Rowe *did* say that I could cast basic spells if I needed to, and I checked, an orgasm denial spell uses only a tiny bit more magic than a Leviosa, so - as long as I'm not doing it a hundred times a day - I feel that it's safe enough for me to cast.

Anyway, getting back to Ethan (?), I noticed that it was getting close to 3 PM, which was when I'd agreed to meet him yesterday. Seeing the clock actually reminded me that I'd remembered him in my closet, and feeling guilty that I'd missed our appointment, I had Dimmy Apparate me to the Leaky. This was when I found out that he'd actually rescheduled.

He walked in through the entrance from muggle public, looking highly confused. See, as a muggle, all he saw was a run down and decrepit something. It had actually taken an extraordinary amount of willpower to convince himself that despite looking derelict, the address was correct. Once he was inside, he was fascinated to see a busy pub.
"Draco Malfoy," I introduced myself as I shook his hand. "I'm not sure I actually ever told you that."

He shook his head. "No, but it was on the paperwork for all those instruments you bought."

"Ah, anyway, follow me," I ordered as I led him toward the fake door that had been added inside the meeting room I've been renting for my various business purposes.

He was definitely wary as he followed me, and when I thought about it afterward, I suppose it was probably a good thing he was wary. After all, he was following a stranger up the stairs to a private room in a pub. Yeah... that actually could have ended so badly if I'd been anyone other than me - a man married to the best husband in the world and not interested in straying. Especially for a pimply teenager!

I checked my pocket watch as we approached the magical door/portal. "Good timing. Elena should be out of school now and in the music room. Come."

I opened the door, verified with a look that it *did* lead to the music room at Unity House, and then gestured for him to walk through.

He stepped through and looked around. "Whoa... this is a nice little room! Much nicer than that other one was."

"Daddy!" Elena exclaimed gleefully as she entered the room and threw her arms around me for a tight hug. "I'm going to teach everyone a couple of songs from Labyrinth! I want to start with Magic Dance - you know: "You remind me of the babe," - and then also do Chilly Down. Which is the one where they take off their heads and toss them around."

"Er... Are you certain that's the *best* song to teach a bunch of toddlers?" I wondered apprehensively.

"Of course!" Elena assured me with a bright and cheery grin. She turned to smile at the boy. "Loving to see you again! This is Finnegan, he knows how to play the piano. This is Beatrix, she's new here, so I'm not sure what she knows how to play. Most of the Unity Kids have figured out how to bang on a drum by now. Your job will be to help the younger ones learn how to shake their instruments."

By this point, the room had filled up with *all* the Unity Kids, and Salazar's crooked prick! I'd forgotten how many there are now! I mean I guess I hadn't forgotten, it's just surprising to see them all in the same room at the same time. Especially including the Traditions squibs. I'm not certain this room is big enough!

"Erm... alright..." The boy murmured nervously. He gestured around the room. "Let's start with a basic drum session. Someone start a rhythm while I make sure the younger kids all have instruments. Even a baby could shake a maraca in time to a good beat."

"Not this one!" You replied with a laugh as you entered the room. "You're back!" You added with a grin at me. "Can you hold Sunshine for a bit? I need to meet with some prospective parents and the rest of the caregivers seemed to have gone on break for a few minutes now that the older kids are here to watch the younger ones."

"Of course," I said as I took the infant girl that had been dropped off shortly after birth. "Sunshine, eh?"

"It's what I've been calling her until she'd adopted and her parents can give her a proper name," you informed me.

"Such an optimist," I murmured with a wry shake of my head. You kissed me and we both promptly got lost in it.
"Dads!" Elena growled in embarrassment. "Don't you have a meeting with some parents???

You pulled back with a laugh. "Thanks for reminding me, I'd have forgotten otherwise!"

"Go!" Elena insisted. "Oh! But first, do we have a red and white striped costume that Sunshine can wear? And Daddy Draco's hair is *perfect* to play Jereth!"

"Are you going to wear those skin tight trousers too?" You asked with a knowing smirk.

I preened. "I could."

"Stop making goo goo eyes at each other!" A pair of six year olds told us off, making us both laugh.

With a last kiss, you left for that meeting and I lightly danced around the room with the baby as the older kids drummed and the younger ones shook their maracas, tambourines, and those stick thingies that made interesting sounds when banged and rubbed together. As I thought, Ethan (Merlin, I wish I could remember if that's actually his name!) was the perfect teacher for the littler ones. He was patient and understanding and made learning fun.

Luna arrived not too much later with a plate of biscuits in her hands and a tray of glasses of milk levitating behind her. "I've got chocolate or oatmeal raisin. Just don't eat the one off to the side that's covered in gravy."

"Ooo! Gravy?" I asked with interest.

She laughed softly and nodded. "Yes, that one's for you."

"Yes!" I hissed happily. She handed out the rest of the biscuits first, then took Sunshine from me as she handed me the plate that now only contained my gravy covered one.

"Hello, lovely, let's go change your bottom, shall we?" She crooned as she kissed the baby all over her face. After they were gone, I grabbed a guitar and joined in what was actually a rather catchy drum beat. This slightly more formal than previously jam session lasted quite a while with all the caregivers joining in at some point.

Then it was announced via a Sonorus that dinner was going to be served in ten minutes, which naturally made all the kids cheer and set their instruments aside. The caregivers led the younger ones to the loo to take care of any business, and as I understand it, Alric is back to refusing to potty train. He made another toilet back up. Apparently I need to bring Viona with me tomorrow (rather than leave her home to play with Della and Sebastian) so that she can show him how it's done again, hahaha! Maybe you could try conjuring the pear shaped basin instead. Maybe he simply prefers to use something with an interesting shape. Or maybe the fact that there's an actual target in the basin to hit makes it more fun for him.

In any case, you entered the room just after everyone else had left to find Elena, Ethan, and me standing there after putting everything away.

"You must be the new music teacher. Welcome. I'm Harry and I run Unity House - this mad little orphanage where we try to make life as fun as possible for the kids."

"Hi..." he greeted, once again looking around suspiciously. Especially out the first floor window, where he could see the Park. (Is Greg building something new already???)

"Daddy Harry, can we go out to eat tonight? I would love a burger!"
You looked at me uncertainly, clearly wondering how much energy I had left. I smiled and tugged you close so that I could kiss you. "We're going to be right on Diagon Alley in a moment, so we may as well go to Café Exquis."

"Yes!" You cheered happily, returning my kiss.

"Hooray!" Elena cheered.

I opened the magic portal door - which, incidentally, had been charmed so that none of the Unity Kids could see it and be tempted to use it. No need to have them suddenly disappearing. Come to think of it, we should probably ward it so that none of them can get through it if they should happened to notice it.

"This is *so much* nicer than the floo!" You blurted out when all it took was stepping through the door to return us to the private room in the Leaky. "Why don't we use these more often?"

"They're only useful between two specific points, and so, are impractical for most occasions," I explained with a shrug. We walked with Ethan down the stairs and told him that if he wants the job, all he has to do is show up here each day a little after three and go up to room number seven and through the door to the music room. I then gave him his first day's wages - which I thankfully remembered to have on hand. Although I have *no idea* when I went and had it exchanged. I'm not great with the muggle exchange rate, so I probably overpaid him.

With a grin, he promised to be back tomorrow, and then ran off, leaving us to go grab a bite to eat at our favorite Café. After we'd been seated and served our food - I ordered a raw tuna steak smothered in sausage gravy - we were just chatting about this and then when I gasped and clutched my abdomen with my hands.

"Draco! What's wrong?! Is it the baby?! Is something wrong with the baby?!" You cried out in something close to panic.

With wide eyes, I looked up at you and slowly shook my head. "She... She kicked me..."

"She moved?!!" You demanded in watery eyed awe. "You finally felt her move!"

Forgetting the entire world still existed, we threw our arms around each other and kissed in celebration until Elena sighed. "Dads... everyone is taking your picture..."

"Bugger!" We both exclaimed in mild dismay, knowing that we were almost certainly going to be on the cover of the Prophet tomorrow.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur for me because I kept hyper focusing on my abdomen to see if I could feel more movement, but so far, nothing. Even so... I felt her and she's more real now than even when we see her in the hologram spell. Oh Harry...

I'm NOT teary eyed, Merlin damn it! But since you're sleeping and I just can't at the moment, I suppose that I have nothing better to do than molest you.

My love, you know that you're my best friend, you know that I'd do anything for you, my love, let nothing come between us, my love for you is strong and true,

Draco

Tuesday at 8:27 AM
My goofball of a husband,

I'm not sure if it's my brain fog, or if it's a result of you writing me during your brain fog, but I had to read your email at least three times before all of the information really registered. I have a number of questions and comments. But my brain is still feeling really foggy so I will probably jump around a bit.

You felt our Eris move! It's so exciting! I know we've see the holograms, and heard her heartbeat, and we can see that you're growing, but there's just something about the movement that makes it all so real isn't there? It's all coming up so quickly. I'm due in two months! Two months! And you're only five weeks after that!

Bloody Hell! In two months we're going to have a newborn, and then a second newborn only a few weeks later! We've done nothing to prepare! We have to .... Merlin! I don't even know what we have to do! We need nappies and clothes and blankets and ... and .... I don't even know what we need!

Breeeeeate Harry!

Ok so while my mind was reeling just now I realized that the shirt I used to tell you we were having a girl asked if you were ready for two princesses. So just now I was thinking that it's either true but has already been fulfilled and now you need to be ready for three. But then I cried a little and thought it just seemed like we were leaving out Elena. But we didn't know then that she was ours. Well, I did, but I hadn't said it out loud because I was scared. And then I thought maybe I should make a new shirt to make it more realistic? But since you already know she's a girl, it's probably not an important thing to get done. But ... after all that I decided it's still true. Because Viona is our Princess, and I am sure Eris will be a princess as well. But Elena? She's the Queen!

She's learning very quickly from her Grandmothers to rule her house with an iron fist. She already has you wrapped around her little finger. Lucky for me, I am immune to that and she doesn't have me wrapped at all! I am the tough one!

Shut it you.

I find it absolutely hilarious that you have been on magic restriction for over a month, finally are allowed small amounts of magic, and you decide to research the amount of magic an orgasm denial spell takes. You are bloody amazing. I am so lucky I married you. Well, I suppose I'm mostly brilliant for getting you to marry me. Brilliant AND lucky!

But here's the deal, I love that your libido is coming back. I really do. But I do not want you to ever apologize for taking things slowly or listening to your body when it's telling you it's tired. I can live without sex for a while, what I can't do is live without you. You have not been neglecting my needs, my need is for you to be healthy. Got it?!? Although if you're quite sure it's your libido talking and not some sense of guilt, I will gladly take anything you want to give me!

I really liked Ethan (and I can't believe you got his name right!) and the Kids have been talking about him all day today. So you can remember Ethan's name right away, but you've had DIBLY for weeks now and refuse to learn his name? Is this one of those things where you're forgetting it on purpose so you don't make Muffy feel badly?

Can I just say that for all of your forgetfulness, all of your brain fog when you're wandering around your closet, every name you've messed up; when you said you were naked in your closet and then were apparated to Neville's shop I was quite thankful that you remembered to put some robes on. I can't even imagine Neville's reaction if you had popped into his shop naked. Or would Muffy have warned you?
I love that Elena has been both exasperated and a little thrilled at how affectionate we are with each other. She gets that huffy "dadsssss" tone of voice, but she also usually has a big smile to go along with it.

I love you,
Harry

P.S. If you haven't already, you should check out our picture in the Prophet. We look adorable and Elena and Viona are both giving us their patient yet bored face while they wait for us to stop! I am ordering a copy of THAT one for sure!

P.P.S. I have a full Jareth costume for you! Or I suppose it's really for me, but who's keeping track?
Tuesday at 11:46 AM
My adorable mutt of a husband,

You know, I hadn't really given much thought to what if anything we *need* to buy for the babies because we already have an expanded bed we plan them to sleep in, centuries of excess breastmilk in stasis, and heirloom clothes from centuries of Malfoy babies (the first 3-6 months especially, babies go through things so quickly that they're usually in really good condition to be worn by the next generation). Obviously, we can and will buy some clothes for them, but also keep in mind that *my* mother AND *your* mother have both been knitting up a storm.

So yeah, I think we have them covered. Literally, hahaha! As for nappies, I'm also fairly sure that there's a pile of them around here somewhere. (What did you think we've been using for Viona?) I obviously prefer cloth as it's more natural, but since it's actually the House Elves that do all the nappy changing, I suppose that I won't argue if you'd rather use something else.

Actually... since we're going to have two, maybe we *should* go out and buy a bunch more nappies...

I will actually admit that you're more resistant to Elena's pleading than I am. I think that with Viona, when she throws a strop, I can calmly wait it out because I see myself in her and can sort of ignore the strop. Whereas you will grab her and try to calm her down, even if it occasionally means giving into her unreasonable demands. But with Elena, all she has to do is pout and I'm already plotting out how to give her whatever she wants. Meanwhile, you're watching us with this bemused look like you're thinking that I'm going to spoil her bloody rotten in no time.

My libido is definitely coming back, so there's no need to worry that I'm pushing myself for you. I just feel bad because we started out with a spectacular sex life, and then it just sort of died all of a sudden because of my stupidity. I feel like I should lick and worship every part of your body to apologize. Hmm... that's not a bad idea...

What do you mean I don't remember Dibly's name? Haven't I been calling him that???

As for remembering to get dressed before going to Neville's, well, remember how I said it was a super long story? The super long story is how many costumes I put on and clothes I changed into before I remembered exactly what in the bloody hell it was I wanted to do. And even then, I had to roar in frustration at Dibby so that he could remind me. And yes, I *did* actually tell him to Apparate me when I was naked, and he reminded me that I might want to get dressed first. You can pet his head like a good puppy and praise him if you like.

That picture truly is one of the better ones! And I look forward to seeing this costume, is it something we should try on in the play room?

Sugar pie honey bunch, you know that I love you, I can't help myself, I love you and nobody else, Draco

P.S. Bloody Gryffindor!

Thursday at 8:38 AM
Good morning Husband Mine,
I think I possibly made a poor choice in movies for last night! As usual, you were in my arms ... well what's left of my arms now that your giant baby takes up most of my lapspace! Viona was mostly in your lap, but did wander back and forth between 'Mione and Greg, she just knows they're hers! And Elena was snuggled up with her head on your shoulder. Well, as you already know, we watched The Sound of Music, and when Maria was corralling all of the children and teaching them to sing, Elena got that sparkle in her eye that I know too well. I have a feeling we are going to have another performance quite soon.

I think the reason I give in to Viona while you're able to know when her demands are ridiculous, and why I'm able to keep a hold of some of Elena's more outrageous demands while you buy her entire music stores worth of instruments, is because of which of us is whose main caregiver. I spend more time with Elena, I spend breakfast with her, I drop her off at school, I pick her up from school, and before she came to our house I was with her at Unity most days. So I know her little quirks and I know when she legitimately wants or needs something versus when she's trying to manipulate the situation to get what she wants. She's quite brilliant and knows how to get what she wants! Whereas with Viona, you are with her every day, you know what she's capable of. I think she's just a pure innocent little baby who is too tiny to know what she's doing. While you realize she's a teeny tiny Slytherin, who is barely a year old, basically potty trained, can count to at least four, and knows exactly how to work her naïve Mumda!

Speaking of people who are wrapped around tiny fingers, yes Greg is building more to the Park. What is he building? Oh I am so glad you asked. He's building a skate park. A skate park Draco. Some of the kids at the squib school were telling Finn about skateboarding and he casually mentioned to Greg that he wishes we had a skate park nearby. Aaaaannnnnd now Unity has one. I guess the next time we're out shopping we should pick up skateboards, rollerblades, pads, and helmets.

And apparently more cloth nappies. I knew we had some for Viona obviously, but newborns need a different size right? Seeing as Viona didn't come to us until she was six months old, I had no idea if we had tiny nappies.

No, you have not been calling him Dibly. You have called him just about anything starting with a D that isn't his name. The list, which includes the wrong name IN THE PARAGRAPH AFTER YOU ASKED THAT, includes Dibby, Dippy, Wibbly, Dippy, Diply, and I think my personal favorite is Dimby.

I'm so pleased your libido is back. So here's what I think we should get up to tonight. You make sure you take a late nap so you have plenty of energy. We will put the ladies to bed, and then I will go kneel in our playroom waiting for you while you get dressed in the Jareth pants. Then you can do whatever you want to me, especially that whole licking and worshipping every inch of my body!

Mmmmm, playnight!

See you then,
Harry
Chapter 187

Chapter Summary

Muffy has something important to show Draco.

Monday at 4:18 AM
Harry!

Guess what happened while you were sleeping last night!

Alright, so, I was awake at about 4 AM because my sleep schedule is just plain weird. And I was reading a book so that I wouldn't just stand there and stare at you like a creeper. When Muffy popped into the room and said:

"Look, Master Draco, Muffy has triplets."

And they were *tiny!!!* Each one was smaller than my pug puppy Onyx, and he's a little bigger than can fit in both hands.

I know you probably won't get this email until after I'm asleep, and I'm not sure if you're going into Unity House at all today, but if you need to call on a house elf for any reason today, please call on Dimmy as I gave Muffy the day off. And yes, I had to order it several times in several ways before she'd stop protesting. That said, once Viona's awake, if you're still home, I'm sure you could ask Muffy to bring the babies so that you and our girls can see them.

Life is sometimes nothing short of a miracle!
Draco

P.S. I don't think I'd ever actually seen a baby house elf before. They were so small I was afraid to break them if I held them too firmly! But I didn't hurt them, and Muffy was over the moon that I was the first Master to see them since she's been mine since I was born. I'm just... suddenly very anxious to finally be able to hold *ours* in my arms. You know?

Tuesday at 8:47 AM
My Dragon,

I feel like I haven’t seen you in days! Between your sleep schedule and all of your last minute prep with Ernie, all your time has been scheduled! Well, aside from midnight creepings when you just stare at me ... I mean read.

I'm just so proud of how hard you work at these things you’re passionate about.

The girls and I got to see Muffy’s babies today! They are so sweet and tiny! Muffy was so proud of her them, she was practically glowing. And she definitely made sure to mention to me that you were the first to see them. She’s quite proud of YOU too!

I certainly agree with you, I'm getting so anxious to hold Orion and Eris in my arms. I need to see
you with your arms full of our children. Well, fuller. I’m ready to watch our girls hold their little
brother and sister. I’m ready to be a family of six already!

We don’t have to go far, but can we do a trip before the babies get here? We haven’t done any
traveling since we brought Elena home, maybe a weekend in Spain or Germany? I’m all itchy again!

Wow that was a lot of babbling when none of that was why I decided to write you in the first place! I
want to tell you good luck tomorrow. You will do amazing as always. And your Malfoy cheering
section will be right there! I can’t wait to see you in action again. Although I don’t think I’m in any
shape to be taken up against a wall again, we may have to get a little creative.

Your unbelievably proud husband,
Harry
Draco describes the Candlemas ritual.

Wednesday at 10:26 PM
Darling Harry,

This ritual was simple. Perfect for a Wednesday in the middle of winter. Especially since it was a blizzard outside!

Once again, we had Luna, Parvati Patil, and Susan Bones helping us. We let Macmillan do most of the lecturing:

"This day is important around the world for many reasons, all of which are rather simplistic and *unimportant* in the grand scheme of things. Life most certainly would continue on just fine if no one did anything special on this day, but it's a day that is balanced on the very fine edge of winter and spring. Winter is starting to feel like it's dragging on forever, and everyone's been stuck inside so long that they're certain they're going to go mad if they don't have a nice day soon!

"So, the most important reason - as far as you students will be concerned - that we celebrate this day is to remind ourselves that spring is already beginning. Even if we can't see it, the Earth is waking up from her slumber. If we had better weather, we'd have led everyone on a walk to look for signs of spring, but since it's really piling up out there, we'll just have to stay inside.

"This day has different names. Most people will probably have heard of Candlemas. In many religions, it's a festival of light in which candles are lit to spiritually 'rekindle' our dwindling hope. Also, to remind us that there's a noticeably longer amount of light each day. Some people call this Imbolc, and others call it St. Bridget's day - Otherwise known as the Goddess Brighid. In America, they call this day Groundhog's Day and have a tradition that one particular groundhog can predict how much longer winter will last based on whether or not he sees his shadow.

"At this time of year, people traditionally were down to the last bits of food they'd set aside for the winter. This meant grain mostly, but also root vegetables such as parsnips and potatoes, and possibly the very last of the extremely wrinkly apples. It wasn't a time when large feasts were made, but a minor sacrifice would be made by making special loaves of bread to eat."

Macmillan continued a bit, but the main points of the ritual had been covered so we also moved onto the hands on portion. I was standing near the Slytherin table. "On each table, you'll find enough supplies to make at least one candle each. You certainly may make more if you'd like. This was an activity that was traditionally done each fall after the slaughter - using animal fats. But *also* during this time of year as supplies might be running low and candles were necessary for light - especially for those that had to get up and work while it was still dark out. These supplies are simple. There are bowls containing beads of soy wax, and bowls containing beads of beeswax. You can choose one or the other - or both - then add the beads to the small clay containers. Those of you that know warming charms may use them to melt the wax into candles - don't worry, the wicks are already in the containers and should stay put so long as you don't pull them out. For those that don't know warming charms, there are small hot plates you'll set the containers on until the beads melt. Remember to add
more beads as necessary. Also, there's a small variety of fragrance oils you can add if you like."

The students seemed surprised that they were expected to *make* something. A few grumbled about it, but others seemed interested in the project. A lot of students were surprised how easy it was to make candles, and I didn't have the heart to tell them that we chose literally the easiest method possible so that we didn't have to spend hours showing them how to dip their candles just right.

Eventually, it was time to move on and Luna took over from where she stood by the Ravenclaw table. "Once you've made as many candles as you like, set them aside to cool. Now we're going to start on those loaves of special bread." This had taken a bit of planning! Basically, we created a sort of magical oven with a muggle style conveyor belt at each end of the tables. Thus, with our help, the students mixed up a basic bread recipe, kneading the dough and forming shapes if they liked. Once ready, they brought their loaf to the magical oven and waited for it to bake. As before, each student was only required to make one loaf, but could make more if they liked. Each table had various herbs and ingredients that could be added to the loaves to give them a bit of variation.

The reason one loaf each was required was that - once they were done baking - we held the actual ritual. Which was truly this simple. We broke the loaf of bread open, slathered some butter on a piece, and then held it up as we said: "To Merlin and the Founders, to all the Gods and the Goddess Brighid (or other chosen deity) in particular: Winter is coming to an end. The stores of food are dwindling, and yet we eat and stay warm in the chilled winter months. We are grateful for our good fortune and for the food before us. We give our thanks and pray that spring returns soon." Then we tossed that piece into bowls of fire as offerings and ate the rest of the bread.

Also, the candles had mostly cooled by this point, so Patil gained everyone's attention. "Candlemas has always been a festival of light and fire. Some people celebrate by having a large bonfire - and since I *know* we all love a good bonfire, we'd considered it. Sadly, the weather. So, instead, we want each of you to take hold of one of the candles you made, cup it in your hands as you focus on it, and silently say a prayer - perhaps for spring to arrive as soon as possible. Or - alternatively - this is an excellent time to ask a question you'd like the Gods to answer. Any question at all, although traditionally, people seem to be extremely interested in their love lives at this time of year and often ask who will be their future husband or wife. Once you've said your prayer or asked your question, light your candle, then keep it safe until it goes out on its own. If you're lucky, your question or prayer will have been answered by then, but usually it takes a few days."

After the candles were lit, every adult but me (grr...) went around casting spells to make sure that the candles couldn't set anything on fire. The other candles were similarly charmed so that if the students used them at any point, they *also* wouldn't light anything on fire.

Bones was the only person who hadn't really said anything yet, so she stood up and gained everyone's attention. "Hmm... can anyone tell me what else is made with grains?" She smirked playfully. "AND - since it's that time of year when baby animals are *just* starting to be born, and thus milk is beginning to flow once more - what sort of things are made using grain *and* milk?"

A timid Hufflepuff third year raised his hand. "Er... cake?"

Bones smiled at him. "Of course. Anything else?"

"Biscuits?" A hopeful Gryffindor asked.

"Definitely!" She confirmed, and just like that, the supplies on the table changed so that cakes and biscuits could be made - also using the magical ovens. And then cooled with a few charms, and iced and decorated with a variety of options. This lasted quite some time as even the grumpiest teenager couldn't resist the siren's call of biscuits for too long. The students were encouraged to ask questions.
about the holiday, the ritual, or just how to make biscuits, and we took turns answering the questions.

But there you have it! One ritual to help relieve the tedium of winter. It may have been rather simple, but it might just be my favorite one yet because of all the biscuits I helped Viona and Elena bake and eat. Okay, so it was mostly you helping them make them and me helping them eat them, but still.

And then it was time for us to come home, and now we're snuggled up in bed after a thoroughly enjoyable session of lovemaking. Oi! The most difficult part at the moment is figuring out how to do it with our bellies in the way! But we managed.

Eris apparently doesn't like it when I sleep. Perhaps because I do it so much, haha, but she's gotten to a point where I can only sleep for about two hours before my body starts to ache so ferociously that I wake up. I have to go to the loo and maybe grab a bit to eat. And email you. But the good news is that I'm now awake for six hours in the morning, take a two hour nap, awake for six hours in the afternoon/evening, and then sleep all night in two hour increments interspersed by about 20-30 minutes of trying everything I can think of to get comfortable again, sigh. The most important part about this is that since you'll be home from Unity House tomorrow, we'll actually get to spend some time together in the morning. But don't feel like you have to forego your morning walk or routine.

Lastly, as for the trip you want, I'll look into our options and plan something for next weekend - possibly starting on Thursday, haha. Unless we have something planned... Better yet, consult with Tabitha and find out when we have time in our schedule, then let me know when it is and I'll plan something.

Every time I look in the mirror, all these lines on my face getting clearer, the past is gone, it went by like dusk to dawn, isn't that the way? Dream on, dream on, dream 'til your dream comes true,

Draco

P.S. My prayer was for you to never stop loving me.

Thursday at 8:09 AM
Good morning my love,

Well, you sure wasted your wish! Nothing could ever make me stop loving you! Maybe you should have wished for Eris to give you a break and let you sleep, the little magic hogging demon.

Speaking of one Miss Eris Lyra; I woke up early this morning and had a long talk with her. I told her in no uncertain terms that she needed to give her Daddy a break. And to maybe stop draining your magic so much. And while I was telling her all about how special and wonderful you are, she kicked me! I had my cheek on your bump and little miss sass kicked me in the face while I was lecturing her!

I assume this one is going to take my attempts at strict parenting just as seriously as the others do. I love that our girls are learning to be strong powerful women, but could they wait until they're a little older and at least pretend they listen to me?

The ritual was wonderful. As someone who runs an orphanage, I love a good arts and crafts project! Making candles was fun, I think I might have the Unity Kids do that sometime soon. As usual, my favorite part of the whole thing was being with my family and baking biscuits to prepare. We have the best kids ever, you know that right?

I'm ready for a weekend trip whenever you want! The only thing we have scheduled anytime soon is
the kids party for Valentine’s day and that’s not until the 14th which is a Monday anyway.

Since you’re still sleeping, the girls and I are going to go for a nice long walk. I’m sure we’ll be back soon, with flushed faces and cold noses, if you wake up before we get back can you ask Muffy to get some hot cocoa ready for us?

I love you,
Harry

P.S. I went online and ordered a book on pregnancy sex. It’s muggle so it definitely won’t have ideas for how to work around two bumps, but I thought it might have at least a few good ideas!
Wednesday at 12:23 PM
My Harry,

I can't believe that I was awake everyday this week in time for breakfast! I don't think that's happened since I was in Hogwarts, hahaha! It seems like the perfect timing. You wake up and go for a walk, either with Elena (and sometimes Viona) or alone. Then, when you come back, I'm awake and breakfast is ready to eat. It's been wonderful eating as a family.

It took me a week, but I arranged a trip for us. It just so happens that Carnival in Cadiz Spain starts this Saturday the 12th. You said a trip close by and southern Spain is warm enough right now that we should *all* enjoy the warmth. We're leaving in an hour or so by my private jet so that we can arrive in Cadiz in time to check into the Tryp Cadiz la Caleta. I'm not ashamed to admit that I had to bribe the hotel staff to give us a room when they were already booked up, but we not only have a room, but naturally the best suite in the hotel.

Thursday and Friday, we can simply do a bit of sightseeing and fine eating - and shopping of course. Saturday and Sunday, we'll walk around and enjoy the festival, but seeing as how it is a 10 day festival and you wanted to be back by Monday for the Unity Valentine's Day Party, we'll be coming home Sunday night. That's probably the longest I should push myself anyway. That said, if you want, we can always come back next weekend for the end of the festival.

Oh! I have to stop now and finish packing!

Love,
Draco

Thursday at 8:16 AM
Hola! From beautiful Spain!

Well, it's finally beautiful! Our poor Elena, she had never been on an airplane before and had no idea she would get airsick. Lucky for her that her Daddies still haven't shaken pregnancy nausea completely and had anti-nausea potions on hand. After that, her natural enthusiasm came back and she couldn't get enough of watching the scenery pass us by, investigating the entire jet, and then regaling us with all of the research she had done on our destination.

We got to our suite in enough time to settle in a bit before we headed to dinner. We went to an absolutely glorious restaurant, Ventorillo el Chato. Because we want our ladies to experience real food, and not just grab off of the kids' menus, we decided to go with the tasting menu and try a little bit of everything. My favorite was, without a doubt, the Duck and Foie Ravioli with the to-die-for homemade Funghi Sauce. You and your seafood, could not get enough of the rock fish or the scallops. Elena ate almost all of the shrimp fritters. And Viona, well I never know with her, she was
just grabbing and trying everything. I can't really watch her eat too much, she started putting sweet potato puree on top of anchovies and added the artichoke and that was about as much as I could watch. Although I think you tried most of her concoctions, and knowing you you probably loved them all! But everyone loved the puffed pastries.

When we got back to our suite we just relaxed as a family. You and Lainie sang a bit, and we finally, finally, FINALLY, got to hear her secret. She composed a song for our family. And it wasn't the type of song that you would expect from a nine year old, rhyming and sounding like an advertising jingle and mostly out of tune. No, our massively talented little girl crafted a beautiful song about love, and building and choosing your family. Thank you for holding me while I cried through it. Sorry you're allergic to beautiful music and it caused your eyes to leak.

When the girls started nodding off, we tucked them into the bed in their room, and then we added Spain to our list of countries we've shagged in ... twice. Have I mentioned how happy I am that your libido has made its triumphant return?

Lainie and I have been nibbling on some fruit so we don't ruin our breakfast, and peeking through the pamphlets we got from the concierge. So, we have a few ideas of what we can do today.

We definitely want to do The Gran Teatro Falla, but the pamphlets say that it will be at its best during Carnival, so I don't know if the days leading up to it will be as good and maybe we should save that for Saturday or Sunday. I know with my musicians it is an absolute must!

The Parque Genoves sounds amazing, it's just a giant botanical garden. I think we could get some gorgeous pictures of our girls; individually, as a set, and some shots of all four of us. We have our travel album, Viona has hers, and I actually started one for Elena (I know we hadn't adopted her at that point, but I got some beautiful pictures of her at the New Year celebrations and I think that should count!)

And there are markets, and an archaeological site, and museums, and beaches, and a CASTLE! It's so warm that I definitely want to try and stick to outdoor sightseeing. There's too much sunshine to stay indoors for long!

Oh, I just heard Viona, I am going to fill her up with fruit too and then the three of us are going to be nice and loud so we get to see your handsome face soon and get our day started!

Te Amo Mi Amor,
Harry
Saturday at 12:37 AM
Mi Perrito,

Isn't the weather here gorgeous?! It's not too hot being just a bit chilly, but not too cold either. Considering that there's still just a bit of snow on Manor grounds, this is a definite improvement!

After waking up on Thursday morning, *with* Viona - weren't you surprised? I've been telling you that with Eris not letting me sleep more than two hours at a time, I'm actually up in the mornings around 8ish. Bleh! It's *not* something I relish, but on days when we have so much to do, it's rather nice.

Anyway, after waking up and us having a lovely family breakfast, we spent most of the morning in El Parque Genoves because it was the perfect start to a beautiful trip. After lunch and a two hour nap for Viona and me, we then did our shopping at El Mercado. I found a little gold bull to add to our souvenir collection. I know that this isn't the running of the bulls, but bulls remind me of Spain - for some reason - so it just seemed appropriate.

After dinner, we went to the beach practically right outside our hotel - La Playa de la Victoria - to watch the sun set. Our girls liked playing in the sand a bit, but it really was too cold for any sort of playing in the water.

Friday morning was perfect for touristy things, such as exploring El Castillo de Santa Catalina, and El Castillo de San Sebastián, which are on either side of La Playa la Caleta. This allowed us to get in a little beach time while we were at it. But then (after lunch and a nap), of course, we went to the Gran Teatro Falla to watch the finale of the singing competition that had been going on for about 20 days.

We were politely informed by several people that we wanted to have a costume or ten to wear during the festivities, so that's what we did after dinner - wander El Mercado again looking for interesting things that would make bold costumes - or parts of them anyway. When we were done, we had matching jester costumes for all of us AND matching Lords and Ladies costumes that were vaguely from the renaissance era. Elena loves to dance and bought a traditional flamenco dress in black, red, and gold.
But now it's after midnight and I think I'm going to try sleeping again. It may only be two hours at a
time, but it helps prevent me from turning into a complete terror! A minor nightmare, perhaps, but not
so much that I ruin everything for everyone. Remind me to ask Healer Rowe if there's a potion safe
for pregnancy that can help minimize the aches and pains that wake me up every two hours. Plus the
itchiness is getting worse! The anti itch potion has almost no effect these days! sigh...

Even so, if I went back and told my pre-pregnancy self everything I'd have to endure, I'd more than
likely choose to do it anyway. Feeling my little demon swim around inside me nearly makes up for
all the discomfort.

Plus, for the next few months, I can cherish the fact that I literally have a piece of you inside me.

And the songbirds are singing like they know the score,
Draco

P.S. Alright, I'll admit that I might have teared up a little when I heard Elena's beautiful song.

Saturday at 9:14 PM
My Dragon,

Is this our life? Really and truly? Jet setting to fantastic locations. Showing our daughters the world.
Wandering down the streets of Spain during Carnival, hand in hand with the love of my life?

The music! I may be terrible at creating music, but I know true music from the heart when I hear it.
Everyone here plays from the depths of their soul! You would think that so many different people in
one city, playing music together and separately, and different levels of talent, that it would be a loud
clash of sound. But somehow it all works. It makes me want to dance. It makes me wish I could play
something.

Could Elena possibly look more beautiful in her flamenco dress? Usually costumes look silly, but she
looks like she belongs on stage. She has always been amazing, but have you noticed how she's lit up
since we got here? Is it the atmosphere? Is it the music? Is she just finally finding her place?

I know you usually like wearing Viona around, but I think she really enjoyed riding around on my
shoulders for a while. It probably helps that I'm not very far off the ground! I could have done
without her trying to rip my hair out by the roots though. I know that I think we have the most
beautiful children, but I can't believe the amount of people who stopped us to compliment our girls. Elena acts like she can't believe people are complimenting her, but Viona soaks it up. I can practically hear her internal monologue "yes, peasants, it is I Viona Malfoy, worship me." My goodness is she you!

All three of you are passed out in our bed. You were just going to read them a quick bedtime story and before I knew it all three of you were sleeping! I hope you all get some good rest! One day left of Carnival and then we head home so we can prep for the Valentine's Day party at Unity. The girls and I are going to spend Monday baking for the party. Want to come "help"? And by help I of course mean taste test everything and sneak me kisses to motivate me!

Oh, I sent off an email to Hermione to see if she can ask Healer Rowe if she can fit us in on Tuesday or Wednesday. That way we can check on what we can do for your exhaustion and itchiness. Maybe you're actually allergic to something you've been eating?

Ok, I need to try and get some sleep! Tomorrow is another big day here in Spain.

Yours,
Harry
Monday at 2:26 AM
Mi Corazón,

This was the perfect way to end a wonderful trip. Not wanting to push ourselves (mostly me), we simply found a good spot to watch the main parade (and Elena dancing almost nonstop to the music), and then did some 'last minute' shopping on Calle Ancha and Calle Columel. We had dinner at a place near our Hotel called La Marea. It specializes in seafood, and we again had a tasting menu in which we got a little bit of everything. On this day, I just couldn't get enough shrimp! I had it in every way possible!

A little after dinner, we watched the fireworks on the beach in La Caleta. Then we had to head to the airport and fly back home, but it was good timing as we were all just a little tired by that point and took a nap. Incidentally, I paid for our hotel room through the end of Carnival, so if you *do* decide to come back next weekend, we can. Once back at the private airport - which is actually not too far from the Manor, but I'm sure you realized that - I completely forgot the statute of secrecy and called for Muffy.

"Muffy, Apparate me and Viona home, and Dimmy, make sure our luggage gets home safely!" I knew you were going to Apparate Elena, so I didn't bother with that. I honestly wasn't paying any attention to our pilot, so I have no idea how he reacted to the sight of our elves popping in and taking us away. Knowing you, rather than obliviate him, you probably just muttered something like: "We'll explain next time," before Apparating away.

So, now we're home and I'm awake for a few minutes for a loo break. I look forward to your lovey dovey Valentine's day activities tomorrow.

We may only have tonight, but 'til the morning sun, you're mine, all mine, play the music low, and swing to the rhythm of love,
Draco

Monday at 8:56 PM
Happy Valentine's Day!!!

Whatever do you mean lovey dovey Valentine's day activities? That doesn't sound like me at all!

Ha, I can't even fool myself.

I hope I made your day even half as wonderful as you made mine. Just waking up with you is all I really need. But we're both a bit dramatic and love our special occasions so that wouldn't have been quite what we were looking for today. You've been waking up pretty consistently at 8:00 in the morning, so I dropped Lainie off at school and then at 7:45 I had Muffy bring Viona to go play with
Della and Sebastian. Then I stripped off and wrapped your present. I feel a little badly, you see I know you have one of your own, and I've already given mine to you a number of times, but watching your eyes darken when you saw I had (magically) tied myself up and had a bright red bow on my bits? Well, I got the feeling you liked your first present.

Although it did take you quite a while to fully unwrap it. Who knew you could use ribbon as a cock ring in a pinch?

Well you certainly worked up your appetite, so once we showered we headed off to breakfast. I didn't want Elena to miss out on a special breakfast, so I woke up early and made heart shaped pancakes, sat with her while she had her breakfast, and put the rest in stasis for us. The kids and I just smothered our pancakes in fruit, but I made sure to have plenty of gravy and seafood for you to cover your pancakes in.

The rest of the day was spent holding hands, playing with Viona and your brother and sister, and sneaking in as many kisses as we could. Then it was time to pick up Elena from school. I was probably pushing it by waiting to bake the biscuits until just a few hours before the party, but Elena really wanted to help. So our little family destroyed the kitchen, ate too much dough, and baked enough cookies to feed the tiny army that was coming to the party.

Then of course it was time for us to get ready for the party, and seeing as we were all covered in flour, it included more bathing. Then we got into our costumes. And you of course assured me that despite it not actually being a costume party, we would be expected to wear them. Although yours and mine weren't particularly elaborate (for us) seeing as Elena wanted to wear her new flamenco dress to the party it didn't take much for her to convince us to coordinate with her. Didn't the Princess look adorable in her teeny tiny dress?

I hope you loved your gift, what do you get for the man who either has everything or the ability to buy the things he doesn't have? I'm sure you have a million cufflinks, but these had inlaid emeralds so you could think of me if you ever had to wear them without me there. And I had some rune and spellwork placed on them as well. You can never have too much of my magic on you as protection!

And the dance! As always, I loved dancing with you. I just miss when I could hold you close while we danced and tuck my head under your chin. These bumps take up all of the room!

But my favorite part, as usual, was when I tricked you into singing to your daughters. I have to assume you love it since you knew I would do it at some point and you still didn't notice! Even with a bump in the way, you managed to have Viona strapped in tight to you and still hold Elena close while you swayed and sang "I Knew I Loved You" to them.

A close second favorite was definitely all of the Unity Kids doing another performance! Those music lessons are really paying off. The instruments are probably one of the best purchases I've ever made. Well, after buying your wedding ring. Either that or buying my laptop so I could receive emails from people on "probation."

But now we're home and you're singing the ladies to sleep. Normally I would sit and listen, but I wanted to come clear my head and write about my day.

I know I gave you my bits, and pancakes, and the cufflinks, but I'm about to actually give you your real present. I asked Healer Rowe for a recording of Orion and Eris' heartbeats. And I recorded mine and Viona and Elena's. Then I asked Ethan if he could help me take them all and blend them into something that sounded pretty. So your real present is a recording of your family's blended heartbeats combined to sound like calm white noise to hopefully help you get some rest.
You mean the world to me Draco Lucius Malfoy.

I love you to the depths of my soul,
Harry
Chapter 192

Chapter Summary

Draco freaks a little.

Chapter Notes

One of my all time favorite Draco moments happens in this chapter ^_^

Tuesday at 11:43 PM
My fluffy little mutt,

That was without a doubt the first and only time in my life that I've ever actually enjoyed Valentine's day! Don't get me wrong, I was a little amused in Second Year when the castle was filled with surly singing dwarves delivering Valentines to unlucky sods that couldn't quite manage to escape them before being sat on and sang to in front of everyone. That image made me laugh when I needed cheering up for years. But being amused is not the same as actually enjoying the holiday. You gave me a reason or ten thousand to love every moment of the day.

And actually, when I sang to our girls, I wasn't embarrassed because the only people at the party were current and former Unity and Traditions Kids (and any applicable parents), and they've all heard me singing during our jam sessions, so that wasn't embarrassing at all. It's when you catch (and amplify) me singing in front of a large crowd of people I don't really know - THAT'S when I'd quite like to hex you!

But as much as I love the kids and all the fun activities, the hands down definite best part was opening my 'present.' Remind me to give you a similar present the next time we're celebrating a minor holiday. Actually, in Japan, they have an interesting tradition. On Feb 14th - Valentine's Day - the *girls* go around handing out chocolate (often handmade) to all their friends and the boys they like (or men they work with). Then on March 14th, the boys and men who received chocolate on Valentine's Day reciprocate by giving cookies or other small gifts. If they're just returning the obligatory gift, then it's something small, but if they're answering a declaration of love, then the gift can be quite 'big' in that it can be anything he feels is worthy of a return love confession.

Anyway, perhaps I'll remember to give you me as a present to open on White Day.

Thanks to Hermione, we had an appointment with Healer Rowe today. She says that my itching is simply because my stomach is expanding bigger than my skin was prepared to stretch. Or maybe that it's growing too fast or something. In any case, the itch is *in* my skin and not on it, and that's why my potion isn't helping as much. So she gave me a potion to drink that should help minimize the itch.

As for waking up frequently through the night, she says that's just normal. You're different because you're carrying out and so long as you don't sleep on your back, you can apparently get and stay comfortable. But Eris is tucked in there as snuggly as possibly, putting pressure on my bladder and
spine and - well, everything really.

Lastly, my magic levels are staying relatively the same, which means they're still fairly low, but at least they're not getting lower. She thinks the potions are helping me maintain my level, but since I'm not improving, she's surprised I'm not sleeping more than I am, but then again, Eris won't *let* me sleep for more than two hours at a time, so I guess that I've just gotten used to a sort of perpetual exhaustion enough that I can function relatively normally.

Your pregnancy is practically a breeze compared to mine! Orion is growing as he should be and is on track to be born on or around the 27th of March. So... almost exactly six weeks. Can we trade? I'd really rather finish sooner rather than later. May 7th is like... 3 months away! 11 weeks... It currently feels like years - like I'm going to have to wait 11 more YEARS before this precious little demon of ours is born! Oi...

But no matter how long it feels, it'll be worth it in the end. Right? It will be worth it, right Harry?!
Salazar buggering Slytherin! What if it's not?! What if we really *have* bitten off more than we can chew and we then have so many kids that we just can't parent them all! What if I *really did* summon a demon and she makes it her goal in life to make me miserable?!?!

Fuck fuck fuck! I have to go sit in the back of my closet and stroke my Komboloi as I finish this email!

Wait... What am I doing in my closet? Damn it! I *know* I came in here for a reason, but hell if I know what it was!

Oh, hey, *that's* where I put that! Why did I put the tingly cock ring in my closet instead of the play room? Oh well, seems like now is probably a good time for me to put it on you and watch to see how long it takes to wake you up for your nearly midnight molestation.

I love the way you slip your hand in mine while we're sleeping. I didn't realize you did that until I started waking up so much, but about half the time, you've reached over and taken hold of my hand even though you're sound asleep. It's almost as if you're afraid I'll take off if you don't hold onto me, and even though I'm not going anywhere, I hope you never stop trying to hold onto me.

You'll never know if you don't go, you'll never shine if you don't glow, my world's on fire, how about yours?

Draco

P.S. The cufflinks and the Heartbeats... I have no words for how touched I was...

P.P.S. I'm looking forward to movie night; what are you planning to play?

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**Wednesday at 8:26 AM**

Are you ready for movie night? Tonight is Alice in Wonderland. I haven’t seen this one, Hermione says it’s quite imaginative and fun. But I’ve read some reviews and most people think it’s a bit trippy.

I didn’t realize myself that I held your hand while we slept. It doesn’t surprise me. I’d never stop holding your hand if you let me. But I think we both know that me smothering you doesn’t always end well. I’m just thrilled that you were too sleepy while you recuperated from your magic drain to murder me for being in your space constantly!

Oh yes yes yes please can I unwrap you as a present on white day? Will they be green ribbons for
my Slytherin? Or maybe white since it’s white day? Or ooooh silver for your eyes? Annnnnd now I’m picturing you tied up in ribbons while I slowly unwrap you while licking every inch of skin I uncover. And now I’m hard, and I can’t even wank since you left this damn cock ring on me!!! I’ve been hiding in my office all morning! You’d better fix this problem before tonight!

I would have to agree that I seem to have had the much easier pregnancy. But I did throw up nonstop for three months! And I still can’t eat bananas or eggs.

Of course, every moment of these pregnancies will be worth it. You are an amazing father Draco. We’re very privileged and have plenty of help, and it’s not like we hurt for money, so that definitely helps. But your capacity for love is what will get us through this crazy time in our life. You have a passion for really knowing and understanding our children as individuals. Viona and Elena think the sun rises and sets on you.

And you and I? Once we realized our passions could be used together instead of against each other, we’re unstoppable. Our circle has made so many changes to the Wizarding world. We’ve created schools and orphanages, we’ve built businesses, we’ve given squibs a real place in this world. You think you and I can’t manage to parent a couple of kids? I can do anything as long as my hand is in yours!

Our baby is not a demon! You know she’s going to be stubborn and demanding just like her Daddies, but she won’t be a demon. She’ll have you wrapped around her little fingers the moment she’s born!

Your partner in all things,
Harry
Chapter 193

Chapter Summary

With Harry being home so much from Unity House, they don't email as often, so here's a collection of emails during the course of a month.

Thursday Feb 17th
Darling Husband,

I don't know why, but I *loved* Alice in Wonderland. I seriously *want* that Cheshire Cat. Especially since Elena more or less stole my puppy. I'm not truly grumbling because those two clearly love each other, and she takes good care of him, but still, I feel like I should get a cat now or something.

It eases my mind a little to hear and read your assurances that we're going to be great parents. Or well, *continue* to be great parents. Deep down, I suppose I *know* we'll be fine, but every now and then, I just... freak out, I suppose.

I had a lot of fun stopping in (I had Muffy Apparate me under your desk) and thoroughly teasing you before removing the cock ring and giving you a proper milking. The *best* part was that I could tell based on the way you choked incredulously and then did your absolute best to not make a sound, that Tabitha was at her desk on the other side of your office. Things were going rather well, IMO, until you must have looked ready to explode like a firework. That's when Tabitha looked over and noticed you, getting extremely concerned for a moment before figuring out what must be going on, and then - OH!

The cheeky little bint proved that I chose right when I hired her! She asked: "So... am I supposed to stay and pretend I have no idea what's going on, or am I supposed to leave the room and let you finish in private?"

I would have told her to stay if my mouth wasn't full, but you gasped out: "Leave!"

Spoilsport!

Before you came into my life, I missed you so bad, I missed you so bad, I missed you so so bad, before you came into my life, I missed you so bad, and you should know that, I missed you so bad, Draco

February 27th
Wow!

The last half of this month just crawled by, but we didn't really do anything. You've been staying home more and more from Unity because you're finally getting the achiness that comes from having a child completely take over your body. You can't walk faster than a waddle and you are learning to trust Tabitha to run Unity without you - since you'll be on leave soon anyway. There's only a month left now, unless you're lucky enough to go early. Are you excited Harry?
March 6th
My love,

Because we've both been at home and busy nesting (did we *really* need to have our bedroom repainted?), we haven't really needed to email each other much at all, but it's currently the middle of the night and I wanted to make a note of this before I forgot *again* - Your post office is having it's grand opening later today. It's been sort of half up and running for about six or eight weeks now and all I've had to do is make a few decisions and help solve a few problems that popped up. The reason it took our team so long to get it going was that they needed to remodel and expand the building I bought to fit their needs and they had to do it in their spare time since they were all actually busy working other jobs until they could open this and work here full time. In any case, what I really wanted to say was that since it's the official grand opening, if you want to stop in and show your support - and congratulate them - remind me after lunch.

Don't let go, if you stay close to me, in my dreams tonight, you will see what I see, dreams to dream, as near as can be, inside you and me, they always come true,
Draco

March 8th
My adorable mutt,

Watching/participating in Della's naming ceremony - making her extra officially Della Andromeda Malfoy - and then celebrating her birthday were both moving experiences in their own ways. I love my mischievous little sister, especially when she, Sebastian, Teddy, and Viona chase each other around the sun room, obviously wishing that it was just a little bit warmer out to play outside. Soon, my loves, soon.

And then - of course - you took them out anyway because despite being chilly, there's no snow on the ground and you insist that the fresh air is good for them. Well, better you than me! I snuggled in the warmth of a cozy armchair and listened to Elena sing to me. DAMN! Our daughter is talented!

Triumph all ye cherubim, sing with us ye seraphim, Heaven and Earth resound the hymn, salve salve,
Draco

March 19th
My Harry,

It's been a rather lazy Sunday following a rather lazy month. You haven't wanted to move if at all possible, and yet you still go on daily walks and bring the kids out to play when you can. Also, stopping in at Unity House at random just to hug the kids. I love that about you!

There's only 8 more days until you're due, and at the Healer appointment we had on Friday, you asked Rowe: "Since I'm not really going to go into labor and give birth to the baby, can't you just deliver him now?" And to your dismay, Rowe answered: "Mother Nature is mysterious, even to us.
She seems to know - in her infinite wisdom - when is the best time for a baby to be born, and so, even though I *could* deliver now and the baby would be healthy, it's our policy to let the baby stay in there until Mother Nature decides it's time - unless something goes wrong or you're more than two weeks overdue. At that point, the risk that the baby will defecate in the womb becomes real enough that we'll consider delivering even if he'd prefer to stay put."

So, you just have to wait until Orion and or Mother Nature feel the time is right for him to be born. I'm so sorry Harry, believe me, if she had agreed to deliver you early, I'd have asked too! Nice try though.

Tonight, Macmillan will be coming over to finalize our preparations for the Spring Equinox class/ritual we're hosting tomorrow. Honestly, I have to wonder how many parents will show up this time, and if it's truly an interest in the class or if it's *just* to see the two of us enormously pregnant! I'm dead certain McGonagall was hoping you'd have popped by now so that she could see the newborn at the ritual, BUT if you had just given birth (or if you do tonight), I'm afraid I'd have to insist that you stay home and rest. I'd be tempted to stay with you, but surely a few hours away wouldn't be too hard to endure.

Just in case I forgot to tell you, *this* ritual is still too cold (especially in Scotland) to do any sort of nudity, and so even though it is one of the three fertility festivals (February 2nd being the first of the three), we're keeping it 'clean.' That's not the right word, but I can't think of a better one off the top of my head. That said, we're already planning to include nudity in the next ritual, which is on May 1st. THAT one is supposed to be the symbolic marriage and consummation between the Goddess and God, and so rather naughty, but since this is for a school full of kids, the nudity will be kept clean - if that makes sense.

Merlin and Salazar! And hell! Godric and Dumbledore! PLEASE let me have had the baby by then and have my body back in a relatively decent shape! I know I'm not due until the 7th, but still! I'd rather be post baby wobbly than bigger than a House during the ritual! Although, I suppose it *might* do the kids some good to see what a body actually looks like when going on 10 months pregnant, sigh...

But I'm going send this email now as I can smell biscuits, and so, I think you're on your way back into the suite anyway.

Love with everything I am,
Draco

P.S. I hope you iced my biscuits with chicken gravy - NO! I hope you frosted them with cherry jam and brought me a bowl of Chicken Gravy AND a bowl of Sausage Gravy to dip them in!!! Please say you did!

(Harry to Draco)
Monday February 21

Hi Elena's Dad!

Wow, I know it was official in our hearts the moment we decided to ask Elena to join our family. And legally it was official once we got the guardianship papers. And her welcoming ceremony cemented her place in our family and our lives to everyone. But we officially got her adoption papers today and I couldn't be happier.
We showed them to her and she sobbed. I think she was feeling the same way I was; this is too perfect, when is the rug going to be yanked out from under me. So knowing we aren't her guardians, but her fathers was that final piece we needed to feel secure and safe.

Elena's official adoption took forty-two days, compared to Viona's twelve. I knew her age, and her muggle birth, would add to the time to fully process everything, but it was forty-two days too many!

I hope she enjoyed our evening out in celebration. Just a nice dinner at Exquis, but then we went into the muggle world to see Fantasia 2000! With how much we all loved the first one, and having a family full of musicians and me, I thought it would be perfect. It really was. We got to watch Elena and Viona's eyes light up. I know we do movie nights every week, but there's something really wonderful about watching something on the big screen.

I love this family and this life of ours,
Harry (Elena's Dad)

Thursday March 2

We're painting the bedroom today! I can't look at these walls for one more minute. It's all Slytherin colors in here! I know that you are a Slytherin, and I was almost one, and I KNOW Viona is one, and honestly Elena could possibly be sorted in there too. But I want these two new babies to have a fighting chance to be in another house! I don't want to brainwash our children from the moment they're born!

So we are painting it a nice calming neutral grey, and adding pops of colors. Not just green! But green for sure one of them because green is so pretty. But grey is the prettiest, like your eyes. You have such beautiful eyes Draco. I hope all of our biological children get your gorgeous silver eyes.

Oh Merlin! We are going to know what our new children will look like in practically no time at all. They will be born and we will get to hold them and we will watch Elena and Viona hold them and it's all going to be so beautiful and wonderful.

I love you more than anything in the world Draco!
Your Harry

Tuesday March 7

My silly Dragon,

Of course I wanted to go to the grand opening! I wanted to show my support for our team's hard work.

What you think because I'm fat and I waddle ... yeah, you said I waddle. I have email proof of it ... that I wouldn't want to show my face in public? Or are you so embarrassed by me that you don't want me to go out?

Wait, our poor team was working other jobs and then also working on opening it in their spare time? Those poor people! They work almost as hard as you do! Well, never mind, no one works as hard as you do. You are juggling a million businesses, being the most amazing father to our children, taking care of me, growing our daughter. You are the best husband to ever have existed.

Anyway, the opening was lovely and a success. I'm glad we went, but now I am exhausted and my
feet hurt. Only twenty more days to go for me!

Love,
Harry

Thursday March 9
My Love,

Della's ceremony yesterday was beautiful. Is there anything more wonderful than watching our community coming together to welcome more? There's just so much love and support.

And these kids are getting so big! This time last year, all we had was Teddy. He was so tiny and now he's so big and almost two! And we didn't have any of these other children in our lives yet.

The birthday party part of the day was fun as well. It came as a shock to no one that for as mischievous as our Della is, she is still quite the elegant little lady, and ate her cake without dropping a crumb or getting a speck of icing on her face. I cannot say the same for myself.

The fresh air IS good for them Draco! We had a lovely time playing outside. I did really enjoy snuggling into you with a hot cocoa and you letting me warm up my nose in your neck.

You really are the most wonderful man. I was reading through our emails and I realized my mood swings have made me a bit of a nightmare lately. Thank you for putting up with my nonsense. I'm sorry I'm so moody. What in the world was with forcing us to paint our bedroom? Wow.

Apologetically yours,
Harry

Tuesday March 14

Thank you for my present this morning!

I had nearly forgotten about White Day, and then I got to unwrap not just one ribbon, but a green one, a white one, and a silver one. Gods I love worshiping your body.


Yours, Harry

Tuesday March 21

Draco!

I assume you're wondering where I am since I wasn't home when you woke up. Well, I am at St. Mungo's because Hermione is in labor!

My current job is to keep Ron and Blaise calm. We all know that biologically Ron is the father, but you'd think Blaise was too with how absolutely neurotic he's been since they got here. The two of them so thoroughly annoyed Hermione that she kicked them out of the room for a while. She told them "Don't come back in here until you're calm enough to not even annoy moody Harry!" Which
made me cry, so I also can't go in there until I have my "Bloody crybaby nonsense under control!"

I decided not to wake you because the Healer says they have no idea how long this could take (side note: LOVE that we are not going to have to do this labor thing!) but if things get closer and I haven't heard from you yet, I will send Muffy for you.

Eeek! We're going to be Godparents today (or tomorrow?)

Yours,
Harry
Chapter 194

Chapter Summary

Draco describes the Spring Equinox ritual, and Harry talks about Hermione.

Monday, March 20th

"For the first time since Halloween, we're not truly worshipping the sun," Macmillan said.

"This - the Spring Equinox - is a celebration of fertility," Luna continued.

"And when you hear the word fertility, you probably think in terms of *human* fertility," Bones added.

"For example," Patil murmured as she rubbed my rather round belly. Oi! If it gets any bigger, I'm going to burst like a bubble!

"But fertility simply means bringing forth new life, and it applies to *all* living things. So..." I held up a watermelon seed. "We celebrate this day because it marks the beginning of the planting season.

"If we're lucky enough to have warm weather - which we just barely do," Patil finished.

"Everyone is going to be given a packet of seeds," Luna informed everyone. "On the packet, it says which group you'll be part of. One group is going to be planting things in the castle gardens - under Hagrid's supervision. The rest of the groups will be planting their seeds in waiting pots in the various greenhouses."

"As you plant your seeds, try to imagine each one as a spark of hope. Maybe you'd like something - such as a few more brain cells to make studying a little easier," I murmured with a smirk. "As you plant your seed, imagine it as a representation of what you hope for, and as the seed grows, symbolically, what you hope for will too."

The seeds were handed out and the students, parents, and guests divided into groups. Each of the group leaders led their group to their assigned place, and watched as everyone planted their seeds. I felt a sense of pride as those parents that had been taught pureblood traditions shared the various prayers and salutations to their family's chosen Gods. Those who were muggleborn (and thus their muggle parents) also had a rich tradition to draw from and said prayers of their own.

A few hours later, all the seeds were planted and we'd come back together.

"Eggs - like seeds - are a visual and physical representation of fertility. Inside an egg is everything that is needed to create life," Macmillan said as he held up a perfect, large, brown chicken egg.

"Provided the mother was visited by the father at some point before the egg was laid," Luna pointed out with a serene smile. "Otherwise it contains everything it needs except for the actual spark of life."

"But spring is the time of year when animals are giving birth to babies conceived in the fall and winter, and birds of all sorts are laying eggs. If you cared to look - *really* look - you'd find eggs hidden everywhere," Patil said, pointing to a nest in a tree that had a raven sitting there watching us.
I held up a small oval about an inch long that was wrapped in shiny blue foil. "Because eggs represent fertility, they have become the symbol of spring in just about every place and religion on Earth. Many cultures conduct egg hunts. In the old days, this was because people very often needed to eat the eggs to regain and sustain their energy after a long and harsh winter, and by this point, food was scarce and eggs were an easy way to obtain a meal. These days, we have replaced animal eggs with other representations such as my favorite - chocolate."

"Hidden all over the castle grounds are thousands of little chocolate eggs," Bones announced, holding up the same sized egg wrapped in bright pink foil. "The majority are small and easily visible, but a few are larger and much better hidden. One special egg is quite large, wrapped in gold foil, and contains a lovely prize."

"But please keep in mind that not one single egg is hidden in the Forbidden Forest, so you may *not* use this as an excuse to go in there!" Patil admonished sternly.

"Now go!" I shooed them impatiently, and with a gleeful cheer, almost everyone rushed off. Some of the parents preferred not to participate (although quite a few did because they loved chocolate too!), and so migrated to a table set out in the courtyard that was laden with refreshments. They chatted as they watched their children run about looking for a horde of chocolate.

The two of us let Elena and Muffy keep an eye on Viona - who also delighted in an opportunity to find chocolate - while we sat near the refreshments. You were eating a bowl full of watermelon chunks, and I was eating pate and caviar on sourdough rye crackers with a bowl of gravy to dip them in. This apparently seemed like an excellent opportunity for everyone who wasn't participating in the hunt to come over to you (well, both of us, but mostly you) to talk about how close you must be to giving birth. Whether it was a boy or a girl. Do we have any names picked out? And by the way, thank you SOOOO MUCH for defeating the Dark Lord. Is there anything you need? Is there anything they can do to thank you?

You stammered and demurred, trying to tell them that you're just fine, thank you very much, and have everything you need. But I scoffed and corrected your idiocy. "While it's true that *we* may have everything we need for *these* babies, Harry runs an orphanage and school and *they* can always use things. You see many of the Unity and Traditions Kids here now. Do you see how much joy they take in something so simple? It's because they know what it's like to have nothing, and so far as we can help it, they will never have to go without anything ever again. So, if you truly want to thank Harry, thank him for taking in these poor kids that have no one else, and donate whatever you can."

It wasn't my most successful fundraising campaign, but it still earned your a nice galleon or two. But more importantly, since this is the time of year when most people clean out their house, most people promised to send anything in good condition (mostly clothes) to Unity House. And so, you'll be busy (or rather Tabitha will be) sorting through all of that.

And yes, I *know* that you actually have quite a bit of funds for Unity House, and that the kids don't actually need anything, but if people want to give, it's better to let them give things that could be used, right?

Once all the eggs were found - some of the older and more enterprising students remembering that they knew summoning charms - everyone migrated into the Great Hall for lunch. A Third Year Ravenclaw girl was pestered by nearly all of her classmates to crack open the golden egg and see what was inside. She had apparently planned to do so in private so that no one would want to steal the prize from her, but relented.

To her confusion, she found an envelope. Everyone groaned in disappointment, thinking that she'd
gotten a trite inspirational card. Opening the envelope, she found a rectangular folder that said: "All expenses paid week long holiday for four in Greece - booked the second week of summer break." (I figured that would give whoever found the egg - their parents - plenty of time to arrange for that week off.) The girl looked stunned and mildly in awe. Her mother started squealing and jumping up and down giddily. She promptly took the folder (containing everything they'd need, such as the portkey and the hotel information), and put it away for safekeeping.

After lunch, everyone was given an empty egg shell (that the castle elves had carefully blown out and cleaned), and was told to take white crayons to draw runes or sigils of protection or abundance or whatever they liked. After they were done with that portion, they were told to dip their eggs in various pots of dyes along the tables to make a colorful keepsake. The more enterprising and creative students (and their parents who might have done this before) knew how to use the white crayon to cover parts of the egg to protect it from the dye so that it could be decorated with several different colors as the crayon was scratched off and added over already dyed areas.

This was purely for fun, but also, gave Macmillan more time to talk about the various customs and traditions around the world. Once the eggs were done, it was time for the actual ritual portion of the day.

After leading everyone back outside - extremely thankful that it was a bright and sunny day - we passed out more seeds, only these were bird seeds. Gathering everyone into a (rather large) circle, I said: "Hold hands while the five of us start the chant. Once you have sufficiently learned the chant - and it's simple enough that even the slowest of you should be able to learn it - take your seeds and spread them wherever you like as you continue the chant. Once everyone is out of seeds, the ritual is done!"

We decided to keep this one *really* simple since the next one is more than likely going to be very involved.

"Welcome welcome warm fresh Earth, today we celebrate rebirth! Blowing wind rising sun, bringing spring to everyone. Rabbits hopping, chicks in the nest, spring is the season we love best! Celebrate the green of Earth with me, Happy Equinox and blessed be!"

Everyone chanted for at least a minute before breaking off and spreading their seeds (snickers, okay, occasionally I'm still an immature twelve year old!) And then once the ritual was done, they were allowed to chat and just generally do as they liked. A lot of the parents made a point to inform the five of us that they really appreciated these rituals because it gave them an excuse to keep in touch with friends they never saw otherwise, and so, the *true* purpose of these events is being appreciated!

Eventually, tired but elated, our little family went home.

My love for you is as deep as the ocean and as endless as the sky,
Draco

March 21st
Hermione's having her baby!!! I'll be right there!

Love,
Draco
Tuesday March 21 (after Harry's first email)

I think I got the boys settled down. So I have a few minutes to send you a message.

Well my darling, It's still a bit early so I'm not surprised you aren't here yet because you had a very long day yesterday.

I feel a bit like a broken record, but I can't get over how impressed I am every time you have these rituals. There's this wonderful sense of community. The Wizarding world is better for this inclusion. And you're to thank for it. I know Ernie puts in quite a bit of work, Luna helps out a lot when she's not busy at Unity, and I am sure Susan and Parvati do a lot as well. But this was your brainchild. You had the idea. You had the guts to ask for it. And you've made it a beautiful thing.

I can very much appreciate those parents that told you how much they enjoyed having an excuse to keep in touch with friends. I know it's always so important for me when we have our dinners with our circle. As children, trapped in a castle in the middle of nowhere Scotland, we had no reason not to constantly talk and confide in each other and enjoy our time together. As we became adults we become wrapped up in significant others, and jobs, and parenting for us! I enjoy seeing my family at these events, and we've worked hard at keeping in touch and see them fairly often.

But, as a parent, I would think seeing my children at Hogwarts would be the best part of these rituals. When I was a student, there was no one to miss really. But when I think of putting Elena on that train to Hogwarts in a few years and then only seeing her twice a year between summer holidays? It's horrifying to me! So I love that this gives the parents an excuse to come spend time with their children. Our children won't have to worry about that though, because I plan to stow away in their trunks.

Sitting here waiting for Hermione, I am so anxious to hold her baby, but I am also quite anxious to hold ours. And for us it could be any day! I'm due in six days, and I could even go early! This will be us very soon. Minus having to push a baby out of a small exit.

Oooh, while I was writing this, I got a notification that you emailed me! So I am off to check that and I have to assume I will see you soon!

I can see my unborn children in your eyes,
Harry

Wednesday March 22

This morning at 5:16 A.M. our perfect Godson, Roderick Oliver, came into this world. Screaming and yelling with skin as red as the tiny bit of fluff on his head. We could hear him from the waiting room. What a set of lungs for such a tiny little person. He's absolutely perfect in every way.

And five minutes later his sister, Bianca Evangeline calmly made her entrance. Barely a tear, just wide-eyed and ready to observe her new world. And it's a good thing she was calm, because no one else was. Hermione and her Healer were the only ones that knew she was having twins.

Ron fainted! He took one look at Bianca's big brown eyes and dropped. I want to make fun of him so badly. I really truly do. But I do not want to jinx myself, and who knows what I will do when you have Eris.

Once they were cleaned up and calm and wrapped up all snugly, they were allowed some visitors. And after Molly and Arthur, you and I got to hold them next. They were so tiny. I felt like I would
break them. I held Xander when he was at Unity, and I held Violet (Sunshine) before she was adopted, but Roderick and Bianca seemed so much more fragile and breakable. Maybe because they were twins? They're generally a bit smaller than singletons supposedly.

I looked at them, and in an instant I was in love. These babies are going to be so spoiled!

I do have to complain a tiny bit, she was smaller than me, and she had TWO babies in there! Orion is going to be the size of Sebastian, I just know it!

And he should be here any day!

I love you,
Harry
Chapter 195

Chapter Summary

As Harry's due date approaches, he gets very anxious to meet his baby.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Thursday March 23
Beloved,

When I saw that there were *two* babies, I joked that there was one for each father, haha! Blaise got a speculative look on his face like he was wondering if it was at all possible - but I think we can all see that if it were possible, little Roderick would belong to the weasel while Bianca theoretically *could* belong to Blaise - and also, if it *were* possible, I find it ever so slightly amusing that they named a baby girl born to two black parents Bianca, which means white. I'm not making fun of the name as I find it lovely, just perhaps a tad ironic.

But she looks remarkably like her mother, and so, it would be hard to know for certain without casting test spells, and for whatever reason, Hermione declined, saying that it didn't really matter. Also, the weasel clearly has a son, so he also seems to feel it doesn't matter. Meanwhile, Blaise doesn't want any sort of confirmation because that's too much like being bound to one (or two) people for the rest of his life. Despite being about 80 or 90 percent committed to your best friends, he just can't bring himself to give up that last little bit.

But he confessed to me, in the waiting room, that he's stopped playing with strangers at clubs. So now, if he's with someone other than Hermione, it's people he's played with in the past (such as us). This is also a big change for him as he usually hated playing with the same person more than a handful of times before moving on, but now he wants to minimize the risk of catching anything - despite being extremely careful. He feels it would be rude to catch something and pass it on to his two main lovers. And that right there should tell you that he's actually serious about them.

Anyway, you're right, holding the twins seemed like I needed to be extra careful. They really did feel smaller and more delicate, but also, that much more precious somehow. Even Pansy agreed, and she's made a vow not to have babies until her husband fervently insists as she doesn't want to ruin her perfect figure.

That said, did you see the look in her eyes when she was holding the babies? Mark my words, if she continues to visit Hermione (more than me, the cow!), she's going to end up with baby fever and have one after all, hahahahaha!

All the small things, true care truth brings,
Draco

Monday March 27th,
My dearest Harry,
After watching you pace our suite, the Manor in general, and all the grounds, for an entire week, I'm feeling annoyed to the point of wanting to hex you. I'm fairly sure that if Orion was going to be born today, he would have given some sign by now. So, I'm going to go to Unity House to jam with the Kids and see how those music lessons are coming along.

Side note, Ethan (?) seems to have noticed that something extremely weird happens when he walks through the door from the Leaky Cauldron to Unity House, but unless he's asking the kids and swearing them to secret, he hasn't quite freaked out and demanded an explanation yet.

You can't hurry love, no you'll just have to wait, she said love don't come easy, it's a game of give and take,
Draco

P.S. I sent Dinky to help Hermione again for a few hours, so if you're looking for him and can't find him, that's why.

P.P.S. Joy... my newest and possibly most annoying symptom of pregnancy is sneezing... constantly. Not just once every half an hour or so, no. Approximately every five minutes, I have a fit of sneezing that lasts a dozen sneezes or so and leaves me looking like an utter wreck! Harry! Tell your daughter to stop this nonsense already!

Friday March 24

Happy Friday! For anyone keeping track, three days until my due date! Any day now!

I'm so excited for Blaise's almost commitment to those two. It may not be traditional, but it seems to work for them.

Bianca seems a lot like Sebastian in that they're both so completely one parent, that without a test it would be very hard to know their other parentage. And it sounds like it matters to none of them.

Oooh, should we place bets on Pansy's baby fever? So far, it's taken Viona to get her to warm up to babies at all. Now Roderick and Bianca are warming her up to the idea of having her own. And I bet you her Goddaughter being born will turn up the heat and she will go full baby fever! I'd be willing to bet that she's pregnant within two months of Eris' birth.

Your about to pop husband,
Harry

Sunday March 26

Tomorrow is my due date!

He should be here any day! We get to meet our son soon!

Love you always,
Harry
Wednesday March 29

Well, two days past my due date! This child is enormous. I can barely walk. My feet are swollen. No one wants to spend any time with me.

Except Orion, he won't leave.

And when I tried to tell Eris to stop being mean to you, she kicked me in the face.

I get no respect around here.

Harry

Monday April 3

Day 287 ... no end in sight. The rebel has dug in. He is showing no sign of leaving his perch. He has no room, but someone must be smuggling him supplies. I believe there is a spy in our midst. Negotiations have not gone well.

The Hostage

Wednesday April 5

Hermione's babies are two weeks old today, and I am over a week past my due date. New plan, we steal one of her babies. They're cute. There are two of them. The adults are so sleep deprived they probably won't even notice.

The Criminal

Chapter End Notes

LMAO ^_^
Chapter 196

Chapter Summary

Draco tries to commiserate with Harry.

Sunday April 9th
Oh Harry,

I love you so much and I feel so helpless. Just about the only thing I can do is watch you pace and try every exercise you can think of to irritate Orion, provoking him to get fed up and leave already, but nothing is working. Not even giving you as many orgasms as you can handle to try to trigger labor.

GRR! Salazar damnit! I was walking with my laptop to the loo when suddenly one of my sneezing fits kicked in, making me trip over nothing that I can see and land on my stomach, which OW! I even cracked my laptop screen, so I'm going to have to upgrade to - OW!!!

OW!!! OW!!!

Something's happening and OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW!

Muffy, get Harry! I need Healer Rowe!

Sunday May 9th
Ron,

You may have heard from your mum since the girls are with her, but Draco is in St. Mungo's. I don't know what's going on. They're not telling me anything.

My back hurts, and I'm scared, and I am starting to feel really weird.

Help?
Harry James Malfoy

My life,

I know, you're thinking "Harry, I am in St. Mungo's probably on my death bed and you are emailing?" But they won't let me see you! So I have to do something or I will lose it.

Why won't they let me see you?

Muffy apparated you here to St. Mungo's and sent Dibley to come get me. I got here less than five minutes after you, so I assumed they would be able to bring me right to you. But no, Healer Rowe already had you back there and they won't let me see you!
You were so worried about me that you were wandering around with your laptop and then a sneezing fit started and then you fell! And your magic has been so low, and what am I going to do if you die? You can't die on me! How am I going to live without you? Your loving heart, and your strong arms, and your beautiful voice. Draco please don't die! Please!

You had bloody well better not die! Do you hear me Draco Lucius Malfoy? You are not allowed to die. I will not permit it.

I can barely function on my own. I mean, all day my back and my belly have been achy. Then when Dibly apparated us here I think I pulled something because now my back and my belly hurt even more. My panic is making me light headed. I should probably have Healer Rowe look me over in case I hurt myself.

I can't! She's taking care of you! Back in some room that THEY WON'T LET ME IN! Why did we think having the same healer would be a good plan?

Please be ok my love. Please be ok. I can't lose you. You are my world!

The girls are with Molly. So don't worry, they are having too many biscuits, and getting all the snuggles they need. I just have to floo Molly when we know you're ok and she'll bring them here. But if they don't hurry up I am going to floo your mother and tell her to come here and scare them into telling us what's happening and LETTING ME BACK THERE WITH YOU!

Whatever is going on back there, know this, I believe in you. You're the strongest man I know.

Oh! The door is opening, I am going to get some answers and get to you!

-H
Monday at 2:12 AM
My dearest Harry,

From my perspective, I passed out and woke up to find myself in St. Mungo's. You were out cold in the bed next to mine, and most importantly, Muffy was standing guard over a crib with two babies making soft little grunting noises as they slept. OH!

We had the babies! I was immediately torn between waking you up to ask what happened and letting you sleep. So, I had Muffy bring them both to me. This apparently triggered an alarm of some sort because Healer Rowe came in to check up on us shortly after I set Orion on my lap and held Eris in my arms.

She told me that when I tripped and fell on my stomach, it triggered labor - which in my case was all of my magic funneling itself into my womb to get the baby ready for delivery. I barely remained conscious enough to call Muffy for help, and lucky for me and Eris both that she was vigilant and prompt. She got me to Healer Rowe before things could get *really* bad. She delivered Eris with all due haste, and yet at the same time, took the time to ensure that my magic didn't react badly to having a baby and womb ripped from me.

A long and complicated explanation, but basically, my womb was full of my magic and she was able to convince some of it to go back into me, and that took a while. The womb itself is being made into powerful restoration potions, which I will have to take *in addition* to the magic boosting potions I've already been taking.

As for you, apparently, you arrived while I was being worked on and weren't allowed in the room because you would have thoroughly distracted Healer Rowe and she needed her full concentration on me. But the moment I was stable, she opened the door to consult with you and found you clutching your stomach and groaning. It seems that your panic over my fate sent you into labor. That said, you still had over half your magic and had no complications.

You got to hold our babies for a few hours before you fell asleep. You'd also decided that there would be no visitors (aside from my parents for about two minutes) because you wanted me to be the first other person to see our babies. And besides, I obviously needed my rest.

Wow! Apparently we had twins after all!

But I'm itchy, I *still* sneeze dozens of times at random, and I'm exhausted. Hopefully at some point tomorrow, we'll both be awake at the same time and can allow a few visitors. Until then, I love you and can't wait to see what you look like holding our babies.

There's no one quite like you, you push all my buttons down, I know life would suck without you, Draco
P.S. I read your email and I'm so sorry you were afraid I was going to die. I promise to try everything in my power to never make you fear for my life again. I have way too much to live for to leave you now.

Tuesday April 11th
Love of my life,

We came home today. Our entire family of six is here and safe.

I like your perspective of the events leading up to their birth much more than mine. You passed out and woke up to two healthy babies and a healthy sleeping husband. That was not my experience.

Worrying in the waiting room about you did at least make me not aware of any pains in the labor process. Until the last moment when Healer Rowe saw me clutching my stomach. She took one look at my worried, panicked face, and knew exactly what to do; she said "Draco and baby girl are doing great, but it looks like we need to get you back and get baby boy out of there." After that, everything was a bit of a blur.

Looking back, she absolutely made the right call not having me back there when you had Eris. I definitely would have been a distraction. I was a complete mess. But I feel horrible that I wasn't there for her birth. I'm sure passing out pregnant and waking up not pregnant was a bit of a shock for you to deal with, but being awake for the whole process was surreal and a little scary. But knowing you and Eris were fine calmed me way down and I was able to enjoy Orion's birth a little bit. They numbed me up, opened me up, and yanked him out. He came out screaming away. Merlin Draco, even covered in goo and blood he was so beautiful. They cleaned him up and wrapped him in blankets while they finished healing me. I got to see him for a minute before they brought him to the room you and Eris were already in.

When they brought me into the room, you were the first thing I saw. You were whole and breathing, you were still out, but it even looked like natural sleep, your face flushed and your features softened. I relaxed immediately and then turned my eyes to the two bundles. They were here and perfect and ours. Once I was settled onto my bed, I asked for them. They are so tiny. I kissed their little faces. I unwrapped them just enough to get to their little fingers and peek at their teeny toes. I left their hats on, I wanted us to peek at their hair together, see which combinations we got.

But obviously you know now that Eris has a mess of black curls and Orion doesn't have much hair, but what he has is pure white. I told you from the holograms that that one was all Malfoy! He has your sharp, aristocratic features. And I was right, he was huge, 4.3 kg, or 9.5 lbs. I bet he'll be tall, he's not even baby pudgy, all that weight seemed to be his length. And Eris, I was so worried that she was born so early. I went two weeks late, and you went about four weeks early. But Healer Rowe assured me that while she was early, and therefore a bit on the small side (2.7 kg, or 6 lbs), her lungs are working just as they should which is the usual concern with early births. She has already yelled at me a number of times, so I can verify that her lungs are working as they should be. It might be the darker hair and features, but I think Eris looks like me. My rounder features making her look like a tiny cherub. My perfect little angel.

While you were still asleep, your parents came in as you know, they had already been told we were all fine so they didn't seem particularly worried. Your mum went to you and gave you a kiss. They both moved to see if they could pick up one of the babies, and I told them no one else was holding them until you got to. Your mum completely understood, and your father listened but I think he was wondering if I was insulting them. Of course she calmed him down and told him she understood and wouldn't he have been upset if someone had held you before he got to. So they got their fix by
staring at them for a minute or two before they left so we could rest.

When you and I were finally awake at the same time, we asked for Elena and Viona, so we could introduce them to their brother and sister. Draco, it was everything. We had them move our beds together, you held Eris and I had Orion, and then our girls (well two of them!) climbed up into bed with us. That moment, that single precious moment, our first time as a true family of six, was quite possibly the best moment of my life. I couldn't help but kiss you, and Elena had to laugh at us, "Dads! You just gave birth and you still can't keep your lips off of each other!" It was perfect.

We are finally all home and together, and I should be sleeping. Everyone is napping at the same time and I am being a moron and not napping when I have the chance. I couldn't help it, I had to get my thoughts out.

Irrevocably yours for all time,
Harry
Chapter 198

Chapter Summary

Draco is amazed by Eris and being rather lazy.

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the lack of posts yesterday, but it was gorgeous out and so I dragged my butt and some yarn outside and basked in the sun while I crocheted. Ahhhhh.... bliss....
^_^

Thursday at 3:46 PM
Harry!

I know they say that babies can't really smile until they're three or four months old, but I'd swear that Eris just smiled at me! Where are you when these major things happen? Oh, right, you're not being lazy in bed like I am. You're out for a walk with Elena, Viona, Della, Sebastian, and Orion. How's the carrier working for you? You know I prefer a simple piece of cloth style carrier, but you wanted to try a premade one. I hope Orion is snug as a bug.

And now I feel guilty about not getting out of bed and joining you all. But in my defense, I'm still low in magic and feeling weak. I *hate* feeling so weak! Sigh... At least my magic restriction has been changed to very basic spells - so I *can* cast an Aguamenti or a warming charm if I need to, but still, why would I when I have house elves to do it for me.

I'll just save all my magic for more important things - such as an orgasm denial spell. Not that I'm in the mood, grr... Healer Rowe assures me that my libido will naturally be absent for about six weeks, and then return when I'm ready, but at least we have one advantage over Hermione. We didn't have to literally pass a child through an opening, so we don't have to deal with bleeding and healing as things return to normal down there. We had the extra organ removed, and so, once we actually *do* feel a bit horny, we can play around.

That said, at this moment, I swear I'd be tempted to murder you if you so much as looked at me lustily! My body is all flabby down there!!! Rowe cast spells to put things back to normal and minimize stretch marks and the like, but I still want to scream and cry in profound horror when I look at myself in the mirror!

That's it, no energy or not, I'm just going to have to have Dippy hold Eris while I do some light exercise. Gentle dancing should help without wearing me out. Actually, for some strange reason, I'm in the mood to samba.

.....

Salazar buggering Slytherin!!! How in the bloody hell can you have the energy to play outside with *five* bloody kids and I can't even dance for 20 minutes without needing a nap when I'm done?!?!
Sometimes I hate you - but when I hate you, it's just 'cuz I love you, sigh...

Too tired to come up with a valediction, so, love,
Draco

Friday at 2:14 PM
My Dragon,

Well of course she smiled at you, you're wonderful. I think people who say babies can't smile that early are probably old grumps who babies don't want to smile at! I'm sorry I missed it, but I'm not sorry that I got to play with the kids.

Darling, the reason I have the energy to play outside with five kids is because I didn't suffer from magical drain during my pregnancy and so I don't have so much to recover from. I need to build up my magic levels, but they never got particularly low. And because Orion didn't feel the need to hang out on top of all my internal organs, I got plenty of sleep.

The next time Eri and Ori are napping, I will dance with you as long as you can. I bet you can't make it the full twenty minutes! I know you can't resist competing with me Malfoy!

I would rather you not murder me, but I have to be honest. While I am not in the mood yet either, I have still been looking at you lustily. The pregnancy took nine months to change your body, it's going to take longer than a week or two to get back to your normal trim figure. Well, SOME OF US took nine or more months, others got to have early babies and got to be pregnant six weeks less than someone else!

I really liked the carrier. I love those cloth ones you use, the babies always seem so cozy in them, but every time I try to use them I end up tangled up and looking ridiculous. So I thought one of the premade carriers might be safer for me. Orion seemed comfy and cozy enough. He snoozed through our whole walk. I wonder if they make double carriers though? I'd like to be able to bring both of the littles with on walks. And later on when your energy is up and we're going places with all of us, Viona won't be able to walk for an extended period of time so it might be nice if one of us could wear the almost-twins and one of us could wear Viona.

I was so nervous about Viona being jealous of her siblings. Especially with you. But she's surprised me. Not that she ISN'T possessive and jealous, but that she's possessive of them. As long as she can touch at least one of them she is fine, and she doesn't seem to mind when you, me, or Elena is holding them, but anyone outside of our little family is fair game for her temper to flare. Yesterday when you were resting, we were all out in the sun room and Grampy Lulu had Eris and our brilliant, amazing Viona said her first full sentence! She practically ran up to your father, gave him the Malfoy death glare, and said "No! My baby!"

Luckily, your father knew how to handle a spoiled, stubborn child who wants everything their own way ... so he pulled her up into his lap and had her help him hold Eris. Your father is not the cuddle grandfather indeed, do you know what I heard him whisper to her? "Grandfather has room for all of his girls my Darling." He and I will always have an unusual relationship. But how can I hold a grudge on a man who loves my children so much?

And our sweet Elena, she has been practicing her music with her little sisters and brother and is my official baby whisperer. If we can't get any of the three smallest down for naps or bedtime, just call Lainie and she will sing them to sleep.
I love you Draco. I think you look wonderful. You look like a man who carried and grew our child in his body. It's going to take me a while to get back in shape too, I had almost ten pounds of baby stretching everything out. But every jiggly spot is worth these perfect little creatures, who smile at us. Well at you. Plus eat and poop.

So. Much. Poop.

Ok, you're napping, the big girls are playing with their aunt and uncle, and both newborns are sound asleep. I told Muffy to come find me if there is an issue, but I am going to go for my first run!

Wish me luck!

Flabbily Yours,
Harry
Sunday April 23 1:19 AM

Oi!

These babies are so exhausting! Harry, what insane devil made me want to have two of them at the same time? However, considering that Muffy and Dimmy change them (at least they do for me because I remember to tell them to), I suppose that it's not so bad. We've been taking turns feeding them during the night (well, and during the day too), so we're up quite frequently. I'm sort of glad now that Eris wouldn't let me sleep more than two hours at a time toward the end, because I'm used to it now. That said, I must admit that once or twice, I cheated a bit and asked the house elves to take my turn so I could go back to sleep.

We had dinner with our friends on Friday to ask them the all important question, and the only one of them that seemed honestly surprised was Pansy. She had expected us to name *just* Hermione and that R word because they'd asked us to be their babies Godparents. But we explained that it only seemed right to include everyone. She nearly cried! She then excused herself to the loo rather quickly, so she may have actually cried.

She held Eris like a proud Godmother (after she returned), and even remarked that Eris looks like her. Which she actually sort of does because she's a girl and has your black hair. And as for that wager you made regarding Pansy, you might be right. She *did* seem to get a bit of a longing look in her eye as she held Eris and talked about how to cope with having a sort of short and squashed nose like a pug (which Eris does *not* have!!!).

Blaise fussed over Orion as if he'd just been given his own son to hold. It might be a good thing that Hermione can't have another baby so soon because I think Blaise might accidentally forget his protection charms if she was ready and able. It's fascinating to watch my friends - who both vowed to never have kids if possible - looking like they suddenly want kids like kids were made out of diamonds and gold or something, hahaha!

Anyway, tomorrow (or rather, later today) is Roderick and Bianca's naming ceremony, and considering that the weather has been beautiful lately, it's almost guaranteed to be a sunny Sunday. I'm rather looking forward to the ceremony, even if it is at the Burrow. Maybe while we're there, we'll have a chance to fly our brooms for a bit. I don't think I'm quite up to playing Quidditch yet, but now that I don't have a new person constantly draining my magic, it's returning far more quickly than anticipated. Enough that I've been able to dance more and more each day!

Plus, I've been going on walks with you and the kids, so I'm actually feeling rather good in general. I've even felt a spark of interest when looking at you once or twice. But you know what? These last two weeks since our babies were born, we've shifted our intimacy to simple kissing and I have no idea why, but it feels all that much more special somehow. Maybe because we didn't really have a long courtship, but yeah, I get tingles up my spine when we kiss.

I knew right then that you'd be mine and we'd be dancing the whole damn night, ooo ooo, oh-oh.
baby, I just want you to dance with me tonight,
Draco

P.S. Not literally tonight as we need to sleep for the ceremony, but you know what I mean.

Sunday at 10:31 PM
My Love,

I feel a bit ridiculous again. Everyone is sleeping and instead of sleeping, I feel the need to write to you. Today was wonderful but so emotional I need to unload a bit.

Our Godchildren had their naming ceremony today. It was humbling being a part of the biggest day of their lives so far.

When we had Viona and Elena’s ceremonies, it was emotional and overwhelming, but being in charge of planning and executing their ceremonies meant that I didn’t have time to really dwell on what a big commitment was really being made.

Their ceremony was very similar to Viona’s but Hermione felt adding muggle elements to it was important. Arthur and Bill spent the morning cleansing and preparing the location. And the location was perfect, spring blooming into life where we were celebrating these new lives.

When it was time to start, we handed Viona to Greg, Pansy took Eris over, and Luna had Orion. Elena was practically bouncing out of her skin to be able to witness her first ritual that didn’t involve her. I think she wanted to know exactly what to expect when it came time for her little siblings’ big day. It was important for our children to be here for this day, but we needed to focus all of our attention on welcoming Roderick and Bianca.

Everyone else formed a semicircle, while we stood halfway between the house and the circle. Hermione and Ron walked out of the Burrow hand in hand, Hermione holding Roderick and Ron had Bianca. They met us and the six of us walked to the altar while the circle closed around us. I couldn’t help myself and had to drop a kiss on Bianca’s head, and I saw you smooth down Roderick’s hair.

Their ceremony was almost exactly like Viona’s to start with, and before I knew it we were pledging our love, support, and guidance for these new precious lives. Asking the Gods to bless them. Speaking their names. Seeing each member of their loving family welcome them by name. It was beautiful.

Then came the portion that I think you were the most nervous about, although only those of us who can see through your Malfoy mask would have noticed. Ron began, “We have asked the Old Gods to watch over our children and keep sacred the magic within them, but now we need to ask for the sacred of the non-magical.” Hermione kept going, “These children come into the magical world, but love for them has a solid anchor in two worlds. We ask for your guidance in helping them keep a solid foundation in whichever worlds they take root in.”

And then your gorgeous voice, without a single waver, came forth, “I, Draco Lucius Malfoy, being from centuries of magical blood, pledge to Roderick Oliver and Bianca Evangeline to guide them in our traditions and give them the freedom to explore their nonmagical heritage. I vow to help them see the beauty in all aspects of their heritage. This I solemnly vow.”

My voice was slightly less calm but I still managed to say, “I, Harry James Malfoy, being from
centuries of both magical and non magical blood, pledge to Roderick Oliver and Bianca Evangeline to guide them in our traditions and give them the freedom to explore their nonmagical heritage. I vow to help them see the beauty in all aspects of their heritage. This I solemnly vow.”

Hermione and Ron then carried them around the circle and each person said “We welcome all parts of you Roderick Oliver and Bianca Evangeline.”

With that, we all filed out, and Arthur and Bill stayed to close the circle behind us.

Well after that is was all a blur of loud laughter, delicious food, and our favorite people. Molly was in her element, she had all of her grandchildren to spoil and snuggle. All of the babies were passed around and kissed and cuddled by all.

As the children started nodding off or getting whiney, we made our way home.

It was a gorgeous day! I love you and this life we are living Draco.

Yours,
Harry
Chapter 200

Chapter Summary

May day!

May 2nd at 2:24 AM
My darling husband,

The more I collaborate with Macmillan (and the others) on these rituals/classes, the more I remember why they're so important to me. So, as you know because you were with me, Beltane is an interesting celebration of life. The biggest challenge was making it suitable for Hogwarts students while still honoring the most important aspects of the tradition.

This time, we were fully prepared to host two separate rituals - like we did with Mabon - because we figured that some of the parents would be uncomfortable with the nudity and small amount of drinking involved, but the unexpected thing is that the parents who were uncomfortable with it on Mabon actually attended the ritual to see how "bad" it was, and were so impressed that not a single parent declined to give permission for their child to attend the full ritual.

Happily for me, in the three weeks since we gave birth to Eri and Ori, my body has mostly returned to its pre pregnancy shape. Yes, I still have some flab and a bit more pudge than I like, but I don't feel like a whale when I look in the mirror, so I was able to push aside my self-consciousness and just be in the moment.

I'm not entirely sure that McGonagall approves of the nudity aspect - she seems like the type who believes that all students should be fully clothed in everything including their school robes at all times - but the parents gave their permission and for the most part, the parents were here, so she simply gave us her support. This meant that no one had to attend classes, which unsurprisingly made us heroes in the students' eyes, haha!

To start with, a little after breakfast, everyone who was attending the ritual was given time to just gather together and chat. We quietly went around and simply listened to the students try to whisper speculations to each other about what was going to happen. Some of the things they said were rather amusing!

"I heard that they're going to light someone on fire!"

"I heard that they're going to pick a girl to be May Queen, a boy to be Forest King, and then make them shag in front of *everyone!*"

"I heard that everyone's going to have to kiss everyone's naked body!"

Well! It seems that *some* of the students are old enough to want to attend the adult version of the ritual, but no. None of that was in our plans. Although, part of me wonders what it would have been like as a sixth and seventh year if we students old enough to consent had been allowed to have the adult version of the ritual, hahahahaha!

Once we felt the time was right, Parvati Patil called everyone to order and instructed them to follow
us outside. After all, it was utterly *gorgeous* out and there was no reason to be inside for the rest of the day. As usual, Macmillan started the explanation (which I like letting him do so he's seen as the 'boring' one, hahaha!) because he's actually really good at keeping the attention of nearly a thousand teenagers.

"Beltane - also known as May Day - is a sacred day that has been celebrated for as long as there have been people living in Britain and Europe. The way it has been celebrated has changed a little over the years - for example, in ancient Rome, they focused on flowers. This is a day when everyone can clearly see that the Earth is awakened from her slumber and is already providing some of the abundance she has to offer, but she is also ripe to be planted and sowed."

He, Patil, Bones, and Luna all turned to me because they decided that I was probably the only one of them that could say it as bold as brass without turning red. "We know that you've all heard some rather scandalous rumors about the things that have traditionally happened on May Day, so yes, referring to a woman as being ripe to be planted and sowed *is* a euphemism for sex. But before you get *too* alarmed or excited by the prospect, there will be none of that here. Please keep in mind that the goal of this celebration is fertility and the creation of *new life* - so none of you are ready for that anyway. And I *just* had a baby, so, no, not going to happen."

We were all still fully dressed at this point because we hadn't even truly started yet. Thus I had both babies strapped to me in their carriers (which, when using the simple piece of cloth style that I favor, is a matter of tying one on my left side, and since they're so small still, tying the other on my right - in a pouch or sling carry). I couldn't help but rub their heads and give them kisses, which surprisingly provoked purrs of aww from almost everyone. I hadn't expected that. You were wearing Viona in a back carrier and holding Elena's hand. The three of you were grinning at me like idiots. Okay, not like idiots, like sappy Gryffindors or Hufflepuffs, haha.

Luna took over. "Flowers are the perfect symbol of this day, so we're going to turn you all lose to run amok all over the grounds. Try to see how many different types of flowers you can find, but don't pick them - except for one each *if* you'd like to make a crown of flowers. Keep that flower safe and bring it back to be duplicated (unless you know the charm), and you'll make the crown here. We're handing out birds seed so that if any of you find something interesting to look at among all the sprouts and growing greenery, you can leave gifts for the fairies, spirits, and wildlife."

It was now Bones' turn. "Look for little things that interest you - such as a four leaf clover. Should something catch your eye, pluck it and leave a thank you gift. Remember to thank our Mother Earth for her many gifts."

"Also, in case you're thinking about slacking off and not paying attention to the beautiful nature around you, keep in mind that we've hidden a few things we think you'll definitely want to find," Patil finished up. "So, go on and enjoy nature until lunch time. There'll be tables set up here for a lovely picnic. And remember to have fun!"

This part was obviously meant for the students, but about half of the parents sort of lurked behind them - or walked along and chatted with them - simply to curb any amorous enthusiasm. After enough time had passed, and lunch was had, we reconvened.

"All of you who wanted to make flower crowns and need help with the duplication charms, over here please!" Bones called out.

"All of you who *don't* want to make flower crowns but found little things of interest over here please. We're going to work on a simple braid," Patil beckoned.

"You can do both if you'd like," Macmillan added. "Or neither, but keep in mind that we're teaching
you a very subtle magic here and you *might* want to pay attention."

"As you braid your flower crown - or your simple braid that you can wear as a bracelet or a necklace - think of something that you love to do. That you're *passionate* about. On this day of fertility, it's good to remember that not all passion is sexual. Some of the best things in life are just having fun doing what you love - such as dancing, or singing," I added.

"Once you have your passion in mind, braid your flowers or make your bracelet/necklace and pray that you'll always have the time to do what you love, *and* that it will continue to bring you joy for the rest of you life," Luna instructed. "In other words, make a promise to yourselves that you won't let life get in the way of doing what you love - even if it's only once in a while."

"Did anyone happen to find a little golden crown?" I asked, seemingly apropos of nothing.

One girl of about 14 looked up at me in surprise. We had actually hidden about a hundred Galleons all over the grounds for students to find if they were vigilant. Also, lots and lots of biscuits in stasis charms simply to give reluctant students a reason to participate. In any case, there was one golden crown charmed so only girls could see it and one set of golden antlers that only boys could see.

"I did," the girl - a Hufflepuff - replied a bit timidly.

"Excellent! Come here," I beckoned.

She looked highly nervous and practically slunk her way over to me. McGonagall actually called out an impatient: "Get on with it, Smythe!" A moment later she was standing before me looking rather terrified as she shifted from one foot to the other repeatedly - as if planning to run.

"Congratulations!" I praised her with a smile as I enlarged the crown and adjusted it to fit her head before putting it on her. "You're this year's May Queen. Which simply means that you are Royalty for today and today only. Would Your Majesty like to take a peek at my twins?"

This seemed to instantly put her at ease. "I'd love to!" I let her peek into the pouches on my chest and purr happily as she carefully stroked their soft heads. "So cute!"

I had *not* counted on Viona shrieking: "No! My!!! No!" You tried to soothe her, but our new Queen was smart enough to take a step back and apologize to Viona, which calmed her down with a lingering glare.

"And now, did anyone find a pair of golden antlers?" Luna asked.

"I did," a Sixth Year Gryffindor boy called out, smart enough to realize that he'd have to go over to Luna and a whole lot quicker about it now that he was fairly sure that he was about to be crowned King.

"Congratulations, you are this year's Forest King," Luna informed him, resizing the antlers, that also formed a sort of crown, to fit his head.

"Do, erm... do we have to do anything special as King and Queen?" He asked, looking extremely nervous as he tried not to be obvious about glancing over at the May Queen.

Luna laughed and poked him on the nose. "We already said that there would be none of that, so go on and put it out of your mind!"

"Er, right," he muttered, both relieved and disappointed. Oi, kids these days! The May Queen is only 14! What was he thinking???
Sigh, I have too many daughters to want to think about that too closely. To think, it wasn't too long ago that I *was* that shamefully horny boy! Good thing I have you now - I literally thought this at the time and leaned over to kiss you in response to my thoughts, not only surprising you because that wasn't planned, but also astonishing most of the people there. Apparently, being married and having babies is not enough to let most people think that we might occasionally kiss. Go figure.

At this point, Macmillan and I took turns talking more about different cultures and celebrations held on this day around the world. How new traditions were borrowing heavily from old traditions and making up new ones until it sometimes wasn't clear how traditional something truly was - and how that's okay. Traditions are meant to change and grow as people do. Obviously we as a society are no longer hunters and gatherers like our ancestors were. Most of us aren't even farmers anymore!

Once the kids started showing signs of being bored and restless, we dismissed everyone for dinner - which was also being held outside, and thus, meant that the House tables had been relocated for the evening. The food was mostly normal dinner fare, with a few different types of salad to take advantage of the early greenery, bannocks, candied violets, and savory bread that was very subtly shaped like sex organs - meaning that half the loaves were shaped like oversized breadsticks, and the other half were ovals with pointed ends. We *didn't* tell the kids why they were shaped like that or what they represent, but some of the more clever ones seemed to figure it out, based on at least one Seventh Year Slytherin boy that I witnessed sniggering and wiggling his tongue around the inside of one of the ovals to make his friends laugh.

And then *finally* it was dark enough out for the real fun to begin! We led everyone over to where Hagrid had once again set up an impressive bonfire for us - using at least one bit from all nine sacred trees. It was also going to be far too rowdy for Eri and Ori - who had been content to eat, sleep, and poo (we had Dimby with to change them as needed) without much fuss, but still, I needed my entire body free, so I had Dully take them and Apparate them back home for my parents to watch. You thought about sending Viona home too, but she refused to let you, hahaha!

Before the bonfire was lit, we once again took a rather long time to remind everyone that the nudity was entirely consensual and that they *did not* have to take their clothes off. Also, if they *did* take their clothes off, no one was allowed to touch anyone inappropriately. Things like that.

Then the five of us and many of the parents led the way by stripping off. Our clothes were tossed into large baskets for the elves to sort through, wash, and have ready for us when they were needed again. You hadn't actually been here for the first ritual, so you looked a bit surprised to see everyone just getting naked out in the school lawn. But you decided that you wanted to support me all the way and slowly stripped off as well (except for Viona in her carrier, which took an intangibility charm I'm almost certain). We couldn't help but kiss again and were called out by most of the students: "Hey! You said *NO* inappropriate touching!!"

Lead by example, sigh... So we pulled apart and maintained some distance.

I held my hands up to call for attention. "You might remember that a few hours ago, we asked you to make crowns and braids while thinking about your passions. As we light the bonfire, I ask you all to hold those in your hands. If you would like to release that energy to the universe, you may throw them into the fire once it's lit - as directed. Otherwise you can keep them and write a wish on a piece of paper and throw that in the fire instead."

Hagrid whispered his own prayers as he lit the fire, meanwhile, the five of us said in unison: "Tonight, we plant seeds in our hearts and souls for those things we wish to see blossom. We plant the seeds of love, wisdom, and happiness. We dig deep to bring forth and nourish a crop of harmony, balance, and joy. We drink a sip of sacred wine (or juice) to invite liveliness and abundance into our
homes. We offer our wishes to the fire, to carry them out into the universe."

At this point, the fire was lit and the five of us tossed our papers in it to complete the incantation. Well, technically, it wasn't complete until everyone else had tossed their tokens or papers in too. The wine/juice had been served in little paper cups, and those were tossed into the fire too simply to prevent them from littering the ground.

Then Luna whispered in the May Queen's Ear while I whispered in the Forest King's so that they could perform their part of the ritual.

"I am the May Queen, I am the Earth, the spark of all creation."

"I am the Forest King, the Stag, the seed, the energy of life."

"Water is my blood, air my breath, fire my spirit," the May Queen said.

"I am the mighty oak that grows in the forest, full of protection and strength," the Forest King added.

"We thank you for the honor you give us and honor you in return," they said in unison. "The Earth is growing with life again; We shall all be blessed with abundance this year!" They finished with a theatrical flourish. (I could see Elena wishing we'd let her coach them a bit, hahaha!)

Everyone was encouraged to clap and cheer as loudly as they could, which was the end to the ritual and the start of the fun. Parvati took hold of the May Queen's hand and taught her a basic dance while I did the same to the Forest King. When they were ready, we gave them a 'staff' and a 'ring' to practice with as we showed them how to turn the dance we'd just taught them into a fire dance. They were protected by fire protection spells, and so decided to be brave enough to give it a go.

Meanwhile, everyone else decided whether they wanted to drum or dance. Things got just a little wild fairly quickly, but not *too* wild. They were able to maintain the propriety and respect expected of them while dancing naked and playing with fire like hooligans. We all had lots of fun.

That said, the day quickly grew too long for me and we had to leave. Elena had asked for permission to say and was granted it because Luna was willing to keep an eye on her. She unsurprisingly had to play the drums and dance about equally. We each kissed her on the cheek and told her to have fun (but not *too* much fun!) before we left. Viona looked like she'd dearly love to stay too, but that wasn't going to happen, and thankfully, she was too tired to protest.

All in all, it was one of the best rituals so far, and that's mostly because I *finally* have some bloody energy again! Maybe, just maybe, I'll have the energy to molest you after the twins finish up their 2 AM feeling. If not, maybe *you'll* have the energy to molest me when they wake you up for their 6 AM feeding.

Love you more than words can express,
Draco

P.S. One of these years, we're going to have to attend (or host) the adult version of the ritual, heh heh heh...

May 9th
Love of my life,

Our babies are one month old today! A whole month! I feel as though this entire past month has just
flown past.

I am blissfully exhausted. And I have to place most of that blame on myself. I've always been very particular about my sleep. I may be an early riser, but once I am out I usually stay out. I like my sleep! But even when you or Muffy or Dibby are taking care of the night feedings I find myself waking up anyway. I just don't want to miss a minute! So whether you hit me with a pillow and mumble "your turn Potter" or I get a very sweet "I've got them, go back to sleep love" the result is the same, I am awake and in awe of my family.

When it's my turn, I feed them and hold them close. I truly hope you're actually sleeping at that time, because I also sing to them. I talk to them and tell them stories. I'm very glad we thought to put the one way silencing charm on Viona's little side car crib, because her sleep would be very disturbed at this point! Although there have been a number of mornings that I have woken up to her having climbed into the pile and she is patting her babies and humming to them. I always knew she would be a great big sister, but she has surpassed even my hopes! She adores them and so far has shown no jealousy towards them (although Merlin help anyone who touches her babies!).

But when you get up with Eri and Ori, I watch you with them. I swear Draco, every day I tell myself that there is no way I could love you any more than I already do, and then the next day comes and I am proven wrong over and over again. It's like young Draco's dream come true; every day you get to prove me wrong! I watch you with these tiny little people we made. You have unending patience with them no matter how much noise they are making, no matter how much fuss they're putting up. I see you lean your head onto our Orion, and I can't tell where one of you ends and the other begins. I watch you sing and smile at Eris no matter how many times she spits up on you.

I do have to be very careful about staring at them when Muffy takes care of them, she caught me once and thought my staring meant that I didn't trust her to take care of them. She cried, they cried, I cried. It was a mess. I can't help it! They're so beautiful!

And they are already growing so much. They look up at me with those big gorgeous eyes of theirs and I am hooked. And their personalities are already so strong. We had Viona come into our lives when she was six months old, she was already quite ... interactive ... at that point. I think I was under the impression that newborns came out pretty standard and then grew into their personalities over time. Orion is an observer. He can calmly wait out any situation and watches everyone's moves. It's no surprise to me that he waited so long to be born, he is going to be more stubborn than either of us, mark my words! And Eris may have been born two thirds of Orion's size, but her personality takes up twice as much space. She's twice as loud, and seems to want twice as much attention. She is going to make sure no one overlooks her just because she's tiny.

I think Elena is quite happy that summer hols is coming up soon. She loves Traditions, and I don't think she'd be happy at home all day every day (I have a feeling she will be at Unity with me A LOT) but she does not seem pleased at leaving her siblings every day. I think she knows Eri and Ori would be a lot of work, but I do think about checking her bags for her to have stowed away Viona to bring to class.

I would have been happy no matter how long it took (if ever) for you to get to pre-pregnancy shape. But I do really like what the confidence has done for us. I don't know if it was just the right time, or maybe it was the Beltane ritual. But even with how exhausting it is having four kids, three of them babies, and two of those being newborns, I cannot get enough of you. That first night after the ritual, you had mentioned maybe you'd initiate after the 2am wake up call, or that I would after the 6am, but we did both! And since then it's felt almost like when we were newlyweds. Ok, it hasn't been quite as much as when we were newlywed, but we did have zero babies at that time!
And I've been working really hard on getting back in shape myself. All of my core muscles took a bit
of a nosedive during those last few months when I couldn't do much, but I am working my way back
up. And I finally have my running stamina back. I feel so much better now that I can run as much as
I need to.

But seriously, I just cannot get enough of you! I feel like I need you all the time. Everything you do
is sexy. Honestly, it should not be that sexy to watch you put jam on your toast in the morning! But
when I see it all I can think about is slathering you in something and then licking it all off and then ....
okay Harry, time to stop thinking about this!

Although I will say, I have been very very particular about not taking ANY potions without triple
checking their contents!

The Beltane ritual was wonderful as usual. I love going to them. I would love going to them even if
my immensely talented husband weren't leading them, but since he is I enjoy it even more. But I
think my favorite ritual will be when we host the adult version next year. Yeah, put it on the
calendar, that is happening!

Ok, I actually think my favorite of any rituals will be happening this weekend. We are having Orion
and Eris' naming ceremonies! I can't wait. I've been in planning mode with the Grandmas for two
weeks now. I can't wait for their big day. And Lainie has been joining us on the planning committee
as well. "Shockingly" she has a lot of really fantastic ideas.

Oh, and speaking of our Elena, guess who I found her cuddled up with reading the other night? The
non-cuddling Grampy Lulu. Why does he even pretend he's so hard? And if anyone would
understand her flair for the dramatic, you'd think it would be the man who carries an accessory-only
cane and has supermodel hair. I didn't say anything to him about it, I don't want to spook him, but
he's just so ridiculous.

Ok, I hate this, but I am going to pop over to Unity House on my first official business since having
Orion. Obviously I have been in and out for visits, but I need to do some paperwork and then make
sure everything is set up for tomorrow's movie night. Don't let the babies forget about me while I'm
gone!! Give them, and Viona, at least ten kisses each for me! I should hopefully be back in two or
three hours.

Missing you already,
Harry
Chapter 201

Chapter Summary

Elena witnesses an incident involving jam...

Chapter Notes

Sorry there's only one chapter today. I was volunteered to drive my hubby and sons to a friend's house on a lake to go fishing - since my hubby's still not up to driving just yet. Although he is feeling a lot better since his surgery in general. But anyway, I think I overdid the basking in the sun because I had to come home and sort of zone out for a few hours before I remembered that I needed to post, lol.
I hope y'all have had good days too ^_^

Tuesday at 11:57 PM
My sexy husband,

Mmm... You are so delicious. The *moment* that all three of the littles were down for their nap (thank all the Gods that Muffy knows some sort of magic to get them all to sleep at the same time at least once a day!), I took your idea and ran with it. Tackling you to our bed, I slathered cherry jam on your shoulder so that I could lick it off. Then on your abdomen just below your belly button. Then on the inside of your left wrist - and so on until your breathing was positively ragged.

Elena ran into the room just as I was licking it off the small of your back. She immediately squeaked in embarrassment, wailed an apology, and ran back out of the room. I'm honestly not quite sure how to feel. Part of me wanted to laugh so hard I might wet myself, but another wondered if maybe we should confine our playing to times when we *know* Elena can't accidentally walk in on us. But then another part of me wonders if this is just one of those parenting things we wouldn't have had to worry about for 7 or 8 more years but are running into now because we adopted an older child.

Anyway, after we finished playing with each other and the jar of jam, we took a well deserved nap, and then split up. I took Eri and Ori since they are still mostly content to sit in a cradle swing (each) and watch me do whatever I like - only fussing when hungry - and you took Viona to go play with Della and Sebastian. You also went to see what Elena had wanted.

Before the Beltane ritual, during the week leading up to it, I realized that I needed to get out of bed and attempt to get back into shape. Thankfully, the potions made from my placenta and womb - and thus my own magic - are doing a brilliant job of bringing up my magic and energy levels so that I was able to stick with a workout routine long enough for it to help.

The first three days, I did some basic bellydancing simply to strengthen my core - as you pointed out, my core was in the worst shape out of my entire body. By the third day, I was able to work up to a routine I've done in the past just for the fun of it. Horus Dancing

Then, I of course had to practice my fire staff techniques so that I wouldn't look like a moron in front
of everyone at the ritual. Plus, having it fresh in my mind was the best idea when it came time to teach it to the Forest King. What I taught him was obviously a rather basic version of the dance that was more spinning the staff than anything, but since then, I've had a chance to do more with the fire dancing techniques. It really is something I love - which surprises even me because as a Slytherin, I generally prefer to be cold rather than hot. The dungeons were always just a bit chilly - even in the summer time. Then again, we *did* always have fires in all the fire places to cozy up to.

Anyway, perhaps it's because I'm 'a dragon' but I do love playing with fire, and so now I have a surprise to show you if you should happen to come looking for me before I'm done dancing in the ballroom today. (I'm obviously taking a break at the moment to catch my breath and get something to drink.) It's kept our babies quite entertained, haha! Fire Dancing

You are currently asleep and I'm feeding the babes. I know you tend to wake up more than you want to while they eat, but this time, I'm pretty sure I managed to wake up and begin their feeding before they woke you up. Muffy is helping by feeding Eris while I have Orion in my lap, holding his bottle with one hand while attempting to type with the other.

This evening - after dinner - was one of those magically mundane moments I don't think I'll ever get enough of. One of those many squibs I'd interviewed once upon a time ago happens to own a photography studio. She was delighted to come out and do a family photoshoot of the six of us - and also the ten of us once you include my parents and siblings.

Some of the most adorable pictures ever taken were of just Eri and Ori. There's one of the six of us that's so fluffy it's almost embarrassing. So naturally, I chose that one to send to the Daily Prophet with a short article I'd written on our marriage and family so far. Hopefully, this will appease your many fans and prevent the media from trying to intrude on our privacy in order to get similar (but obviously not as good quality) pics.

It's actually rather fun to spend time out in the sunshine simply having our pictures taken. When the littles got tired and were handed over to the elves to feed and change, we had a bit of time in which just you, me, and Elena had a mini photoshoot. We dressed up in a couple of different costumes and just played around. Strangely enough - even though I know most people would probably call us perverts or something if they saw the pictures, I think that my favorite ones from the mini photoshoot were when the three of us dressed up in "grass skirts" (they weren't actually made of grass, but small braids of a soft cotton and some fluffy feathers charmed green) and nothing else and danced the hula. The hula in it's most basic form is a soft and flowy dance that reminds me a little of bellydancing in some aspects. Thus we basically swayed a little back and forth as she took pictures.

And just like that, we had a rather perfect day. Until our babies decided we needed to pay attention them that second and started screaming insistently (more Eris than Orion, but him too). A little worn out after our day, we felt it was a good time to take a family bath and just relax. Interestingly enough, since the ritual on Beltane, Elena - who had already been rather accepting of our nudity in general - seems to have become all out just indifferent to us being naked. She now has no problem joining us in the family bath, and actually, is helpful by washing up Viona while we're busy making sure Orion and Eris don't slip out of our grasp and drown. (I know that babies are actually excellent swimmers because of their time in the womb, but it's still an irrational fear of mine that one of them will be so slippery that I can't properly hold onto them, and then they'll drown. Obviously, there would be plenty of time to grab them again, and even call an elf for help if I literally just could not hold onto them, but still...
After our bath, we obviously came to bed - allowing Elena to do as she liked in her room until her bedtime. She probably danced or practiced her guitar. I was a bit too tired to do anything before we all fell asleep, but now that I'm done with this feeding and it's right about midnight, I think I'm going to lick you some more and see if that spot on your neck was washed thoroughly enough to remove all traces of jam.

When I look into your eyes, I can see how much I love you, and it makes me realize, when I look into your eyes, I see all my dreams come true, when I look into your eyes,

Draco

Wednesday at 8:49 AM
My Dragon,

Since we brought Elena home, I have been wondering if there is much we can teach her. She's learning academically at Traditions (and will continue when she goes to Hogwarts), she learned so much from her original parents, and she's quite brilliant all on her own. I knew we could give her the loving home and family she needed, but could we truly impart much wisdom or knowledge to her. Well, she's not been with us for very long and we have taught her the important life lesson of; knock before entering a bedroom!

I have to assume that for a child with parents, what happened was a bit of a rite of passage right? I know Ron has told me in horror that he's accidentally walked in on his parents. But should the knowledge that your parents have sex really been that big of a surprise Child #6 out of 7?

Taking a nap and letting Elena work out her embarrassment on her own seemed to have been a good plan. When I talked with her she had worked her way up to being over the embarrassment and into wanting to poke fun at us. I started to talk to her about what she saw being normal between two loving, consenting adults and she laughed so hard and responded with "Of course I know that, and I should have known better, the two of you can't keep your hands off of each other in public, I should have known better than to come in your bedroom with no warning!" And suddenly the nine year old is having a mature discussion and I end up blushing! And then, YOUR daughter, goes on in her most impressive condescending voice "But really Father, jam? Awfully plebeian isn't it?" What have you done to this child?!?

Oh my goodness, watching you fire dancing was so ... hot. Pun intended, but seriously, so sexy. You really are my dragon. Even before I knew about the fire dancing, I could have watched you dance for hours. But this might be my new kink. You could tie me up and make me watch you dance, I would be so turned on and couldn't do anything about it. And then .... nope nope nope, must stop myself from going too far!

Our family photo session was amazing! I can't believe how wonderful the pictures turned out. With the size and ages of our family, how she managed to get even one good photo, let alone the sheer amount she was able to capture, is beyond me. The photo of our full family of six was most definitely the best one. It's everything I've ever wanted and more than I let myself dream of. But I absolutely adore the picture of our four children, Elena sitting with Eri and Ori in her lap, and Viona hugging her from behind, hanging on her like a spider monkey. The babies are looking up at their big sisters who are both throwing their heads back in full belly laughs. It's our family, loud and a little messy, full of laughter and adoration.

And of course I loved all of the pictures of the two tiniest. All swaddled up next to each other. Wide eyed and angel-faced. I love seeing their contrasting hair snuggled up together. We made them Draco!
I think having us play around outside while she followed us with the camera was such a good plan. Half the time I didn't even realize we were being photographed. That's how she managed to get such beautiful individual pictures of all the kids. The one of our Viona half hidden amongst the flowers in the garden! She looked like a fae princess. And then Elena laying in the grass, her gorgeous raven curls behind her like a halo! And Orion, having his tummy time in the grass, she got the sweetest picture of him with the sunlight behind his platinum hair making him look like a little angel, and the green grass making his green eyes stand out even more than they usually do. And while Eris was happily laying in the little portable cot, Viona had covered her in all the flowers she picked and we got that beautiful picture of her peeking out of a veritable curtain of flora.

I had such fun doing the costumes with Elena. The hula pictures were so fun, but I think my favorite pictures of the three of us were when we weren't really in "costume" but Elena talked us into dressing full muggle for some pictures. You and I barefoot in denims and fitted band tees, and Lainie in her overalls and French braids. I think she liked the idea of having a picture with her dads that she could still keep with her even if she spends time in the muggle world. And I think the photographer liked having a number of pictures she could use in her advertising or decorating without confusing her muggle clientele.

I think signing off to let her use our images was the right call. I imagine that utilizing pictures of a gay couple with children may be a good way to show her customers that she's available to do sessions with all types of families and won't be discriminatory. And you're so hot and our children are so beautiful that I imagine our family is the perfect advertisement. We should probably recommend her to Donna and Dudley.

Oh! Speaking of Donna and Dudley, I made plans to go see them and officially meet Miss Daisy this Monday evening. Does that work for you? She's even older than Eri and Ori and we haven't gotten to meet her yet! I get it though, the six of us can be a bit overwhelming for a family with one newborn!

I'm sorry if I made it sound like I was blaming you for me waking up when you get up with the babies. I simply meant I have a hard time missing a moment and I end up staring at you and them instead of sleeping! But I do feel much better rested today, so thank you!

I am so excited for tonight's movie night! All of the usual suspects are going to be there, George and Angelina are bringing my Mac, Andi is bringing Teddy, and Hermione and Ron are bringing our godchildren to their first movie night! We're doing Toy Story. Elena had mentioned she wanted to see the sequel that just came out this winter, and I can't go see a sequel without seeing the original!

Speaking of, I need to go get things ready for tonight! I've got Viona with me already, and Elena knows to just come here to Unity after school, so I will see you and the almost twins by six!

Baby I'm amazed by you,
Harry
Chapter 202

Chapter Summary

Draco's a little disturbed by Toy Story.

Thursday May 11th
Wonderfully kinky husband,

I'm so glad that Elena isn't permanently traumatized by walking in on us, and really, there were *so* many far more traumatizing things she could have walked in on. I could have been rimming you rather than simply licking jam off your back! Glad she is being mature about it, but mark my words, 12 years from now, she won't find jam plebeian at all, hahaha!

As for walking in on one's parents, I can't recall ever doing so, but I'm probably an exception to the rule because if I ever needed anything as a child, I always called Muffy first. If it was something I needed permission for, *she* went to ask my parents and so she probably popped in on them quite a bit. That said, they did kiss each other rather passionately quite often when I was in the room. Sometimes, I'd wondered if they'd forgotten that I was in the room. Thus I *knew* they shagged, but still managed to convince myself that they didn't until recently when my father got drunk with you and spilled some rather scandalous details. Plus, you know, some photographic evidence that I will *never* be able to unsee!

Mmm... Tying you up while I fire dance, mmm... That will happen when we're not suffering from new baby syndrome and have someone to watch them for a couple of hours.

I'm actually glad that *you* were on board with giving the photographer permission to use some of our photos as advertising of her work. She part of the network of businesses that I'm letting use my name so that they can appeal to wizarding customers as well as muggle ones, so it only makes good sense all around to support her business. Besides, you're right. Our family will make *everyone* want to engage her services. You alone probably attracted a good half the wizarding population to her business so that they could ask her questions about her day with us.

Toy Story was rather interesting. As someone who occasionally had toys that were charmed to *seem* alive, I'm not sure how I feel about the idea of them *actually* being alive. It's a bit disturbing actually, especially since they could apparently feel pain. I *really* don't want to think about my toys being alive through some of the things I put them through! But the fact that they loved their owner so much was rather endearing.

We finally had to break down and sit on a loveseat rather than you in a chair and me on a cushion on the floor with my head in your lap. This way, we were still able to snuggle, but we were also able to hold our babies and Viona when she felt like sitting with us. She's taking full advantage of the fact that she has a big sister now by sitting on Elena and demanding to be fed as if Elena was a house elf meant to serve her, but Elena is a rather responsible big sister, not giving into the demands for biscuits and ice cream, offering melon and apple slices instead.

I might need someone to curb my tendency to eat biscuits and ice cream actually. Now that I'm no longer craving gravy on everything, I feel like I eat at least a pint or two of Ben and Jerry's a day, which will obviously be detrimental to my 'get back into shape' regime if I don't start eating healthier.
I'm going to have to order Muffy to translate my orders for B+J to yogurt or kefir with fresh berries instead. The elves have actually been using all that milk I no longer drink like it was as necessary as the air I breathe by making healthier versions of B+J's ice cream with less sugar and fresh fruit, but still, if they can make ice cream, they can make yogurt and kefir. Frozen yogurt with bananas and chunks of dark chocolate and freshly ground roasted peanuts, mmm...

Alright, so maybe I'm still having a few cravings. I wonder why?

I look forward to meeting your cousin's little girl. I know we already gave them quite a bit of stuff for their nursery and expanded their flat, but do you think we should buy her a stuffed animal or something? Oh! Actually, Eris and Orion each have heirloom silver rattles with the Malfoy crest on it, and while I *don't* think giving Daisy a Malfoy heirloom is a good idea, giving her a silver rattle is. Silver has a long history of contributing to health by curbing illness. Even if she only gnaws on the rattle a little bit here and there, it would be good for her. Of course, a silver spoon would be even better as she'd presumably have that in her mouth far more often. I suppose we could get her both - there are two of us after all.

Alright, last thing I want to talk about before heading to bed; is there anywhere in particular you want me to bring us for our anniversary? I'm a bit torn, our babies won't even be two full months old and so going somewhere far away and leaving them behind is a bit worrying. On the other hand, this will be our first anniversary, celebrating a full year together, and I really want to have at least a day to just ourselves to celebrate it properly. I can't decide! So I'll leave it up to you to either tell me what to do or suggest a better solution.

I put a spell on you, because you're mine,

Draco

P.S. I know you don't read the Daily Prophet, but there was an article this morning I might just have to show you. It was about a 13 year old boy who murdered his father and the Wizengamot isn't quite sure what to do with him - send him to Azkaban or simply keep him in a Ministry holding cell until he's old enough to go to Azkaban. The very little bit I learned about him in the article sends shivers up and down my spine. I may not have been quite as young, but I was once at the mercy of the Wizengamot and could have gone to Azkaban, and I wonder, what made him do it?

Friday May 12th

Ummmm,

You were disturbed by the idea of toys feeling pain because of the things you put them through? Were you Sid? Fucking Shite! Did I marry Sid?!!

So here are my thoughts on why I was ok letting the фотографer use our images. I have very little control over being something "journalists" think is worth reporting on. As long as they're not libelous, there's not much I can do if they want to put me on the cover of the Prophet pantsless. But these are pictures I knew were being taken, I was prepared for, and I have control over how they're used. Even something as simple as asking her not to publicly use any of the grass skirt pictures she was willing to compromise on. And, just like we were willing to send one photo to the Prophet in the hopes that giving them one shot would keep them from hounding us in the hopes of getting pictures, perhaps having more pictures that we love out in the world will be less that get taken without our permission.

Also, I really love supporting these squib and upcoming businesses.
No, our Elena is not traumatized by walking in on us, and I'm definitely pleased it wasn't MUCH worse! It sounds like it's a fairly normal enough thing if you don't have a personal house elf at your beck and call, so she should turn out at least as normal as Ron!

Oh! Photographic evidence! I haven't emptied the MMM's in a long time. Probably not since Elena's ceremony. I should empty them out before the almost twins' ceremony this weekend. Everything is completely planned and ready, I can't wait!

It's going to take me a bit to get used to our new movie night seating arrangement! It started out just the two of us so we could snuggle as tightly as we wanted, then came Viona and it was just a matter of sitting her on your lap. But once the bumps grew and Viona grew, it took me a while to get used to that. Then I finally got used to it and everything changes again! Well, as long as holding you is there no matter the configuration I suppose I can handle it. I do love that our big girls snuggle with each other now.

You still have cravings? Did they accidently leave a baby in you or something? I kid I kid! I still really want to eat melon, maybe it's because they are delicious foods and we got used to being "allowed" to eat our fill?

I was going to pop over to Diagon tomorrow to pick up a few things we need for this weekend, some new candles and things like that. Everything is planned and ready, but we just need a few last minute easy to add items. While I'm there I could pop into the jewelry store and see about getting a silver baby set for Daisy, maybe a rattle, a spoon, and a little brush or something like that? I like the idea of getting a keepsake instead of one of a million stuffed animals that new parents get. I think I am going to get a book as well. I've decided buying books for children is going to be "my thing."

Damn you Draco! Since I read your email I have been going back and forth over whether or not to tell you about what I already planned for our anniversary. I had kind of been hoping your brain fog had extended just a bit and you would forget long enough that I would be able to surprise you! I booked a villa in Tuscany for all of us. Our anniversary is on a Monday, so we will leave the Thursday evening before, and head home in the afternoon on the day after our anniversary. And I made sure to book one big enough, because we are bringing your parents (and brother and sister obviously). They will be on their side, and we will be on ours, and they will watch all of the children while we do small dates throughout the entire weekend! This way we get away, we get to celebrate alone, but we never have to be away from the babies for longer than a few hours at a time.

Ok, that's all I have for the fun stuff.

The boy in yesterday's Prophet. I contacted Kingsley. Again, maybe I'm overstepping my place, but I work with wounded children so much, it's hard to run an orphanage and not run into that, so I thought I could help with some perspective. It's not just a matter of having killed his father, his mother is also unconscious in St. Mungo's. Unfortunately, the boy isn't talking. Not unwilling to tell them anything, but he hasn't spoken a single word since they took him into custody. Kingsley is doing everything in his power to keep the Wizengamot from acting until the child speaks and/or until his mother regains consciousness. And if the mother passes and he's still not talking, he's hoping he can convince them to utilize a Legilimens to extract the memory of the incident. It sounds like without a lawyer, there's not much that can be done on that end.

So, I put our lawyers on his case. Even if the child is completely 100% guilty, you and I both know that a child that age doesn't start murdering people for no reason. So even if he winds up in Azkaban, we will at least know he was defended well.

Well, that made today a longer day than usual for me, so I am going to sign off, grab Lainie from Traditions, and head home!
All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 203

Chapter Summary

Eris and Orion have their naming ceremony.

Saturday May 13th
Darling Harry,

Fret not. I am not like Sid in that I did not tear apart and torture my toys. However, since I *did* have a lot of toys charmed to act like they were alive, I often had them conduct magic duels and fight to the death for my amusement. And then - when I got a bit older - I erm... I had them participate in orgies so that I could take notes on things to try. So yeah, the idea that my toys were *actually* *alive* is rather disturbing in that context...

I'm so proud of you for engaging our lawyers to defend that poor boy. Even if he should happen to be guilty of cold blooded murder, he still deserves some legal defense. Did you happen to send that woman you love - the mind healer one (Yesenia?) - to try to talk to him? I'm betting she could develop a rapport with him.

After I read your email talking about sending in our lawyers, I called them up and asked them to send out someone to obtain official reports on the boy's mother from St. Mungo's. So far, all the Healers know is that she was beaten practically to death, and since the father *was* beaten to death, they assume that the boy snapped and tried to kill her too, but was stopped - or perhaps changed his mind, since he's the one who brought her in. Never said a word but was covered in blood from both parents. Aurors were called in and they found the body when they went to investigate the family's home.

OH! Sounds like the twins are awake and demanding food, so, I'm going to end here and feed them.

Love you tons,
Draco

Sunday May 14th
Love of my life,

Since you've been recovering your magic, and caring for two newborns, it's not nearly as uncommon for you to be asleep before me as it used to be. But on emotional days like today I'm definitely staying up after you, I need the space to clear my head and take a deep emotional breath.

We had our two newest children's naming ceremonies today. With the amount of rituals and ceremonies and blessings we have hosted or attended lately, I have wondered when they will stop feeling as special, or when our families may become immune to their importance. Between us, our Weasley's, and the rituals at Hogwarts, we have all been attending quite a few events. Just with children alone, there have been five blessings for babies, and Elena and Mac had their own ritual welcomes. But all of our loved ones seem to be taking every one with the importance it deserves.
Even though we followed Viona’s ceremony very closely, it felt so different with two children, and with them still being so tiny. But I still started my day the same way, and the same way I did with Lainie; talking to them about what today meant for me and what it meant for them.

We had a fairly calm morning, we had breakfast together, talked about the day a bit, got orders concerning the day from the generals! Then we put the little ones down for a nap so they would be wide awake for the ceremony, and we began getting ready. Arthur and Lucius again worked together to cleanse and prepare the circle. I’m truly so impressed with these two men, who can put aside a lifetime of animosity for the good of their sons and grandchildren.

We went with the request of having everyone wear robes of solid colors again. Although this time I wore a pale silvery-grey set of robes for the stars Orion is named for, and you wore a beautiful understated orange (and who could pull of orange robes besides you?) for the symbolizing of art that our Eris Lyra is named for. Lainie and the Princess wore lavender and aqua, not symbolizing anything except they wanted those pretty colors! We welcomed our circle as they showed up and by the time everyone was there it was the end of naptime. Eris and Orion’s plain white robes were beautiful in their simplicity.

The grandmothers were on Viona duty, so we sent Viona and Elena off with our mothers so everyone would be in place.

The four of us then began our walk to the circle, I held Orion, you had Eris, and we met the four soon to be godparents halfway, Ron and Blaise walking next to myself, Pansy and Luna next to you. We walked to the altar and our circle closed around us. As has become our tradition with all of our ceremonies, the area was covered in lilies and narcissus, and then we had the addition of pansies and moonflowers. We also used the candles from yours and my naming ceremonies (thankfully we can magically keep them from melting away completely or they’d be gone with how many children we’re having at this rate!) as well as new candles specifically for each child.

Your beautiful voice, as usual, started our ceremony, "We call to the Gods and Goddesses, we call to Poseidon, the father of Orion the Hunter, we call to Artemis the Goddess of the Hunt and of Children, and to her brother Apollo, God of Music, we call to Hestia, Goddess of home, hearth, and family. We call to Eris, the Goddess of strife and discord, but most importantly of Rivalry, She knows our family found beauty and love from Rivalry. We ask you to join us today, to welcome our children to our community and to the larger community of our world."

I become less nervous with each ritual, and I was able to get my piece out without my voice wavering, "We gather today to bless these children, new lives that became part of our world. We gather to give names to these children. To call something by name is to give it power, and today we give these children that gift. We welcome them into our hearts and lives and bless them with names of their own."

You went on, "To be a parent is to love and nurture, to lead our children to be good, to follow the right path, to both teach them and learn from them. Reining them in, and giving them wings. Smiling through their joys, and weeping with their pain. Walking beside them, so that one day they can walk alone. Being parents is the greatest gift we give ourselves, and the greatest responsibility we will have."

We decided, as the firstborn of these two, to start with Eris, so you turned to Pansy and asked, "You stand beside us, for the love of this child. Tell the Gods who you are."

Pansy replied with more emotion than I have ever heard from her, "I am Pansy Camilla St. Peter, chosen to be Guardian for this child." And when you asked what it meant to be a Guardian, "To show guidance and counsel, to help assist her when making choices, and be there for her when
called upon."

Asking the same questions to Luna, she responded, "I am Luna Pandora Lovegood, chosen to be Guardian for this child." answering the same description of Guardianship but in her soft airy voice.

Laying our feisty little daughter on the altar, you anointed her head with the oils from the chalice her Godmothers bought her, and I said "May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond her world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Eris Lyra Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Eris Lyra."

Blaise held Orion so we could pass your cup with wine, and my cup with milk around the circle and follow with Eris so each person could welcome her into our lives and our family by name. It was beautiful, I thought I could keep the tears at bay, but when we got to Viona and Elena welcoming their little sister, I ended up letting some slip through. The cups made their way back to Luna and Pansy, they drank, and recited together, "Welcome Eris Lyra Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you Eris Lyra, and over your fathers, and over your brother and sisters, we wish your family love and light."

With her Godmothers taking Eris, we began Orion's part. Asking his Godparents those same questions. "I am Blaise Christopher Zabini, chosen to be Guardian for this child." "I am Ronald Bilius Weasley, chosen to be Guardian for this child." and reciting their definitions of Guardian.

We laid our calm and observant son on the altar, I anointed him with oils from his own chalice, and you said "May the Gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond his world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Orion Draco Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the Gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Orion Draco."

We sent the refilled cups of wine and milk around the circle again, and walked Orion around the circle for his welcomes. Again, our big girls welcoming him was too much for my tear ducts. Reaching the end, Ron and Blaise asked the same "Welcome Orion Draco Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you Orion Draco, and over your fathers, and over your sisters, we wish your family love and light."

We held our two youngest up to the skies, our circle walking away, us closely following, and the grandfathers closing the circle.

The party afterwards was wonderful. Each time our families get together they become less and less two separate groups, and more a combined community. There were children running everywhere, and I know the big children were given too many sweets. Did you notice how attached Mac seemed to be to Ori? He was attached to me my entire pregnancy, and now he's drawn to Orion, I wonder what that's about?

We did try to get a single picture of all of the children together. It turned out terrible or wonderful depending on who you ask. Della and Victoire trying to be perfect ladies, Teddy being kissed by Viona, Elena trying to hold her squirming littlest siblings while Sebastian plays with her hair, Mac calmly holding the Roderick and Bianca. Barely any of the children are actually looking at the camera. It's just perfect!
There was food and laughter, music and dance, and for us two non-pregnant people a bit to drink. No one got even close to drunk, but it's been months since I had anything, so I am delightfully buzzed, happy and warm. Reading over our day did nothing to dull this warmth in my chest. This time last year, I was nervously getting ready for a date with you. Tonight I exhaustedly climb into bed with my husband after a day with our family and our four children. Who could ask for anything more?

I should probably try to get a little sleep, these nighttime feedings seem to come earlier and earlier every night!

You're everything I'll ever need,
Harry
This may or may not surprise you, but whenever there are rituals with muggles in attendance, I'm always fascinated by them. I like to watch how they react to displays of magic - both subtle and overt. Thus, when you were chatting via Insta-owl with Donna about our plans to visit Monday, and she learned about our naming ceremony and expressed interest to come, I was actually rather happy that I'd have a chance to observe your cousin.

Granted, there were no flashy displays of magic, but that was sort of the point. I wanted to see how he reacted to something that was more prayer than anything. To my surprise, he seemed very interested. I think Donna may have asked him to consider such a ceremony for their daughter.

Even though we had seen them and met their daughter for the ceremony, we still showed up for dinner as invited on Monday night. It seems your Aunt and Uncle had dropped in uninvited for the afternoon, and were just on their way out. You and your Uncle exchanged silent glares, but said nothing. Your Aunt looked a strange mix of disapproving (of us in general) and interested in our babies. I think she murmured a grudgingly cordial (relatively speaking): "Harry." But then they left as if the hounds of hell were hot on their tail. Which was probably for the best, really.

Dinner was rather normal, all considering. Maybe it's because we'd spent time with Dudley and Donna for the New Year, or maybe it was because we were all able to bond as new parents, but it felt the same as dinner with any of our other friends would feel. Most of that might be Donna's willingness to chatter incessantly when needed to cover awkward silences.

We recommended the squib photographer to them, which Donna was highly interested in, especially once she had a chance to look through some of our photos from the shoot. Unsurprisingly, Eris got fed up about that point and loudly demanded that we go home and feed her. I *know* we'd brought milk with, but she seems to be very particular about where she'll eat - especially when she's tired. So we said our goodbyes and left.

Once we were home and sitting in bed feeding the babies while Elena and Viona sat coloring pictures at the end of our bed, I noticed that a letter had been delivered to me at some point. I opened it and read the rather short message. It seems as if the boy that had murdered his father - Antonio Litwin - is having a preliminary hearing on Wednesday afternoon to determine what to do with him until his actual murder trial. Our law firm correctly assumed that we'd like to attend the hearing. So, I guess we now have plans for Wednesday.

River deep, mountain high,
Draco

P.S. Muffy reminded me that it's my duty to give her babies names so that they can properly be given to Viona, Eris, and Orion, and so help me Harry! I am *not* prepared to name anything else for a
good long while. Ever notice how house elves tend to have childish names? This is probably why; their owners just can't come up with anything good, or their owners are very small when they first receive the elf and think something like Dippy is a great idea. sigh... The good news is that the baby elves have developed enough that they can play with Viona (and Della and Sebastian), and can even help feed the twins if needed - although between Muffy and Dimby, we have that well covered.

Wednesday at
Good morning my love,

I brought Elena to school this morning, and brought Eri and Ori with me as well to spend a bit of time at Unity and give you a bit of a break. I know she hasn't shown any signs of jealousy, but I think Viona will enjoy a bit of one on one time with you. It was just the two of you spending the majority of your time together for so long and it's been so different since the almost twins got her that I think the Princess could use a morning with just the two of you.

I selfishly staffed some extra caregivers for this afternoon, and I am going to have the babies stay here when we go to Antonio's preliminary hearing this afternoon. And by extra caregivers I mean Luna is coming in on her afternoon off and Ron and Blaise are going to come hang out here. They could have just gone to one of their houses but since Unity is set up to care for children anyway, it just seemed like a better plan all around. I promise I'm not just using Unity as my personal daycare center!

Oh! Speaking of daycare! I was just thinking that our lives are so boring. I just do not have enough on my plate! Ha bloody Ha, I know, kidding of course. But when we had that massive influx of children and you brought a number of the squibs you were interviewing to come care for the children while we got things settled it gave me an idea. At the time, we definitely did not have any extra time to add more businesses, but now that my brain fog has mostly lifted, I have been rolling the idea around a bit more. Well, long story ... long .... do you think there was anyone particularly suited to running a daycare facility?

This wouldn't be like Unity, where it's completely nonprofit, but a business for providing care for working parents. We are very lucky that we have so many friends and family, as well as house elves, that will help us care for our children when we need to be elsewhere. It also helps that my "job" is so child based that I can bring our children with me as needed. And even if we didn't have all of these loved ones, we have the financial ability to pay for quality care. Most don't have that luxury.

I don't want to sign on to run another business, I wouldn't do that to my family! But I would be very interested in investing in a startup business.

I was insta-owling Donna yesterday, she needed to gossip about Dudley's parents and thought I would be a good person to do that with! And she mentioned that she had already booked an appointment with our photographer to do a session for Daisy and get at least one family portrait of the three of them. I have high hopes that all of these new businesses really start growing.

But ugh, Petunia and Vernon ... I guess every time it seems Petunia is warming up to Donna and even mildly open to the idea that IF Daisy or any future children ends up with magic it wouldn't be the end of the world, Vernon shites all over it. I guess it's been fairly subtle, so there's not been enough to really call him out on his bigotry, but Donna is very quickly running out of patience. I'm thinking of starting a betting pool to see when she finally snaps.

I've already told her I'll pay her for the pensieve memory!
I apologized a bit for having to run so quickly to feed our Angel, but having a newborn of her own, Donna cut me off quickly and called it nonsense. I think it's pretty funny, that for the fact that when you were pregnant with her you would eat anything, everywhere, anywhere, anytime, Eris is so particular about where she eats. It wasn't bad at all, it was a good excuse to head home and have some evening time just the six of us.

"We" have to name Muffy's babies? That is so much pressure! Here's my dilemma with naming them. Obviously house elves tend to have childish names, so we could give them respectable, mature names. But, then is that weird for them to have names that don't even sound like house elf names? Argh!! Let me think it over. Oh I know, maybe we can skim through all of our old emails and find all the different names you've called Dibly, pick the best three, and name the babies that! You can't even blame it on pregnancy brain fog anymore, his name is DIBLY!

Um, er, hold on, well I know I don't have to actually tell you to hold on in an email, but I just received an owl ..... so hold on.

Draco! If I haven't gotten there by the time the preliminary hearing is supposed to start, tell the lawyers to find a way to postpone. Antonio's mother just woke up. Hopefully we will have some answers soon and they can start any proceedings with all of the information they'd need.

Love,
Harry
Chapter 205

Chapter Summary

Antonio Litwin has his hearing.

Chapter Notes

Sorry y'all! I really thought I'd posted at least once today before my hubby and I went out for our anniversary dinner. But when I thought it was getting to be time to post again and actually looked, I apparently had *not* posted today. Oops!

But this is a really good chapter :-)  
The next chapter - which I'll be posting tomorrow - is possibly my favorite Draco chapter of this part of the series :-D

Wednesday at 10:22 PM
Endearingly intuitive husband,

You were so right about Viona. When we performed our morning routine - just the two of us - I think she was tempted to cry. She certainly gave me extra hugs and kisses and looked rather teary eyed. However, when we were done, she also pointed at the picture next to our bed of the twins and demanded: "My! My!" As if asking where her babies were.

After we were ready, not dressed, but clean and full from breakfast, I brought us to the ballroom where I gave her a magical sparkler that she could run/toddle around drawing pretty pictures in the air. As she did, I practiced a new bellydancing routine before adding some fire to the mix. She pretended to shriek in fear and run away whenever I breathed out a long plume of fire, but then giggled and ran back over to me to make noises as if begging me to do it again.

Try not to worry, the fire was nowhere near her at any time.

Feeling full of energy still (I pray that I *never* take the feeling for granted again!), I conjured a practice dummy and did a bit of light Krav Maga practice. It's coming up on summer, and that means that I will likely see Kisa again - either by visiting them in Russia, or by them visiting us here - and there's no way in Merlin's flatulent sphincter that I'm going to let her kick my arse!

Well, since she practices the combat technique with several members of the Russian Stregge on a daily basis, she can easily kick my arse, but I'm certainly *not* going to make it easy for her!

After I started to feel tired, I brought Viona back to our room for some frozen yogurt with strawberries, bananas, and salted peanuts. As I ate, I thought to myself that if I have to name three baby elves who - while still tiny and adorable - are big enough to walk, run, and do a bit of magic already, I want them to have slightly more dignified names than... Dibly? You know, I think I just don't like that name and that's why I never remember it. I should just rename him while I'm at it,
haha!

I'm joking!

Anyway, I was thinking Aster, Anise, and Zinna. They're all simple names that seem to suit house elves, and yet are pretty flower names that shouldn't make us feel like we're calling a dimwitted dog every time we order them to come to us. If having two A names sounds weird, we could go with Aster, Iris, and Zinna.

After my snack, I dropped Viona off with Della and Sebastian - and incidentally, before I forget, my parents finally stopped wavering back and forth between a naming ceremony and an introduction to the ancestors ceremony. They opted for an introduction to the ancestors ceremony because Sebastian is just a bit too old to have a traditional naming ceremony. So, they're going to keep it really simple, just them and us. And like when we introduced Elena, no one will have anything to do but them, so all we'll have to do is watch, but I daresay that it'll be beautiful nonetheless.

Anyway, after I dropped Viona off, I got dressed up in some of my finest robes. I'd received your email saying that Antonio's mother was awake, and so I was tempted to go to St. Mungo's but decided that I would be of better use in the Ministry consulting with our lawyers. As it turns out, I didn't need to use any sort of stalling tactics. Just as the hearing was scheduled to begin, you and a few others walked in. One of which was one of our lawyers, and one was Healer Rowe. You must have asked her to help.

Interestingly enough, my presence had caused some curiosity. The reporters had speculated a little on why I was there, but hadn't bothered to simply come ask me. YOU - on the other hand - created an uproar as everyone practically *demanded* to know what the Savior was doing at some horrible little hooligan's hearing. Rather than say anything, you made your way over to me and sat down. Holding my hand, you whispered in my ear: "His mother is awake and the first thing she asked about was her son. When the Healers informed her that he was about to have a hearing regarding the fact that he beat her up and murdered her husband, she shook her head and rasped: no... not beat... protect..."

It seems the Healers tried to explain that she must be confused. All the evidence pointed to her son beating her, but she was insistent; her son had protected her. When the hearing began - poor Antonio bound in chains and sitting in a confessional chair in the center of the room - our lawyers stressed the fact that this boy wasn't a dangerous criminal so much as a desperate child just trying to protect his mother. That he deserved to have the same care and attention any other child his age would receive.

The Wizengamot seemed rather indecisive until you obtained permission to speak. Very emotionally - but with a surprisingly strong voice - you explained what you think happened based on the little Mrs. Litwin was able to say. You reminded everyone that our system was *supposed* to be innocent until proven guilty. And then you pointed out that this little boy had been so traumatized during his ordeal that he literally had been *unable* to speak since it happened. Incidentally, you happened to have a staff of fully trained Mind Healers experienced in working with children, and that they would be the best people to help poor Antonio recover enough to explain what happened.

I could see how everyone in the room thought you were insane. That you had to be mad to want a murderer around all your other orphans and charges. But when you softly mentioned that you would agree to a pair of Auror guards keeping an eye on him at all times, even the Wizengamot ran out of objections.

Therefore, once all the paperwork is completed, Antonio Litwin will be transferred from the Ministry holding cells to Unity House - where Greg is busy working on the other thing you had to agree to -
making sure he had his own room he could be locked up in *if necessary* to ensure the safety of the other children. He will stay at Unity House until his trial for the murder of his father - at which point, he will either be convicted and sent to prison, or cleared and returned to his mother - presuming that she's in any condition to care for him by that point.

Personally, my money is on cleared of all charges. If he truly was protecting his mother, then he didn't *murder* his father, but rather killed him in defense. I think that the only reason the Wizengamot has a hard time believing what we think happened as the truth is that the boy - only 13 years old - managed to beat his father with a Quidditch bat so brutally that he died. That takes some brute strength and a lot of violence. I think they're afraid of what he might do to others if he's not kept under tight control.

But for now, all we can do is try to help him and wait until the trial.

I know I've said this before, but you never cease to amaze me by how much you care about people. If it was just me, I probably would have followed his trial and secretly rooted for him, but I'm not certain I would have actively tried to help him. But you... You probably didn't give the matter more than one full second of thought before you were already springing to action. You wanted to help him, and in doing so, you encouraged me to help him too.

Because of you, I am becoming a better man than I ever thought possible.

I love you Harry Malfoy. Never change.
Draco

Thursday at 4:44 PM
My Dragon,

I'm glad we still went to movie night last night, I needed a bit of normalcy before today. I figured Antonio's paperwork would come through today, and it did. So today was finishing preparing for his arrival. Greg spent the day finishing all of the requirements they wanted for his room, and I spent the day in discussions with the mind healing team to figure out how best to help him. And also what to say to the other Kids about his arrival.

When the Unity Traditions Kids came home this afternoon, we all sat down and I gave them the story we had decided on. Luckily we were able to get the Auror guards to wear civilian clothes so it won't be so obvious that he's being guarded. We chose to tell the Kids that he had a rough time prior to coming, and that he witnessed something traumatic. We explained that he would have someone with him at all times for his and everyone's safety because we didn't want to take any chances since we all know that accidental magic can be pretty unstable when a child is exposed to trauma. We told them not to ask about his past, but other than that they should treat him like any other Kid at the house.

We didn't want to start their interactions with him by saying "Oh hey, he murdered someone, it's cool." But on the other hand I didn't want one of them to ask him what happened and have him panic and hurt someone because we didn't give them enough information. So many of the older Kids have a lot of unpleasantness in their past, so I'm not worried that anyone will let their curiosity out to chance hurting anyone. I want to keep Antonio in a safe place, and out of Azkaban, but not at the expense of the Unity Kids' safety.

I do wonder about his strength in overpowering his father. He's thirteen, and not tiny like I was by any stretch, but he's certainly not a brute. Obviously I wasn't there, but I would bet that his added
strength was most likely his accidental magic responding to the terror of the situation. Like when I was able to apparate onto the roof of my school to avoid a beating. Under normal circumstances I certainly wouldn't have had the power to do that consciously.

After the talk this afternoon, I gave Lainie the option to go home or stay to give Antonio the usual intake tour. Living with us, she actually has most of the true story (well we didn't tell the others anything that wasn't true, just left information out) and I didn't want her to feel as though she was going to be forced to pretend ignorance. Not surprisingly, she chose to stay. "Dad, he's just a scared kid, I know how to help scared kids!"

When he got there shortly after that, we showed him his room, and Elena took him and his entourage on a tour. He obviously never responded, but she kept chattering away. He did give her some nods and other non-verbal cues, so I have high hopes that he will be communicating in a more traditional way soon. He seemed very interested in the Park and the Music room especially.

Right now he is in a session with Yesenia. She had some really good ideas for therapy before he's able to speak. So they're doing art therapy. Art therapy is really great for kids who are dealing with big situations because they don't have to figure out the right words to explain their feelings, they can just draw it out. And even after we get him talking again, it's still a really useful therapy, if he responds well to it they can keep using it.

I want to stay until he's done so I can say goodbye to him - he needs to get used to rounds - and check in with Yesenia if there was anything important from the session. Now, I'm just killing time until they're done. But damn I hope they hurry, this is officially the longest I have been away from Eris and Orion and I am getting antsy to get home to them, and the rest of you of course!

I love that you thought you had to tell me you took Viona's safety into account when you were fire dancing. Like there was any chance you had her anywhere near danger! I can't wait until we have a few hours to ourselves so you can dance for me. Mmmmm. So hot. And we can certainly add your Krav Maga practice onto the list of things I want to watch you practicing.

I can't wait for Sebastian's Introduction Ceremony! I think it's a good choice for his age. Do they know when they're planning it for? It's so exciting!

I really love the names Aster, Anise, and Zinna for the baby elves. I would rather have two A names than have one of them have a name almost exactly like our Eris. I think that would get confusing.

I'd better go do my regular rounds before Yesenia and Antonio finish their session. Elena and I should be home soon!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 206

Chapter Summary

Draco talks about Antonio's first day at Unity House.

Chapter Notes

This is my favorite Draco chapter for this part of the series ^_^

Friday May 19th at 12:16 AM
My love,

Before I even got your email, I had already decided that you'd been gone too long, so I got dressed, strapped Eri and Ori to me, and then held Viona's hand as Muffy Apparated us to the music room where I knew Elena would be once she finished showing Antonio around.

I was right. Apparently she *had* already shown him the music room, but when she finished her tour, she came back to the music room because that was where she wanted to be, and he had (apparently) gotten frustrated during his session with Yesenia and stormed out of her office. He unconsciously followed the music because he didn't know what else to do and he seems to like and possibly trust Elena a tiny bit. We got there at about the same time, Elena noticing him first because she seemed to be expecting him to come to the music room when he could. When she also saw me, she lit up happily.

"Daddy! You came to jam with us today!" She exclaimed as she hugged my back since I already had two tiny people taking up my entire front. I kissed her on the cheek.

"Well, yes, but I also came to see how Ethan is doing as a teacher," I informed her.

"This is my dad Draco," Elena introduced me to Antonio, clearly trying to be friendly and include him. He looked clearly very confused and pointed out the door. Elena laughed. "Yes, Harry is my dad too. They're married. And this is my sister Viona, my sister Eris, and my brother Orion. They were only born a month ago."

"Would you like to see them?" I asked, noticing that the two Aurors in plain clothes tensed up as if they needed to protect our babies from this boy. While it's true that he's already about 174 centimeters tall (5'7"), and chubby enough to look like a fully grown man if one wasn't looking too closely at him, I didn't feel particularly threatened by him.

He was radiating anger in almost tangible waves, and probably had been since the incident with his father. I was hoping that the softness of a baby or two would calm him down just a little. He looked extremely reluctant, but - after a wary glance at his guards - slowly came forward so that he could look at Orion, who was closer to him. With a very shaky hand (I think he was afraid of hurting them), he stroked just one finger along Orion's soft peach fuzz. He sort of softened for a moment before Viona beat one of her tiny fists on his leg.
"No! My! My!"

Elena picked her up and bounced her soothingly. "Hush love, he's not going to hurt our babies."

"MY!!" Viona insisted.

This seemed to make Antonio withdraw a bit, and he looked angry again, but not at Viona, just in general. He did look a little hurt when he glanced at Viona and took a step back so that she'd stop screeching.

That's when you came into the room to investigate what probably sounded exactly like Viona screaming in outrage. I love how it doesn't really matter what else is going on, you walked over to me and gave me a kiss before anything else.

"Draco, you're here!"

"I wanted to jam," I explained needlessly, shrugging.

"Let me take Eri and Ori, I feel like I haven't seen them in years!"

"No problem. Hold still a couple minutes," I ordered so that I could take first Orion off my chest and strap him to you, and then Eris. I know you actually prefer the other carriers so that one is on your back and the other on your front, but this was all I had on me at the moment. I had enough practice at this point that it really didn't take me long at all, plus I had figured out how to use just a hint of magic so that the tying process practically does itself.

Once the babies were on you, I gave you a rather possessive kiss, that I unfortunately ended long before I wanted to so that I could take Viona. "Alright, that's enough out of you!"

She quieted down with a petulant glare. I raised a brow at her and basically stared her down. After a moment she sighed and wiggled out of my grasp, prompting me to put her down before I dropped her. Then she marched (toddled rather wobbily) out of the room, calling out Guh! Guh! If she was trying to tattle on me to my mother, I *might* be concerned, but unfortunately for her, Greg would never have the bollocks to tell me off for her, haha!

I turned back to Antonio. "Do you see that massive drum in the corner?" He gave no indication that he'd even heard me, aside from the fact that he glanced at the drum. "It makes the loudest, deepest sound you've ever heard. In my opinion, it sounds like an angry dragon growling. Do you think the drum makes different noises if you bang on it with your hands as opposed to the big drumsticks?"

I felt just a tiny moment of hesitation because the drumsticks for that drum were actually more like batons, and sort of vaguely looked like Beaters' bats. I hadn't really thought about how that might trigger him, but he actually looked just a little bit maniacally delighted to have an opportunity to beat on something. He stormed over to the drum, took one stick in his left hand, and then alternated between beating the drum with it and beating the drum with his right fist.

I turned to the rest of us more or less ignored him as he expended his rage on the drum. We focused on a drum circle, the younger kids shaking maracas while two not quite teenagers played the tambourines. Ethan set the rhythm, encouraging kids to follow along and praising those that needed a bit of confidence. He'd get louder and encourage all the kids to practically shout, then he'd get quieter and quieter until they were all barely tapping the drums and whispering their 'shouts' - which is an interesting effect, I'll admit.

The volume went up and down a couple of times (you had actually left the room just after Viona, but I'm willing to bet you could still hear at least part of the drumming, haha), and guess who ended up
unconsciously playing along? Yep, Antonio seemed perversely eager to make the loud noises, but then seemed almost embarrassed if he made more noise than everyone else, so he'd get quieter too, even tapping on the drum with his fingertips so that it didn't make too much noise.

Then Ethan led everyone through a range of noises from deep WHO!s and HA!s to light and airy LalalaLaLALalalalas. I've said it before, but I'll say it again, I like this kid!

Then Elena burst out in: "DO - a deer, a female deer, RE - a drop of golden sun, MI - a name, I call myself, FA - a long long way to run!" And so on. I was surprised by how many of the kids sang along.

Suddenly, I found myself surrounded by half pints from age five to ten. "Draco, sing us a song! Sing us a song!"

I raised a brow and looked around at them. "And which song, exactly, do you want me to sing?"

"Dog days!" A girl of about 8 cried out, jumping up and down, chanting it over and over.

After a moment, a few of the other kids decided to agree. "Dog days! Dog days!"

I shrugged. "Well, alright."

Ethan grabbed a small guitar like thing that I think is called a ukulele. He started strumming and I sang the beginning. I assume that Ethan had led the kids through this song before because they all started clapping during the second verse. Elena played the guitar when the time came, Finnegan played the piano, and some of the kids decided to play the drums instead of clap.

During the chorus, everyone shouted out: "The dog days are over, the dog days are gone, can you hear the horses? 'Cuz here they come!"

Honestly, I'm not sure if that song is a good one (bad times are over let's celebrate) or a bad one (life sucks so just deal with it), but the kids seem to love it and it's easy for them to play, so I suppose that it doesn't matter.

When the general call to dinner came, all the kids piled out except for Antonio, and Elena because she figured that she'd be going home with me (and you and the littles). Antonio looked mutinous, like he didn't care if he starved, he just wanted to beat something up for as long as possible. Biting my lip in thought, I decided to be sneaky.

"Muffy, bring me a practice dummy. Elena, now that the room is clear, I think it's a good time to show you some Krav Maga."

"Ooo! Kisa showed me some!" She promptly demonstrated a move that used a leg to hook one of mine and sweep it out from under me. I lay looking up at her in amusement.

"That's my girl! Erm, Muffy, I'm going to need some mats for the floor too!"

"Yes master," she said as she popped into the room with the dummy and then snapped her fingers for the mats. She set them up for us in a matter of seconds.

"What did Kisa teach you?" I wondered curiously.

"She said that unless I was planning to learn all of it and practice on a daily basis, the best thing to keep in mind is to grab anything coming at me - such as a punch - and hold onto it while I kick my attacker in the bollocks repeatedly, unless it's a girl, in which case, the inner thigh is more effective."
Also, if I'm grabbed from behind, ram my head into their nose, stomp on their foot, and try to kick their knees."

"All good advice," I murmured with a nod of approval. Pointing at the dummy, I said: "Show me."

With a nod of agreement, she proceeded to grab the dummy's arm, holding it off to the side as she kicked him between the legs.

"Elbow him in the side," I suggested, rather impressed when she did. "Good girl!"

"I feel like I'm dancing, only, violently, I suppose," she murmured.

"I feel that way too sometimes," I informed her with a smile. Then I beckoned to her. "Try to attack me." To my surprise, Kisa must have *really* put Elena through her paces!

This entire time, Antonio was sort of absently banging on the drums as he watched us.

"It's always good to know how to protect yourself," I reminded Elena. "That way, even if someone is casting a hex at you, you'll have the reflexes to avoid it."

Antonio tried to punch a hole through the enormous drum just then. I turned to look at him. "Everyone should know how to protect themselves, don't you think? Would you like to learn?"

Without a word, Antonio stomped over to the practice dummy and glared at him. "Go ahead," I encouraged. "Pretend he's attacking you and you need to defend yourself."

Antonio wailed on the dummy for a good ten minutes, getting angrier and more emotional until he was shouting and screaming at the dummy. Suddenly, he burst into sobs and sank to his knees. I got to my knees and gently placed a hand on his back. He seemed to stiffen for a moment, as if expecting a blow, then he turned and flung his arms around me and sobbed all over my shoulder.

"That's better," Yesenia murmured, startling me as I hadn't noticed her lurking in the doorway. "Using a black crayon to angrily scribble all over a paper might not be quite enough of an outlet for him at the moment. I'm glad to see you had the courage to let him rage as much as he needed to."

"I've occasionally needed a safe place to let out my rage, so I understand," I murmured.

"Would you mind if he kept that dummy in his room so that he can pound on it whenever he is frustrated or angry?" Yesenia asked.

"Of course," I permitted. "Probably better give him the mats to so that he can throw himself around if he likes." Then I gently forced Antonio to look at me. "When I was younger and Death Eaters came looking for me so that they could hurt me and do bad things to me, I had a place I could go hide that made me feel safe. Do you have a place like that?"

He tilted his head side to side, and I couldn't tell if he was saying yes, no, or sometimes.

"Well, then you should make one here. I recommend the closet in your room. Whenever you need a safe place to hide, or just be alone, or maybe even cry, go sit in your closet and just focus on your breathing. Do you think you can do that?"

He thought this over for a moment before nodding.

"We'll make it a rule that no one can make you come out of your closet if you don't want to, but in exchange, you have to let Yesenia, Harry, or one of the other Mind Healers sit in your closet with
you - if they want - so that they can make sure that you're not hurt. Will you agree to this?"

He slowly nodded after another moment's thought.

Smiling, I smoothed some hair out of his face. "Lastly, can you promise me that no matter how angry you get, you will never hit anyone here? If you feel the need to hit someone, hit this dummy, or that drum. Can you do this?"

This time, it didn't take him more than a moment to nod in agreement.

"Now, do you think you're ready to go eat some dinner?" I asked.

He shook his head. To be honest, I wasn't entirely surprised as he was still clinging to me as if I was the only life preserver in the middle of the ocean. We were all silent for a moment, and then you startled me by clearing your throat.

"Hey, I thought I was the one to go to when the kids just want hugs."

Elena danced over and hugged you. "Of course you are!"

You purred a little as you returned her hug. Meanwhile, I was getting a little uncomfortable kneeling on the floor.

"Oi, mutt, I think I'm going to need you to bring me a pint or two of Chunky Monkey, a plate of hard almond biscuits to use as spoons, and a cherry cheesecake. I'm going to eat it in my new friend's room, and if it just so happens to be in his closet, then so be it."

"I have the best husband in the world!" You blurted out with a grin.

"Impossible, since I have the best husband in the world," I insisted haughtily.

You harrumphed, but then left to go get what I'd requested. Or maybe order Muffy to get it (after she'd moved the dummy and mats to Antonio's room). Meanwhile, it took me a bit of snarky persuasion to get Antonio to let me up off the floor.

"Oi! If I don't move soon, I'm going to rust! You wouldn't want me to rust because then it'll get all over you and *you'll* rust, then neither of us will ever be able to move again."

I think he might have silently chuckled just a tiny bit at that. But then he loosened his grip just enough so that we could walk to his room.

"Elena, help your dad with the littles," I called over my shoulder as we went.

"Will do," she promised.

And so, that's how I ended up spending the night in a tiny closet in Unity House, eating junk food and not saying much of anything while a poor traumatized boy just sat there (also eating junk food) not saying anything and quietly thinking. Until he fell asleep on my shoulder. Merlin! Why do kids think I'm such a comfortable pillow???

In any case, I summoned my laptop to write this to you before I try to get a little sleep. Wish me luck!

And I never wanted anything from you, except everything you had, and what was left after that too, oh!

Draco
Friday May 19th at 11:26 AM
My love,

Children think you are a comfortable pillow because you are! My favorite spot in the world is resting my head on your chest, tucked under your chin.

Every time I think I couldn't think you were any more perfect, you do things like sleeping in a tiny closet so a traumatized little boy could feel safe. I was quite adamant when we got together that I never wanted to have to wake up alone again, and I suppose I still didn't because I did wake up to Viona, Eris, and Orion. But even if they hadn't been there, I still would have understood waking up without you this morning.

I am sure when you climbed in with Antonio, you thought you would hang out for a while and head home eventually. That you chose to sleep sitting up in a cramped cupboard to avoid moving him or having him wake alone and confused, just proves even more to me that you are the most amazing man. I am so lucky to call you mine.

I certainly know how uncomfortable it is to sleep in a cupboard so tonight I will give you the most thorough massage you've ever had! You've earned it Husband Mine.

When I woke alone, I did my best to get the littles fed and dressed, so the five of us could get to Unity in enough time to get Elena to Traditions on time. There is no way it would have happened without the house elves, shite, it barely happened WITH them!

Viona was in a royal snit this morning, I understood you being gone, but she was most displeased. We took a quick bath, and I did her beauty regimen in the wrong order. After that, I had gotten Eri and Ori dressed in matching baby blue sleepers covered in dragonflies, and she was furious that she didn't have a matching outfit. So I cast a quick charm to copy the pattern onto one of her orange dresses that she still refuses to wear.

We eventually made our way to the breakfast table, and Della was giving Eris some kisses when Viona began her "My! My!" tantrums. I love how much she loves them, but this was a bit of the last straw for me. I firmly told her "Viona Skye Malfoy! Della loves these babies too, you can share." I have never seen her eyes so big, her little lip started trembling and she asked "Mumdah?" like she couldn't quite believe I had been so stern with her. I have no idea how you do it Draco, because it took every bit of willpower I possess to not apologize to the tantrum throwing toddler.

I think she figured that was going to be the end of it, but I worry about spoiling her, so I told her to say "sorry" to Della. I know she doesn't actually say the word, but I've seen you work on apologizing with kindness if you can't say the words, so she walked over to Della and gave her hugs. It was very sweet. She might be a little spoiled, but she really is such a sweet, kind little girl. At that point she wanted to make sure she still had me wrapped around her little fingers, so she climbed into my lap and stole all the best bits of my breakfast.

Then we were ready .... three nappy changes, four attempts at getting the carriers right, a "Daddy! I left my book in my room!", and a change of shoes later.

We got Lainie off to school, on time but only just, and made our way back to Unity to check on you. Viona ditched me as we walked past the park and she realized Greg was there and she'd be able to 'talk' him into pushing her on the swings. So it was just the almost twins and I by the time I found you.
You and Antonio, still sound asleep, surrounded by empty pints of ice cream, crisp wrappers, and your laptop. I didn't want to freak him out by waking up to seeing me kiss you awake, so I stroked your hair until you cracked your eyes open. We've been married for almost a year now, and I still can't believe those gorgeous silver eyes light up when they look at me.

"Why'd you bring the babies out in the middle of the night Harry?"

I ended up waking Antonio with it, but I couldn't stop the laughter when I had to explain to you that it was morning and you had spent the entire night in the closet. It's been a long time since you've fallen asleep in your closet my love. But at least I finally got my good morning kisses once you stood up!

The two of you went to have breakfast, and I had a nice long talk with Yesenia about her plans for him today. When you went home to get clean and changed, she said she was having another mini session with him again. But then I think she planned on borrowing you for as long as you're willing and he's responding so well to you. So I think you should be prepared for a lot of music and Krav Maga today!

He's become quite attached to you, so I have to find a way to sneak into his heart. Between trips to sneak in and watch you doing two of my favorite things to watch you do, I plan on baking up a storm. I'm going with the old tried and true, "the way to a (teenaged) man's heart is through his stomach." And if it gets me extra Draco kisses as well, I suppose I can handle that!

I'll see you soon!

My pride in you knows no bounds,
Harry
Chapter 207

Chapter Summary

Draco makes Antonio a promise.

Wednesday May 24th
Darling Husband,

You once told me that as long as your hand is in mine, we are unstoppable. Well, apparently the same is true when your hand is *not* in mine. All week, we've had to sort of split up. I've been using the part of the day when the majority of the kids are at Traditions to teach Antonio Krav Maga. We actually decided to do most of it outside on the relatively soft ground since it's so nice out.

This has been good for Viona since she's been able to play in the Park with the other littles while the caregivers help keep an eye (and their hands, lol) on Eri and Ori. Apparently, if someone else *must* hold the babies, Viona will permit it so long as she can see them at all times. I wonder if she thinks they might disappear or something.

Anyway, having a perpetually angry boy trying his best to attack me has been rather good for my own practice. I'm dead certain Kisa could still kick my arse, but I could probably survive anyone else in the world, haha! Side note, I find it interesting that the Auror Guards don't quite know what to do when we spar because obviously I'm engaged and defending myself, but at the same time, I'm basically forcing them to stand back and let this boy do exactly what they were told to prevent - him using violence on anyone. They don't even really like it when he beats on the practice dummy, but that they can understand. They're having a hard time finding a balance between him being a murderer they need to contain, and him being a little boy forced to do an unthinkable thing.

Fortunately, aside from remaining extremely vigilant, they're not interfering in anything we do or do not let Antonio do. They seem to feel that this is a sort of child prison for him and that *you* are the warden - thus, you have full control over his activities.

As for the reason that we've split up, well, it's because I've been conscripted by Yesenia to continue bonding with Antonio and letting him work out his rage and aggression while she squeezes in a few minutes here and there when he's relatively calm to talk to him and try to help him cope with what happened. He still hasn't spoken a word, but he's getting better about drawing pictures for her. He can write and does, so he occasionally writes explanations for the pictures, but that's rare since he seemingly doesn't like seeing what happened to him written down.

Meanwhile you, in between baking him delicious pasties, pizza, and biscuits with his name on them, have been going to St. Mungo's and the Ministry. The good news is that the majority of Mrs. Litwin's injuries were easy to heal - despite her being close to death when she arrived at St. Mungo's. It was the damage to her head and brain that took the Healers a few days to very carefully repair. She's still in the hospital because her fine motor skills were damaged in the beating and she needs to have rehabilitative therapy before they'll release her.

The bad news is that the Wizengamot still believes that Antonio is responsible for her injuries. They feel she is being a protective mother by lying to say he was protecting her from her husband rather than physically abusing the both of them. They are having a team of Aurors go over every spec of
evidence they can find to determine the truth. In the meantime, they will not let us bring Antonio to see his mother no matter how much she begs, nor will they let her pay a visit to Unity House.

As much as it angers us, they do have a valid point. They feel that seeing her might trigger Antonio in ways we cannot predict. Even if he is innocent as she insists, seeing her could make him break down, surrendering to the trauma. They want him to be more mentally stable before they'll consider a visit. Which is why you've been in the Ministry as much as possible. You've been talking to the members of the Wizengamot about Antonio and how you feel that it would be tremendously helpful for him to see his mother and *know* that she's alive and well. Relatively speaking.

So far, they are adamant that mother and child each need to heal a bit more before they see each other. Fucking pricks! That said, I'm fairly sure you've managed to convince them that Antonio is not a violent child as much as an abused one pushed much too far. So, our lawyers might not have such a hard time defending him after all.

The other bit of good news is that the hearing to determine if they actually need a full trial (or if they can perhaps dismiss the charges), is set for Thursday June 1st - thus after we get back from our Anniversary trip (which I am quite looking forward to). I made sure to sit Antonio down today as the rest of the kids were lugging all the instruments outside to play/jam in the sunshine and tell him that I have something important to me coming up. That we're going on a trip to celebrate our first anniversary, and that even though I'll be gone for a few days, it doesn't mean that I am abandoning him.

He didn't look happy about the prospect at all, but then I showed him my Dark Mark. "See this? This mark is the visual representation of a promise I once made. I promised the Dark Lord that I would murder a man. I didn't want to, but I knew that if I didn't do it, my parents - my mother - would be harmed to punish me. So I did everything I could think of to murder that man. As it turns out, he was killed by someone else before I could do it, and as much as I was afraid at the time that I'd be tortured and hurt for failing, to this day I'm so happy that I didn't have to do it."

Antonio looked so curious that I honestly expected him to ask me what had happened - to tell him everything - but he remained silent.

"My point is that when I make a promise, I keep it. Understand?"

He slowly nodded.

"Good. Now you know that I'm serious - I promise you that I will be back here on Tuesday. Can you try to be patient and wait that long for our next sparring session?"

He sighed and didn't really nod or shake his head, but I got the feeling that he was thinking: "If I must..."

I looked up to find the Aurors glaring at my Mark before sighing in frustration. They probably wish that I was in Azkaban. I stared at them pointedly.

One had the grace to flinch. "Sorry! I've just never seen one in person before."

The other shrugged. "I just... I suppose I respect the fact that you talk about it so honestly. You don't try to say things like: I was just a boy doing what I was told because I thought it was the right thing to do... You actually admit that you were at fault - or that you did *try* to commit murder, but failed..." He rubbed the back of his neck. "I'm not sure that came out right."

I sighed. "I wasn't just a Death Eater - there were lots of those - I was part of the inner circle. I was
Marked... I can't exactly deny that. That means that I had no choice but to do as the Dark Lord ordered me. Otherwise I would have been killed. My father probably would have been killed, and my mother would've been tortured for a very long time. I tortured people... and their screams haunt me... But as you can see, now that I *do* have a choice, I try to be better than I was."

I pointed at Antonio. "I can see it in your eyes that you believe this is a murderer. You feel a little pity that he's so young, but you clearly want him dealt with fittingly as soon as possible. Me - on the other hand - I remember what it's like to make terrible mistakes. I know what it is to do the unthinkable in order to protect a loved one. Even if he snapped this very moment and tried to kill me, I'd rather help him try to work through his rage than lock him up for it."

They exchanged a look, then sighed. "You're wrong. We *used* to think he was nothing but a shamefully young murderer, but now we've seen enough to know that he... well, he probably had a very good reason."

Just then, you Apparated into the yard looking highly frustrated. I got up and rushed to you. "What's the matter, love?"

You shook your head and promised to tell me later, but basically, you didn't want to vent about the Ministry and his mother in front of Antonio. Pulling you into my arms and rubbing your back, I gave you a tender kiss that made you melt just a little and rest your head on my shoulder.

I turned my head to look back at Antonio. "Look, the kids are about to start the jam. Why don't you go join them? It seems that Ethan even dragged the enormous drum out here just for you."

With a slow and somewhat reluctant nod, he trudged over to them. I couldn't help but feel just a little bit like someone who had just kicked a puppy for no reason. As he trudged, Ethan ran over to us. "Alright, so, I've been telling myself all sorts of crazy things since I first came here, but now that I'm actually outside and I'm clearly *nowhere near* that dingy little place in London, what the bloody hell is going on?!?!"

Oh boy! He sure took his time, and then picked a rather bad time to finally ask. I waved to Luna.

"Oi! Can you come here a moment?"

She obligingly wandered over, looking as serene and mysterious as ever. "Yes?"

"Ethan here has finally decided to ask what it is that makes this place so special, and he has permission from the Minister to know the answer to that question, so will you kindly explain it to him while I go help Harry with some paperwork in his office?"

"Is that code for shagging?" Luna asked with no regard to the fact that there was a 16 year old boy blushing to death right next to us.

"Yes," I confirmed before grabbing you and dragging you away. The two Aurors choked a little at that, and then snickered like 12 year olds.

"Have fun and shag hard," Luna wished us with a happy purr before giving her full attention to Ethan. He now looked like he dearly wished he could jump off a cliff - or be swallowed up by the Earth.

Back in your office, we locked the door and spent the next half an hour or so making sure that we were both relaxed and happy - and in need of a nap! Sadly, we still had things to do before we could go home and go to bed.
I got chills, they're multiplying, and I'm loosing control, 'cuz the power you're supplying, it's electrifying!

Draco

P.S. Want to know what my new favorite thing to do is? Oh, about 2 AM, when it's your turn to feed the babies, you have Muffy sitting on the bed holding one right next to you while you hold the other, and then you sing to them as they eat. I pretend to be sound asleep, but I'm really listening to you because you sound so good when you think no one other than a baby can hear you. You certainly picked a beautiful lullaby:

Dreams to dream, in the dark of the night, when the world goes wrong, I can still make it right...

And possibly my favorite part of the song

There is a star, waiting to guide us, shining inside us, when we close our eyes!

You even get into it, which I absolutely love. I'll never stop pretending to be asleep if it means I can hear you drop all your inhibitions and sing sweet love songs to our children.

Thursday May 25th
Husband Mine,

We leave soon for Italy, and I want to be able to completely immerse myself in our anniversary trip. So I am taking a little time before we go, to clear my brain a bit from this last stressful week.

Unity House means the world to me. I wish I had the power to fix all of the problems these children will ever face. I wish I had the ability to save every single child in unfortunate situations. But I owe it to my family, I owe it to you, and I owe it to myself, to be able to turn off my savior complex occasionally for the good of my family. I will be no good to my family and I will be no good to the Kids, if I don't refill my own emotional needs. So once I clear my brain a bit I promise to be 100% invested in our trip, our anniversary, you, and our family from the time we leave until we get home on Tuesday.

But for now ...

I am so frustrated with the Ministry right now. If I hadn't thrown a fit at Antonio's initial hearing, they would have been completely fine with locking up a little boy and throwing away the key. Even with my strop, they're still completely unwilling to do what needs doing in order to allow him to heal enough to get the answers we desperately need. Look, I get it, I can imagine a number of mothers who would be willing to lie to save their child discipline in the form of Azkaban. But, it's like everyone but the muggle raised kid who didn't know he was a wizard until he was eleven has forgotten they're wizards! We have pensieve memory extraction. We have Legilimens. We have veritaserum. But nooooooo, we can't be assured of the truth?

I feel like we are in this unending cycle of frustration. They don't feel comfortable letting her visit until he's healthy enough that we think he's not a safety hazard. But he won't heal enough to not be a true safety hazard until he can see for himself that his mother's alright. I feel as though I've been slamming my head against a stone wall. We've offered to bring him and his guard to St Mungo's. We've offered to hire a medical staff to oversee a visit here at Unity. I've offered to rent out a secure safe house as a secondary location. But they refuse to budge until they're assured of zero risk.

At this point I think their greatest risk is me losing my cool and raging all over them!
I actually came up with a plan, I thought about lending out Elena's video camera, so they could record his mother and sneak the video in to let him view her. But then I figured that Lainie may want her camera for our trip! So I purchased another one for Unity House. It certainly won't be a waste, we can record all of the fun performances they put on. But I snuck it to Yesenia, and told her my plan. So she is going to film his mother's greeting this weekend. But she is going to wait to have him view it until we're back, that way he can Krav Maga the heck out of you if he needs it!

If you don't mind of course!

I hate that he's so full of rage. And I always worry that you may put yourself in danger. But my heart knows you're not in any real danger from this boy. And I am thoroughly enjoying what it's done for your .... stamina. And your confidence! Besides that first day when you were thoroughly worn out, you seem to have so much more energy. Like all of this energy is helping your magic levels top off quicker.

I'm quite proud of you for being so open and honest about your past mistakes. It would have been very easy for you to use your age and your upbringing to excuse yourself. Instead, being the strong, wonderful man that you are, you have owned your choices. Yes, there were obviously other factors that made those choices more likely, but you are willing to say you could have made different choices, but didn't. I think it makes your current choices even that much more impressive, that you acknowledge what you've done, and actively make the choice every day to be different.

I'm excited to hear about how Ethan took his magical information overload when we get back. I keep thinking it's absolutely crazy that it took him this long to figure it out. But, it took me eleven years to realize I was a wizard, so I suppose I can't be too judgmental.

I can't believe you listened to me sing! I'm so terrible. Have you ever heard of "beer goggles"? It's a muggle term meaning that you don't realize what the person you get with while you're drunk actually looks like because you're looking at them through a set of goggles altered by your drink. Well, I think you are hearing me sing with .... love earmuffs. Thank you for being ridiculously in love with me enough to think it's sweet.

Ok ok ok I think I am quite calm enough now. I'm going to finish packing, help the last minute prep for traveling with ten people, six of whom are young children, and then I will meet you at the port-key!

I love you with everything I am,
Harry
Chapter 208

Chapter Summary

Fluffy anniversary fluff :-)
thought it would be perfect, it's all one Villa, but sectioned off into different Units. It keeps us all together, but gives you and I the space to have what feels like an isolated romantic getaway. I thought if it turned out even half as beautiful as the pictures it would be amazing, but they didn't even do it justice! I could stare at that view of the sea forever.

We got here yesterday evening, we all had dinner together, and you and I put the kids to bed. It was so odd putting the three littles to sleep somewhere besides our bed. With our playroom at home being just upstairs, and having the house elves taking them out when we want to just use our own bed, it's not been an issue to have them in our bed at all times. But for this getaway we agreed, which included some crying, that they would sleep apart from us for this weekend. Eris and Orion are small enough that as long as you and I put them to sleep, they didn't really notice anything was amiss. But Viona took longer than usual to fall asleep, and she looked a bit like she knew about our betrayal. Elena just needed a quick story and a song, and she was out. Even with the anti-nausea potions, flying really seems to take a toll on her.

And finally we made our way to our rooms. Where you took me on every surface, in every position. Merlin we hadn't gone that many times in a row for that long in quite a while. I am so wonderfully sore today. Your parents sure gave me some knowing smirks when I limped my way to breakfast this morning.

However, I was not surprised at all when I woke up in the middle of the night to find that you had brought Viona, Eris, and Orion into bed with us. You talk a big game Draco Malfoy, but I knew you wouldn't last even one full night!

Although, to be fair, I woke up and was planning on calling Muffy to bring them when I realized they were already there!

There's so much to do here that we haven't even left the Villa to do any sightseeing. We're going out tomorrow to some local markets. And Sunday we're traveling a bit to Lucignano for the Maggiolata. It's a festival for spring, there will be flowers and music and a parade! But for today, you and I have spent most of the day making love, cuddling in the hammock, more shagging, feeding each other finger foods, feeding each other our cocks, drinking delicious wine, and then topping it off with wild, filthy, animal sex.

Gods I can not get enough of you!

I took this time when Elena talked you into singing a bit with her before she went to sleep to put my thoughts down. This holiday has been wonderful so far, and I can't wait to see what tomorrow brings.

But tonight is going to bring me dragging you outside to shag under the stars. I plan on riding you with the moonlight shining in your eyes.

This has been the best year of my life, thank you for coming into my life.

Your Husband,
Harry James Malfoy
Saturday May 27th
My gorgeous husband,

This has been an excellent Saturday. We started around midmorning by shopping. Not really *needing* anything, we mostly just looked. And bought anything that caught our eyes. My mother seems to be interested in redecorating a room with all the knickknacks she bought! Elena apparently asked herself if she really *needed* a thing before asking if she could have it, and so, did not buy much at all. Just a few things for her room, some clothes, and a souvenir.

Speaking of souvenirs, I found a little gold pendant shaped like Italy to add to our collection.

After lunch - made by the personal chef for our Villa - we left Eri and Ori with my parents and took Elena and Viona swimming in the sea right outside our window. The weather was a *gorgeous* 22 (72F) degrees, but the Mediterranean itself was only about 19 (66F) degrees - and so, fairly cold to the touch. This was no problem for us since we were able to cast charms to keep us warm - especially the girls. We also cast Bubblehead Charms on all of us so that we could dive and swim underwater as long as we liked without the risk of drowning.

The sea here is so blue! We have access to something that looks a bit like a cove, and there weren't more than two or three yachts in the cove the entire time we were swimming, so we didn't need to worry so much about being watched by curious muggles wondering how we hadn't died yet. There was plenty of fish to see, of course, but there wasn't a coral reef or anything like that to explore. Still, it was a beautiful experience.

I was initially going to have Viona strapped to me so that I could not lose her, but then I decided that she might like to actually swim, so I magically tethered her to me instead. Unable to go too far from me, and able to breathe, she was actually fascinated to swim around. It seems to be easier for her than walking, probably because she doesn't need to be very coordinated yet in order to swim.

You and Elena stayed close to each other because she was afraid of losing us - despite there not really being an enormous amount of space in the cove to get lost in. Still you had fun sort of racing each other around. Viona got tired after a half an hour or so and clung to my back to rest while I swam. When we all got a bit tired, we simply floated on our backs in the water for a while, enjoying the sun and the water.

Eventually, we got hungry. That was when our entire family decided to try the restaurant practically right next door called Le Chicche di Cala Moresca. Unsurprisingly, it's dedicated to seafood, but still offers pasta and even has vegetarian meals for those who don't like seafood. I ordered the salt cod ravioli, Elena ordered something that looked to me like shrimp linguine. Viona is actually a bit too young (in my opinion) to eat spaghetti because she doesn't have teeth yet and can't properly chew the noodles, even if we cut them down to bite size pieces, so I decided that she was just going to eat what I was eating. Therefore, I ordered a plate of oysters to go with my ravioli. (Not that she was getting any of that unless I cut it into really tiny pieces first.) You - however - *loved* the spaghetti.
I didn't really pay attention to what my parents, Della, and Sebastian ate. Possibly the best part was the fabulous sunset we could see through the window. The sun over the Mediterranean is often described as a magical sight, but as a wizard, I'm more inclined to think of it as beautifully mundane.

Our day ended with us back in the Villa, walking the twins back and forth until they fell asleep - while discussing the sheer brilliance of my mother for insisting that we bring a magic carpet along so that we'd be able to travel around Italy as a group without being seen by muggles. Once the babies were asleep, we handed them and Viona to the elves, kissed Elena and the others goodnight, and then returned to our room to shag as much as possible. Including a thorough spanking because you haven't had one in a long time and it was long past due. Also, we finally got a chance for you to use the Violet Wand on me and mmm.... I like...

Tangled up in each other as we drift off from well sated lethargy is still my favorite thing to do. Except that I woke up after only an hour - which gave me time to write this and help the elves feed the twins. So now they're back in bed with us, as is Viona. Tag! You get the next feeding, haha!

Too tired for fancy, so, if I kissed you every time I thought about how much I love you, I would literally never stop kissing you,

Draco

Monday May 29th
My Husband!

I flew on a magic carpet today. A magic carpet. Like a for real magic carpet. How is this my life?

You, your parents, and the babies, seemed either unaffected or just used to it. I suppose when you're seven weeks old, you don't notice too much. And Viona has spent at least 10 of her 16 months fully entrenched in the fantastic, so she seemed to have fun but certainly didn't freak out. Elena and I, on the other hand, lost our minds. Why do we travel any other way? We rode on a magic carpet! Every time I think nothing else in the magical world can surprise me, BAM you pull something even crazier out of your pocket.

You assured me it had every safety charm possible built into it. And the disillusionment charm on the bottom meant we didn't have to be careful of what we flew over. Oddly enough the jet makes Elena's motion sickness act up, but this type of flying seems to be alright. I was worried she wouldn't be able to fly on a broom with her stomach, but now I have hopes that it's just airplanes that bother her.

I will say that I could have lived without your father casting a quick transparency spell so we could look straight down through the carpet. I am a daredevil when it comes to flying, I knew there were those safety charms built in, but for a moment I thought I was going to cry or wet my pants. Side note: I did NOT wet my pants!

Oh! Speaking of brooms, I want to take Viona out for her first "real" flight next weekend. I know she's been on her baby broom, but that barely moves faster than the time she tried to ride Onyx.

Wait, forget I said that, no one ever tried to ride Onyx.

So now that we are both allowed magic, we're off of any flight restrictions, and there isn't a giant bump taking up most of our laps, I think we should take her out on her first fly. And we can teach Lainie to fly at the same time.

But oh that festival! Wasn't it gorgeous? It combined all of our favorite things, there was so much
music, there were crazy costumes, elaborately themed floats, and flowers flowers everywhere. Your mum seemed in heaven looking at all of the elaborate floral arrangements.

I think my favorite floats were all of the children's character floats. The Aladdin and Jasmine were perfect. And the Alice?!? So cool. Watching the parade itself was wonderful, but watching our big girls' eyes light up while they watched it was my favorite part.

And as usual, strolling hand in hand with you while we explored parts of the world we'd never seen, I don't think I have any words left for what it means to me. It's like everything aligns and I fell "right" with the world.

And having your parents with was actually really great. A year ago, I was accepting your father's place in your life, and therefore accepting that he had a place in mine. But over the last year, watching him when he thinks no one can see him, I can see why you and your mum loved him through everything he put you through. He really does adore his family. He wants to be so proper, but he strolled through the streets of the festival, Sebastian riding on his shoulders, and didn't seem a bit bothered that his hair was being yanked every time Sebastian saw something interesting. And your mum and Della, in their matching floral sundresses. There's just this entire warm, loving, joyous side of your parents that I feel quite privileged to get to see.

I know we already got the golden Italy pendant, but I could not just walk past those golden flowers on display. And seeing as my favorite flower is the lily, and Italy's official national flower is the lily, and the stand we walked past had golden lilies ... well you get the picture. So we ended up with two golden souvenirs from this trip.

When everyone was thoroughly exhausted, we flew back. All of the children fell asleep, so we just kissed soft and lazy the entire flight back to the Villa. Our chef prepared us all a wonderful dinner. And with how full the day was, the kids all fell asleep easily and a bit early.

We snuck off to the cove by ourselves. I've said it before, and I will say it again, I love being a wizard! Sex on the beach sounds wonderful until you realize all the places sand can get stuck, but a repelling charm solves that problem! Beach shagging might be my new favorite shagging even more than sky shagging!

We made our way back to our rooms, and I gave you a massage until you fell asleep. But I couldn't go to sleep myself. Because, you see, it's now 11:59. It was too close to our official anniversary for me to go to sleep.

And ..... 

Happy Anniversary Draco Lucius Malfoy. To the first of so many more to come. To the family we grew this last year. To any more family we may meet in the future. I love you with all of my heart. Everything I promised you a year ago, I still promise you. You are my life and my future.

Now, I am off to wake up my husband of one year in his very favorite way!

Yours for all time,
Harry James Malfoy
Monday May 29th
My insatiable husband,

I could hear the clock strike midnight and I felt you pulling the blanket off me. My first thought was: "It must be my turn to get up and feed the babies, sigh..." But then you ran your tongue up my inner thigh, making me shiver and moan in pleasure. Your mouth! If I live to be ten thousand, I'll never get enough of your mouth!

Just when the end was imminent, I cast an orgasm denial spell on both of us. There was no way in bloody hell I was going to let a night in which we were entirely kid free end so quickly. I also rolled us over so that you were propped over a couple of pillows and in the perfect position to spank. When your cheeks were nice and glowing, I forced you to rim me for what felt like an hour. Then I made you lay on your back and let me ride you for a while. I could see that the friction of me on your shaft made a nice contrast to the friction of the sheets on your red bum; you continually gasped and groaned as if you couldn't decide which sensation to respond to.

Then we played with the Violet Wand for an hour or so. I absolutely *love* that thing! It's thrilling all on it's own, but when you use the technique in which you electrify yourself so that you can shock me with your fingers and hands - Salazar! It's pure torture in the best possible way!

Eventually I just *had* to have you. Fast, slow, hard, smooth, pounding, lazy, making sweet love - we did it all! When the first rays of dawn pierced out eyes, we had reached a point where we were both practically half asleep as we kissed and I thrust slowly in and out of you. We decided that we should probably get *some* sleep before the kids woke us up, and so I ended the orgasm denial spells and immediately gasped as all of that pent up energy hit us in full force.

I don't know about you but I literally passed out still on top of and inside you. I sincerely prayed that my parents would be smart enough to let us sleep until at least noon. They probably would have - I certainly got to sleep nearly that long - but you apparently woke up around 9 or so, rolled me off you with a kiss, and left to go check on the kids.

I swear Harry! I should have cast a sleeping spell on you too!

Considering that I am typing this up as I take my morning (afternoon, whatever) bath, I have no idea what if anything special you have planned for us today, but honestly, I'd be just as happy if all you had planned was for us to lie basking in the sun as our babies napped and our older girls played.

Happy Anniversary Harry. Shall we try to do another five or six totally insane things this next year of marriage. NOT getting pregnant and having another set of twins insane! MERLIN! I can't go through that again so soon! But if we make a pact to not have any more kids this year, I'm sure we could come up with a few other insane things to do.

For example, you mentioned starting up a daycare - or rather, funding it so that someone else can do
it. So guess what I'm going to be doing if I have any spare time from Antonio... Yep, I going to contact those squibs I interviewed that might be a good fit and see if they're interested. I'll probably have to put an advert in the prophet to get at least one magic user on the team to help deal with it if any of the children in daycare have outbursts of accidental magic.

Oh! I think I hear you coming to check to see if I'm awake yet. I'm going to have to send this email now and insist you join me in the bath for some entirely NOT innocent reasons, heh heh heh...

Sometimes I'm overcome thinking about making love in the green grass behind the stadium with you, my green eyed boy, You~~~ my green eyed boy,

Draco

Tuesday May 30th
My Dragon,

Our anniversary was so beautiful.

Gods, our anniversary eve into morning, just hours and hours of being as intimately connected to you as I could possibly be. I fell asleep with you inside of me. I woke up still connected to you. I've rarely felt any closer to you than I did waking up the way we did. Well, I did.

Also, sticky. Falling asleep like that was wonderful, but falling asleep before casting a cleaning charm or two? Not so comfortable! So when I woke up, after I kissed you, I cast a quick, light, cleaning charm on you, and then I jumped into the shower. Then off to check on the kids.

When I went to check on them, your parents gave me a bit of a hard time. Malfoy smirks all around, and they teased me so much about how I talk a big game about leaving the children with them all day, but I didn't even make it all the way until 9:30! Oh well, I'm not embarrassed of how much I adore our children. I snacked a bit, I didn't want to eat a full breakfast since you and I were going out to lunch once you were up, but I figured I should eat at least a little something.

Then I strapped the little ones to me, well your mum strapped them to me, why can't I get these carriers? And Lainie wore the Princess. Then I set off for a nice walk around the shoreline with ours, Della, and Sebastian. Well, it was supposed to be a walk, but when I got there, I barely made it fifty feet before Della and Sebastian were begging to splash in the water, and Viona demanded to be put down so she could join them, dragging her big sister along for the fun. So my walk turned into snuggling Eri and Ori while watching the four bigger kids play in the surf.

When we got back to the Villa, I went to check on you, and you know what happened there! I was quite sore from our shag-fest last night? This morning? So it took so much work to talk me into joining you in the bath! It smelled lovely, but whatever you put in the water was more than just pleasing to my sense of smell, but was so good at relaxing my muscles.

Obviously until you gave my muscles some new reasons for soreness! After our long slow shag, a hard and fast pounding was just what I needed. I figured I would straddle your lap in the bath and ride you, but that wasn't hard enough for you, so you picked me up and manhandled me onto the ledge next to the tub, threw my legs over your shoulders, and then I swear you bent me in half to have me just how you wanted me. I learn something new every day, for example I now know that I am flexible enough to get my knees all the way to my ears.

Once we were squeaky clean, we made our way to lunch. Just a light picnic lunch on the beach. Just like our first date, with the addition of the beach of course. We just talked and fed each other,
pressing small kisses in between bites.

I took some advice for your email, and we basked in the sun while the babies napped and the "big" kids played in the Villa's pool. I love swimming in the sea so much, but if we were going to be lazy, it seemed a better plan to have them swimming in something a bit more contained. We had another wonderfully cooked meal at the Villa with the family and we headed off to our evening activities.

I know we had promised each other no presents. This was a big enough trip that we decided the Villa and the holiday itself would be our gifts to each other. But I have met us and apparently we both found loopholes. Sneaky snake and coulda been a snake!

I brought us all the way to Florence (I cannot get enough of this magic carpet, I may never travel any other way ever again) to a tattoo parlor. You never took off this branding spell, and I have become quite attached to the brand on my inner thigh. But I don't think I necessarily want to have "Draco's Bitch" tattooed on me permanently. So my gift to you was to get a tattoo where the brand was (obviously you had to remove it first) that looks exactly like my collar, including the "Property of Draco Malfoy." See? I didn't get YOU a present, I got it on ME! Loophole!

You held my hand and we looked into each other's eyes the entire time I was being marked yours. It was some of the hottest pain and pleasure combination I have experienced.

Then we headed off to our next stop. We watched the sun set from the Piazzale Michelangelo. Watching the sun set from your arms was so romantic. It reminded me of that first sunset I watched from your arms more than a year ago on our first date. I turned to kiss you but you pulled away.

My confusion quickly melted away when you dropped to your knee and began speaking, "Harry Malfoy, the last time I proposed to you, it was sent hastily in an email. When I first tried telling you that I loved you, I couldn't get the words out in person or in email and had to tell you that I Hufflepuff you. Last year I married you, loving you, and I thought I could love you forever. Now, I want to give you the proposal you deserved the first time." You pulled out a lovely golden ring inlaid with rubies, "Don't worry my Harry, I did not buy you a new ring, this came from the Malfoy vaults."

Argh! Loopholed again!

You continued with the most beautiful proposal I've ever heard, "Harry Malfoy, I thought I loved you, now I know I will love you the rest of my days. I hoped we could make this work, now I know it will work and I look forward to every day with you in my arms and my life. You are the Husband, Friend, Partner that I don't truly believe I deserve, but am selfish enough to keep anyway. Would you make those same vows to me again, stay married to me, choose me again a year later?"

"Of course I will!" and I dragged you off of your knees to kiss me and put the ring on my finger. You asked me to dance with you, "with what music Draco?" and you began to sing At Last in my ears as we swayed together as the stars began to come out.

After you finished singing, I dragged you off to the last part of the evening's festivities. You see, I picked Tuscany for a reason, they have quite the sexual underground and I decided to secretly pack my leash. I changed into nothing but a small pair of black pants, had you leash me, and off we went to what my research told me was the most reputable club in town.

It was ...

Shite! The jet to bring us home just got here! See you on the plane!
Love you,
Harry
Chapter 211

Chapter Summary

Draco describes their night at the best sex club in Tuscany.

Tuesday May 30th
My perfectly obedient mutt,

Walking around with you on a leash in a sex club is definitely amongst my favorite things to do.

When we arrived, I was wearing a rather posh outfit. The trousers for a casual suit - along with a crisp white button up shirt - and one of my favorite 'fancy' waistcoats in shades of blue and black with silver buttons. With you on the leash and not wearing much, it was abundantly clear which of us was the Dom.

For the first few hours, I treated you very much like a dog. Walking you around and stopping every time someone wanted to 'pet' you. They'd pet your hair and stroke your chest. They'd grope your arse and take lingering peeks at your eager 'package.'

Eventually, we met a man who looked very similar to you. He thought so too and was fascinated by you. I had an excellent opportunity before me... What do you think the chances are that I'd *ever* have an opportunity to see you pleasuring 'yourself' like that in the future? So I had you strip him naked and give him a light massage on one of the massage tables before licking his back and arse just enough to be a tease.

I'm pretty sure there was at least one person watching who asked (in Italian, so I can't be certain) if there was some twincest going on, because you really did look so similar. Except he had dark brown eyes and was a couple inches taller than you. He started begging for you to suck him off. He even tried to grab your head and insist at one point, but a glare from me as I held his wrist had him apologizing profusely. He wasn't a bad bloke, just desperately horny by that point, hahaha!
Rather than give into him, I had you undress me. Slowly, sensually, taking care not to snag anything. As you did, I kissed you, bit your neck and asked you if you would be alright if I was in the middle of a sandwich between you and him.

You nodded and told me: "I've decided that there's no reason to be insecure. We love each other and that is never going to change. Which means that we can play around on occasion and not get upset. I'm ready to do ANYTHING you want."

I raised a brow, intrigued by the prospect. I have a feeling you might still get upset enough to start something on fire if I asked you to just stand back and watch me with someone else, but that's not what I wanted, so it wasn't an issue. Happy and so in love with you that it took my breath away, I demanded a possessive kiss.

Since this man was Italian and didn't speak English very well, I had to ask him by using plenty of hand gestures. "Are you interested in bottoming for me (I pointed to him and me and poked a circle formed by my fingers with the pointer of my other hand to make it clear that I wanted to be the one inside him), while my husband tops me?" It took me going through the question and gestures a couple of times before he suddenly grinned and nodded enthusiastically.

You kissed me, then covered my mouth and said: "Just NO kissing!" You said, shaking your finger at him. This was something he understood easily enough, nodding in acceptance. You sighed in relief.

"Prepare him for me," I commanded imperiously. With a nod, you used your fingers and tongue (and some impressive wordless and wandless magic, I'm almost certain) to soften and stretch him. I almost came just from watching that! Merlin buggering Salazar! It's like watching you with someone polyjuiced into you!

Note to self: add that to the list of things *we MUST do* at some point in the future!

When he was ready, I had some fun teasing him a little as I put the condom on and slowly worked my way inside him. I could hear you mutter under your breath: "It really is like watching him with me. Weird..."

The moment I was buried deep, I moaned because he was just a bit looser than you and oh so slippery with lubrication. It was different but not better. Just... different. Then I patted my arse and silently commanded you to get inside me (I'd actually prepared myself earlier because I was hoping to be topped at least once), so it didn't take much for you to lubricate the both of us and follow orders.

MMM! I am pretty sure I said this during playnight with Luna, but being the middle of a sandwich like this is pure bliss! I had cast orgasm denial spells on us (covertly) before the fun started, so we had stamina, haha. The poor bloke we were using - on the other hand - kept getting close long before I was ready for him to finish, so I'd have to pause and wait for him to calm down a bit. Maybe an hour passed before he was whimpering and begging us to let him finish already.

I had to laugh because an Italian woman actually translated for us. "He says that if you don't let him come soon, he's going to die, and then possibly kick your arse for killing him with blue balls!"

Not wanting to be responsible for murder - no matter how pleasurable the experience - I found the right angle and pounded into him until he was squealing and squirting out gelatinous globs between us. I moaned again, loving the feeling of someone orgasming on me. You chuckled softly and bit my shoulder lightly before kissing my dragon.
You withdrew from me so that I could withdraw from him. He was panting and clearly in need of a nap. He grabbed my hand and said: "Grazie!"

The woman laughed and informed us that her friend hadn't had such a good hard pounding in a long time. Apparently, he'd been with a Dom with an enormous shaft that used to bugger him all the time, but they'd fallen out about a year ago, and the only men he'd shagged since then were *not* blessed with size nor stamina. Poor man. I hope he finds a good longterm lover soon.

Interestingly enough, we'd drawn quite a crowd of spectators by this point. One man - who was even taller than me by a few inches - stepped forward and grinned at us. In thickly accented English, he said: "I'm from Finland, and even there - so close to Sweden - it's somewhat rare to see people with hair as blonde as yours. I'm always asked if I dyed my hair!"

Sure enough, he had light blonde hair that was more of a yellow gold than white like mine, but I could see that it was natural. He grinned at us again. "You wanted to have him because he looks like him (you), so how would you like him to be between us because I am similar in look to you?"

Now that he mentioned it, I felt like this was a *brilliant* idea! I looked to you and you slowly nodded. "I said ANYTHING, remember?"

But I didn't just accept that, piercing you with an intense stare. "I just want to make sure that you mean that and aren't just giving me whatever I want."

You blushed and looked down, so adorable that I couldn't help but kiss you. "I want it... I remember liking being in the middle, so... I'm not just doing what you want me to."

"Alright then," I agreed with a happy grin.

"Besides, it may not be as close a resemblance as he is to me, but it's close enough that I'll feel surrounded by Dracos!"

I looked tall and blonde up and down admiringly. Yes... he does have a certain beauty to him.

"Fine, prepare him so that you can top him," I ordered.

"Yes Master," you agreed with a grin, then you gave him a light glare. "But you're not allowed to call him that! Or kiss him. Or kiss me. No kissing!"

He laughed and pet your wild hair. "No problem, little one."

Pacified that he wasn't going to break your rules, you stripped him off and worked him open. He purred happily. "I'm not topped very often. Most of the time, the men attracted to me are shorter and assume that I'd be the top. I like both about equally."

Sweet Salazar's slaggy mother! Watching you with someone that looks a little like me was even hotter than watching you with someone that looked like you! I'm am *so* thankful for orgasm denial spells because I definitely would have shot my load right then and there if I hadn't been under the spell!

You felt the time was right and shifted so that you could put a condom on and push into him. I let you have a minute or two of just enjoying the experience before I pushed you closer to him to make room for me. Then I was inside you and loving every moment. I made you do most of the work, thrusting back and forth between us - fucking into him and fucking yourself on me. You made these delicious little moans that suggested that your eyes might have rolled toward the back of your head.
He had the stamina to keep up with us - which was impressive because I don't think he's a wizard and thus didn't have spells to help him. We ended up changing positions several times - you flipping around so that he was inside you and you inside me; you inside him again while he was in me; and him inside me with you topping him. We did it all! And it was glorious...

But eventually, we ran out of energy (we *are* new parents after all and haven't had a lot of sleep lately), so I ordered you to pound him mercilessly until he went off. The moment he started screaming (yes, screaming, ouch, my poor ears!), I took the spell off us and let us finish too.

Oh Harry! As blissful as the experience was, as fun as it was, do you know what the best part was? The best part was when we curled up in each other's arms as we lay panting heavily from the exertion, our temporary lover already passed out, and gave each other the sweetest, most tender kiss.

You drifted off to sleep rather quickly, but I forced myself to stay awake until the spectators had dispersed or were occupied with their own fun. Then I cast a covert notice-me-not charm followed by a temporary privacy ward so that I could call for Muffy and have her Apparate us back to the bed we're using in the villa - not to mention gather up all of our belongings and bring them back too. The moment we were in bed, I wrapped my arms around you, held you tight, and passed out.

Gods! I love you so much, I just can't stop saying it!

That's why I need you to hear, I found a reason for me, to change who I used to be, a reason to start over new, and the reason is you, the reason is you, Draco

Tuesday May 30th
My love,

We had such a lovely trip. It was everything I wanted it to be and more. The flight home, while not a magic carpet, was a nice enforced relaxation to wind down from the trip before we arrived home.

But as great as it was to forget about (some of) our responsibilities for a few days, as soon as that jet landed we both went into full "real life" mode. You immediately apparated to Unity to check on Antonio, and I took the kids home to settle in a bit.

I put the three babies down for a nap, and had Lainie snuggle in with a book to relax a bit. I got our belongings unpacked. I pulled the pictures from the cameras and sorted them for each of their travel books, and I found an amazing one of the six of us with the sea in the background that I am going to frame for sure!

Once the nappers were up, we headed over here to Unity to see how things were going, but you were still with Antonio. So Lainie and Viona are playing at the Park. Oh, and in case you notice new construction in the upcoming days, Elena asked Greg to make an outdoor stage. She doesn't even live here anymore! Well, once summer hols start she'll most likely be spending most of her time here. And I think she's secretly trying to craft Unity House exactly how she wants it for when she takes over in a few years!

Lainie was feeling quite guilty about being at Unity and missing class at Traditions. I had to explain that her being half asleep and still wound up from a holiday and coming in in the middle of the day would be much too distracting to the rest of the students. She can go back tomorrow well rested and at normal time.
While I was chatting with Greg and Luna while we passed around Eri and Ori, Ethan showed up a bit early. He knew we were coming back today so he wanted to make sure he had some free time to talk. He actually thanked me for thinking he was trustworthy enough and worth exposing the secret to. I do trust and like him, but I had to let him know that was all you .... and the fact that we rarely say no to something our Viona wants!

My favorite part was when he said he had noticed we managed to adopt two infants that looked exactly like the two of us had created them together. That included a long description of our spelled trousers. Seriously, the kid has known about magic for less than a week and he already knows wizards can carry babies, I didn't find out for 8 years. Everyone knows things before I do!

He had a lot of questions, but I told him that you and I would sit down with him together some evening soon. Mostly I didn't want to admit not knowing the answers to his questions about the world I live in!

When the Traditions Kids made their way home, Luna, Maya, and Ethan took the Kids, including our big girls, to the music room, so I decided to come into my office and get some thoughts out. I hope everything is going well with Antonio, I can't wait to hear how it all went. I'm sure he's just thrilled that you're back and kept your promise. If your muscles are sore tonight I will give you as long of a massage as you'd like.

It's good to be home,
Harry
Chapter 212

Tuesday May 30th
My rock,

When I first got to Unity House, I went to Antonio's room. His guards were lounging outside the
door looking thoroughly bored.

"He's been in his closet for at least three days."

I could see that on the one hand, they were happy that he wasn't causing any trouble, but on the
other, this is not normal behavior.

"Has he eaten anything?" I asked in concern.

They shrugged. "I think the Mind Healer convinced him to nibble on things from time to time."

"Right," I stated, deciding that I needed some supplies before I opened Antonio's door. "Muffy,
bring me some Ben and Jerry's Pistachio Ice cream - two pints - and some almond biscuits. Oh, and a
pot of tea would be lovely as well.

Muffy popped in a few seconds later with the requested items and two mugs. I took the tray from her
and entered the room. Without a word, I went into Antonio's closet and sat down next to him. He
was sitting so that his knees were drawn up into his chest with his arms hugging them and his face
buried in them. Still without a word, I set the tray down, poured me a cup of tea, opened one of the
pints of ice cream, and used a biscuit as a spoon to eat it.

He slowly took a peek at the tray, then looked over at me. Seeing that it was me, he burst into sobs
and threw his arms around me to practically strangle me as he cried all over my shoulder. I held him
with one arm and let him get it all out, using my other to eat because I knew (from my own past) that
he'd feel embarrassed and take so much longer if I acknowledged the break down. But by pretending
that nothing out of the ordinary was happening, he was able to calm down relatively quickly.

We ate, me nibbling more than anything since I was still full from the meal we ate on the plane. He
ended up devouring his pint, the rest of my pint and *all* the biscuits. He also drank some tea, and
after a while, it seemed like a rather dignified English afternoon. Aside from the fact that we were
sitting on the floor of his closet.

I was prepared to stay all day and night if necessary, but once he was full, he suddenly had to go to
the bathroom. From there, he followed me outside where I warmed up - stretching and the like. He
imitated me, and if he wasn't so tall, I'd feel like I had a miniature shadow doing everything I do.

When ready, I invited him to attack me, and maybe having nearly a week to think about things made
a difference, but rather than simply try to beat me up, he actually thought about the moves I'd taught
him and how to use them. One of his guards remarked that he'd been practicing on the dummy most
nights (when he wasn't in his closet), which was why he seemed to be a little bit better.

That said, like usual, his anger that was always just under the surface took over after about 15
minutes. His style got choppier and he was clearly just trying to beat me up. Or rather, the person in
his head that made him so full of rage. His father, I'm almost certain, and if he wasn't already dead,
he'd have to find a very remote hiding place because I know people.

In any case, I let Antonio try his best until he was exhausted. It was *almost* funny to see his energy
level go down rather abruptly because he went from wailing to sort of droning. His whole body drooped a bit before he flopped onto the ground and panted from exertion. I sat down next to him and patted his back, conjuring a cup and casting an Aguamenti into it.

Yesenia had been watching us through a window and came out now to beckon to me. With quite a bit of effort because our young friend is heavier than he looks, I managed to get him on his feet and into her office. She locked her door and cast a silencing spell so that none of the other kids would be able to hear it if he started crying. Or screaming.

When he was comfortable on her couch - or at least I think he was comfortable, he looked a bit like he had melted into a puddle - me sitting next to him but giving him space, Yesenia pointed to a telly.

"Antonio, I know that one of the things you are upset about is your mum. Even if you can't say it, it's clear that you're worried that she's hurt or worse. We've tried to tell you that she's healing, but since the Ministry won't let you see her, I know it's hard for you to believe it. So, we had her send you a message."

She turned the telly on and played the video. It was of Mrs. Litwin smiling at the camera and telling Antonio how much she loved him, how proud of him she was, how much better she's getting. Things like that. It even showed one of her therapy sessions to prove that she really was nearly back to normal and would be allowed out of the hospital soon.

Antonio went from tears streaming silently down his face to... He said: "Mum..."

And then the office blew up. His magic had gone out of control in an extremely dramatic way, but we'd been just a little prepared for this. Each of us (Yesenia, me, and the two guards) cast a shield over ourselves and calmly waited the literal storm out. Once Antonio had literally no magic to run amok any longer, he passed out. I carried him back to his room and laid him down in his bed. Meanwhile, Yesenia called for Healer Rowe to come check on him. She determined that he was simply exhausted and might well sleep for a few days.

Meanwhile, it sounds like Greg is going to have to put one of his projects from his shop on hold for a bit while he fixes Yesenia's office. You think *if* work hard? Take a moment to think about Greg! He's *always* building something for Unity House or Traditions, and yet still manages to find the time to build enough other things that his business is quite a success. He was even able to pay me back the start up costs and make sure that Stan has a sufficient and steady income before basically taking my name off the business and me handing it completely over to Greg. He works so much that I'm honestly surprised he has any time left for Unity House! But using his hands to build things keeps him calm, so I can understand why he's so busy with it.

Anyway, since there was nothing left for me to do there - even the jam session was over since it was dinner time - I decided to find you and go home as a family. I know you promised to massage me, and I know you love doing it, but after our vigorous anniversary exercise and defending myself from Antonio today, I really need an appointment with Aya. And I'm positive you do too. So, I'm currently typing this up while you're being massaged. If you're still awake after I'm done, I think we should go up to the onsen on the roof. That is *if* I don't fall asleep during the massage myself.

Every now and then I get a little bit terrified, and then I see the look in your eyes, turn around bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart, turn around bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart.

Draco

P.S. I received an owl confirming that the hearing is still set for Thursday the first at 1PM. According to the case notes, things are looking really good so far. Also, Mrs. Litwin is going to be there as an eyewitness, so, unless she changes her story, chances are really good that they'll have to dismiss the
charges against Antonio. I look forward to it, but then, what then? Obviously Antonio will still need a lot of help. Hmm...

Wednesday May 31st
My heart,

It's late Wednesday night and you finally passed out. I wasn't sure if you were going to end up wide awake all night crying or even shagging to keep your mind off of tomorrow. But instead, you took a mild sleeping draught to be well rested for tomorrow, insisting that it was mild enough that you would still take your turns with the babies' night feedings. Ha! Not bloody likely, I spent all evening drinking caffeine and I have a pocketful of pepper-ups for myself for tomorrow. Enjoy your full night's sleep darling.

Wow, that video yesterday had Antonio's magic do a number on Yesenia's office! I've seen Greg crank out massive amounts of work in no time flat, but he thinks the office will take him almost a week. I guess recreating something destroyed by magic is harder than starting from scratch. Hmm, I learn something new practically every day!

But after he slept for almost a full day, it seemed to have really done him some good! He actually came down and ate at the main table, and he joined us for movie night. We watched The Little Mermaid, so it was a relatively calm one for his first viewing. Then our sweet Elena made sure to include him without overwhelming him. She showed him where he could sit (off to the side so he was still included without being in the middle of a crowd), grabbed him some snacks she knew he liked, and settled in next to him. I think he's comfortable with her because she's an extension of you. Although Elena seemed to be giving him a lot of small smiles and encouraging looks. Either she really is going to be the perfect caregiver and a wonderful person for me to put in charge when I'm ready to step down, or she was flirting. I am going to assume she's wonderful and pretend she will never be old enough to flirt. Because we're already short one office, we don't need me to destroy any more property!

You are so good with all of these Kids. I swear, we should have named the place Draco's House. You do more fundraising than any of the rest of us put together. You are here almost as often as I am. And you take these traumatized little people and make them feel normal, and useful, and welcome. I'm a little jealous I have to admit. It was bad enough that our children love you most, do the Unity Kids have to love you most too?!

I loved our massages the last two nights, and relaxing in the onsen was lovely. I just hope it was relaxing enough for you to stay calm for tomorrow. I KNOW things will turn out alright, but this waiting waiting waiting nonsense is really messing with my anxiety level. I will be happy when tomorrow's court date is over and we know Antonio is free and clear.

Oh, you've been working directly with Antonio, and then we went on our holiday, so I suppose I haven't told you what I managed to figure out with his mother's healers, the department of families and children, and the lawyers. WHEN he is cleared tomorrow, he will have a place at Unity House until his mother is well enough to resume his care. Regardless of when he goes home, "we" will be funding his continued therapy as long as he needs it. He's welcome to continue to see Yesenia, or if he finds a mind healer closer to home we will cover them. I think it's very similar to when we had our influx of children whose families dropped them off for good, or temporarily so that they could get the healing they needed.

Ok, all the caffeine has made me twitchy, so I am going for a run! What? It's totally normal to jog a
few miles in the middle of the night! The babies just had their midnight feed so they should be good until I get back, but if not Muffy has been instructed to get me if they start to wake. Hopefully you're reading this in the morning after a full night's rest. And if that's the case, know that I took Elena to school and I have the babies with me at Unity. I will see you there whenever you're awake.

I love you my Dragon,
Harry
Thursday June 1st

Wow!

I had no idea I was so sleep deprived! I woke up feeling fully rested and ready to take on the world. So I naturally glanced at the ornate clock in the corner to find that it was about 10:30 in the morning! I thought for sure I must be dreaming, that I'd blinked or something and hadn't even slept yet, but the gorgeous light coming through the windows assured me that it most certainly was day time.

You naughty mutt you! Remind me to spank you for arranging it so that I ended up sleeping through all the nighttime feedings. And then kiss it all better.

So anyway, since you had the kids at Unity House with you, I decided to take all the time I wanted on my morning routine. A nice long bath with a leisurely wank that I didn't bring to a conclusion because I was more interested in thinking about you than actually getting off. My skin care. My hair care. A little bit of light exercise before getting dressed.

Actually, before I went in my closet to get dressed, I made a point of telling Muffy why I was going in there so that she could remind me if I forgot. No need to show up to an important legal hearing wearing a Viking or a dragon costume. Lucky for me, my brain fog has mostly cleared up and it only took me a few seconds to remember on my own what I needed to do.

Once dressed in vivid blue robes with gold embroidery all down the right side and feeling like I was ready, I Apparated to Unity House to see if you were ready to go. Fortunately for you, I also thought to bring with me a dignified outfit for you to change into so that we both presented a unified front.
Honestly, yours looked very similar to mine, except for in a brilliant shade of emerald green that did fabulous things for your eyes.

It's also a good thing I was there before they took Antonio to the Ministry because he wasn't stupid and knew that this was a hearing to determine if he needed to be tried for murder. He was beyond terrified that he was going to be sent back to the Ministry holding cells - since he'd been there a few days before coming here. His guards assured me that he hadn't been treated badly, but that they weren't particularly friendly to him either, and so, I'm sure he felt like he was being punished horribly.

Anyway, after charming my clothes to ensure that they didn't get wrinkled or stained, I hugged him, ruffled his hair, charmed it to look as neat as possible, and whispered in his ear: "Your mum's going to be there. You're going to see your mum in just a few minutes."

This calmed him down significantly.

I straightened his collar slightly, frowning and sticking my tongue out in disgust because they had him in an absolutely horrid outfit in shades of gray. I'm sure it was meant to make him appear to be a contrite little boy, but really, it made him look constipated. So, I transfigured his clothes until he was wearing navy blue trousers, a white button up shirt, and a blue and light gold waist coat. Now he looked semi formal - definitely good enough to attend a hearing - but not so formal that he looked ready to attend a ball.

Apparently, you'd called in a favor so that we could floo directly from your office to Minister Shacklebolt's. He was definitely on our side, but since he was only one member of the Wizengamot, his opinion wasn't a guarantee on how things would go. That said, it was a good sign.

At 12:50 PM sharp, we were following Antonio and his Guards into the hearing room. It was the entire Wizengamot, which was far more intimidating to a young boy than necessary, but was probably actually a good thing because you'd had a chance to talk to most of them at some point, and they seemed to listen to you.

Mrs. Litwin was escorted into the room at 12:55 and Antonio cried out: "Mum!" sobbing in relief for a few seconds before he visibly pulled himself together. He clearly wanted to run to her, but his guards held him back. Until he was cleared, he was technically a prisoner with very few rights. He slipped his hand in mine and squeezed rather tightly.

Fortunately for him (and us), since you're officially his caregiver and we're paying for his defense, we were allowed to sit with him. At a table rather than a confessional chair.

At 1 PM, Minister Shacklebolt called the hearing to order and asked the prosecution to give their evidence. They didn't have much, just what was already known, that Mr. Litwin was beaten to death by his son. I think - and this is pure speculation - but I think the prosecutor was actually doing a shoddy job on purpose. I mean yes, they were presenting facts - such as all the gruesome details of Mr. and Mrs. Litwin's injuries - but they weren't doing their absolute best.

Then it came time for the defense to present its case, and naturally, my lawyers earned every knut of their exorbitant fee. They gave what they felt was the real story of what happened, presenting all the evidence that had been found to support it. To our relief, the Wizengamot seemed more than half in agreement with them even before Mrs. Litwin was asked to testify.

She talked about years of abuse at Mr. Litwin's hands. About years of medical records documenting 'minor accidents' for both her and Antonio - which Rowe had provided and was on hand to confirm that Antonio had actually been in rough shape himself when he'd first brought his mother into St.
Mungo's. Only all of his injuries were easy enough to heal quickly, and so, he had been transferred to the Ministry holding cell once he was charged with murder.

As Mrs. Litwin talked about how seeing Mr. Litwin bash her over the head with a cast iron pan (causing an actual dent in her skull) had made Antonio snap, most people - definitely including you and just maybe, possibly including me - had a tear or two in their eyes. Mrs. Litwin had struggled to remain conscious, but managed it long enough to see a haze of accidental magic surround her son. The Quidditch bat flew into his hands, and Antonio roared furiously as he returned years of abuse. Mrs. Litwin actually passed out before the end and had no idea what had happened when she woke up until someone had explained it to her.

To conclude, she said that she had no doubt that Antonio had accidentally killed his father, but that in her heart, had he not, they *both* would have died and her husband would have done a runner before anybody realized it.

The Wizengamot took a few minutes to deliberate, but honestly, I don't think anyone disbelieved Mrs. Litwin by that point. As we've been saying all along, this was a case of self defense, and so all the charges were dismissed. Antonio was still 'sentenced' (after a fashion) to remain at Unity House until his mother was discharged from St. Mungo's - which Rowe said would almost certainly be by the end of next week. Also, he had to continue with his therapy as *clearly* he needed it. His mother agreed to bring him to Yesenia since she knew that he was actually extremely shy and likely wouldn't develop a rapport with anyone else anyway.

Before the hearing was officially dismissed, one of the members of the Wizengamot curiously asked why Antonio never spoke. Did he have a speech or a learning impairment? Mrs. Litwin said that it was likely because Antonio was never *allowed* to speak by his father without permission, and so, she wasn't entirely sure if he could say more than a few words.

And oh! That explains why he always looked like he *wanted* to say something but didn't. I'm dead certain that Yesenia will have to work on talking with him, but that might actually have to wait until Mrs. Litwin makes it clear that Antonio is allowed to talk as much as he wants now. I have a feeling that it will be a long road to recovery for both of them.

Once the session was dismissed, there was no one and nothing to stop mother and son from hugging it out and sobbing on each other's shoulders for about an hour. Sadly, they eventually had to be pulled apart. Mrs. Litwin needed to return to the hospital, and so Antonio needed to come back to Unity House.

But before she left, Mrs. Litwin sobbed all over you and thanked you profusely for taking such good care of her son. You were crying too hard yourself to correct her (as I could see that you wanted to). His hand in mine again, we watched as Mrs. Litwin left, and then returned to Unity. I'm typing this as Antonio falls asleep because he grunted insistently that I stay. However, since he's actually in bed, I feel this is progress.

I ache a bit from letting Antonio spar with me until he was exhausted, but when we were done, he seemed calmer on the whole. So, again, progress. Hopefully things will continue to improve now that he's not considered a murder who needs to be under constant guard.

Side note, those two guards that stayed here with him (there must have been others at night and I just didn't realize it), they were so impressed with how Unity House is run in general, and how dedicated we are to the kids that they actually told me that they were going to send an article about the experience to the Daily Prophet. I more or less gave them permission since I couldn't really stop them anyway, and honestly, having someone with real insight to what had happened might help a great deal when it comes to what the Prophet is printing in regards to Antonio. Until now, it hasn't been
pleasant. I sincerely hope they take the time to print the truth - especially since they'll be able to freely vilify Mr. Litwin all they want.

Oh, looks like he's finally asleep. I'm headed home in a few minutes. Strangely enough, I have an inexplicable urge to do some 'rounds.' See you when I get home. Love you!

'Cuz we are born innocent, believe me Adia, we are still innocent, it's easy, we all falter, doesn't matter,
Draco

Thursday June 1st
My beloved owner,

I must remind you that you're supposed to spank me for making you sleep through the night feedings.

Mmmm spankings.

I was just showing your daddy my computer, because even though I've shown it to him before, he couldn't remember much. And then "ding!" I got an email from you. It was lovely. You're lovely. I am the proudest of husbands.

Today was a very very very long day. I was up all night because of the coffee. Then I was at Unity all morning. Then we had the hearing. And I brought our beautifully wonderful amazing children home while your selfless self stayed and cared for Antonio. But now apparently Antonio is sleeping and guess what? All of our kids are sleeping too!

So your parents and I decided to spend some time just us three grownups. grownups. adults. Grownups is a weird word. I didn't grow very far up. I'm short. But I kinda like it, because you rest your chin on my head and tuck me into you and I feel so cherished. And I'm small enough for you to manhandle. Mmmm, I like it when you throw me around.

I think maybe I have been stressed because your mummy told me to have a glass of wine, and I did, so then she told me to have another and I told her nosireeobob, I had to be sober to care for the children. Well, she assured me that between herself and the house elves, they would be on kid duty and I could have another drink. Well, I of course cried because she just spent the whole weekend with the children so we could have our anniversary and now she's caring for them again? I've got the best extra mums in the whole world.

Oh no! Don't tell your mum I called her my extra mum ok? She's never asked me to call her mum and I don't want to force her to accept me as her son. It's ok that I didn't really get a mum, I have a Molly, and she told me to call her Molly, and I have a Narcissa. I love my extra mums.

So then I says to myself "Harry, if you can have two glasses of wine, you can probably have three." and my self thought it was a good idea. And your daddy thought it was a good idea too. But then again he also thought trying to talk me into eating gross stuff was also a good idea. Why is pate a thing? Why do you hot blonde Malfoy men like making me try food that sounds yucky?

Oh! You know what else you Malfoy men both like? Being pegged by pretty ladies. I don't get it myself. Why would you want something fake if you could have a good hard cock in your arse? Don't get me wrong, a toy is good in a pinch, or ooooooooh, remember that time you doubled up and fucked me with your cock AND a toy? Oh that was a good stretch. Mmmm. So sore, so worth
Darling, your Lucius is arguing with me, he doesn't think taking two cocks at once is a real thing. When you get home can you tell him it's a real thing? And that I can do it? I'm so good at it right baby?

Yuck, I do not like calling you baby. You're my fierce Dragon. And I am your puppy. Your little mutt. Your pup.

Holy buggering fucking shiting Merlin's ever-loving balls. I know who Neville's pup is. I know!! I think you should beat the answer out of me. Or maybe some day we can invite them over for a puppy play date. I'm a good boy right? I could be a good boy with another puppy around. Or maybe we shouldn't. What if he's a better puppy than I am?

But I am the best at getting tied up right? And you haven't tied me up in so long. It wouldn't have worked when I was so very big and pregnant, and then we had to get back in the mood. But maybe this weekend you could tie me up? I will let you practice all your harnesses on me.

Oh! I heard the flu, the flew, the flooooo, go off, maybe you're home and I could suck your cock? I will be so good at it!

Love,
Harry

P.S. I am supposed to remind you to give me spankins!

Chapter End Notes

^_^
Chapter 214

Chapter Summary

Draco loves when Harry gets drunk, even if it is embarrassingly in front of his parents, lol.

Friday June 2nd
Merlin Salazar and Godric!

You are *hilarious* when you're drunk!

I was tired enough that I didn't specify a floo when I came home, and so the Manor spit me out of the floo closest to the three of you. It's always so rare for *my father* to be giggling like a toddler, but then to see him with an arm over your shoulder and you laughing merrily as you slurred: "And then you hit send. Easy Peasy!"

Again, I *love* that you try to teach my father about computers when you're drunk. I looked over in amusement at my mother who smirked at me and held up a glass of wine.

"I'm fairly certain that Harry drank an entire bottle by himself, which I feel was only necessary as he tends to stress too much."

I nodded in agreement, but by this point you had spotted me. You jumped up and ran over to me, only tripping over nothing twice, before leaping on me and knocking me onto the table. Thank Merlin it was clear!

"Tell your daddy that I can take two! Tell him it's a thing! Tell him I can take *Blaise!*" You blurted out between kissing me and sucking on my neck. "Let me suck your cock right now!"

"Wait until we get to our room!" I cried out, half dying of embarrassment and half ready to go already.

"Now now now now now!"

I put a hand on your throat and gave you a look. "Be. Patient."

"Yes Dragon," you muttered with a reluctant pout.

I set you on your feet, got off the table, and tried not to turn too red as I looked at my parents. "Good evening mother, father. So sorry to rush away, but I fear I'll be stripped off and pleasured in front of you if I don't bring my husband directly to bed."

"Your playroom, I should think," my mother murmured with a merry gleam in her eyes. Then she gave me a softer, fonder smile. "I know we haven't said this enough, but we really are happy to see you so in love and happy. I may not like to think about the details, but it warms my heart to know you have a husband so willing and eager to please you."

"And vice versa," I admitted with a soft smile.
"Yes," she agreed.

My father tried to stand up and stumbled around a bit before falling back into his seat. "It'sh'not a thing! Two won't fit! Need proof! Get pictures!"

I'm fair certain I turned completely red at that.

"Mum, take him to *your* playroom and prove it so that I don't have to burst into flames and die while trying to show him a picture of Harry as proof."

She laughed. "I just might have to do that! You go on now, before your husband glares a hole in your trousers."

"Quite," I stated in agreement before sweeping you into my arms and carrying you from the room. And then I remembered that Apparation was a thing and I knew how to do it. So a moment later, we were in our playroom.

"Spank me *while* I suck your cock!" You insisted, dropping to your knees and tearing my trousers off. I'm positive that your magic was helping you because they tore apart as easily as if you were peeling a banana. But since I'm not likely to wear them again, I didn't mind so much. I took far more care of your clothes, casting an intangibility spell to magick them off and over on a chair. But then I arranged us so that I was sitting in a chair and you were on your hands and knees before me so that I had access to your lovely bum while you sucked on me.

Fuck! Our sex life is bloody fantastic!

After you got me off and I returned the favor, your drunkenness combined with your tiredness from last night and your orgasm to put you to sleep, so I carried you to bed, wrote my email recap, and am now going to try to sleep. The good news is that I apparently timed it right to feed the babies while I typed (which takes so much longer, but it's not like I type all that fast anyway), and so I should be able to get a few hours of sleep before they need to be fed again, and Muffy assured me that *her* babies are more than capable of helping to feed ours, and so, unless one of us wakes up when they cry, she plans to handle the next feeding.

Remind me to give Muffy a medal!

My love, you know that you're my best friend, you know I'd do anything for you, my love, let nothing come between us, my love for you is strong and true,

Draco

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Friday June 2nd
My patient and understanding husband,

I owe you a lifetime of servitude for the hangover potion. Also, thank you for the note next to it that said it was "A Hangover Potion, not a fertility potion, my silly little Mutt"

I woke up this morning, and after my first thought which was "Why is there a Drum Corps performing in my bedroom?" I wished quite hard that I had only imagined my drunken behavior last night.

You know, both times I have gotten drunk and acted like that have included your father also getting drunk, and your mother being in attendance stone cold sober. I think your mum has decided we are her built in entertainment and takes joy in our obnoxiousness. At the very least, she takes joy in our
embarrassment the next day. I bragged about being able to accommodate two cocks in my arse to your father, and then I argued with him about the logistical possibility. I begged to suck your cock in front of your MOTHER!

But yeah, our sex life is definitely fantastic. I'm so glad our bodies are our own again and our libido is back. The only thing keeping us from going at it nonstop is being tired from being parents to four children as well as our miscellaneous jobs.

Thank you for taking care of my drunken self last night, both in stopping me from actually jumping you in front of your parents, putting my passed out self to bed, and definitely for taking care of the problem in my pants that was demanding attention. I may have woken up hungover (and the potion took care of that right away) but I woke up with a sore bottom and that well rested feeling I only get when I fall asleep from orgasming. My favorite way to wake up for sure!

I took off for a run, and then a very hot shower. I smelled like a wine cellar after my run. Yikes I must have had a LOT last night!

But for now the babies and I are at Unity and I'm sure we will be seeing you soon. Don't rush, it seems as though Antonio is channeling his inner Draco and just woke up a few minutes ago, around 10:15. Not that you have to come, but I know you and I know I will be seeing you soon. I know I have no hope of keeping you away when you attach yourself to one of the kiddos. Not that I ever actually want to keep you away!

Between you, Tabitha, and Muffy, I have so much help, but I have been having such a good time having all the babies with me all day. I know it's not going to last, once Antonio goes home you will not want me to take them every day I come in, or you will want to come with, but I have really enjoyed this one on one time with my littles. Well, one on three! Merlin our children are brilliant and wonderful and sweet and gorgeous!

Did you know Orion has a teeny dimple in his right cheek? He was doing his little almost smile and I saw it. But not on his left, I wonder if that's from generations of Malfoys smirking? You've trained your faces!

And Eris has the prettiest little hands. Dainty and sweet, but long fingered, she has little pianist hands.

And our Viona, I've always known she was brilliant and gorgeous, but do you also know how sweet she is? When she's running amuck at the Park, she is constantly bringing little "gifts" to people. She brought me handfuls of flowers, she found some bugs for Luna, and she tried giving Eri and Ori some pretty rocks. It was very sweet, but we certainly have to watch her really closely so she doesn't give them anything dangerous!

I'm really looking forward to summer hols starting so I don't have to share Lainie with the world every day! We just had a long weekend with her and I'm already "Ugh, darn schools stealing my kid!"

Seriously, Hogwarts, me in their trunks, not kidding.

Better run, the Princess is trying to catch fish in the pond. I don't think any of us want that as a gift!

Love,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Harry surprises Draco.

Friday June 2nd
My love,

Which do you think Healer Rowe would prefer more; an all expenses paid vacation to Cancun, or a twelve pack of luxury spa treatments? I'm getting her one or the other, I just can't decide which.

Today, she exceeded all my expectations of her, and I'd already felt she was a fairly wonderful person to begin with. Sometime after the Unity Kids ate lunch, when I had Antonio out in the yard sparring as the younger kids played in the Park and the older kids were stuck in Traditions on such a beautiful day, she showed up with Mrs. Litwin and the two of them simply and quietly watched us. Antonio is doing better in general, which is not surprising since he must have been so stressed out over the possibility of going to prison for the rest of his life.

In any case, with him still an angry person but no longer full of rage, he was putting more thought into the different techniques I'm teaching him. We even got to the point where I can have him practice blocking as I lunge or try to slip past his guard. He's actually rather timid when it comes to defending himself and only his rage has given him any sort of confidence when it comes to attacking. Now that he's not full of rage, his skill level seems to have gone down dramatically, but that's only because he doesn't want to hurt me.

After a half an hour or so, it was actually you that came over to us with a plate of bacon sandwiches because neither of us had been hungry when everyone else was eating lunch (having eaten a light breakfast maybe an hour prior to that). You held the plate out of my reach (somehow, I suspect magic) until I gave you a few kisses, and then let us take sandwiches from the plate.

"Antonio, look who came for a visit?" You said, literally pointing her out.

Antonio cried out joyously and ran over to hug his mother. She was crying, you were crying, Healer Rowe looked a bit teary eyed, but I had wandered over to our littles for a bit to give mother and son some privacy. Still, I could hear her wailing about how proud she was of him and how much she loved him.

Yesenia took the opportunity to have a mini therapy session with the two of them since they're both going to need therapy for a long time and together is probably best - at least some of the time. At one point, Viona came up to me and started insistently going: "Pss! Pss!" So I knew she had to go to the bathroom. I took her to the loo and did my own business while she aimed at one of the tiny toilets, only hitting the 'target' correctly about half the time. Still, better than nothing, haha! Although, I am sort of surprised that she hasn't started imitating Elena and sitting down whilst she goes.

Anyway, by the time we returned to the Park, Mrs. Litwin's hour was up, but as she had left, she'd told Antonio that she wanted to see him playing on the playground for a bit, and so he was still playing - climbing the wall and whatnot. I stayed until Elena came over from Traditions and Ethan showed up for the daily music lesson. I played guitar and Antonio played the enormous drum, but he
did so in a way that was trying to join in rather than just make noise.

He still doesn't say much of anything at all, but you have taught him a very important lesson: when you give him things, like a plate of food, you ask him if he can say thank you - you *do* actually insist on manners for all the Kids - and so he very quietly murmurs thank you when given things. Not to mention, he whispered quite a bit in his mother's ear, so there's hope that he'll learn that it's okay to speak whenever he wants.

He also joined the rest of the Kids when they were called to dinner, so I think that being around others is actually helping him. I knew he'd have a session with Yesenia after dinner, and so said my goodbye for the night and went home with you and our own small tribe of kids. All in all I feel rather good today.

The only other news I have for today is that I received an email back from a few of the squibs that I thought would be interested in running a daycare and the initial response is good. I've arranged it so they - and two witches from when I was interviewing assistants - will meet with me on Tuesday the 6th at 1PM at the Leaky. I have a feeling that this will be a little easier than opening a post office simply because they won't need to pick up and deliver packages all over the country. But we'll see. I'm currently thinking that a facility in Diagon Alley or right outside the Leaky in that area I'm having developed as muggle/wizard hybrid will work best to start with, and then possibly look for other areas that need wizarding child care.

When it's love you make, I'll be the fire in your night, when it's love you take, I will defend I will fight, I'll be there when you need me, when honor's at stake, this vow I will make, yeah, Draco

Sunday June 4th
My love,

Were you surprised? You acted surprised, but you are a very good actor so I couldn't be sure. I mean, you acted like a prat for the first six years I knew you, and we all know that was a ruse so ....

You had made your appointment about the daycare for this upcoming Tuesday, instead of for tomorrow? today? Monday. I assume so that we could celebrate your birthday. We have two tiny babies, a toddler, and a big kid. We have been dealing with Antonio's legal battles, as well as his healing process. We just had our anniversary. With how busy we've been, I think you assumed I had forgotten your birthday.

Ha! Yeah right! As if I could forget the anniversary of the day the world received the best gift ever. Nope, I have spent the last month prepping and planning. It has been a lot of secret meetings. A lot of planning by your mum, Elena, and I. A lot of long distance Insta-owling. And some long distance actual owling.

And tonight I think it all paid off. We had Elena distract you by asking to play dress-up this evening. While the two of you were adequately hidden away in your labyrinth of a closet, we finished getting the ballroom ready and started receiving guests. Everyone was instructed to come in the most elaborate and/or ridiculous costume they could imagine. What would a Draco Malfoy birthday party be without costumes and pageantry?

Well, I knew she would, but Elena managed to talk you into the costume I had picked out for you; an elaborate formal king costume, complete with a dark gold crown sat on top of your pale hair. How you didn't realize "oh, a brand new costume I've never seen, something must be up" is beyond me.
But I am thankful for it. And then she dragged you to the ballroom for "just one dance in our pretty costumes Daddy!" only to find a crowd of people shouting "surprise!" for your party.

There was so much happening in that room that it seemed you didn't know what to look at first. Your three girls were dressed in coordinating but not matching princess dresses. And Orion had a tiny little prince costume. Once you noticed that, you looked for me, assuming I would be dressed similarly. And then you noticed me and I have a feeling that as glad as you were for the party, you wished we were alone. Your eyes flashed from their normal gorgeous soft grey, to molten silver in a moment.

For your birthday, I decided to step a bit outside of my comfort zone. I went as sexy as I could for it not being "that" kind of party. It was a gauzy, belly dancer's costume. I had a golden belt with transparent blue, gold, and white veils threaded through it to create something of a skirt. On top, I had a golden harness/halter hybrid, again with transparent veils woven through to create something like a corset. Woven through all of the veils were tiny bells so every shift came with soft ringing noises.

You practically ran to me and picked me up, and I melted into your kisses. If your mum hadn't gotten your attention, I feel all of our planning would have gone to waste and you would have just thrown me over your shoulder and apparated us to our playroom. I would have been fine with it, but I think you would have been sad to miss your party. You reluctantly put me down (but did not let me go!) and looked around at the rest of your guests. You seemed a bit overwhelmed and weren't sure who to notice first. Our entire circle was there; my family, your family, our best friends, our godchildren. Including Pansy and Ivan who had come in to celebrate with us. And they weren't the only Russian guests, Grandmama and Kisa came. Your ritual planning committee was there, as well as a number of the Hogwarts staff. The entire Unity Staff, which of course meant all of the Unity Kids since they couldn't very well be left alone. Donna and Dudley and little Daisy were there, as well as Donna's parents (although not all of her siblings, they couldn't miss school this close to the end of term). Katie had brought Hannah and Lauren.

I stood on tiptoe and whispered in your ear, "every one of these people came tonight because they love you and want to celebrate with you." Your eyes certainly got misty, and you stammered out, "no ... can't ..." so I had to kiss you to distract you. I love when you get emotional but I don't think you would have appreciated breaking down in front of all of our guests.

Then came my favorite surprise. I told you to look at the new décor, and you turned around and noticed a new portrait; your godfather. "We haven't activated it yet, it was created from the portrait he has in the headmistress' office at Hogwarts, so it has all the same enchantments and he will be able to come back and forth between his frames. But we will activate it tomorrow so you can be alone with him."

"Music!" I shouted. I knew you needed a few minutes before you would be coherent enough to mingle with your guests, so the band began a high tempo number that I could dance to. You and I danced, and by the end of that dance you seemed ready to join the rest of the party.

The rest of the night was a bit of a blur. Food and friends and cake and so much dancing! You danced with and sang to each of our children. Being your birthday, I decided not to sonorous you, but I definitely stood close enough so I could hear you. You danced with your parents and your brother and sister. At some point Muffy and Dibly turned up to take each of the children to bed. As the night wore on, some of the guests headed home. You, however, seemed excited and energized and possibly would have danced all night.

Until during a slow dance I told you the secret of my costume, "Master, I've been practicing my dancing quite a bit, and I had this costume made special so I could dance for you. None of this is
sewn together, it is just layers and layers of small veils, they pull right out, see?" And I grabbed one of the blue veils at my hip and slid it right out of the ring keeping it in place. Removing it showed off my hip and thigh and the edge of the tiny golden knickers I was wearing.

You sonoroused yourself, although you were loud enough you probably didn't need it, "Thank you all for coming, it means more to me than you'll ever know. This was one of the best birthdays I've ever had. Please stay as long as you'd like, but Harry and I are new parents and exhausted so we ... er ... need our sleep." And then you did finally throw me over your shoulder, and apparated us up to the play room.

Where you sat yourself on a chair in the middle while I danced circles around you. Every time I got close enough, you grabbed a veil from my costume, until I was dancing in nothing but the belt, the halter, and a very small pair of shiny golden knickers. You grabbed me quite roughly and growled into my ear "Enough my little slave boy, time to please your master."

So I did.

All night.

You finally passed out as the sun was rising. But I needed to get my thoughts out before I let sleep take me. It's your actual birthday today. Neither of us are going anywhere. You are going to sleep in as late as you'd like. And tonight we are going to have a picnic dinner just the six of us, and then snuggle in for a movie. If you'd like to do something else, let me know and I can change plans. But I thought you might enjoy something small with your family after last night's big to-do.

Thank you for being born my Draco. The world is a better place because you're in it. I love you with everything I am.

All I have to do is look into your eyes, and my heart knows you're the one I was born for,

Your Harry
Monday June 5th
Oh my wonderful husband!

I'm so overwhelmed by yesterday that I'm actually in my closet as I write this. Just thinking about the lengths you went to have practically everyone I know at a party for me... well, it... it's... overwhelming. I'm stroking my Komboloi and focusing on my breathing. I feel so soft and fluffy and Hufflepuff that I just don't quite know what to do.

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But I didn't stay in my closet for long. There wasn't really anything special I had planned for my birthday, but I *did* want to go to Café Exquis for dinner. Plus, it was a gorgeous day out and I thought it would be perfect for flying on brooms with our babies for a bit. I strapped the twins to you very snugly so that they couldn't fall out, even going so far as to put shields around them in case the impossible happened and you lost control of your broom. Then I strapped Viona to me - she was *delighted* to have her daddy all to herself, haha. Between us, we taught Elena the basics of flying. She's not going to be playing professional Quidditch any time soon, but she's good enough to keep up with us if neither of us is showing off. I said *if!*

We had a picnic and a nap in the sun. This year's baby peafowl came over to see if we had any food for them - which we did, so we fed and petted them a bit. Then we did a bit of swimming in the lake that borders the south lawn. After that, I insisted that we check in on the eagle owls in the owlry. They're still young enough to bond relatively easily with humans, but old enough that I really should start handling them and teaching them how to hunt for me (in addition to themselves). This is how I learn which ones to keep for our breeding stock and which to sell to Eeylops. The ones that prefer to only deliver mail end up being sold, but the ones that show a talent for hunting for me stay because they tend to be the best breeders.

After about an hour in the owlry, it was time to go to dinner. I know I eat extremely good food on a daily basis, but nothing beats being able to order steak tartare and hibachi grilled calamari at the same time, mmm... Viona really wanted to share my calamari, but since she still doesn't really have teeth (I mean there's one or two just now poking through her bottom gums), I had to make sure to cut hers *really* tiny. She naturally loved it, but Elena looked at us with squinted eyes until she decided to taste some too. Then I had to order more because suddenly, she was eating that more than the jumbo shrimp she'd ordered.

As for you, you were apparently craving just a plain cheeseburger. Well, the cheeseburger itself wasn't plain, having all your favorite toppings on it, I just mean that it's relatively plain compared to calamari. Anyway, after dinner was over, we went home and watched one of the movies you'd binged bought when I was still unconscious from my stupid waste of magic: Dirty Dancing. I don't know why, but I *love* that movie!

Surprisingly enough, after quite a bit of shagging from our Anniversary trip and my birthday celebration, I was tired enough tonight to fall asleep in your arms with *no* shagging. At least, not yet. It's currently 2AM (more or less) and I've just fed the babies. You are looking as irresistible as ever in your sleep, and so, I'm going to molest you. I'm going to see if I can do it so stealthily that you only wake up just before you're about to fill my mouth, hahaha.

And I would be the one, to hold you down, kiss you so hard, I'll take your breath away, and after I'd wipe away your tears, just close your eyes dear,
Draco

P.S. Is Traditions like Hogwarts in that it has final exams the first week of June and then basically holds the students hostage for the next two weeks until the results are in and all final House points are awarded (not to mention the House Cup), or does Traditions recognize the fact that these are *young* children (except for the squibs) and probably should be let out of school a bit sooner. In other words, how long until our Elena is off for summer hols?

P.P.S. That costume of yours is going to make regular appearances in our play room!

Tuesday June 6th
My Dragon,

I'm so thrilled that we're finally getting back into some "regular" life stuff. It's been so long since we've just played outside. I know the peafowl and the owlry are well taken care of, but I also know you'd rather have a direct hand in their care. So now that it's warm, and we aren't waddling everywhere we go, well you never waddled damn you, it's going to be nice to spend some evenings and weekend days just enjoying the grounds.

I can't wait to get Viona in the garden again! Last year was your mum and I gardening while Viona crawled around eating dirt and getting filthy, this summer I'm hoping I can get her more active in the actual gardening. Although I insist she still gets filthy! Have you noticed how far I've come in the last year with getting used to kids being kids? I worry a lot less than I used to when they're doing something I find dangerous ... well I don't really worry any less but I don't tell them I'm worried or stop them from doing it. I barely notice when any of the Kids strip off and Tarzan through the trees. I bet if we visited Grandmama again I wouldn't even blink at the whole family being in the geyser room.

I'm so glad you enjoyed your party. Even though you needed a bit of time in the closet to come to terms with your emotions. I know what you thought of MY costume, but what did you think about everyone else coming in costume? Weren't Rod and Bianca adorable in their Alice and the Cheshire Cat costumes? I could have just chewed on their teeny faces! Ok fine, I did nibble their cheeks a little when no one was looking. What? Baby faces are delicious.

We took our babies out for a broomstick ride! It was so wonderful. I love all of our parenting moments, yes even multiple night feedings. I don't mind changing nappies. I love when we have nothing to do and we just snuggle. But when I started really picturing having a family, one of the "big" events I allowed myself to dream about was teaching them to fly or taking tiny ones out flying on my lap. I got to do both yesterday! Lainie took to flying like she does everything, headstrong and focused. She did really well, and seemed to really have fun. I bet by the end of the summer she'll be ready for a pickup game of quidditch after a dinner at the Burrow. And watching the Princess' eyes light up when the two of you really got moving? Perfection.

Oh I forgot to answer your question about Healer Rowe, sorry I was too excited about your party to be able to focus, and I think she deserves the trip to Cancun. I would like to be selfish and say to get her the spa package because then she won't be somewhere else when we might need her, but she really deserves a trip. Remember, she put up with my hormonal insanity, and then saved your life twice; once when your magic drainage occurred and then when you went into labor. Actually, now that I think about it, I am pretty sure we should just give her both.

Traditions is done at the end of this week, so after Friday we will have almost three entire months of having Lainie all to ourselves!
I hope your meeting about the daycare goes well today. I have the three babies with me again, but if you need Viona with you to help weed out the riffraff just come get her before you head to the Leaky. Otherwise can you head here after you're done? I think Antonio is anxious to see you, I know he was at your party on Sunday, but he actually very quietly asked me a little while ago if you were planning on coming today. He's been in a lovely mood, so I don't think anything is wrong, but he probably misses you. I know I would miss you if I hadn't seen you in two days!

Fuck, don't ever make me go two days without seeing you!

Gotta run, my title as reigning champion of the climbing wall isn't going to save itself!

Love,
Harry
Chapter 217

Tuesday June 6th
Excellent news!

I really have a knack for reading people. Back when I first interviewed all those squibs - and witches and wizards to a lesser extent - I’d written down notes on all of them. Thus, when I sent out emails asking if they were interested in starting a Daycare facility, I already had a good idea which people would be good at it and like the idea. As it turns out, one of the squibs had came to the same realization (that she wanted to run a daycare) and so, became certified to run such a place out of her home for a limited amount of children. With funding and people to help her, she'll know exactly how to start a larger place for more children.

Which means that *your* daycare facility is already well on its way to a good start.

Bonus! Brainstorming today reminded me how much I love starting up new businesses - or rather, funding businesses that *others* are going to start up. So, after I review all of the businesses that I'm currently involved with (my father had to conduct the last two quarterly meetings for me, so I really should at least check up on them to ensure that everything is going well. Not that they would be doing anything else with my father in charge, hahaha!), I'm going to sit down and do a lot more planning for that area around the Leaky Cauldron that I want to develop into hybrid businesses.

Also, I remembered - while looking through my notes or something - that I had some ideas to work on involving preprogrammed non wand objects for basic household use. So I’m going to try to find some time to work on that too. Blaise, Theo, and Derek have actually agreed that it sounds promising when I Insta-owled them about it. They've naturally been keeping our hybrid muggle wizard tech company running smoothly while I was too preoccupied with other things to do my part, so there's not been anything to worry about in that area. That said, our company has basically plateaued. We developed a few products and only needed to produce them in steady quantities to sell to the public. Now that those products have been bought just about as much as they’re going to be bought by our target market, now is actually the best time to develop a few more things. Our current customers will be eager to try them because they already like our product, so - provided that they work the way they’re supposed to - we should have a loyal customer base once our new products go on sale.

Rereading that paragraph, it actually sounds rather boring, even though I'm unbelievably excited about it. Oh! Before I forget, Elena actually inspired me quite a bit! See, I plan to make something that resembles a remote control for a telly so that each button can be programmed to do something different. For example, one button can be programmed with a scourgify to wash dishes. Another button could be programmed to straighten up clutter in a room. All the buttons will be one chore or another - which I think would appeal not only to squibs, but also those witches and wizards who just aren't good at charms. *Plus* parents of muggleborn witches and wizards. And here's where Elena inspired me.

What do most parents want from their kids? Or at least I assume they do - I wouldn't actually know being raised with house elves. But chores, right? Parents want their kids to do chores such as clean
their room, wash some dishes, and vanish the trash. SO, if we market these non wand devices to kids themselves, they might just be a goldmine market. The slogan can be something like: "Kids, tired of your parents nagging you to do your chores? Well now you can do them all at the push of a few buttons!" And how are parents going to argue with that? The chores are getting done and the parents didn't have to nag, hahahahahaha!

Anyway...

So after meeting with the new Daycare team at the Leaky, I went to Unity about an hour or so before Traditions let out for the day simply so that I could have some one on one time with Antonio. Yesenia reports that he's making a lot of progress now that he's not so stressed out, but it's still going to be a long road. Part of it is me continuing to spar with him. Not *only* is it giving him skills that he can use to defend himself and others in the future if he needs to, but it's building up his confidence in himself. He'd been told his whole life to basically shut up and take it, but now, we're telling him to speak up for and stand up for himself. I can understand why it would be hard to switch from one mindset to another. Thankfully, he's young enough that he *should* be able to 'bounce back' rather quickly. I hope.

Rowe timed it today so that Mrs. Litwin came for her visit about 15 minutes before Traditions let out. The strange thing is that Mrs. Litwin would rather watch her son than hold him or talk to him. I can't be sure, but I think that maybe she figures that they'll have their whole lives to talk, but he's only going to be here with others his age with similar abilities for a little while longer. I caught her crying into a handkerchief as she watched Antonio spar with me. It's apparent to everyone that he's taking this seriously and practicing each night after dinner until he goes to bed.

But even more emotionally moving for her was when she watched him playing the enormous drum while all the other kids played whatever instrument they liked. Ethan had an actual song he wanted everyone to work on. It seems that part of his teaching style is to impart concepts during general jam sessions once or twice a week, and then implement those concepts by having the kids learn to play actual songs. He even gets them to sing!

All right, maybe that's not so surprising. It doesn't seem to take much to get the Kids to sing. I just remember a *lot* of students back in Hogwarts who'd rather choke on their bacon sandwiches than sing. *Especially* where anyone could hear them. I used to find it a lot of fun, actually, to sneak up on timid kids who didn't realize I could hear them singing to themselves, and then have Greg and Vince help me make fun of them.

I was horrible, I know, but seriously, it's hilarious to see someone turn redder than a cooked lobster. Or hear them stumble over their words because they're so flustered. Or just plain old cry from frustration. I remember this one time, Greg and Vince were tossing a book back and forth, and the kid - A First Year? A Third Year? Not sure but I think he was a Hufflepuff - he was so tiny compared to my henchmen (and me because I was rather tall, even then) that he couldn't possibly reach high enough to get his book and he was sobbing from frustration. It was so funny!

Wait, why am I talking about this? I was talking about Antonio.

Anyway, Mrs. Litwin was silently crying the entire time that Antonio played - doing a rather good job at it too. Shockingly enough, he hadn't really noticed her. Then he must have looked around during a break between rounds of practice of the song, because he suddenly burst out with: "Mum!" and ran over to hug her. They went over to one of the benches in the Park to have a little bit of privacy as they talked.

Meanwhile, I sat down next to Rowe and thanked her for all that she's done. I also gave her an envelope containing an all expenses paid trip to Cancun - scheduled next month so she has time to
organize some time off - *and* vouchers for 12 spa sessions at that place we like in London.

Note to self: research what - if anything - a *wizarding* spa could do differently that could make it worth investing in.

One of the things I'm loving about our relationship right now is that we've fallen into a pattern of working *with* the night feedings by - when the babies first go to sleep each night - we simply cuddle and do something gentle, such as frot to a lovely conclusion. Even despite having much more energy than when we were pregnant, we're still sleep deprived new parents, and so, are generally ready for bed the moment they fall asleep.

That said, we have to wake up several times a night, and so, when we do, we feed the babies, get them back to sleep, and then play with each other a bit more. I personally love to molest you until you wake up to a nice orgasm. You like to suck on my shaft or maybe just add a few love bites to my neck. It's a wonderful way to make the most of our many night time wakings, and I'd like to think that it makes the quality of our sleep - when we actually get some, haha - that much better.

My real life has just begun because there's nothing like your smile made of sun,
Draco

P.S. Rowe told me that Mrs. Litwin will almost certainly be getting released from St. Mungo’s tomorrow - but that she's going to have Antonio stay at Unity for at least a week or so as she deals with the unpleasant things such as Mr. Litwin's funeral arrangement, selling the house they lived in and either buying a new one or finding a flat. Things like that. So, he's not going home with her right away. Come to think of it, you probably already knew that since you more than likely had to sign off on it.

P.P.S. Looking forward to movie night tomorrow!

P.P.P.S. I'm not actually sure what to do for the Summer Solstice in two weeks. Hogwarts officially lets out on the 19th, and asking everyone to come back for an extra class/ritual on the 21st just seems like far too much hassle. Also, it might be nice to have an adult ritual with *no kids* in attendance. I'm just not sure where we'd host it. I should probably consult with Macmillan.

P.P.P.P.S. Love you, bloody Gryffindor!

Wednesday June 7th
Love you, sneaky Slytherin!

Why am I a bloody Gryffindor? I mean, I know why I'm a Gryffindor, but what did I do to earn a PPPPS about it?

For Summer Solstice I have some ideas for you. First, YES let's do an adult's only ritual! I love that you're teaching this younger generation about important rituals in our heritage. But, while we've been able to keep the rituals wholesome while staying true to the traditional aspects, it would be nice to not have to be so "clean" during the rituals. Let's just host it at the Manor.

Ooooh, and then at some point we can sneak off and shag in the woods, and anyone could just walk past us and see us and you'd make me keep going even when I got shy and nervous about having an audience ....

Fuck, Draco, where are you when I need you? You know you had lots of sexy ideas for playtimes before we (I) got hugely pregnant and you ran out of energy. We should probably revisit some ideas.
Fuck, my libido is back and it is making up for lost time!

I don't really love the idea of the kids missing out on learning about the solstice just because Hogwarts lets out a few days earlier. Especially since those last few days of classes amount to a whole lot of nothing, what if you did a lecture and a craft or something on say the 17th or the 18th? Give them enough information that they could do something at home with their families and make, I don't know, a wreath or something, so they still have some hands on learning. That way they still learn, no one has to come back, and we can have an adult ritual.

With shagging,

I must get my mind off of shagging.

Oh! I know what you mean about enjoying getting businesses off the ground. With my other investment ideas, the post office, the daycare, the school, etc. I love the brainstorming process, I love seeing businesses that I think will do good things for our world made into reality. But, with the exception of Unity House, I don't really love the day to day running of the businesses. I think I would go mental if I had to actually do management work day in and day out. Unity is different because I get so much hands on time with the Kids that it's worth the paperwork I need to get done. And now that I have Tabitha, that paperwork is so minimal I don't even count it anymore.

However, there is about to be some extra work involved in Unity. It's been almost a year since the fundraising gala. I know that between last year's gala, those that established regular donations, and all of your extra fundraising you've done, we are set financially for a while. But I think an annual gala should be done anyway. It keeps our Kids and their needs on the forefront of people's minds and it gives the Kids something to look forward to. We have no idea how long people are going to feel generous towards this endeavor, so it makes sense to continue to take in any willing donations that will extend the time we have Unity financially efficient.

Also, parties are fun, and it will give Lainie a reason to plan some performances.

Yes, I did know Antonio was staying on an extra week or so. I spoke with Mrs. Litwin a bit yesterday before the Kids were done playing music. I told her that he was welcome to stay until she was ready for him to come home, and not to rush her healing. But I also mentioned that him leaving did not have to mean he wouldn't have access to these kids, or any of the things he's come to love like music lessons or working out with you. That anyone who has ever been a Unity Kid is always welcome to visit, to come hang out for the day, and always always welcome for movie nights! I think she was relieved to know that taking him home didn't have to mean taking something away from him.

Ooh, I'm excited for tonight's movie too! We're watching an older one again; Willow. It looks great, but it's another one I haven't seen yet. I like showing the Kids movies that I already love, but it's extra fun to discover new ones with them.

Oh! Need to run and get Elena from school, see you for the movie!

Your bloody Gryffindor,
Harry

P.S. I know what you mean about how absolutely hilarious it is when someone turns bright red from embarrassment. One time, this boy was trying to flirt with me by being obnoxious, and then he got turned into a ferret! When he turned back into a (fucking fit) boy he was SO red!
Chapter 218

Chapter Summary

Draco doesn't appreciate Harry's ferret comment -_-  

Chapter Notes

WARNING!!! For anyone that is squicked by any sort of play between Harry and R/H, please skip this chapter. And actually, if you're squicked by non-monogamy - even consensual - please skip this chapter. That said, if you're not squicked, be prepared for a wild ride ^_^  

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday June 7th
What did you do, you ask, to be called a bloody Gryffindor?

You really don't know?

You turned me into a bloody Hufflepuff!

I'm so fluffy I'm practically a cloud!

Willow was an interesting movie; I love that it basically centered around a baby girl and that Willow practically adopted her. I can relate for some strange reason, hahaha!

But that said, I'm too tired to keep my eyes open a moment longer, so even though you're in the bathroom doing things to get ready for bed, I'm going to sign off and probably fall asleep. But hey, in my defense, Elena told the kids that it would be *brilliant* if I taught them all how to actually dance. So, not only did I have my own exercise this morning (afternoon, whatever), but then sparred with Antonio, played my guitar for a bit during the jam session, AND THEN danced for a couple of hours with the kids after the movie, and not just nice, slow, beginner's dances, but silly and crazy *Kids* dances! I feel wrung out!

I'm sending an email to Aya after I sign off telling her to come massage me when I first wake up in the morning.

Too tired to think,
Draco

P.S -_-  

Sunday June 11th
Moooorning!
So yesterday was lovely. I hope you agree. Either you fell asleep in an exhausted bliss, or you're pretending to be asleep because you don't want to tell me to my face that I've ruined our sex life and you want us to never have sex again.

I know you already know what happened, but I thought you might like a little backstory as to how everything came about.

You know, sometimes when we're emailing each other I feel a bit silly, I'm telling you things you already know. But I think it makes us closer being able to read about how the other was feeling when things were happening.

And I know right now, while our relationship is still in those newer stages, it feels like we could never forget a moment of our lives. But I imagine that the more memories we create, and we have a whole lifetime to create them, that these first ones will be harder to imagine exactly as they happened. So our corresponding has become a journal, or a record, of the beginning of a lifetime of memories.

Ok, I will stop with the sappy and move on to the sexy.

Well, I have to start pre-sex, but it won't be sappy!

You've been so busy lately with Antonio. We also have newborns. And we've had a number of our lovely family rituals. So it's actually been fairly easy to keep secrets from you. Your surprise birthday party was much easier to hide than I ever thought it would be, if you hadn't had so many things to hyper-focus on I am sure you would have caught wind of my plans.

While I was planning our anniversary trip and then your party, the grandmothers kept begging me to let them run away with the children so we could have alone time. I had excuse after excuse; I refuse to let the babies be away from us while we're still counting their age in weeks, we've taken Elena out of school for traveling too much, Antonio's trial could happen any minute, etc.

Tuesday, when you were at your meeting at the Leaky, our mums cornered me at Unity. I thought Narcissa would start, but it was Molly right out of the gates, "Harry, your babies will be two months old on Friday, yes months. Friday is not only the last day of classes at Traditions, but it is a half day. Antonio's charges have been dropped, he's doing well, and he will be going home with his mother by next week. You are out of excuses, we are taking the children on a holiday with their grandparents this weekend."

My jaw just about hit the floor, and I think I managed to stammer out a "Bu .. but ..." when your mother pinned me with her terrifying Malfoy glare and said "Harry Malfoy, not a son of my blood, but a son in my heart, are you telling me that you don't trust me, that you don't trust Molly, with your children?"

And just like that, they had won. I had no response to that. And so "Operation GrandKidNapping" began.

Now, I could have just chosen to have a lazy weekend in the manor. We could have traveled somewhere just the two of us. But my cock and I had a long conversation, and I decided crazy, kinky, sex-filled debauchery was the plan.

Friday night, just before bedtime, the entire group that was leaving, said their goodbyes to us, figuring traveling right when the children were getting sleepy might make travels a bit easier. I never would have had the idea of this particular group of people taking a trip together, but Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, along with their Della and Sebastian, Arthur and Molly Weasley, Andromeda Tonks, and their assorted grandchildren, Elena, Mac, Teddy, Victoire, Viona, Roderick, Bianca,
Eris, and Orion - along with our Muffy, her babies, and Dibby, your parents' two house elves, and Kreacher coming from Hogwarts - set off to our jet to fly to France for the weekend.

After quite a few tears, some of them were even from the children, they left and it was just the two of us to rattle around in the big empty manor. After the long week we had, we just had a nice slow gentle shag and went to sleep wrapped around each other.

Saturday morning was a completely different story. I decided to step outside of my comfort zone and see how far I could push myself for you. I love being your sub, I feel like I was born for it, but I know you like the occasional role reversal, and we've been able to give you a bit of that with Luna, but I thought you might enjoy it from me.

When I woke up, I did everything I could to keep you asleep while I got ready. Once ready, I tied your hands to our headboard with some silk scarves and charmed the knots nice and tight. Then I started gently licking you, starting at your neck, licking down your chest, giving a few soft sucks to each of your nipples, working my way down the planes of your stomach (which by the way, after two months of dancing, are possibly tighter than they were pre-baby! You're amazing!) giving small kisses to the inside of your thighs, larger wet kisses to your bollocks, and then laving stripes up that cock of yours I could worship all day.

Your cock was awake before you were, but only two licks on him and I heard you ask in a slightly panicked tone "Harry?" I immediately pulled myself up to you, gave you a searing kiss, and whispered into your ear, "My Dragon, I love you and I want to give this to you. You know your safe word, just that one word and I will stop this, untie you, and we never have to talk about it again. But if you don't say it, then I'm in charge right this moment. Are you going to say it?"

"No Harry."

"There's my good dragon. Now, I don't have many rules, you're allowed to be as loud as you want, I want to hear you my love. Other than that, you don't have to do anything other than what I tell you to, which won't be much because you're tied up so nice and tight." Then I started down the same path from your neck to your lovely cock, but this time I wasn't worried about waking you. I marked you mine in a trail of love bites and actual bites until I got to your groin, and passed up what you thought was the goal. You begged and pleaded for me to "Just suck me already, damnit Harry!"

"Well, that sounds like a dragon who doesn't know how to be respectful, just be happy I don't lock this up instead of just passing it over darling." And without any other warning, I grabbed the backs of your thighs, pressed your legs to your chest, and started kissing your sweet arse. I have never heard such high pitched screeching coming from you. Gods it was so fucking hot. Then your pretty mouth started begging and pleading, just "Please, please, please, mmmmmfff, yes, oh gods, fuck, Harreeee!!" I can't tell if you were begging for more, for me to stop, or for something else. I'm not sure if you knew what you were begging for either.

When I thought you couldn't take another minute, I dropped your legs and showed off my impressive missing gag reflex, swallowing you whole in one go. You went off like a rocket, hot pulses shooting down my throat. You sighed so sweetly when it was done. And stayed relaxed for a solid ten seconds before you realized I hadn't stopped sucking, and I had no intention of stopping. "No, no, nooo, Harry, I can't!" Except you could, and you did. I just kept sucking while you babbled and begged and moaned, until you managed to shoot off again. I moaned into my mouthful and peeked up at you. Draco, I don't know if I have ever seen anything more beautiful than you, tied to our bed, flushed, glistening, staring down at me. I kept my mouth on you for just long enough that you thought I might just keep going and trying for a third straight finish. No, I'm not quite that mean.

I popped off of you, put out my hand, and wordlessly and wandlessly accio'd our lube. I knelt next to
you, got my fingers dripping, and told you it was time to prep for round three. I heard your breath hitch and your pupils blow out even wider when you realized I was fingering myself open. My cock pointed towards your face, but not close enough for you to reach it, swollen and dripping, while I moaned and fucked myself on my own fingers. "Ugh, Dragon, I'm getting my hole ready for your cock to fill it. Mmm, it feels so good and I only have two fingers in so far. I can't decide if I want to finger myself just enough to get you inside, or if I want to stuff myself as full as I can so your fat cock can just slide right in where it belongs." I start rubbing my own cock with my left hand while I continued to stretch myself open for you. Then reaching down and rubbing my swollen bollocks. I started squeezing them, moaning harder at the pleasure and pain combination. "Oh, my love, there go three. Shall I go for four? Would you like me to get four fingers up my arse Draco?"

You practically screamed, "Yes Harry!" so I turned around, taking my fondling out of your line of sight, but gave you a front row seat to my hole glistening, covered in our fragrant oils, while I had four of my fingers plunging past my stretched taught rim. "Oh Draco, my love, I am so ready for you, I need your cock in me. My fingers aren't enough. Do you like this baby? You like seeing me get ready for you?" Again, I think I had gotten you to the point of completely losing all rational thought. Because you were just moaning "please" and "Harry" and "fuck" over and over again. It seemed like no time at all, and you were rock hard and ready again.

I straddled you, and slowly started working my way down onto your gorgeous shaft. When I bottomed out, I thought your eyes were going to roll back into your head. I started running my hands all over myself. Pinching my own nipples, stroking my own shaft, rolling my bollocks in my hands. You were almost crying and begging me to untie you so you could touch me. "No. Good dragons listen and do what they're told. You can watch me touch myself. I will take requests from very nice dragons though."

I've never heard you be so polite, "Please Harry, stroke yourself. Oh, I want you to play with your nipples. Mmm, harder, you like it harder Harry!" After what seemed like hours, you started panting and shouted out "Fuck fuck fuck! Can I come, please let me come!"

"You come whenever you can my gorgeous dragon, this morning is for you. Come for me Dragon!" And then you did. As soon as you started screaming out your orgasm, I took off my own denial spell and joined you. You seemed to black out for just a moment, so I took the time to untie you and softly massage your poor arm muscles that must have been sore from having them tied over your head for so long. When you came to a minute later, I got you some water, and pulled you in to cuddle up into my chest.

Then we took a nice little nap, and then a leisurely bath. And just had a lazy afternoon of soft kisses, catching up on what we had missed from each other while we'd been so busy, and going on a stroll around the gardens. That was the end of our kinky weekend.

Or, it was just the opening act. You see, when I knew that not only would we be childless, but that our lovely former playmate would have a weekend free of baby duty, I decided to ask him to help me with a lovely surprise for you. After my cornering from the mums, I decided to corner our Blaise. I asked him if he would like to play on Saturday evening, and I told him he should bring some friends. He asked who he should bring and I left that up to him. He laughed and said "well, except for people you would never consider, I know your limits Harry."

And then I stopped him and let him know, "Blaise, over the last year, I have overcome a lot of my insecurities that had dictated my playtime rules I set when Draco and I first started playing. Unless the person you're thinking of is one of our close blood relatives, or not a consenting adult, you can bring anyone." "What about ..." and I cut him off, "Anyone, and don't tell me who you're picking, I might be setting this up, but I could use a fun surprise too. Just be in our playroom right after dinner.

"You come whenever you can my gorgeous dragon, this morning is for you. Come for me Dragon!"
The only rules are no one kisses me on the mouth, no bodily fluids that aren't cum, and no permanent marks."

So after a dinner, I dragged you back to our rooms. You started to lay down on the bed, obviously having your energy back from our morning activities. I told you we had to keep going, and I started peeling off my clothes on my way up to the play room. You stayed clothed as you generally like it when I'm vulnerably naked or almost naked while you're still dressed. Well, it's actually my kink, but you seem to enjoy it as well. When you noticed what I had on under my clothes you asked me if I was trying to kill you. I was wearing lingerie, which certainly wasn't new for us, but I had never worn something quite like this. All green, because I know how much my Slytherin likes seeing me in his colors, and nothing but a series of ribbons and a few sheer scraps of lace set in strategic places. On a woman it would have been feminine and beautiful and highlighted breasts and hips. But it highlighted my straight edges, and all of those lean muscles I've finally gotten back.

We kept kissing and stumbled our way into our dimly lit playroom, but you froze and then grinned that Cheshire cat grin I love so much when we were interrupted by Blaise drawling out a "Hello boys." But when you turned and saw he wasn't alone, your eyes went wide and I felt your cock, that had been working its way up to hard on the trip upstairs, pop immediately to full mast. I was watching your face so I had to look when I saw how shocked you were.

When I saw who Blaise had brought with, I could not have been more shocked. You and I were both speechless but Blaise must have rehearsed this for quite a while. "Draco, you've mentioned before that I am the only person to have shagged the entire golden trio, but even I haven't had them all at once." Then he leered at me and finished up with, "yet." This is when you turned to me in a panic and breathily asked "how are you ok with this? It's the Weasel and your 'Mione!" But before I could answer, Ron came up to us, leaned in to your ear, and said "I'm about to have your dick down my throat, don't you think it's about time you call me Ron, Draay-co?" Again, I have no idea how they weren't more freaked out, but before either of us could respond, Ron had dropped to his knees and was working at the fastenings of your trousers, while Hermione was at your back working her hands towards the buttons of your shirt. You looked at me with a question in your eyes, and I finally realized that the look on your face wasn't panic, but barely concealed hope.

"Draco, be good for me and ask RON nicely to suck your dick." I demanded with what was left of my bossiness from the morning. You let out a deep groan, "Please, I'd really like you to suck my dick, Ron." And so he did. I walked over to Blaise to watch for a bit. Ron made quick work of your bottoms, while Hermione started undressing the rest of you. Blaise wrapped his arms around me and pulled my back up against his chest so we could both watch you three while he had his hands roam.
all over my barely covered body. Hermione was sucking every bit of skin as she uncovered it, and Ron had already gotten you to the back of his throat. You kept your eyes locked on mine. Ron devouring your cock and Hermione sucking your neck while Blaise sucked on mine.

Eventually we were all naked and 'Mione finally let out that bossy girl I've always known, "Ron, you've had him long enough, it's my turn." We all assumed that meant she was going to take over where Ron was, but instead she laid back on some cushions, spread her legs like she was laying out a feast, and ordered you to "use that pretty pureblood mouth to make this muggleborn cum all over your face." Well, I wouldn't say you're dissatisfied with our sex life, not even close, but you certainly don't have as much opportunity to eat pussy as you may like, so you dove in like a starving man. 'Mione immediately started moaning, and then started in on me, "Harry James, it is a crime that someone without a pussy has stolen away this professional from the females of the world!" And then as usual, Ron had to argue with her, "Hermione, we don't know that he isn't equally good at cock-sucking, we should give him a chance to prove himself." "No, Ron, I am too fucking close, don't you dare take that tongue away from me!" It didn't take long before she was shaking and squealing, and you pulled back just as she started squirting like a fountain.

You took a play from my book and didn't give her a second to recover before kneeling between her legs and slamming your cock into her. I could hear how sopping wet she was from where Blaise and I were watching. Ron took that opportunity to put his cock near your mouth and you wasted no time in sucking him. Blaise gave me a nudge, "He needs the entire trio, go join them." So while you were bent to pound into 'Mione and reach Ron all at the same time, it gave me such nice access to your arse. I started rimming you just like you like, then grabbed the lube Blaise handed me, and prepped you well enough not to hurt, but I couldn't wait very long. When I slid home I leaned to whisper in your ear, "I love you Draco. Merlin! Look at you! You've got your cock inside of Hermione Granger, I bet she's all warm and wet and tight huh? Is it just what you wanted it to be? Oh wait, you can't answer me because your mouth is full of Ronald Weasley's cock, you never imagined that did you? Oh, I bet you did. I bet you couldn't even admit to yourself that you wanted this. And your husband Harry Not-Potter is balls deep in your tight arse." You could not stop moaning around Ron's shaft. I kept pounding you from behind which made you slam into Hermione harder and harder.

I had stopped talking to you, I was too busy trying to keep myself from coming without a denial spell, but Blaise picked up my slack. "Yeah, Ron, don't be too rough, but you can fuck his face. He likes it. He's so good at that isn't he?" Ron agreed, "yeah, so good, 'Mione I promise you he isn't wasted on dick." Blaise started playing with her breasts, tweaking her nipples, "Love, you're going to come again aren't you? You're going to come so hard that you squeeze our Draco here and he's going to come so deep inside of you isn't he?" Well, that was it for me, I moaned your name in your ear, and unloaded inside of you! I pulled out but I needed to kiss you, so I pulled you off of Ron and took a kiss.

It only took me a moment to realize that Ron hadn't moved, his cock just sitting there next to our faces. I looked up at him and realized this was the moment I wasn't sure about. Until you commanded in my ear, "Go on baby, suck him, I know you want to. I think you've always wanted to at least a little. He tastes so good. You'll suck him for me won't you?" Well nothing was going to stop me at that point. For my master I could do anything. I took him all the way in. He did taste good. Just a little different, but he'd been in your mouth long enough that there was just enough familiarity to it. Gods, I was sucking one of my best friends while my husband was sunk balls deep into my other best friend.

Ron moved and laid out next to Hermione, I tried to go back to sucking, but he stopped me and asked, "Ride me Harry?" Fucking hell. Holy bloody fuck. I was really going to do this! I was going to fuck Ron Weasley, or get buggered BY him to be really technical. Knowing we were coming to
play with Blaise I had already lubed, prepped, and even plugged myself before we came up here. So I popped out the plug, and while holding your hand, I slammed myself down onto the cock of the man who'd been my first friend, my friend since we were eleven. I paused once my arse hit his bollocks, and locked eyes with Ron, then 'Mione, then Blaise, and ending with you. I kissed you, and you knew just what I needed, "Show Ron what a good boy you can be for me, I don't want him to think my pretty little slut is lazy, ride him like you mean it!" I growled out a "Yes Sir!" and proceeded to give him the fuck of his life if I do say so myself.

You grabbed my hand and started pulling it towards where you and Hermione were connected. Slow enough that I could pull away if I wasn't ok with it, but I knew I could do this for you. You showed me just where to touch her, rubbing her clit enough to make her squeal but not too hard. And while I was doing this I felt a hand wrap around my length. Then a second hand. I looked down and realized that Hermione and Ron were both using a hand to stroke my dripping cock.

I was really thinking that poor Blaise must feel so left out, and then his massive shaft was right in front of us between our faces. You and I each started licking and kissing the side, then meeting at the head to share filthy kisses around his swollen head. Between watching me, fucking 'Mione, and snogging around Blaise's massive cock, you couldn't hold off anymore and unloaded into Hermione. Blaise pulled himself away from us, laid down and told Hermione, "Come show Harry what a good rider you are too, hurry up, I want to feel Draco's cum drip out of you and all over me." Again, the dirty talk really does it for me, and that was the tipping point. I clenched up and started coming all over Ron's chest. Before I came down from my high, he had gotten some on his fingers, and was licking it off. Then you leaned over and licked the rest of it directly off of him. And that was it for Ron, and I felt him unload inside of me.

With everyone spent but the woman who can have multiple orgasms and Blaise who hadn't come at all, you, me, and Ron snuggled in to watch the rest of the show. Hermione came twice more, and Blaise decided to let her poor swollen sex rest a bit, and asked which of us wanted him next. Ron piped up with, "You say that Harry's taken your massive dick better than anyone else," (I had to blush, but felt oddly proud of myself) "so I want to see him take you without any whining or wincing or softening! I don't believe it's really possible, I think you just say that to get me to whine less!"

"No, Ron" (I'm so proud of how easily you're saying his name now!) "He's telling the truth, no one takes a cock like my Harry." Then you turned to me, "be my good boy and show Ron how a real man takes a huge cock." So I climbed up on what I lovingly refer to as my Blaise table, grabbed onto your hand, and you and I pulled my legs back to give everyone a peek at my hole, which was still dripping a bit with Ron's cum. Blaise placed his head at my arse and started to slowly push in. Well with you telling me what a good boy I am and how proud of me you were, I could take anything. So I decided to show off and demanded Blaise go faster and harder and "Get the fuck in me already!" He took the rare opportunity to fuck someone hard and fast and finished inside me as well.

Those three moved off to recover but I stayed splayed out on that table and gave you my best puppy dog eyes, "I'm full of everyone but you Master, please fill me up" Your cock was certainly ready for more by then, and after prepping, my plug, taking Ron, and definitely after taking Blaise, you slid right in. Fucking me, whispering sweet nothings, and filthy obscenities in my ear. After you unloaded, we joined the pile of naked sweaty limbs, until the five of us were ready for round .... I don't even know at that point.

So that was our night. Eventually you and I made our way to our own bed. And no matter how exhausted I am, my stupid body will not let me sleep too late. So I decided to unload into our email.

I really hope yesterday was wonderful for you, and that you loved everything we did.
I'll see you when you wake up, take your time, I will just lie here and stare at your gorgeous face.

Your love heals all of the broken edges of my wounded heart,
Harry

P.S. Blaise and whichever miscellaneous guests he chose to invite were told that Sunday was a sex free-for-all as well. So unless you're horrified and want me to send everyone away, you had better take a pepper-up and eat a hearty breakfast when you finally wake up, because I have a feeling our weekend isn't even close to over.

Chapter End Notes

Harry finally figured out how to get Draco to say Ron's name, hee hee hee ^_^
Chapter 219

Chapter Summary

Draco finally gets a chance to set up and enact a challenge Harry agreed to months ago :D

Chapter Notes

WARNING!!! More potentially squicky sexual behavior. Please skip if you are squicked by Harry and Draco with anyone else. That said, the next chapter will not be squicky :-)
your throat; whichever happens first. When you've finished blowing *everyone* then you have to
tell me which one was me."

Grinning, I looked up and down the line of our friends. Blaise, Hermione, R.... sigh Ron, Theo,
Derek (Pansy's cousin, in case you forgot about him), Luna, and Greg. Yes, Greg. I was shocked
that he agreed, but he said something about loving blowjobs and not being particularly choosy about
who gives them. Can't really argue with him there, hahahahaha!

Side note, I had invited Neville but he declined as he said that having any sort of sex with you -
whom he thinks of as a bit of a brother - sort of squicks him. We're going to have to flirt with him
outrageously until he changes his mind, hahahahahahahaha!

Second side note, I had actually asked Hermione at one point - while you were cooking that tasty
dinner - why she and Ron had agreed to play around with us so easily. Or at least I assume it must
have been easily since they didn't waffle about and just got into it. She told me that her and R... sigh,
Ron (yes, I'm getting better about it, but it's still strange when we're not directly in the middle of
playing) her and Ron have actually had just a tiny bit of a crush on you for years and once
considered having a triad relationship with you, but before either of them could gather up the courage
to suggest it to you, you actually started emailing me, and it was obvious to everyone that, well, erm,
we sort of were crazy for each other, heh. And then they fell for Blaise.

As for me, apparently I'm so hot that there's no way they were going to pass the chance up, hahaha!
Yes, I just unconsciously preened smugly (until I realized what I was doing), no, you may not heckle
me about it.

So, getting back to the line up. There we all were, hard and ready to go. I was the sixth out of eight
in line. I figured that you'd assume that I would either be first or last in line, or perhaps in the middle,
so I chose near the end of the line so that A: I could enjoy watching you work for the majority of the
time, and B: I wouldn't be in an easily identifiable place.

The best part was that I cast a mild vibration spell on your mouth and watched as you made all our
friends' legs shake and knees buckle. Not to mention gasp and groan. Even without the spell, you are
a marvel with your mouth and hands, but *with* the spell, not one person lasted more than three
minutes. Especially Luna, who I think managed to actually have two or three consecutive orgasms
despite being a man at the time.

Oh did I forget to mention that part? I take it back, THAT was the best part. I polyjuiced them all
into *me* so that technically, you gave me eight blowjobs in a row. I could actually see you become
rather confused by the third and fourth ones. See, I do believe that you could tell me apart from
Blaise's normally massive one, or one that happened to be shorter and thicker (rather than long and
thin... ish), and you would *definitely* be able to tell me apart from Hermione and Luna, but picking
me out of a line up of me?

**AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**

Merlin's twisted pubic hair! I'm brilliant! Seeing you with eight of me damn near ended things before
you even got to me!

And YOU'RE brilliant! You sucked and swallowed like you were actually saving babies from being
eaten by lions rather than just playing with our friends. And by that, I mean that you put all of your
focus into doing a good job, as evidenced by the fact that each one called out: "Oh Harry!" as they
pumped your mouth full.

So, once you'd turned us all into wobbly bits of goo, I forced you to turn away from us as I ended the
spell (so that you wouldn't know which one I was by seeing me do that). OH! Weren't you just floored when you turned back around and saw eight of me.
BUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

But that was just the start of playtime as the eight of us had a lot of fun tying you to a massage table and stroking you. Licking you. Fondling you. Teasing the bloody fuck out of you! I let anyone who wanted to take more sips of polyjuice and remain me, which they all did at first. Luna and Hermione took turns having you, both probably at least a little interested to know what it was like to have sex as a man. But then Luna let herself change back because she wanted to play with you as herself. She sucked on your shaft while the others took turns pounding into you.

It seems that everyone had cast orgasm denial spells - except the women - and so were able to go for quite a bit. You squirted three times before your cries changed in tone and it was clear that you were done for the night. That was when everyone else let the polyjuice wear off and migrated to the massive bed so that they could play with each other. I played a little bit too - later on - but first, it was my pleasure to take care of you. To untie you. Soothe you. Hold you close until you calmed down and were ready to just sit and watch the show.

"Found you," you murmured as you kissed me.

"Yes you did," I admitted with a soft smile before returning your kiss.

And now you're sleeping and I'm only awake because despite passing out from sheer exhaustion from *way too much* sex, I woke up in the middle of the night in a panic because I hadn't woken up yet for a night feeding. So I thought I'd take a moment to write down my memories because honestly, I'm going to want to be able to reread this and remember this night for *years* to come!

I love you Harry Malfoy! You are the best husband I could ever have, and it's *not* just because you are so open and eager to having kinky sex with me - in copious amounts - but it's because you are willing to do all the non sexy things with me too. Such as cuddle. And raise kids. HA! I'm pretty sure we're going to be doing WAY more than our fair share of raising kids throughout our lives.

Like a gift from the heavens, it was easy to tell, it was love from above, that could save me from hell, he had fire in his soul, it was easy to see, how the devil himself could be pulled out of me.

Draco

Monday June 12th
My Slytherin,

See? You've not turned into a Hufflepuff at all! You are a cunning, devious, Slytherin. But can I tell you a secret? The hat really truly was correct when it said I would do well as a Slytherin myself. You see, I knew those were all you, but not you. I thought the first was you, until you didn't do your keening sound when I did that thing with my throat you like so much. So I just assumed someone else had a very similar cock. But when I got to the second one that seemed exactly like you, and I heard a very feminine and surprised "Oh!" when I deep throated? I knew something was up. However, admitting that at the time would have taken away all of my fun, and I had at least six more of you to suck!

I would be willing to bet that my confused look was me trying to figure out who was who based on moans.

I feel a bit weird about how easily I've taken to this playing with others thing. At first I was so
worried that it would feel like cheating and I'd hate it, and I've just had the time of my life letting my friends tie me to a table and fuck my brains out.

I seriously felt as though my brains were gone by the time you untied me. I think I was talking, but I am certain it sounded nothing like actual coherent words.

Can I tell you something awful? Last night was absolutely delicious, but I am kinda disappointed that Neville wants nothing to do with me. I honestly get it. And I don't even want to flirt with him until he comes around, because the entire time I'd be thinking about how I had to convince him to sleep with me. And here I was thinking I could be such a good puppy with Charlie for the two of you!

Merlin Draco, you're so good to me! It may not be EVERY sub's dream to have a night like last night. But being tied down and completely unable to move while a group of trusted people picked out by my husband used my body for pleasure? Apparently you think I came three times? I felt like it was just one long one. Or thirty small ones?

But lying in your arms, letting you care for me while I came down from my sex high. Knowing that no matter what we do during these playtimes, at the end of it all, it's just you and me. My husband, the love of my life.

Oh! Pansy; I'm not surprised that she wasn't there last night. I really have come to think of her as not just your friend, but mine as well. But I think we both know she and I don't have THAT kind of friendship! She did send a message this morning that she is coming here this coming weekend. It seems really soon for a visit, I mean she was just here for your party a week ago. But she insists that we do one of our Circle dinners. You know it's not a problem for me! I'm always up for seeing more of our friends ...

Get it? Because last night I saw more of them than I ever had before?!?

Shut it you, I'm bloody hilarious.

Well, I am going to go for a run, and then go over to Unity. The GrandKidNappers won't be back until later this afternoon, and if I sit here staring at the clock all day thinking about my babies that I haven't seen in over 48 hours, I may just try to apparate myself to France. Then I will splinch myself, and I don't think there are any of my parts you want to do without. So I am going to see how the first weekday with all of the Kids out on summer hols is going, to distract myself.

If you wake up with enough time before our crew gets home, come meet me at Unity! I'll bet I can kick your arse in a climbing wall race!

Do you think our children have forgotten us? Do you think they think we've abandoned them? I know Elena knows us and understands and probably had a blast. But what if Viona thinks she's been abandoned by another set of parents? What if Eri and Ori don't even know who we are when they get back? I didn't like that Viona called me Mumdah at first, but now what if she never calls me that again and she calls me .... Mr Malfoy ... or Harry!

Breathe breathe breathe Harry! Okay, I have to go run this off or I will get myself good and worked up. Maybe I should go hide under some costumes in the closet. Nope, my brain will follow me there!

Hopefully I will see you, and our children, soon!

Hysterically Yours,
Harry
Chapter 220

Chapter Summary

Draco is intrigued by the tidbit Harry let slip.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating yesterday. I'm going through a little something and wasn't feeling well.

Tuesday June 13th
Charlie? As in Charlie Weasley?

Hot damn! It may take me several minutes to think this through carefully...

So... how did you find this out? Also, do you think they have sex during puppy play, or do you think they keep that separate? Hmm... More to think about. I might need to take a bath while I think. So glad it's the middle of the night and the babies just ate!

Oh! Speaking of our babies, you know what I caught myself doing when they started to fuss just a tiny bit and woke me up? I caught myself snuggling up between them in my pygmy marmoset form. I'm not entirely sure I would have had the courage to do that on purpose since - even as newborns who still don't move on their own very much yet - I would have thought they'd accidentally smother me. But apparently not. Or maybe I'd only just transformed and they hadn't had a chance yet, heh heh.

When they returned from their weekend holiday, our combined parents regaled us with every detail of their trip, but to be honest, my eyes glazed over and my ears shut off after about two minutes, and so I have no bloody clue what they did. They could have sacrificed our children to werewolves for all I know. They didn't do that, right? No... My parents definitely wouldn't do that and yours probably wouldn't either. Although, I will admit that our babies would be *adorable* as teeny tiny werewolves, hahaha!

Except I *really* wouldn't be able to transform in front of them...

Anyway, Viona definitely still calls you Mumda and our babies didn't seem to forget us - at least, they still sort of smiled at me when they saw me, so I assume they remember me. And probably you.

Salazar! My brain is still half mush from our weekend!

I'm going to stop writing now and snuggle up to you in an attempt to get more sleep while it's still tonight.

Love you, my silly little mutt,
Draco
Tuesday June 13th
Good morning my love,

I am so tired! Thank Merlin. Waking up all night with Eri and Ori, and even Viona once, was beautifully exhausting. I'm honestly quite glad that we had an insane weekend, it kept my mind busy enough to not think of our children every second, and it made me pass out at the end of each day. But I was so happy to have them back in our bed where they belong last night.

I have to confess something though, I don't think their fussing woke you. I woke up and saw you had transformed so I went to grab the camera as quietly as I could because I needed a picture of that! I think the camera going off combined with me trying to sneak back into bed is what started them fussing and then woke you up. Sorry?

We've been so busy that I completely forgot that we could probably transform again. I think tonight I am going to go fox and let Viona and Elena admire, pet, and cuddle me. Hmm, I wonder what Onyx will think of a teeny fox? I'll make sure you're nearby in case Onyx decided to try and fight me or something.

But oh my goodness, yes, Charlie Weasley!! Can you believe it? I could hardly believe it myself. So here's how I found out. At the party after our almost twins' naming ceremony, I saw a bit of black leather peeking out of Charlie's collar. His hair is longer so it wasn't super noticeable, but as someone who wears a collar every day, I tend to keep an eye out for other people wearing similar things. It makes me feel less like a freak I suppose. I didn't think much of it, just more curiosity, but then I noticed Neville around him a lot. Which I did think about, I mean Nev was never particularly close to the Weasleys and Charlie was out of school by the time we started at Hogwarts.

And then when I started paying attention to it I saw that Neville would walk by and put his hand on the back of Charlie's neck, subtly, but it was every time he'd walk near him. After that I really started paying attention, and noticed that they tried to hide it, but those two would not stop staring at each other. And finally, I realized Charlie was moving weird, he's normally quite graceful for such a muscular guy, but he seemed to avoid sitting and when he did sit he was shifting quite a bit. It looked familiar and then it hit me! He was either wearing a plug, or he had a sore bum, I certainly know how someone sits in either of those situations!

I don't know for 100% sure if they keep pup and sex separate, but remember when Neville blurted it out to me about where he bought his pup's supplies, and I mentioned that the guy walking through London on a leash wasn't going to judge him? Well, I didn't completely stop there, I pretty much tied it all to sex (because I can rarely get my brain to stop thinking about sex with you!) and he never once argued with me or clarified that his wasn't sexual in nature. So I could be wrong, but my guess is that it might not ALWAYS be sex, but that it includes sex.

I think our kids are going to be quite sick of me by the end of the day. I have been hugging them and smooching their little faces, and telling them how much I love them all morning. I missed them so much! I actually came to write this email because Lainie gave me a look that promised a pre-teen display of attitude if I didn't give her some space. But, it's been probably a half an hour since then, so I should probably go hug her again!

Then I think I will drag the kiddos in the garden until you're up.

Love,

Harry
P.S. I received a message from Tabitha, Antonio is going home on Thursday. She would have been ready for him tomorrow, but he wanted to do another movie night and having him pack up and go home just to come right back a few hours later seemed silly.

P.P.S. You KNOW your parents wouldn't sacrifice our children to the werewolves, but you THINK mine probably wouldn't? Not cool Draco, not cool.
Tuesday June 13th
So, wait...

You mean to tell me that *you're* the reason the babies woke up and woke *me* up, and you didn't even have the courtesy to say: "Go back to sleep, love, I got this,"? Remind me to tie you to the ceiling and leave you there for at least an hour tonight. Or maybe cast a stinging hex on your arse. A PAINFUL one! -_- 

You know, when I said we should flirt outrageously with Neville, I *didn't* mean in an attempt to persuade him to want to shag you/us, I meant as a way to basically show him that we're really friendly people and he might be thinking about you in the wrong way. But since you would feel bad doing it, I think I'll change tactics and simply put you on your leash and take you for a walk to his shop so I can buy some flowers for my mother to thank her for giving us a weekend without kids. That way, he can see that you are serious about not judging his lifestyle and maybe he'll think about you a little differently without us doing anything overt to try to interest him. If that makes sense.

Did you have fun with the kids in the garden? I basically woke up, read your email, got dressed and went straight to Unity House to spend the day with Antonio. I know that he's doing better than he was, but I still feel like I should spend this time with him while I can so that he has a solid foundation to keep him calm when he's on his own.

Plus, I ordered him a Komboloi from a website and it arrived today. It was interesting to see his face when I told him that the 'pretty bracelet' was actually a set of beads made specifically to stroke when a person needs to keep calm. I told him - and showed him - how I always wear the Komboloi you gave me and stroke it whenever I feel out of sorts. These days, it can usually keep me from having to run to my closet, but even when I *do* run to my closet, I stroke them and calm down a lot faster. He looked interested and took the Komboloi as if I had just presented him with the crown jewels.

And then we practiced our Krav Maga for so many hours that I completely lost track. Only stopping when Elena showed up and insisted that he play in the Park with her for a bit before they started on the music lesson. Basically, she gave me about an hour break before insisting that I teach them more about dancing. Merlin! Having kids is serious exercise all on its own!

But anyway, during that break I took, I got a chance to talk to Mrs. Litwin. It seems that when one considers *all* the circumstances behind Mr. Litwin's death, well, his insurance company concluded that his death was 'accidental' and so is covered by his policy. SO, she received the entire quarter million Galleon payout and was able to buy a nice house on the outskirts of Godric's Hallow. This means that Antonio will actually be within walking/biking distance of Unity House and can visit anytime he likes. Especially for his therapy sessions.

It also means that Mrs. Litwin is thinking long and hard about sending him to Traditions with the squib kids next year rather than Hogwarts. See, for obvious reasons, Mr. Litwin didn't want to send him to Hogwarts and while Mrs. Litwin DID teach Antonio as much magic as she could - and could continue to do so quite well, she's actually rather brilliant and would make an excellent addition to the Hogwarts staff, in my opinion - he's obviously behind in areas that requires verbalization. Such as spell casting. So, she actually thinks he would be considered terribly behind at Hogwarts and isn't sure it's the right fit for him.

But now I'm exhausted and would quite like to wake you up long enough to put me back to sleep.
You make lovin' fun,
Draco

Wednesday June 14th
My Dragon,

I don't think offering to tie me up and suspend me from the ceiling to torture me is going to be much of a deterrent for me. Also, a sore and painful arse? Do you even know me?

I am really quite sorry though. I was afraid if I told you I took a picture that you would take the camera away and destroy the evidence of your adorableness, so I did my pretend sleeping thing I do every so often so I can watch you with our babies. I won't do it again, and just to prove myself, I will get up with them for all of their feedings for the next week. Fair?

I am so glad that Antonio will be nearby! For all that he is "your" Kid, he's really settled into my heart. He hasn't even been here all that long, but seeing how much he's grown and changed and healed is astounding. I can't wait to see how much further he goes. Obviously he is not my child, so my opinion doesn't amount to much, but I think he would do quite well at Traditions. He could do so much learning in the Squib Curriculum, but he'd still have access to magical teachers so he can work towards becoming competent with magic at the same time. Mrs. Litwin will have to meet with Hermione to discuss the particulars, but I can't imagine that plan not being workable.

Hermione ... I think you probably noticed that I not only didn't say anything about her (and Ron obviously) in my reply to your email, and that I haven't brought them up when we've been together either. Am I truly that oblivious Draco? I didn't notice my two best friends (at the time, you are my best friend of all time, stop growling!) had feelings for me? It's not important now, they are in love, and they have Blaise, not to mention I am madly in love with you and we are happily married. But how was I so self absorbed to not see what was happening with them? I noticed when they fell for each other, and I think I was the first one to see their feelings for Blaise went beyond just wanting to shag his fit arse, but I got zero vibes from them towards me?

I was a bit worried that this weekend would have changed our friendship, but I had lunch with the two of them today and it was like any other day. Although I did have one moment where I felt the blush creep up my neck when Ron started moaning over his pie! What? He apparently only has one moan, and he uses it for sex and food!

I think I kept telling myself and you that I didn't want to "play" with them because I thought of Ron as a brother (and that whole 'Mione having girl parts thing) but when I sit back and analyze my feelings a bit, I think I was just more scared of losing their friendship than anything else. Today's lunch was definitely a relief to know that they're still just Ron and 'Mione for me.

Oh, apparently my memory was mush this weekend ... gee I wonder why ... and I missed a ton of things I wanted to say to you in response to your writings. What do you mean you aren't sure if you've ever seen the kitchen at the Manor? I will admit it has only been a handful of times, but where do you think we are when I bake with the children? I know you've seen me bake at Unity much more than at home, but you have literally stood in that kitchen with me while I made you biscuits!

I had so much fun with our babies in the garden yesterday! Viona managed to pull quite a few weeds (also some flowers, but who cares?) and she covered HER babies in flower petals. Elena had a long talk with your mum about hybridization. I think she's going to go all mad scientist on our garden and we are going to end up with some very cool plant cross-breeding. And our tinies just enjoyed the day from whoever's arms were free at the moment. The only time they seemed particularly fussy was
when we went a bit quiet and they weren't hearing us. I know I am a rambler, but I didn't realize that I keep up an almost constant stream of commentary when I am with Eri and Ori, so when no one is talking they get a bit flustered I guess.

I suppose it's probably a good thing that they like noise seeing as our lives are a bit of a circus!

Are you truly going to bring me to Neville's greenhouse on a leash? Oh dear Merlin. My stomach is all squirmy, but my bits think that is a lovely idea. I can't. I just. Whatever you think is best!

Must think of something else, must think of something else.

Oh tonight's movie. That's safe enough. So, you know how much I love movies based off of books, even though we all know that the movie is never quite as good as the book. Well, there was a book that I loved growing up, another one of those that Dudley didn't like so I was able to save it from the rubbish bin, called The Borrowers. I loved anything that dealt with hidden worlds just outside of the notice of my world. Ha, maybe I'm a seer! And this book has had quite a few movie adaptations, but there's one from just a few years ago, 1997 actually, that I have heard really really good things about.

I'll see you tonight for the movie!

Apologetically Yours,
Harry
Wednesday June 14th
Oi mutt!

Trying to come up with punishments for *you* is hard!!! Anything that even *sounds* like a punishment is something you would like! The only other thing I could think of at the time was to refuse to kiss you for an entire day, but honestly, that's more of a punishment for *me* than you, and so, I couldn't even suggest it.

I think it's not fair for you to take all the feedings for the entire week, but a night or two sounds about right. And that picture you took had *better* go on our wall!

The play time with Viona in your fox form last night went rather well. I held Onyx in my lap at first, just to make sure he wouldn't react badly, but he seemed very interested in you - in a friendly way. So I let him go after he had sniffed you (and you him) for a few minutes with no arguments breaking out. Elena squealed so loudly when she saw you transform. She thinks you're adorable and couldn't help but pick you up and give you lots of snuggles and kisses.

Viona naturally loved you. I'm not entirely sure if she remembers when you transformed before, but she did take care to pet you gently. Then you seemed to get way too much energy and yipped at Onyx until he chased you (and you chased him, seemingly taking turns) around Viona in circles while she clapped and squealed.

And speaking of Viona and Onyx, apparently there was a time when she may or may not have tried to ride him? When exactly was this and did she hurt him? He's close to fully grown *now* but she's still much bigger than him! I can't imagine that went well at all. In any case, once I was sure that Onyx was taking to strange animals without going crazy, I decided that I could transform too.

But before I did, I made sure that Muffy and Dibly were on hand to hold the twins. Putting a hand on Elena's shoulder, I said: "You're in charge of breaking up any fights that erupt, alright?"

She nodded, looking confused until I shrank into my much tinier form and actually *did* climb up on Onyx and ride him around the room as he freaked out, wondering what the weird white thing on him was, hahahaha! I felt a bit like I was riding a wild dragon until he calmed down and simply tried to sniff me, turning in circles because I was still on his back.

Elena burst out with: "Aha! *You* were that pet of a friend Harry brought to Unity House some time last year! You're so cute like this! Come here so I can hold you."

I stood up on Onyx's back and gave her a look.

She blushed slightly. "I mean, will you *please* come over here so that I can hold you?"
Better! So I scrambled over to her and ran up her arm until I was sitting on her shoulder. She cooed and purred as she stroked my fur. I must admit that having someone stroke my fur just right feels wonderful. I'm pretty sure I started purring in return. You apparently got jealous because you came over and nipped Elena's dress hem. This provoked Onyx to do the same, making Elena laugh and shake her head. She handed me to Viona, who also cooed and stroked my fur, and then picked the two of you up so that she could give you kisses and snuggle with you both.

We certainly have some interesting ways to bond with our kids!

Orion started fussing and Muffy naturally responded by summoning a bottle for him. I ran up her arm so that I could watch him drink and slowly fall asleep. At one point, I climbed down her shoulder and curled up on his stomach so I could listen to his heartbeat.

And you claim you haven't turned me into a Hufflepuff!

Okay, so wait... I've been *in* the kitchen watching you bake biscuits? WHEN?? I... Seriously? I was *in* the Manor kitchen? Was this during my pregnancy brain fog? Because I can't remember *ever* being in the kitchen! I'm trying to remember and it's a blank...

So anyway, today, once the babies were down for their afternoon nap and Elena volunteered to bring Viona to play with Della and Sebastian for a bit, I clipped your leash on you. I decided that we weren't trying to shock or scandalize anyone, so I had you dress in regular clothes, just as I was dressed in my favorite trousers and waistcoat. I Apparated us to the Apparation point outside Neville's shop, and then led you inside. I looked around a bit since I don't remember if I've ever actually been inside before. I mean I know I've ordered from him, but I'm pretty sure it was owl order - actually, I think it was Insta-owl but whatever.

You pointed out your favorite plants and told me a little bit about why they were your favorite plants. I wondered why you hadn't bought a variety of Lilies for the garden, and you grumbled an explanation so indistinctly that I couldn't quite hear you. I think you were saying that you didn't want to take over my mother's garden. I rolled my eyes just as Neville came over and gave us a highly curious look.

"Did you actually come here to buy something, or are you just getting out of the house for a bit?" He asked, and I noticed that he was definitely eyeing your collar and leash. We were holding hands and your leash was in my other hand.

"Oh we're definitely here to order a few things," I assured him. "I need to buy my mother your biggest and most gorgeous bouquet. Meanwhile, oi Mutt!" I yanked on your leash and used that hand to grab you by the chin. "The garden is definitely yours too now, so buy a few things to add to it. It's not like we can't magically enlarge the area if you want more than will fit."

"Are you certain your mum won't mind?" You asked a bit timidly.

"Are you stupid?! My mother *loves* you, and she loves that you love gardening with her. You could suddenly decide to plant nothing but Dirigible Plums and I'm certain she'd decide that it was simply the latest fashion," I stated, giving you a look until you nodded in acceptance.

"Alright, if you're sure."

I nodded and then gave you a kiss that very quickly side-tracked both of us until Neville cleared his throat. He looked rather amused now. "Alright, so, my most expensive bouquet and every Lily in my shop?"
"Well, other things too," you murmured, giving him a fond smile.

Charlie unexpectedly entered the shop just then. He actually looked rather confused by the sight of you on a leash. I was mildly confused by his presence because I was under the impression that he lived in Romania and only came back for special occasions. Which actually must make it sort of hard for him and Neville to have a relationship. Maybe he comes for a visit once a month or so like Pansy does. Anyway, I had before me an *excellent* opportunity and I wasn't about to pass it up.

"Here to buy flowers for your mum?" I inquired casually.

He sort of shrugged and nodded at the same time.

"Ah! That reminds me! We should really get her a bouquet too. She *is* half the reason my parents took the kids for the weekend," I said, actually grateful for the reminder. "Oi, Longbottom, add a second bouquet to the order, but this one probably shouldn't be too fabulous. I wouldn't want to upstage anything her son buys her, after all."

"Molly loves those little purple wildflowers," you added, prompting me to kiss you again.

"Brilliant!" I praised with a smile just for you. "Little purple wildflowers and baby's breath. It'll look beautiful but subdued."

I returned my attention to Charlie. "Say, Weasley. Have you been to the Manor? I mean other than for our wedding. Do you attend our circle dinners?" Grr, why can't I remember these things? Although, I'm pretty sure he doesn't attend the dinners because he *does* live in Romania, right?

He shrugged again and I really have to wonder if he's shy by nature or simply flustered by our unexpected presence. I got closer to his side and looked him up and down with an admiring smile. "You are impressively muscular. You must get quite the workout from those dragons. Did you know that Dragons are my absolute *favorite*? I even have one tattooed on my back. Want to see?"

Charlie looked interested but Neville narrowed his eyes at me. "Are you *actually* *flirting* with someone *right* in front of your *husband,* Malfoy?"

"It's alright, Nev," you assured him. "He's not trying to be an arse or make me jealous - or anything like that. Draco's just naturally a flirt, and his dragon tattoo is *gorgeous.* I think Charlie would probably love to see it."

"Yeah, I think I would," Charlie agreed, giving Neville what was supposed to be a covert look of challenge.

"Right here and now? Or would you rather come home with us and see it in the privacy of our bedroom?" I asked with a flirty smirk.

"Playroom," you corrected, probably knowing exactly what I was doing. Which - just in case you hadn't figured it out - was trying to get the two of them to at least admit there was a reason why Charlie couldn't just accept an invitation to play, and Neville to admit that there was a reason he was acting so jealous.

"Wait. Playroom?" Charlie asked, looking half interested and half wary.

You nodded. "It's a room - a suite actually - right above ours that we had remodeled to include just about every kinky thing in existence. It has access to an onsen on the roof, which is quite relaxing to soak in. I'm so glad Draco decided to install it after our trip to Japan."
I couldn't help but purr just a little at that and kiss you again. "We really should go up there tonight and make love under the stars."

"Once the kids are asleep," you said, basically agreeing with me.

"Erm..." Charlie looked extremely hesitant, glancing at Neville again. "Well... I don't think I'd like to see your playroom, but I *do* want to see your tattoo. So, here?"

"Alright," I agreed with a shrug. "Harry, be a good Sub and remove my clothes so carefully that they don't snag or wrinkle."

"All your clothes?" You asked with an eager grin.

"Well, I don't think my trousers need to come off for this," I amended, tapping you on the nose because I knew you knew that and were flirting in your own way.

"Yes Dragon..." you murmured obediently as you started unbuttoning my waistcoat.

Neville was looking at us as if we'd both just lost the plot.

I chuckled at him. OH! I actually have been to his shop before! I remember because: "You are lucky, Longbottom. While I was pregnant, I had brain fog so bad that I couldn't remember anything for more than a few minutes at a time, and if I went into my closet..." I shook my head wryly. "I may as well just clear the rest of my day because that was about how long it would take me to remember what I was in there for. I once showed up at Traditions to help Hermione out in a dragon costume because I couldn't remember what I had gone in my closet for and she sent a Patronus to urge me to get there this instant!"

"Yes Dragon..." you murmured obediently as you started unbuttoning my waistcoat.

"A thousand, because you are the hottest man alive," you corrected me. By this point, my waistcoat was off and gently set on the counter. As you started unbuttoning my crisp white button down shirt, you tilted your head towards the door where a few witches were just entering and a few others were peeking through the window before deciding to come in too. "See?"

"Ladies," I greeted with a charming grin.

"It really *is* Harry Potter and his husband!" They tittered at each other. "And oh my! Are they going to shag right here in the shop?"

"Probably not," I said with a laugh as you glared at them and muttered: "Harry *Malfoy!*"

Once my shirt was off, I turned my back so that Charlie had an excellent view of my dragon. He moaned and put a hand on my back.

"Ooo... An Antipodean Opaleye! Such a gorgeous dragon..."

"Only fitting for *my* gorgeous dragon," you insisted smugly. I turned my head to give you another kiss.

"Ooo! That really *is* a gorgeous tattoo!" The witches exclaimed, coming closer to get a better look.

"Ladies," I said again. "We're you planning to buy anything? Or did you come in here to make
"donsations to my Husband's Orphanage and School? You can always do both."

"Oh, erm..." They were clearly torn as they had obviously come in the shop just to gawk, but now felt obligated to buy something or give money to you. "Buy flowers." Likely because it would be less expensive, haha.

"Excellent!" I praised. "Longbottom has the best flowers and you won't be disappointed."

"You really won't," you purred, stroking my arm and waiting for me to look at you so that you could kiss me again. I moaned softly and stroked your collar.

"You shouldn't do that in public!" One of the witches exclaimed, her face utterly red.

I gave her a haughty Malfoy look. "Would *you* pass up a chance to kiss your *husband* just because you're in public? Also, don't say such things where Harry can hear you, he tends to overreact when people suggest that we can't show each other affection just because we're two men."

"Besides, you seemed eager to see us shag in public not two minutes ago!" You added angrily, glaring at her.

"That was her!" Red face denied, pointing to her friend, who was actually leering at us rather cattily.

"I'll kiss my husband wherever I like!" You growled, grabbing me and pulling me close for another kiss to prove your words.

"I love when you get possessive," I murmured, smiling at you and pretty much forgetting that everyone else existed.

Neville sighed. "You've showed off your tattoo as much as necessary, so you can put your shirt back on now, Malfoy." Considering that Charlie's hands were still on my back, following the dragon as it chased the snitch, I'm willing to bet my last Galleon that he was seething with jealousy. "Ladies, if you'll give me a minute to gather up his order, I'll see to it that you all have the perfect flowers to meet your needs."

"Take your time," they purred, looking like they would agree to anything if it meant more time in your presence.

You obligingly held out my shirt for me to slip into, and funnily enough, helping me get dressed seemed about a hundred times hotter than undressing me had been. Probably because we were *definitely* pretending to ignore the witches while we showed off by eye fucking each other. You also caressed my chest and swirled your tongue around my right nipple. Damn tease! Those witches nearly got the eyeful they were hoping for after all!

But you pulled back and finished dressing me, restricting your teasing to kissing me about every ten seconds. DAMN! Having you in public like this where you want to prove something is extremely erotic! I looked over to find Charlie watching us with an indecipherable look. I *think* he was a little impressed by your complete disregard for (not to mention rebellion of) the opinions of anyone else. Also, he looked a little interested in coming home with us after all. Lastly, I'm dead certain he was secretly hoping that Neville would just up and kiss him in front of everyone too. I seriously have to wonder why they're keeping their relationship a secret.

"Oi, Weasley, are you *sure* you don't want to come back to the Manor for dinner or a few rounds of poker?" I asked, winking at him even as I stroked a hand up and down your spine.

"HERE!" Neville practically growled as he thrust an enormous bouquet in my arms, and as
promised, it was gorgeous. "I have your other bouquet and all of Harry's order right here. Now kindly get out of my shop before you two actually *do* shag in front of everyone!"

"That *is* one of my kinks..." I murmured speculatively.

"Erm, thank you but no. I have important plans tonight," Charlie declined.

"Oh, well, have fun, I suppose," I wished him sincerely since I was fairly sure I knew what he planned to do. "How about this weekend? Are you going to be at the Burrow for lunch?"

"I'm... not sure..." he answered uncertainly.

"Alright. We'll see you there if you decide to show up," I said with a shrug. "Come Harry, I need to choose an owl to deliver this bouquet to Molly. Not to mention give this one to my mother."

"And give the babies a hundred kisses because we haven't seen them in about a half an hour and they might have forgotten us," you added.

I rolled my eyes, shook my head, and tugged you closer via your leash. "Silly mutt!" We might well have gotten lost in that kiss for the rest of the night, but I actually remembered something. "Wait! Don't we have to get to Unity House for movie night in about 20 minutes?"

"Ah! I nearly forgot!" You half wailed.

"Longbottom! Kindly deliver this bouquet to Harry's mum and this one to mine. Also, have the rest of the order, actually, Dibly!"

"Yes Master?"

"Gather up Harry's flowers and put them in stasis next to the garden until he can tend to them in the morning," I ordered.

"Yes Master!"

I grinned at you. "Ready to go to Unity House, love of my life?"

"Definitely," you replied with that happy little sigh you always make when talking about Unity House or your Kids.

At Unity House, we had just enough time to grab a few snacks and settle in. My parents arrived with our kids and theirs since they liked to come to movie night approximately once a month and decided to come since they knew (Elena probably reminded them) that we'd want our kids with us.

The movie started and I must admit that I was fascinated. The concept of tiny people living in the same houses as regular sized people is intriguing. About a half an hour in, I actually turned to look at my mum. "I, erm, I don't really know why, but that bloke - Peagreen - he looks a lot like me when I was younger - or at least how I imagine I'd look if I was born a Weasley."

"UGH!" My father groaned. "Don't make such crude suggestions! ... But yes... He *does* look a lot like you would if you were... one of *them* - I suppose..."

My mother laughed and kissed him on the cheek. "Our son would look gorgeous no matter what family he belonged to."

My father tilted his head to the side, grudgingly admitting that she was right.
I laughed and kissed you. "I think I might know what truly terrifying monster I'm dressing up as next Halloween!"

You raised a brow. "Oh?"

"A Weasley!" I exclaimed gleefully.

"Oi!" You protested, echoed by George, Ron, and their father. You then hit me over the head with one of the small cushions on the side of the loveseat. I laughed and tried to tickle you and steal kisses at the same time as you continued to smack me with the cushion. "Take that back! They're not terrifying monsters!"

George tilted his head as he looked at the screen. "But you're right. You'd make a decent looking addition to the family. Course, you're a lot older than that now, so maybe you wouldn't look so cute."

"Oi!" I protested indignantly.

"Shut the Hippogriff up so the rest of us can hear the movie!" Elena told us off.

"Excuse me, young lady?" I demanded, giving her a stern look. She stared me down, not conceding to any wrong doing.

"You could always be excused for the rest of the movie and have to watch it when you're no longer grounded," you informed her.

She flushed and muttered: "Sorry dad..."

Pacified, I harrumphed and we all returned our attention to the movie.

Strangely, as I lay in bed recapping our day, I feel like this was one of the most wonderfully perfect ones yet. So mundane and sort of fluffy with a hint or two of kink. I sincerely pray that once we've celebrated our 50th Anniversary, we'll still be curled up in bed after days just like today. Except probably without babies. And that's a sort of depressing thought. I'm going to sign off now and molest you rather than dwell on what life will be like once all our kids have grown up and left the house.

Love is strange, once you get it, you're in an awful fix, because after you've had it, you never wanna quit,

Draco

Thursday June 15th
My Dragon,

Do you truly think your mum loves me? She doesn't just put up with me for your and the kids' sakes? It's just, she's been so kind to me, and she's been such a fantastic grandmother to our children, and I really do love her. But you know how I collect people, and I don't want her to think she has to love me. Or that she has to let me add to her garden.

I think I just worry about how much I changed your life, and by doing that I think I changed what your parents thought your life was going to be like. Your mum in particular, seeing as your father's life plans for you took a real nosedive a few years ago so I am not so concerned about whether or not you're living up to his expectations! But I worry that your mum had this idea in her head that you would marry a pureblood, would marry a woman, would run the Malfoy estates like a good little
heir, and instead you're with a halfblood, you've not only adopted, but one of the children you adopted was muggleborn, you're married to a man, you carried a child. I just hate the idea that your parents are silently resenting me for shaking up their plans.

That little boy in the movie definitely looked like a teeny redhead Draco! Although he was a bit sweeter than I remember young Draco being, so it wasn't quite nail on the head for me! But if we end up having a redhead that looks like you maybe that little one is in our future.

Although I hope we get at least one or two more blondies. Elena and Eris with their black hair, and Viona with her deep brown, and little Orion is not only the only boy, but the only blonde. We simply must keep trying until we get at least one more blonde. I insist!

I am really proud of you for disciplining Elena a bit. She seems to know you've been wrapped around her fingers, and I think on occasion she steps over the line from adorable sass to a bit disrespectful. I think one of the biggest issues is that both you and I have a snarky sense of humor, we both like to tease, I mean we grew the love story of a lifetime from a schoolyard rivalry, and we tend to think it's hilarious when Lainie shows her feisty nature. So I had a talk with Yesenia after Elena's weekly session with her, and she recommended exactly what you did. Consistently show her where we draw the line, don't be afraid to discipline her, give her consistent understandable limits, and after all discipline, remind her she's loved and forgiven.

I did worry a bit that her attitude was because of our age, but Yesenia assured me this is normal at her age no matter the age of the parents, and whether or not the child is adopted or biological. Kids are going to continuously push the limits to see how far they can go and to see they're cared for.

Funny that you took some of what I said to make you realize that Elena needed to join our family to try and get Neville to admit his relationship with Charlie. "Well gee Draco, why does it bother you that Elena is going goo-goo eyed over a boy?" "Well gee Neville, why does it bother you that Draco is flirting with Charlie?" Maybe we're both reading it wrong? But I don't understand what would be keeping them from being open about their relationship, I understand wanting to keep the kink aspect of it to themselves, I even understand not wanting to go public with how some of us notable names get hounded by the press, but to not even tell your family and friends? I just hope they're ok.

Oh! Speaking of Charlie, George mentioned last night that he is looking into transferring to a closer reserve. Romania obviously has an amazing sanctuary, but we have some local ones as well. They may not be as big, but I guess he's in negotiations for the position of Head Dragon Wrangler. So he may be going to a smaller location, but it would be a promotion and it would be close to home. I know …. Molly would be happy about that. I wonder, after so many years in Romania, why he would choose now to start thinking about transferring!

That witch at Nev's shop though, Merlin I bloody hate homophobes. It would be one thing if she were just against PDA in general. I think we do annoy some people with our over the top kissing, but if we were a man and a woman kissing that much in public that would bother them as well. Each person is going to have their own comfort level. But I don't understand why people think it's their business what's in a couple's pants and what goes on in their bed. Ugh, unless I am asking someone to touch my bits, it should be completely irrelevant which set of bits I have.

Ok, I am working myself up into a bit of a rage! I should probably relax.

When are Pansy and Ivan getting here? I know we have the dinner set for Saturday evening, but is she coming early and spending the weekend or just coming for the dinner? Oh! And speaking of Russian visitors, do you think Grandmama would let us steal Kisa for a bit this summer? When Lainie hits the portion of the summer where a bit of boredom sets in, it might be nice to have a girl her age around to relieve the monotony. Also, I adore Kisa and miss her and like having an excuse to
steal her for a bit!

Ok, yes, Viona tried to ride Onyx a few times, but I promise no one was hurt, baby OR puppy!

But you riding Onyx as your marmoset? Hilariously adorable! Our girls certainly adored playing with us in our animagus forms, I definitely think we should do that more often. Especially now that we know Viona will be gentle, and Onyx will not try and attack us.

So please don't take away kisses as punishments. I know I'm probably hard to punish since I adore pain. But taking away affection is hard for me. And not in the "well it's a punishment, it should be hard" kind of way, but in the "it triggers my ptsd from being neglected as a child." I hate to give you good punishments, because I like your regular punishments! But something like tying me up and not letting me touch you while you touch yourself would be a punishment. A little orgasm denial for stamina is fun, but longer term denial, or even that awful awful cage thing I thought I would like would be a punishment. You making me wear a plug or some other item under my clothing all day would be a torturous punishment. But please don't take away affection ok?

Sorry I'm such a pain.

You're still out so I am going to take the kids into the garden with your mum. She's got such an eye for these gorgeous gardens that I am going to see where these new plants would look best. Come play in the sunshine with us when you get up!

All of my love,

Harry

Chapter End Notes

I didn't quite manage to work in there that the man playing Pod Clock looks remarkably like Professor Slughorn, lol :-D
Chapter 223

Chapter Summary

Harry is the All Knowing Knower of Things to be Known!

Friday June 16th
Silly puppy!

Of course my mum loves you! She called you "son of my heart" didn't she? I think there are a few things you have in common with her that I just don't - such as gardening. I do know how, but it isn't something I truly enjoy. I'd rather spend time with the birds, and while she can and does bond with them on occasion, she'd much prefer to dig in her garden.

Plus, having you around - even when you have *all* our kids with you - gives her someone adult to talk to when she's watching Sebastian and Della play. I mean yes, she has my father to talk to, but as a parent yourself, surely you can understand how having more than one person to talk to is rather valuable. She cherishes her time with you, I assure you.

If you've changed my mother's life, it's only been for the better. Ask her, she'll tell you. As for my father, I'm dead certain he'd rather eat live wasps than admit it, but you're growing on him too. Just look at him hold Sebastian or Viona on his lap. These are both people that we all would miss terribly and not even realize it if you had never come into our lives. It's *possible* that my mother would have eventually checked up on Della, noticed her terrible situation, and suggested adopting her, but I don't think it's very likely. Thus, without you, she wouldn't have the daughter she always wanted, and my sister (cousin) would be stuck in a very bad situation. So would, well, *ALL* of the Unity Kids!

Harry Malfoy, you are worthy of love. At least twice as worthy and possibly a good ten times more worthy than me or anyone else on the planet. YOU have a bigger heart and more capacity for love than anyone I know. You say things like: the Unity Kids love me more than you - but you're wrong! I really am like that cool uncle that comes in and plays with them from time to time. YOU are their surrogate father that they may not always get along with (being rebellious kids after all), but they all know they can come to you if they need anything.

Anyway, moving on before I go on a tirade. I had some thoughts on Neville and Charlie. We all know that it's not Charlie who's afraid of coming out of the closet. If he's even actually in it. (Coming out of the closet *is* the term you were telling me about that muggles use when talking about gay people hiding their true preference, right?) Because the way Molly loves and supports you no matter what proves that she doesn't let things like sexual preference get in the way of loving her children. Right? So, if it's not *Charlie* that needs to keep it hidden, then it must be Neville. Right?

And that sort of makes sense when I think about it. From everything I've heard about Augusta Longbottom, she's a strong-willed and formidable woman who sort of bullies her grandson a little. As I understand it (and this is like third or fourth hand perspective), she bullied him in an attempt to make him braver like his parents. She bullied him out of love, but still, she bullied him. She's also a pureblood and rather traditional in her beliefs - aside from anything having to do with the Dark Lord. So, isn't it possible that she's put a lot of pressure on him to pick a nice little bride and get married sometime soon? In which case, Neville is probably half terrified of coming out of the closet and
letting her know that he would really rather be with a man.

Although I could be wrong about that too. Maybe he is bisexual and prefers women - especially to marry - and honestly just wants to keep his relationship with Charlie a secret because it's nothing but a kink contract. That might explain why Charlie looked a bit put out that Neville wouldn't show him affection in front of others. Anyway, I suppose we'll never know unless you decide to actually ask him about it.

That said *PLEASE* let me have at least one more chance to flirt with Charlie and push Neville's buttons before you confront him. I'm already planning to invite them both to the next circle dinner. Well, the NEXT next circle dinner as we're already having one tonight and while I could throw in a last minute invitation to the both of them, I think Pansy would probably murder me as she's apparently making it a point to come and visit *me* especially. (Since the cow has been visiting Hermione and Ron (and by extension, Blaise) far more than she's visited me. I might just make her buy me something outrageously expensive to get back in my good graces, ha!)

Oh! Speaking of Pansy, I think I just heard the floo, and since I'm still sitting naked in bed, I should probably get up and get dressed. Warning, YOU may not have *that* sort of relationship with her, but I have in the past, and if she comes in the room to find me naked, she's going to flirt and grope me at the very least, so while I won't play around without any sort of permission from you, I can see how it would look bad if you walked into the room at that exact moment, and yep, she's here and smirking at me cattily.

Gotta go!
Draco

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Saturday June 17th
I win!

I am the all knowing knower of things to be known. Hmm, not a great nickname, it's a bit wordy.

Pansy is pregnant! I thought it might be the case when she decided to come so soon after being here, but I didn't want to get my hopes up. But I called it! I call everything! Because I am The All Knowing Knower of Things to be Known …. TAKKOTOBK? Nope, still doesn't work.

She's apparently 8 weeks, which means she was most definitely pregnant within two months of Eris' birth! Ooh, it means she was pregnant during Eri and Ori's naming ceremonies but probably didn't know it yet. Oh that is so cool, that there was an unknown new person in our community! And just like you were wondering if Sebastian being your Godfather's child made you a Godbrother, it's so neat that Eris' Godsister or Godbrother was at her naming ceremony!

But this is just so Pansy. She obviously wants to have her children growing up close in age with your children, but she most definitely did not want to have a single portion of her spotlight shared with any other pregnant person. Ivan looked ready to jump to her every whim, and I think she is going to enjoy her nine months of pampering.

It was such a lovely dinner, the kids all enjoyed having their favorite grownups with them. I just wonder, when Elena asked Greg if he would help her take Viona for a walk out in the gardens before bedtime, is he that thick that he didn't realize what was happening? Or does he not care? I am 99% sure that we will be seeing a lot of Greg in the next few weeks, I saw papers that looked remarkably like child-drawn blueprints sticking out of Lainie's robes when I put her to bed. He probably knows exactly what he's getting into with our tiny gorgeous manipulators, I just don't think
he cares.

Well after we got the kids off to bed, your parents headed off to their suite to "let you young people have some time to yourselves." Which is when Pansy wanted all the details of last weekend. What is it about me that I was able to do all of those things, but discussing them has me blushing like a 14 year old at the Yule Ball trying to figure out why he's angry at Pansy!

Similar to when I read your email descriptions of things we did together, it was completely different hearing everyone else's perspective on our festivities. Did you, at any point in your life, think Pansy, Hermione, and Luna would sit around your dinner table discussing your talent at cunnilingus? Gotta say, never would that have been on my radar. Then again, the conversation also included Hermione and Luna discussing what it was like to have a penis and "bugger Harry's fit arse" so maybe I've had a stroke of some sort, or I'm in a coma and dreaming all of this.

I did think it was funny that Neville had very little input into this conversation, but one thing he did bring up was asking Ron "wasn't it odd? You and Harry are like brothers." And Ron just chuckled and responded with "Yeah, non-related brothers, so I was able to finally get into those pants of his without worrying that it would ruin our friendship. It was great playing this way with the confidence that there was nothing I could do that would change the way we feel about each other."

I know you wanted to leave 'Operation: get Neville's Long cock in Harry's Bottom" for a night that wouldn't upstage Pansy's announcement, but I had the perfect opportunity in front of me. I hope I was subtle enough not to anger Pansy's hormones. "Nev, swinging, sharing, or playing isn't right for every relationship, but there is nothing that would ever happen during these playtimes that would change how heart stopingly in love with Draco I am, I am able to separate physical pleasure from feelings of friendship with our playmates, and nothing Draco could do would make me feel as though I didn't own 100% of his heart." I left it there because I knew pushing it any further would most likely anger or frustrate you, Nev, and Pansy, but I hope I gave him something to think about before you continue with your next attempt.

I wanted to lighten the mood a bit and get us out of the depth of that conversation, so I took the opportunity to exclaim, "I mean, I found Pansy trying to climb into my bed with my naked husband today and didn't even have a Gryffindor tantrum on them!" Which most everyone laughed at and it turned the conversation to your nudist tendencies and all of the places everyone in our circle have found you naked. I think Greg won however, when he said he once came upon you sitting naked on one of the chairs in the Slytherin Common Room, calmly doing your potions homework. His perfect impression of your drawl, "Blaise dared me Gregory." was hilarious. But his response of "Didn't ask, but you're going to get a papercut if you keep putting your book in your lap." was what made the whole story!

Well I got just tipsy enough to have the last of my inhibitions drop off, so I finally did what I had wanted to do all night and sat at your feet. Mmmm I love it when I can lay my head in your lap and have you pet my hair. I was surrounded by some of my favorite people in the world, feeling pleasantly fuzzy, and getting to be a good boy at your feet.

The rest of the evening was exactly what I love about these circle dinners; nothing truly important happened, it was just friends being together. But everything must come to an end, so our guests either started flooing home or they went to their assigned guest suite to sleep it off at the manor. And then you, my sweet wonderful husband I adore, carried me to bed. Fuck, I love having my big strong man show off! Yeah, I am completely sure that while I love you offering the height potion, I am going to stay tiny enough for you to carry around thank you very much!

But as for right now, you are still asleep (as is Pansy, she and Ivan were some of the crashing guests)
and I just got back to our rooms from breakfast. I needed to come hide in here and cry for a bit. I know that I love your mum. And you said she loved me. But I just don't get it I suppose. But I decided that I needed to be done hiding my heart because I fear rejection. So I went to breakfast, gave Elena a giant hug, ruffling her beautiful hair, kissed Viona on her sticky (pancakes and fruit for breakfast!) face, and then I went over to your mum. I crushed her in a hug and whispered into her ear "I love you so much Narcissa, I couldn't ask for a better mother in law for myself or a better grandmother for my children." Well she let out a soft little gasp, pulled back and looked at me with a bit of a question in her eyes. I'm not sure what she was hoping to see, but she smiled at me, cupped my cheeks in her hands, and wiped my tears away (yes, I was crying, no I am not ashamed) and said "and I love you Harry."

So I sniffled my way through breakfast and made a break for our room! I'm going to go snuggle the babies and wait for you to wake up!

All Knowing Knower of Things to be Known,
Harry
Chapter 224

Chapter Summary

Draco messes with Neville a bit.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I didn't post yesterday. And maybe not the day before. I'm not trying to be a wishy washy author who just abandons a fic with no warning, it's just that Chrissie went on vacation for a week (lucky her!) and I'm going through something, so I just needed a break, I suppose. So sorry!
But, on the plus side, we came up with something good while Chrissie was on vacation ^_^

Monday June 18th
All hail the All Knowing Knower of Things to be Known!

But to be fair, I never actually bet against you. I love that Pansy's child will only be a year younger than ours. He or she will be close enough in age that they'll probably get along when they visit us or we visit them. Speaking of visits and Russia. Grandmama responded to my request to 'kidnap' Kisa for a little while with just two words: "How long?"

I get the feeling she'd agree to the whole summer, hahaha! Kisa does go to an exclusive private school, but it's not a boarding school, so she's not gone most of the year like we were. How do parents deal with that?!?! Now that I'm a parent, I just can't imagine it!

Maybe... hmm... maybe one of those insane things we want to do this year is open up *another* school - but this one for magical kids whose parents want them to come home every night. Or maybe weekend? Or... Maybe we don't follow the 'normal' school year at all and have the kids stay at school for two weeks and then go home for two weeks. It's not like they have to study for their A-levels, just their OWLs and NEWTs, so... Maybe we have the school be an option for First through Fourth Year and then the students can transfer to Hogwarts for Fifth through Seventh. I don't know. Just a thought.

We could rely on floo for transportation...

Anyway!

You were also right about Greg. He's currently out in the yard near the garden (but clearly separate from the garden), distractedly busy taking measurements as my mother looks on in amusement. I suppose there haven't been enough kids in the family to *need* a playground before, but now, well, there's six of them, so, yeah, it's a brilliant idea. I'm not sure I want to know how big the amusement park Elena ordered is, haha! I'm going to make my father pay for at least half.

It's currently Monday nearing noon, and we (as I inadvertently committed us to doing, not that either
of us minded) spent all yesterday at the Burrow. It's still a bit strange to be considered part of the *Weasley* family because of you, but there's nothing I'd rather be. Er, married to you, that is, and thus, part of their family. Charlie was there, talking excitedly about his upcoming promotion. Molly was beside herself with happiness!

Luna arrived since it's one of her days off and Greg was at the Manor. She and Ginny whispered and giggled to each other in the corner, and then Ginny burst out with: "Oh! That reminds me of the time when you, me, and Nev were running the D.A. - NEV! We should invite him over!"

"That's a lovely idea," Luna agreed with a serene smile.

Until this point, the two of us had basically been minding our own business, chatting with others in chaotic non patterns, and passing children around like we were playing a game of musical chairs. The moment Neville arrived - looking (in my opinion) like he was supremely relieved to have an excuse to drop in - the game was on!

I walked over to sit next to Charlie. "How many different types of dragons did you handle in Romania, and how many will you be in charge of once you move back to England?"

"Oh, pretty much every kind of dragon in existence lives in the sanctuary in Romania," Charlie answered with a shrug. "But I'll only have the 'native' varieties in the sanctuary here. In much smaller units. I'm quite looking forward to it because I might be able to form a bond with them like wasn't truly possible in Romania."

"What's your favorite kind?" I wondered.

"Erm... I think I'd have to say the Chinese Fireball," Charlie replied. "And yours is obviously the Antipodean Opaleye."

"Definitely!" I agreed. "Although, I love *all* dragons. I remember this one time, back in First Year, I overheard this annoying git talk about how Hagrid had a dragon egg about to hatch. I couldn't help but follow him and his friends out to Hagrid's hut to see it for myself. That was the first time I can recall seeing a baby anything - other than an eagle owl or a leucistic peafowl - and I sincerely wished I could hold it, but then I was spotted and had to run away before anyone twigged that I was actually a big old softie at heart."

"AHA! You admit it!" You roared from across the room.

"Oi, keep your nose out of it, mutt!" I called back to you.

You stuck your tongue out at me childishly. How did you even *hear* what I was saying from all the way over there? I mean if it had been just the two of us in that room, there would have been no problems hearing, but with about a thousand Weasleys all shouting at the same time (so maybe I exaggerate just a little, but not much), well, it baffles me.

"Charlie chuckled. "I remember that. Sort of. I had to ask a couple of friends of mine to pick Norberta up when she got too big for Hagrid to keep and fly her to Romania. She was one of the few dragons that actually seemed relatively friendly to humans. Not like you could keep her as a pet and fly on her back friendly, but maybe you wouldn't be burned to a crisp and eaten within the first five minutes of meeting her friendly. I once considered getting a tattoo of her on my arm, but opted for a Chinese Fireball instead."

"Ooo..." I drooled with a bit of a leer. "Can I see it? I showed you mine..."

Charlie blushed a little. "Well, I got her on my back, so I'd have to take my shirt off, but I suppose
you're right; fair is fair." He was only wearing a knitted jumper with a C on it, so it took almost no
effort for him to pull it off and turn so that I had a good view of his back."

"Wow..." I exhaled reverently. I may have an arguably far more gorgeous tattoo, but this one was a
good second place. It was done in shades of red, orange, yellow, and hints of purple for contrast. I
couldn't help but trace her with my hands and notice that she's a bit of a flirt; preening to capture my
attention. "I've been thinking that I should get another tattoo, or rather a sort of continuation. Eggs
that can hatch when touched into baby dragons for mine to look after. Four of them."

"One for each of your kids?" Charlie asked curiously, holding still so that I could watch his dragon
turn side to side as if beckoning me to come closer.

"Yeah..."

"What's going on?" Neville interrupted us, trying his best to sound like he was just curious rather
than seething with jealousy.

"Oh, nothing to concern you, Longbottom. Charlie and I are simply talking about our mutual love for
dragons and tattoos," I informed him. "I think he would look divine if he had a smaller Opaleye right
about here." I caressed a line down the right side of Charlie's back. "What do you think?"

"An Opaleye is naturally a gorgeous dragon," Charlie said before Neville could say anything. "But I
think I'd prefer something fierce looking - maybe a Hungarian Horntail?"

Neville made a sound like he was suppressing a growl. "I'm not a fan of tattoos because I think they
give people an excuse to take clothes off that are better left on."

I snorted a laugh. "Don't these many Weasley boys strip off their shirts to play pickup games of
Quidditch in the yard? Haven't you actually joined them in the past?" I was actually talking out of
my arse with that last one, because I wouldn't know, but I thought it was a safe bet.

"Actually, that's a *brilliant* idea!" Neville exclaimed, grabbing Charlie's arm and attempting to drag
the extremely fit bloke away from me. "Let's all go play Quidditch! We have more than enough
players!"

Actually, not quite, but I suppose we could make do. Charlie looked amused but wouldn't be moved.
He shook his head and then turned so that he could pick up his jumper and put it back on.

"Nah, I'm not in the mood to play Quidditch, but if you're bored, dad's got a collection of muggle
bikes and things in the shed that you might like to see."

"Yes!" Neville practically gasped, jumping on the excuse. "Show me that!"

Apologizing for being rude and abandoning me, Charlie stood up and led Neville away. I caught
your eye and smirked. It seems my plan to fluster Neville enough to maybe admit to his feelings was
going well. Enough that I could stop pushing for the day. Instead, I wandered back over to you and
gave you a very thorough kiss. As usual, we quickly lost all track of everything else until Ron tried
to push us over.

"Oi! If you're going to be obscene like that, go back home and do that in your bedroom!" He
commanded with a heckling smirk.

"Excellent suggestion, Weasley!" I exclaimed in agreement, tempted to Apparate away with you
right then and there. But I couldn't forget our kids. "Who's got our babies! Hand 'em over!"
Around ten or twenty minutes later, we had our brood in hand. Ten or twenty minutes after that, we finished saying our goodbyes and passing out hugs. About an hour after we decided to come home, we finally managed it, our arms full of excellent food made by Molly because she was certain we haven't been eating enough lately. I literally could not assure her that we have, even though we have!

We put the food in stasis, put the kids to their respective beds - or at the very least, asked Elena to go dance and sing in her room until she was ready to go to bed - and then spent at least an hour or two in our playroom playing with each other. I spanked you because you begged for it oh so prettily. Then you tortured me with my Violet Wand. Then we shagged like bloody animals for so long that we ended up passing out.

And that was a wonderfully chaotic day, but I'm rather glad to have a sort of routine to follow today. I'm going to do some light exercise, take a bath or shower, and then pop over to Unity House to surprise you under your desk. Unless you read this email before than and are expecting me, heh heh. I'm also going to have to consult with Tabitha because I feel like I'm forgetting something important. Any idea what?

Every inch of your skin is a holy grail I've got to find, only you can set my heart on fire, on fire, yeah, I'll let you set the pace, 'cuz I'm not thinking straight, my head's spinning around, I can't see clear no more, what are you waiting for? Love me like you do!

Draco

Monday June 18th
My love,

I know you didn't bet against me, you didn't hear me asking for payment did you? I'm just saying that I called it … because I am the knower of all things.

Grandmama is giving us control over how long we get to keep Kisa? Forever? Ok, no, I don't think we need to take on any more children. But all summer? A month? I was thinking she'd only be willing to part with her for a week or two, but I will take as much as I can get! Maybe she can teach ME Krav Maga! I would ask you to teach me, but as with dancing, I start out trying to learn and then it turns into me being turned on by you and trying to seduce you into taking me on the ballroom floor. Please note that I am not complaining, just trying to be realistic about how terrible of a student I can be when I'm distracted.

It's so funny, I don't think our family is "complete" but I certainly feel like it is complete FOR NOW. Before we had any children I was so anxious to start our family. I loved our time just the two of us, but I felt like pieces of us were missing. Then we had Viona, and at that point and shortly after, the twins were on their way. But for months I felt like we really needed to bring Elena home with us, but thought maybe I was just attached to her the way I am attached to all of the Unity Kids. I didn't want to freak you out, so I kept waiting for a sign or for you to realize it, and then we brought her home and I feel whole. There's this part of my mind that knows we are still "missing" children, but I also know they're not ready to be with us? Does that even make sense? Maybe Mac is rubbing off on me!

I was a little worried with how quickly we filled up our family, that at some point you were going to have to stop me and tell me that maybe 40 kids is too many kids! But I am feeling content and have ZERO baby/big kid fever right now! Although that could be the exhaustion talking!

Oh! I assume we are not doing the Glastonbury Festival again this year? Or were you planning on us going, taking the kids, and just staying in the more family friendly areas of the festival? I can't be away from the kids for another weekend! But MY memories of the festival were not quite family
appropriate, you remember that Little King!

I like the idea of our children going to a non-boarding school. But I hate the idea of competing with Hogwarts, and the idea that my children wouldn't go to Hogwarts, I'm so conflicted. Maybe this is something we should talk to McGonagall about? I just don't understand the need for it to be a boarding school when things like floo and apparition are a legitimate method of travel. As an orphan who hated my home life, I loved that I could stay at Hogwarts for nine months and essentially never have to leave during that time, but my situation was not the norm! Maybe there's a way to leave the boarding at Hogwarts an option but open up living at home to those that are able?

I had a lovely day at the Burrow with you. It's so wonderful how you've managed to settle yourself in as part of my family. I love you so much!

So, correct me if I am wrong, but YOUR dragon tattoo is the most gorgeous, and CHARLIE'S dragon tattoo is a good second place? Really? Wow. See if I let you get anywhere near my ugly deformed useless dragon tattoo! You're lucky I read this after you popped under my desk!

Ok, I am off to the music room to listen to you jam and glare at you from across the room!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 225

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry discuss going to Glastofest :-)

Chapter Notes

Once again, my apologies for accidentally skipping a day. Basically, while I do NOT have a baby inside me, my body is convinced that I'm pregnant and will eventually have to 'miscarry' and so, I spent all of yesterday in various doctor offices - emailing Chrissy while I had to wait for the next appointment, lol. I actually did intend to post, but then ended up falling asleep and missing the rest of the day. So, sorry! But I assure you that we are definitely still going fairly strong on the story and there are exciting things to come :-)

Monday June 18th
My love,

Okay, here's the situation. I'd been mentally debating for the last month or so if we *should* go to Glastofest simply because we had our Anniversary, and then our parents took our kids for a weekend so that we could shag 'til we dropped - I mean so that they could spend some quality time with them. Not to mention we took Elena to Spain not too long before that. I just thought that maybe it might be a bit much all at once - you know?

But then I remembered that we *love* to travel, and that we *can* bring the kids with us, so why not?

So I have us all set to go to Glastonbury this Friday - Well, Thursday night, I haven't quite decided how we're going to get there yet because it's a bit too close to need the jet. I don't think there's a floo nearby enough to be of any use, and a portkey with as many littles as we have is rather risky. So I think we might just use the flying carpet.

The other, erm, news is that I told grandmama to have Kisa here by Wednesday and simply leave her with us until she misses her too much and wants her home. So... We might have her a month and we might have her all summer. All I know for certain is that Kisa herself will insist on going home in time for school since she loves her school. She's apparently the top dog there - a bit of an unofficial Princess, haha!

But since she'll be here, she'll be able to come to Glastofest with us, which actually sets my mind at ease. If she and Elena promise to stick together at all times, then even if they get separated from us, they'll be safe as anyone who tries anything will have their arse thoroughly kicked. And possibly murdered, but I'm not going to think about that, heh.

The festival is the 23rd-25th and the only thing I want to try to do while there is see DarkStar (they're on a bigger stage this year), and this rather tantalizingly scandalous muggle band I've heard of called
Nine Inch Nails. Other than that, I'm wide open. We can either wander around just seeing what we see, or we can try to plan a few things you'd like to do as well. I think that we might be able to persuade the girls (with the help of at least Dibly), to stay in the tent Saturday night and watch the littles while we go to the delightfully naughty area and have a lot more fun than the girls would care to know about, hahaha!

That's all the fun stuff I have for now.

As for your dragon tattoo, it's clearly in a league of it's own, and that's why I didn't include it on the list of most Gorgeous tattoos. And in case you're still offended, what I mean by that is that your tattoo is so HOT that I'm surprised that your skin doesn't permanently burst into flames that makes everyone who sees you swoon. Rereading that sentence, it's a bit of a tongue twister, but you know what I mean.

Today was one of the days that Antonio came to Unity House for a therapy session, so I spent the afternoon with him. I asked him to stop in on Wednesday - even though he only has therapy on Mondays and Thursdays for now, because I'm hoping that Kisa will arrive around noon. If she does, then *she* can do a little sparring with Antonio, which I hope will give him a better incentive to practice whenever he can. I mean I think he does already, but I *clearly* take it easy on him, mostly defending from his rather unskilled attacks.

Kisa will kick his arse and not even feel sorry about it. I think it might do him some good since she's younger than him and rather awe inspiring. And sort of terrifying. But don't tell her I said that!!!

The last bit of information I have for now is that I met with the Daycare team - that was the sudden business I got called away to after dinner. I'm sorry if me dropping everything and rushing off looked a bit ominous - although you were sleeping when I got back so you couldn't have been too worried.

Anyway, I was called to meet with them sort of last minute because when I *first* met with them, I'd basically told them that I'd more or less bought up all the properties near the Leaky cauldron, and that they could choose one if it suited their needs - OR they could find a different place that worked better for them and I'd buy it. Well, it seems that since then, they went over every property I owned with a fine tooth comb, decided that one in particular worked beautifully - it's actually across from your bookshop, and so, the entire block is owned by *you* so far, haha - and here's the sort of 'emergency' part...

They'd fixed it up! The team - aside from the woman who already owns a small home based daycare - really only has part time jobs, so they had plenty of spare time to fix the place up and get it ready to go. Now that everything is set, they can open tomorrow. What took so long was that I had to have a certified inspector come in and look the place over with me to make absolute certain that it was legally safe and suitable for children. He rambled a minor list of suggestions - such as one wall has paint that might contain lead in it and should really be painted over at the very least with non-toxic paint - but they were simply suggestions. The building was up to code and so meets all the legal requirements.

So they *can* officially open tomorrow, but as you know, the enrollment process can take a bit of time, and so, they probably won't have actual kids to watch for a few days or so. And in the mean time, they can repaint the wall and have the one leaky pipe in the basement fixed.

After Glastofest I *really* need to decide on a new business to fund or something as I won't be as busy with Antonio. But that's not a necessity, simply a desire. I could always do other things instead. Such as hunt with my owls. My father's actually been taking Sebastian with him when he hunts with them, and so, they're being taught. And so is Sebastian, although he seems a little timid still, but he'll either grow out of it or find a different passion. Della's just a bit too young yet to go too, otherwise
I'm sure he'd take her as well.

I'm going to sign off now and molest you - hopefully before the twins wake up.

Listen as the wind blows, from across the great divide, voices trapped in yearning, memories trapped in time, the night is my companion, and solitude my guide, would I spend forever here, and not be satisfied,
Draco

P.S. I didn't get a chance to ask, Beatrix was sent to St. Mungo's because she went into labor a little bit early, right? How is she doing? Did she have the baby yet? Come to think of it, that's probably why you're asleep already, emotionally exhausted from stopping in and checking up on her (while I was with the daycare team). I hope she's doing well and am curious to find out if she ever made a decision on whether or not to put the baby up for adoption or keep it. Poor girl... That said, she came to us in January and was about three or four months gone at the time, so even though she's early, she's not too early. She should be fine. I hope. Salazar damn it! Now I'm going to worry! sigh...

Tuesday June 19th
Good morning my love,

Yes, you were right, I was asleep when you got home last night because I was emotionally drained from taking care of Beatrix. Right after I emailed you, I was planning on finding you and glaring at you about the dragon tattoo thing (side note: nice try, you just forgot I even had a dragon tattoo didn't you?!) and instead I just about walked into Luna's hand which was raised to knock on my office door.

Beatrix was feeling off and we thought she should go get checked out. She thought it was possible that she was just having Braxton Hicks contractions and would get sent right back home. Nope, full fledged labor. I stayed a bit into the evening with her, but despite the fact that I have actually been through a pregnancy, the thirteen year old girl wanted a woman with her. I don't blame her. I was there for Hermione's labor, I'm perfectly happy avoiding that again!

So I headed home in the hopes of getting to bed early so I could head out to St. Mungo's bright and early this morning. By the time I got there (at 7:45) Beatrix had had her baby.

Well, not her baby. She has officially decided that this baby will be going up for adoption. She's had so much one on one therapy to not only deal with her own trauma, but to help her come to the best choice for her, and she feels quite strongly that she will not be keeping him. Between her age and how she became pregnant she knows she should not parent this child.

However, this adoption process is going to be quicker than possibly any other we have dealt with ... including our Viona! When Violet (remember Sunshine?) was adopted, I guess there were two families interested in her adoption. I don't know how her parents came to be chosen from the two as I have nothing to do with that part of the process, but the other couple was kept on file for if or when a similar adoption opened up, so as soon as the 48 hour waiting period has passed, the baby will go to his new parents.

It actually works out well, St Mungo's wanted to keep him for at least that long anyway due to his early birth. Beatrix was 35 weeks, so baby was early, but completely fine other than being small. Quite similar to Eris' birth timing. This way she can come home, start healing emotionally and physically, without the baby she's giving up living in the same place.
Beatrix will come back here as soon as she's discharged, and hopefully between her therapy, her classes up until this point, and her upcoming months before the school year starts, she should be able to attend Hogwarts this upcoming school year. I think the plan is to have her start as a second year as opposed to her age allowing her into third. Although that might change depending on what she's managed to learn in the next few months.

Wow, all of that has happened and it's not yet noon!

So Kisa comes tomorrow? Since you mentioned to Antonio that he should come, can I assume that means she'll be here earlier in the day as opposed to showing up in the evening? I can't wait! I miss that little troublemaker!

I know what you mean about worrying that going to the festival was too much, too soon. And if we weren't taking the children it would definitely be. I adored our wonderful weekend, but as I told the grandmothers it was just too long for me to be away from them while they're so tiny! One overnight would have been lovely, but two nights was rough. But if we're taking Muffy and Dibly and two of the five children are old enough to need supervision but not a ton of hands on care, it will be wonderful. I am just imagining Lainie having a million tiny heart attacks over the sheer volume of music she will get to experience.

Obviously I want to see DarkStar again, and I suppose Nine Inch Nails is worth taking a listen to. BUT, we absolutely 100%, no other options, HAVE to see David Bowie. I don't have words to express how much I need to see him perform.

I am quite excited to talk with the daycare team. Do you think I could meet with them on Thursday morning to discuss specifics? I want to leave the running of this business to the people who know what they're doing, but I don't want to be so hands off that I've never even met the people running it! If Kisa comes tomorrow, and tomorrow night is movie night, and we leave Thursday evening, I think Thursday during the day is my only spare time until next week.

Oh! We're doing The Sandlot this week. I think during the summer when the big Kids are out of school, I'm going to do more movies that are aimed at the older ages. There's another movie I've thought about, but it has some foul language. It's The Adventures of Huck Finn. It deals with slavery and morality and how just because something is "the way things are and the way they always will be" doesn't make them right. But because of the topic, it has some racial language. Maybe we can watch it at home when we get back from the festival? Give it a screening before introducing it to Unity? If it doesn't work, I think we're going to do a quite older film, The Parent Trap.

So we have two options for how to leave on Thursday as I see it; we can take the carpet of course, otherwise I do have a muggle driver's license. I got it before I went on the camping trip from Hell, just in case. We could always rent a vehicle, and I could drive us all. It should only take us around an hour and a half. Let me know what you want to do and I can make a reservation.

Love,
Harry

P.S. My tattoo is quite cross with you, and he thinks you owe him quite the apology!
Chapter 226

Chapter Summary

GLASTOFEST!!!

Chapter Notes

OMGs you guys! I'm so excited about the story arc that Chrissie and I came up with while she was on vacation, that I seriously want to post everything between this post and it, like right now. lol. But I also don't want to run us out of new material in one go, so... sorry? :-)

Friday June 23rd (However, due to lack of internet at Glastofest, not sent until Monday)

Silly mutt!

Of *course* I remember your dragon tattoo! How could I possibly forget something I make love to practically on a daily basis? Or do you just not notice me kissing your hip every time my mouth is in the area. Same with your Phoenix on your chest/shoulder. The fact that you chose to have the dragon colored as close to the shade of my eyes as possible makes me just adore the hottest tattoo on the planet.

Moving on, this week has gone by in a bit of a blur. Kisa arrived on Wednesday, almost exactly at noon - as I was hoping for. She came to Unity House with me and thoroughly kicked Antonio's arse (which I tried my best but failed to suppress my laughter at). I'm dead certain Antonio is now utterly in love, hahaha! Too bad for him, Kisa's still in that stage where she thinks any sort of relationship with a boy is yucky.

Not that I'm encouraging a relationship between a 9 and a 13 year old, but it's still adorable to watch him watch her.

Movie night was as interesting as ever. I'm not even that old, but I honestly don't remember me and my friends being such troublesome little punks when we were that age. I'm JOKING!!! We were probably way worse... Baseball sounds weird but maybe worth learning, hmm...

Thursday morning (well, sort of. It was about 11 AM), I brought you (and thus our entire brood, including Kisa) to your new day care to meet with the staff as they were busy trying to enroll their first child. It seems that it didn't take much more than the word to spread for quite a few working families to show an interest. Thus, once again, you were right, All Knowing Knower of Things to be Known! You seemed to get along with everyone like a house on fire, which is a good thing since you're their boss.

Thursday night, we took the flying carpet simply because I didn't have time to arrange for a muggle vehicle for you to drive. That said, I'll look into buying one of those nice big family sized ones so that we can just drive around looking at the scenery whenever we want. There wasn't much to do Thursday night as the festival hadn't started yet, just set up our campsite and try to get a good night's
sleep despite the excitement. Elena alone chattered for probably at least three hours straight, hahaha.

It's now Friday morning. Actual morning, about 9 am or so. I'm pretty sure you assumed that I would sleep at least another hour, and so probably took the entire brood (except for Viona, who's clinging to my leg as she finishes her sleep) out to explore the area and see what was good for kids to do. I sincerely hope that at least part of what you're doing is having Elena and Kisa memorize the area where our tent is and the general ways to return here should they happen to get separated. Considering that Elena is rather responsible for her age and Kisa is excellent at self defense, we *might* even actually allow them an hour or so on their own so long as they stick together and know how to find our tent should they get lost. Knowing that Kisa has a rather large allowance on her, I gave some money to Elena too (yes, muggle money), so the two of them might like to do a bit of shopping for dresses and the like. NOT that there's any sort of high end muggle boutique here, haha.

Anyway, now that I'm getting hungry, I'm going to sign off and kiss the Princess awake. If we're lucky, you and the rest will have returned by the time we're done eating and getting ready for the day.

I'm in the mood, the rhythm is right, move to the music, we can roll all night. Slow ride, take it easy, Draco

Friday June 23rd
Oh my love, my darling,

This morning was perfect timing. We walked into the tent as you were taking your last bite of breakfast.

I had taken all of the early risers with me to get a feel for the layout and hopefully show the big girls how to get to our tent if we were separated, and while wandering we came across the Greenpeace stage where they were starting the day out with yoga. Lainie and Kisa wanted to join in, and I did what I could with the babies strapped to me. But as yoga was finishing, they announced that the next thing scheduled on that stage was the Kids' Dance Music Workshop. So we hustled back to the tent so they could change out of their sweaty yoga clothes and see if you and Viona were ready to join us for the day.

I knew that without anything aimed at children, our kids and Kisa would enjoy the festival anyway, but that they had specific things set up for children was really cool. It was really fun to watch, but by the time it was done, we had three fussy little ones so we went to find lunch.

Well we certainly found things to eat, but we found them in the main market area. And us being us, we decided to roam around the market and see what kind of treasures we could find. Between all the delicious food and the interesting stalls with homemade things, I could have stayed there all day. But we would have missed out on some fantastic music. I know how much you wanted to check out Nine Inch Nails, and I had seen that someone called Sirius B was going to be performing and thought that was a sign we should check that area out.

My favorite thing about this festival is the different types of music, and therefore the different types of people that come together for the same love of music. Where else can you see Willie Nelson and the Counting Crows performing in the same event as some local acoustic gypsy band? My favorite area is The Glade, it's just a giant dance party! Every time we passed it on our way to some other performance we wanted to see, we had to stop and dance a bit!

We didn't even do dinner today! The three littles just napped off an on in their slings, and any time
the non-infants were hungry we just made our way back to the market area and tried something else from a food stand.

This festival has been such a different experience than the last. Trying to keep track of five children in this crowd has been a little crazy. Luckily three of them are wearable. And I got Elena and Kisa some tracking jewelry in case they got lost. I had gotten them some plain but pretty gold lockets, and had Hermione charm them like our old DA coins so they could use them to send messages to our coordinating pins. I would have done coins, but I was afraid they would accidentally spend them!

After exploring today, and those lockets, I feel comfortable letting them have a little freedom tomorrow. Maybe in the morning we can trust them to go to yoga and the Kids' Dance Music Workshop since the morning is always a little less crowded with people sleeping off the night before!

Speaking of sleeping off the night before, you are putting Viona to sleep, the babies are already down, and Elena and Kisa are in their jammies and playing some games before they head to sleep. Then you and I are off to …. explore on our own! Hurry up and get the Princess to sleep!

Anticipatingly,
Harry
Chapter 227

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco play just a little bit, and then Harry tells Draco what his favorite part was.

Chapter Notes

Despite playing a little bit, this chapter shouldn't really squick anyone. I hope. ^_^

Sunday June 25th
My sexy as fuck husband,

After making sure that Dibly, Muffy, and her not such babies anymore were going to keep a sharp eye on our littles - and our bigs, lol - AND come get us right away if any emergencies happened, Statute of Secrecy be damned! We made our way to Lost Vagueness.

Before we left, I dressed up in some *really* poncy muggle clothes - including one of my favorite waistcoats - but I charmed them to return to our tent if they were taken off because I had a feeling that they'd be coming off at some point. YOU - my heart soars with how much I love you!!! You decided to wear a puppy costume! It was rather adorable on you. I'm pretty sure that it was modeled after a smaller dog, done in shades of brown and white. The body itself was a one piece suit with helpful buttons in the groin area, very much like the onsies the babies wear. It had a short but fluffy/poofy tail, and you wore matching 'ears' that were sort of medium length and so a little floppy but also fluffy. The body itself was made from a super soft brushed cotton that felt delightful to the touch.

I clipped your leash to your collar and held it in one hand while I held your hand in my other.
Once in Lost Vagueness, we picked a dance club (I suppose, not entirely sure as there was a LOT of different things going on) that seemed to be the naughtiest of them all. Our strategy for tonight was a bit different from last time. We weren't here specifically to play around, but we weren't going to be clinging to each other all night either. I charmed your leash to turn invisible and intangible to everyone else, and to stretch out the entire length of the club if need be, but no longer. It was going to keep us together even as we parted company for a bit. Even if it could go right through everyone else, WE would feel each and every little tug as we moved, you on your collar and me on my wrist where I was wearing the handle of the leash like a bracelet.

I'm not saying that either of us would be defenseless if we happened to be attacked or drugged or something, but the fact that neither of us could leave the club without the other knowing/being dragged along set both our minds at ease. So, you picked a small crowd of people to join in on their dancing - all of which were in interesting costumes of different sorts. I picked a different crowd of people to chat up, dancing with individuals as the urge struck. We both had permission to flirt and grope (and be groped). You still insisted that you didn't want anyone to kiss you on the lips and from what I saw, everyone respected that, but you did give me permission to do a little kissing here and there, which I did because it's *really* fun to work someone up and then move on to the next person while leaving them frustrated, haha!

As the night progressed and my clothes slowly disappeared, I felt a little like Blaise must with his impossible to resist sex magic. I was the center of a lot of people who wanted nothing more than to shag me and do literally anything I wanted them to. I'd gotten them all rather hot and bothered by that point, haha. I took advantage of their eagerness by ordering them to do some outlandish things for rewards, such as telling them to crow like a rooster for a few seconds of fondling, or take off a bit of clothes for a kiss. I'm dead certain that everyone in my part of the club stripped completely off at some point, and I was floating on a cloud of bliss that strangely, wasn't all that sexual to me, just... Happy, I suppose. Having fun. I had one shockingly tall and wide man - already quite the sight all on his own, especially once he got naked and revealed that he was covered in so much body hair that you almost couldn't tell he was naked! Anyway, I had him do the *silliest* dances (the sort that I learned during jam sessions with the kids at Unity House, hahahaha) and his reward was that I obligingly stroked his completely hair free and fascinatingly velvety shaft until he actually spunked on the floor (which I surreptitiously vanished because no one really wants to step in that, despite boots being the one thing we were all still definitely wearing).

I frequently looked over at you and I'm not entirely sure what you were doing, but at one point, it looked like you were having a mini convention with a bunch of other people in animal costumes who all seemed to be wearing collars as well, and so, were probably kindred spirits. I yanked on your leash simply to make you look over at me curiously so that I could grin at you and blow you a kiss from across the club.

Toward - oh, I dunno, 3 AM? - you apparently got tired of me being *so far* away from you while naked, so you came over to me, pulling on the leash as if reining it in the entire time. Naturally, I felt you coming and stopped everything to watch you. We met up with a kiss so passionate that both our posses burst out in loud cheers and whoistles. And then, I opened the buttons on the bottom of your costume (how had you not been stripped off???), removed the well lubricated plug you were wearing, and then helped you wrap your legs around my waist so that I could shag you in front of everyone. I positively *adore* when I get to have you in front of others and they cheer me on!

I swear, the only way it could possibly be better is if we had done this - shagged in front of an audience - when we were both in Sixth Year on the Quidditch Pitch in front of everyone as a game was going on and both teams were exasperatedly wondering when their buggering seekers (literally, hahaha!) would pay attention to the game and look for the bloody snitch, BUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
Oh come on, you can't tell me that wasn't one of your wank fantasies as well, hee hee hee 😅

After our rather impressive display of stamina (and we weren't the only ones outright shagging at that point, or else I fear we would have gotten kicked out; they might be catering to a naughty adult crowd, but shagging in public is still illegal, apparently, heh heh), we eventually staggered our way back to our tent, arms slung around each other and giggling like drunk toddlers. We had another quick shag as we fell asleep and thanked the elves profusely for taking care of the rest of the night feedings too. Once we were passed out, we were OUT and I'm not sure an out of control Fiendfyre could have woken us at that point. Well definitely not me anyway. I'm dead certain you still woke up at an ungodly hour! Remind me to cast a sleep spell or give you a potion when we get home because *you* are going to need to rest too!

Although, to your credit, you were apparently 'hung over' (not from drinking but from being up late partying) enough the next morning that even though you were awake, you definitely let Kisa and Elena do their yoga and dance thing on their own while you took a headache potion and quietly held, fed, played with the twins as Viona and I slept like the dead. Not actually dead, never fear, just close at that point, hahaha!

My love for you is like an out of control Fiendfyre, raging over my entire body and everything in its path, never satisfied until I'm curled up asleep in your arms, and probably not even then, Draco

P.S. Not entirely sure why, but David Bowie was HOT!!! Mmm... And... isn't he the bloke from Labyrinth? Nice!

Monday June 26th
Love,

You're not sure why David Bowie was hot? It might be the obvious answer, but I am going with; because he IS hot and you have working eyes. I could also go with; he creates panty dropping music. Also, unwavering confidence that borders on arrogance on a hot blonde is kinda my jam! And yes, he is indeed that bloke from Labyrinth!

Well, we are finally home after our wonderful weekend. It was so fun, but I was glad to get home and fall asleep in our own bed last night. It's so funny, we do so much traveling, and we're always in high end suites, or we have fantastic mattresses on the tent beds, so it's not as though we sleep on junky mattresses when we're not home. But there's nothing quite like sleeping in our bed.

I loved everything about this weekend, but one moment sticks out as the absolute best. Can you guess it?

I could say the best part was strolling around hand in hand with my amazing husband, and our children, plus our extra the lovely Kisa, which is generally my favorite part of any trip. And it was great. But nope, not my favorite part.

Was it the nonstop music, both hearing artists I love perform music I already knew as well as discovering new artists and music? Nope, although still great.

Was it seeing Lainie and Kisa work their butts off at that Kids' DJ-ing experience? Nope. It wasn't even the relief and pride I felt when they got back from exploring alone completely unharmed and smiling ear to ear.
Flying carpet? Nope.

Seeing David Bowie? Lifechanging, but still no.

Oh, obviously it was our amazing public shagfest where I got to live out my puppy fantasies and feel thoroughly owned by you. Nope, although sweet Circe I will be wanking to that night for years!

No, my favorite part was a time that I could have let put a damper on our weekend, but instead I reveled in it! I honestly think you were distracted for most of it by the almost twins babbling away to you from their slings (side note: I also cannot get enough of their sweet little smiles and cooing noises!) because otherwise you would have gone pureblood snob on them like you did at the Mall of America when we went to Minnesota. And while I certainly love it when you do that, this was so much better.

For the most part, festivals like this are so welcoming to everyone. It's like a giant family, where everyone is allowed to be themselves and they find likeminded people or at the very least, people who welcome everyone. But no matter how great the group, there are always some bad apples that threaten to spoil the bunch. So when we were walking hand in hand I heard someone mumble "fucking queers" as we walked past. I tensed, and honestly thought about just ignoring it since we had all of the children with us. Especially since I didn't notice you react at all, I thought maybe I misheard.

But Kisa certainly heard. She stretched herself up to all 137cm (54inches) of her height and started railing on this guy. It was so fast and I was so shocked, that I can't remember everything she said. I know it included him being so ugly that he never had to worry about a man being interested in him. It included how sad it was that he was pathetic enough to care so much about what other people's sex lives were like. And it ended in her hurling what I can only assume were horrific Russian slurs at him. Then Elena said "What did that mean?" and Kisa whispered what I assume was the translation in her ear, and then Elena repeated the Russian phrase (how did I miss Kisa teaching Elena how to correctly pronounce Russian?)

And then the absolutely best part, the man just stood there with eyes wide and mouth gaping, and Kisa says "I'm done with you, run away little boy!" And. He. Did.

Grandmama can never have her back.

Also, you speak some Russian yes? What did she say?!?

Ok, so it's Monday morning, and this week, next week, and possibly continuing into the following week, are going to be long days and late nights for me. Unless I have an appointment, I can keep the kids with me, I know you were anxious to get back to your businesses, so don't think this means you're on full time stay at home dad duty until I am done!

This week I am prepping for Friday's big meet and greet adoption night. And I am calling around and setting up appointments for next week. It's that time of year again, I need to search out orphaned witches and wizards in the muggle system. And, Hermione and I will be going on home visits for the kids who will be old enough to join Traditions this upcoming school year. I can only assume both of those things will be easier this year than last. By sheer numbers, it will be easier because it should mostly just be new additions as well as what few may have missed our lists last year. And as far as Traditions goes, the parents of this year's students have had almost completely positive things to say about the program, so hopefully we won't have to assure many parents that we know what we're doing now that we have a year under our belts.

But now I need to get back to prepping. If you get a chance can you come in once or twice this
week? Lainie is putting together a performance for Friday and it sounds as though our tiny dictator may be letting all the power go to her head. She may need some reining in!

All of my love,
Harry
Chapter 228

Chapter Summary

Oh, so that's what Kisa said...

Monday June 26th
OW!

After reading your email, I was reminded that I needed to take Kisa aside and let her know that it's *not* okay to shout obscenities in public, even if they are in a different language that no one likely understood. Don't get me wrong, I was inappropriately delighted by it at the time, but as a parent, I feel I should at least attempt to curb her swearing.

So I said: "Kisa... you know better. A girl of only nine -"

And that's when I found myself flat on my back on the floor. Good thing I wasn't wearing the babies! Kisa was straddling me and glaring at me so fiercely I thought I might spontaneously combust from it. She was also aimed and ready to punch me solidly in the nose, her other hand bunched up in the collar of my shirt. By this, it was abundantly clear that I had stuck my foot in my mouth somehow. I scrambled to remember the vitally important information.

"TEN!!! A girl of TEN!" I hastily corrected myself when I realized my error. See, her birthday is April 1st and we were so busy with other things - basically since we started dating - that I completely didn't think about it. At all.

Still glaring but no longer about to punch me, she sat up just a little straighter and said in Russian: "That's better, I was going to have to call you something worse than pond scum and beat you until you never forgot again."

Sighing, I slowly shifted her off me and sat up, thankful that she let me move her as she had apparently found the one spot in my abdomen that is still a bit sore from my pregnancy. Unless her arse is just that bony. Anyway.

I began again: "Kisa, you know that it is not appropriate for a girl of only ten to say such things as you said to that homophobic man at the festival."

"You should be thanking me!" She insisted petulantly, her arms crossed over her chest.

I took a breath and steeled myself for more pain as I pulled her into my arms. To my relief, she didn't punch me in the gut or anywhere. "I am grateful that you stood up for us. I love that you are so much like your mother that you were able to stand there like an actual Princess and command that he leave us alone with so much authority that he did. But that still doesn't excuse your choice of words."

She sniffed haughtily and looked away. "I did nothing wrong..."

I gave her a look. She harrumphed and tried to stamp her foot, even though she was sitting on the floor with me still holding her. "I didn't!"

"You told him quite emphatically: I hope all of my ancestors bend you over and fuck you dry every
night for the rest of your life until you are so miserable that you commit suicide and save the rest of us your pathetic shitty existence - and then I hope they fuck your rotting corpse for the rest of eternity!"

It was then that it occurred to me to hope that she hadn't taught Elena to say *all* of that. The only thing I heard Elena repeat at the time was the 'prettier' of the Russian words, so hopefully... yeah... Kisa probably taught her the entire phrase when they were alone. Bugger!

Kisa shrugged. "See? I didn't say anything he didn't deserve. Next time, I should just keep my mouth shut and punch him in his ignorant fat face!"

Sighing, I decided that this was probably the best I was going to get. "Fine. All I really hoped to accomplish was letting you know that your words were not appropriate. I'm so proud of you for the rest of it though. That you didn't punch him, and that you stood up for us. It meant a lot to me, and I know it meant more than you'll ever realize to Harry."

She looked pacified by this.

I sent her off to play with Elena with a kiss to the cheek and a murmured: "Love you."

She actually hugged me and returned the phrase before running off. By that point, I felt nearly ready to get up off the floor. Oi! Remind me to stretch my back out more often!

So, after a lengthy massage from Aya, I abandoned all attempts to do any business for the day - as I'm honestly still trying to decide what to do next - and popped over to Unity House. It was loud screaming chaos since Elena had gone home for a break (which was why Kisa was home too), and the kids were apparently attempting to utterly demolish the Park. You call it playing...

Deciding that I didn't want any part of that, I searched for you - since you hadn't been in your office when I arrived.

I looked ALL over that Merlin buggering house before deciding that you must have left on an appointment, so, I went to the Park again to see if Elena had come back from her break and if the littles were there. As it turns out, you must have been doing rounds well ahead of me, because you were now in the park. Strangely relieved to see you, I marched right up to you, spun you around, and pulled you into a kiss so passionate that all the kids started groaning in disgust and trying to push us over when we didn't stop right away.

Flushed an adorably rosy shade, you grinned at me when the kids succeeded in tearing us apart, and murmured: "I need some help with paperwork in my office."

An eight year old spat out: "We're not stupid, you know!"

We ignored him. I gestured toward your office. "Lead the way." So you did. And that boy was right, hahaha!

No I won't hesitate, no more no more, it cannot wait, I'm sure, there's no need to complicate, our time is short, this is our fate, I'm yours,

Draco

P.S. Salazar's raunchy hole! What is it about shagging in your office that makes it so much hotter?!

Wednesday June 28th
My dragon,

So. Damn. Tired.

I didn't go on a single interview yet. But setting them up and planning for Friday was a nightmare.

I have email, and I have a modifier on my telephone so I can make calls to the muggle world. So you wouldn't think calling someone to set up a meet an greet would be so hard. Last year I had no idea what to expect, so I didn't notice anything being easy or hard, it just WAS. But the few calls I've made yesterday and today tell me that I am going to have quite an exhausting couple of weeks!

I got some really good news though. Two of the appointments I've set up had the same contact people that I spoke to last year when I went to visit Martin and when I met with our Elena.

Martin's caregivers asked after him. I loved being able to tell them that he was adopted by his forever family in November. And being able to say that we still see him regularly because of Traditions as well as random visits was great. They seemed thrilled to hear that they had made the right choice in sending him here. They asked me to tell him hello the next time I see him. I have high hopes that they will be more open to sending this other child, Jesse, here to Unity knowing that Martin's was a success story.

But talking to Elena's former foster parents was wonderful. She hadn't been with them long, but she had made such an impression on them. Not that I can blame them! They asked after her welfare and I told them that she had also found a forever home, she's happy and healthy and loved, getting a great education, and is the proud big sister of two little sisters and a little brother. Well, apparently I went on and on about how well she was doing, and they asked me how often I got to see her if she had truly been adopted in January. I hadn't planned on it, but I admitted that my husband and I were the ones to have adopted her.

Well didn't that open up a whole can of worms? Now I have to ask you, they actually mentioned that Simon, the boy in their care, is quite shy and they wondered if we could bring Lainie with as they know how good she is at making other children feel comfortable, and that way they could selfishly get a visit in with her. How do you feel about that? She's mentioned before how our little girl was bounced from home to home for so long!), and obviously we can ask her whether she's interested in a visit, but I didn't want to bring it up to her if you weren't alright with it. So would you like to go with me and Elena on one of my interviews next week? If so, it's set for one in the afternoon on Tuesday.

So Friday's meet and greet is going to be a bit different than those we've had in the past. We currently have 24 Kids, and they're such a wide range of ages, that having a movie night doesn't work quite as well. So we've decided to do an outdoor game night instead. We'll have it outside, we've got the Park as well as some low-flying pick-up quidditch games going, and then some muggle-type sports, and we're even setting up an area for some of the instruments to be played. I'm hoping it's a bit more interactive and therefore the potential parents can get to know the Kids a bit more than sitting around watching a movie.

I think it will be really great, but it's been more work than usual in preparation.

I can't believe you forgot Kisa had a birthday! We sent her a gift and everything. Oh! That was while you were still pregnant and brain-fogged. That makes more sense now that I think on it. I remember when I floo-ed her to wish her a happy birthday she was quite put out with me that I hadn't had Orion yet as she thought that would have been a lovely present for her, to have a grand-nephew to share her birthday with. I assured her that it was not my doing, because if I had anything to say about it he would have been born MUCH earlier! Our mellow little boy thought he should just stay put
where he was cozy!

But oh my goodness! THAT is what she yelled? And our Lainie repeated some of it? Yikes! Oh well I suppose, I try to watch my mouth, and re-reading our older emails I have really reined it in, have you noticed? But she's our kid, she's going to hear some inappropriate language occasionally. At least she heard it as a defense against some ignorant homophobe, so it was proper context!

Well, I let Lainie and Kisa pick tonight's movie. So I guess we are sticking with the baseball theme? We're watching A League of Their Own. It's a bit more mature than most of the movies we do, but all of the reviews I've read say it's mostly appropriate and the innuendo will only be caught by children who already know about those things. And it's quite a "girl power" movie, so you know it's hard for me to say no to that!

Anyway, I have a few more phone calls to make before tonight! I'll see you on our snuggle couch!

Love always,
Harry
Chapter Summary

Sebastian talks to his father's portrait.

Thursday June 29th
AHAHAHAAHAAAAHAHAA!

I know I laughed *way* too hard, trying to muffle it in your shoulder as we watched the movie, but that scene where the chubby dark haired woman was talking to the blonde woman and said: "You think there are men out there who *haven't* seen your bosom?" MERLIN! It was like listening to Pansy talk to me!

Not that I'd gone around showing off my 'bosom' to every man I saw, just that she knows a few people have seen it, haha.

Anyway...

Oh, so as for going to see Elena's old foster parents, that really is up to her. If she wants to go, then I have no reason to stop her. We'll bring the littles (and probably Kisa) with so they can see that she has an entire family now. I actually feel it's important to maintain a good relationship with them as chances are good that they will come across a lot more muggleborn witches and wizards in the system over the years, and knowing to call you if they ever have a display of accidental magic would be helpful. More than helpful if they also know they can trust you to care for those 'special' children in a way that will make them happy and feel loved.

This Friday sounds like it will be fun! I'm betting that Greg had to help out somehow or build something, because he had to take a break from the masterpiece that he is creating in our yard. I'll schmooze, but don't make me participate in any of the games. I'm almost certainly going to have at least one little on me and I don't want to risk them getting hit on the head with a baseball or something. Actually, I'll make a deal with you, I'll wear both of the twins if you promise that I don't have to help with any of the games - not even the tiny Quidditch game. Deal?

So today, I was mildly bored and had time (since you had the littles with you at Unity House while I was still asleep) to actually sit down and work on that non wand device, and Salazar buggering Slytherin!!! What in the bloody hell took me so long?! I had a good dozen prototypes made up and ready for testing in less than an hour. And they seem to work pretty darn well, if I do say so myself. I'm going to bring them over to Blaise's when I have some free time this week.

At the same time, I looked through my notebook of ideas and realized that we wanted a parchment that could store a vast amount of books for easy carrying. Well, this proved to be a bit more difficult, but I adore a good challenge, so I tried a few different things until I had something... workable, I suppose. The problem is that without some super complex magic, it *can't* add and delete things at will (and honestly, computers *can* do that, so this would be a bit redundant), BUT I can load up as much as I want in the initial spell casting, and that will be easily accessible to the user.

It's sort of like being able to hold a book shaped piece of paper in your hands and tell it to change into any of the preprogrammed books in its inventory. I only had the books in our room on hand to
start with, so *my* prototype contains all my favorite books. I figure that this would prove useful to Hogwarts students and can be spelled to hold all of the books for each year - but that will obviously require working out deals for permission to use/sell those books with the book publishers, and so is not quite as simple as it sounds. Maybe we can work around that by making this something that can only be bought *in addition* to the physical copies of the books. I'll have to look into it. Later.

At that point, just as I was setting my work aside, I heard a soft little knock at the door. Sebastian had come for a visit. I think he might have even slipped away from the garden while my mother wasn't *fully* paying attention because he looked over his shoulder as if afraid of being caught. I beckoned him to come closer, and then sat him on my lap.

"Something wrong?"

He shook his head. "No... it's just... I'm told that the portrait you got for your birthday - of my father - can talk, and... can I talk to him?"

"Oh..." I murmured, not entirely sure what my parents would think of this development. Then I sighed and kissed him. "Of course. He *is* your father after all. You should be allowed to talk to him whenever you want."

So I took him to the library area of our suite and sat down with him on my lap in front of Severus' portrait. He wasn't there at first (apparently he enjoys walking through the other portraits and sort of spying on us all from time to time. I'm almost certain he watches his son out of curiosity, even though no one has taken the time to explain things to him yet.), but he must have sensed eyes on him because he returned rather quickly.

"Good afternoon, Sev," I greeted him, one of the few people allowed to call him that, and I hadn't received permission until Seventh Year when there was so much going on in school that, well, I think he just wanted *someone* around who he could be informal with at times.

"Draco..." he returned the greeting in his slow drawl. "And who do we have here?"

I took a deep breath, wondering why *my father* couldn't be the one to break this news. "So, as you may or may not have heard while snooping around, my husband Harry owns an orphanage."

He growled a bit at that. "Yes... I cannot imagine why you married that arrogant brat, but I've heard enough to know that he's a bleeding heart fool in charge of an orphanage."

"I love him more than anything in the world," I stated flatly, allowing for no arguments.

He sighed but didn't say anything.

"Anyway, as I was saying, a while back, Unity House - that's the orphanage - found out that there were a lot of kids that were either stolen by former Death Eaters - rather than murdered along with their families - OR created by former Death Eaters. Some by rape. Some by torrid affair. As far as we can tell, one little boy was created during a one off with an unknown witch in which a normally very smart Potions Master apparently forgot to use the protection spells."

Oh Harry! The look on Severus' face as he stared at first me - in horror - and then Sebastian... was priceless!!! I take it back, I'm SO glad I got to do this rather than my father!

Rather gleefully, I continued. "Meet Sebastian. His mother is completely unknown, but he was dropped off at the Death Eater version of an orphanage shortly after birth with a note saying his name was Sebastian Snape - and thus, yours."
I have *NEVER* seen him so flabbergasted! His mouth opened and closed a few times like a fish gasping for water, ahahahahahaha!

"Hello father," Sebastian said in an impressively refined tone. "I'm told I look just like you."

"Yes..." Severus managed although he was clearly still processing the shock.

Once I felt sure that they could manage to talk to each other without a chaperone, I decided to give them just a little privacy, in case either of them had anything to say that they might not want me to hear. When I returned with a plate of biscuits and milk a while later, Severus looked rather pleased. Not to mention, Sebastian looked like he finally found a real person on a deserted planet. The rest of the chat was a bit pleasant as we ate our biscuits.

At one point, my father (likely having asked an elf where in the buggering hell Sebastian was), came into the room. Severus was the first to notice him and sort of frowned in puzzlement. "Lucius," he greeted with a respectful nod.

"Severus," My father returned, also nodding.  

"Papa!" Sebastian cried out happily and ran over to fling himself in our father's arms. "Big brother Draco and I were talking to my father's portrait! Did you know that he likes potions just like I do?"

"Yes, I did know that," father murmured softly, stroking Sebastian's hair. "I was just on my way to the owlry. Do you want to come hunting with me?"

Sebastian bit his lip in indecision. "Erm... I do rather like the little ones..."

Dad rested his head against Sebastian's. "You had your mother worried to death when you disappeared from right under her nose."

"Sorry papa, it's just that Della was demanding all of mum's attention again, and I thought I might not be missed."

"Hrmph!" Dad harrumphed, turning to leave. "Come on, let's go hunt."

"See you later!" I called after them. Sebastian waved back at me. "Later Draco!"

"What just happened?" Severus asked in surprise.

"Oh, it seems I forgot to mention, my parents adopted him since they felt they were the only people in the world who could raise a child like that with love - just as they adopted Della, daughter of Bellatrix, who's also dead now. Thus, I have a brother AND a sister... After all these years, sigh..."

"Oh..." I could see that he had *no idea* what to say to that, so I left him to think in silence.

After actually accomplishing something for the day, I set out to Unity House to check up on you and the kids. And you know what happened then. The moment I caught sight of you, I grabbed you and snogged you so hard that we scandalized everyone, hahaha!

I want to lay you down on a bed of roses, oh and I, I'd sleep on a bed of nails! Oh I want to be, just as close as, the holy ghost is, and lay you down on a bed of roses,

Draco

Friday June 30th
How many people HAVE you shown your bosoms to?

I kid, I kid, you know I don't care.

I talked with Lainie this morning while we were having breakfast and asked her what she thought about seeing her former foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lehi. She lit up and said she'd be thrilled to see them. I told her I hadn't realized how close they had been, and she could have asked us to visit if she was missing them. Is it completely selfish of me that I got a bit jealous of how excited she was to see them? She laughed at me, told me she loved us best and they were just a nice place to stay until she got to us, her real parents. I thought I was keeping my jealousy nice and subtle, well apparently that girl can read me like a book!

I contacted them today and told them we would all be coming on Tuesday. I didn't even think of maintaining good relationships when they offered, I was focused on preening with pride over how memorable our daughter is! And they are not wrong, she's Unity House's resident tour guide, event planner, and dictator! I thought they might panic a bit when I mentioned we were bringing our entire family of six, as well as Kisa, but it must be hard to fluster foster parents with the idea of bringing a tribe of children. I may not be a foster parent, but I would think it's a lot like me if someone were to ask me if it were alright to bring a bunch of children somewhere!

I'm so excited for tonight, and yes almost everything is ready. We stole Greg back to put the finishing touches on the stage he had started a while ago, it was functional, but he hadn't quite gotten around to the finishing touches or making it pretty. And he crafted some goalposts. And he was working on some extra seating pockets throughout the lawns, little gazebos and some seats around the pond. Places small groups could go to get some one on one time while still being in sight of the caretakers and the larger groups.

I would never ask you to do something dangerous while you were wearing any of the babies! We're having a meet and greet, not a triathlon! The sports we're going to have available is a little bit of football, and some Frisbees or hula hoops; muggle "sports" like that. They'll be more at risk of being overwhelmed by all of the little ones trying to pet their heads and give them kisses than to get knocked by a stray Frisbee. The almost twins are well loved by our Unity Kids.

I certainly won't make you play quidditch, I wouldn't want you to lose to me in front of so many people, that would be awful! It would be much better for your well being for you to stay far away from quidditch my love.

I assumed you'd be spending most of your time in the area with all of the musical instruments. Eri and Ori will either try to coo along or fall straight asleep. It seems as though I am still the only one in our family not musically inclined. Poor, poor Harry, has to spend his life surrounded by beautiful music performed by his favorite people in the world. Feel sorry for me yet?

I'm so glad to hear you're getting back into your inventions. It was such a focus for you for so long, and then I would mention something like "I think a daycare would be good" and then you're dropping your plans to make my little ideas a fully realized event. I love that you are doing all of these things, but you need to keep up with your own interests as well! I mean, I bet it's been at least six months since you've tied up any of your friends! I adore you, and I love spending all of my time with you. But I think you might need a night out, kid and husband free, to hang out with your boys. Maybe go to one of those lame old dudes clubs with your father?

Oh, my sweet Sebastian, I love that he has access to his father's portrait. I can't even imagine how confusing the last months have been. He grew up in that house, then came to Unity, found out he had a father he never met, then was adopted into our crazy family. It's obviously wonderful that he's here, he has been thriving and growing like a weed! But I think it's nice that he has access to some of
his biological heritage as well.

I have to see your pensieve memory of Snape being told he had a son! And then to get the shock of hearing that his son is brothers with his godson. Don't worry too much about sticking up for me with Snape, he just wishes I was a Snape and not a Potter. Jokes on everyone, I'm a Malfoy now! Although I still am a Potter, just not in name. I think it's hilarious that the three year old was able to be well spoken, and the intelligent adult had gaping fish mouth.

Oh! Must run! I promised to bake with a few of the Kids, they wanted homemade sweets for tonight's party!

I'll see you soon!

Harry
Harry is going down and Draco is *not* a cheater! He's not! ¬_¬

We closed on a house today, so I apologize in advance if my posting has no rhyme or reason for the next month. But I should be able to post everyday still :-)
official requests for adoption. We may get another one or two trickle in in the next few days. But as of right now I am helping thirteen children pack and prepare to head to their new homes.

I am happy for all of them, but I am beyond thrilled that Alric is finally finding a family! He's one of the youngest kids we have here, and he's been here longer than anyone else. You'd think his age would have made his adoption quicker, but we had the same restrictions on any of the Kids of known death eaters that we had in place for Della. So it took until now to find the right parents that would be able to see past his biology. I don't know names, they rarely give me names, but the couple adopting him isn't from the U.K. They were both born here, but their families moved away shortly after they were born. They've recently moved back for the job opportunities we have due to all the reconstruction. So, they have no personal issues with death eaters or Avery in particular. I'm going to miss the little stinker though!

So by the end of this week we will be down to eleven Kids. Seeing as I have interviews this week and next, our numbers won't stay low for very long.

But for now, I must be off, even with Tabitha doing most of the running of Unity House in my stead at this point, the official paperwork for adoptions/guardianships has to go through me, so I've a TON of paperwork to accomplish.

Wish me luck!

All of my love,
Harry
Monday July 3rd
Beloved husband,

I know this is like *super* last minute, but Donna's parents sent us (and Donna and Dudley, of course) an invitation to Portkey out to them for a Fourth of July celebration. I *know* that the American Independence Day is not something we Brits like to celebrate, but I figured that it's supposed to be a non-sexual drunken revelry with fireworks, so... why not? It'll be a chance to have some time without our kids - yes my parents agreed to watch them (and Daisy's being looked after by her grandparents too) - so what say you?

The tricky bit you need to consider before agreeing (or not) is the time difference between here and Minnesota. It's seven hours, and if we portkey, we'll in essence be skipping those seven hours (rather than be sort of suspended in the moment during flight. So, if we want to get there at 5PM for the start of the party, we have to leave here at Midnight - which not only puts you (and me to a lesser extent) up past our bedtime, BUT then we'd have to actually stay awake and party for probably at least another six or seven hours. Meaning that we would more than likely have to go to bed really early (and take a mild sleeping potion) before leaving, to ensure we've had a little sleep and won't be cranky. Which is easy enough, if you're interested. (Now I sound like an old man, grr!)

It also means that we will have plenty of time to visit with Elena's foster family tomorrow before we leave. Plus, say we leave America at midnight their time, we'll be coming home at 7AM, which gives us time for a nap before doing anything important. Or at least it does me. See, here's where I think there's probably going to be a snag, you have appointments and things set up Wednesday morning, don't you. You probably *can't* go...

Well, if that's the case, just know that I *also* set it up so that this weekend, I (actually WE) will be following your advice. A night out with my friends with no husband and kids. I have it arranged so that I'm meeting up with my posse and you're meeting up with yours - and Molly and Arthur are watching the littles while Elena and Kisa just do as they like around the Manor. Within reason!!! No need for Kisa to burn it down, Merlin!

Well, now that I'm sending this off to you, I'm actually headed out to meet with the team in charge of my Amusement Park. See, since the last time I talked about it - when they were *just* finalizing a place to build it, they have been constructing it slowly but steadily using mainly muggle techniques so that they can ensure absolutely safety from the very start, and then layer it with spells to guarantee it. Well, now, they've finally reached a stage where all that's left is finalizing the look of it - decorations and color scheme and things like that. So, I'm going in to look it over, test a few things to make sure they really are in working order, and then approve or make changes to the final look. If things go well, it'll be ready for a grand opening in less than a month.

Oh! Running late!
Love
Draco

Tuesday July 4th
Morning Love,
Ok so let me know if I have this right. We are going to The Lehi's today at 1:00 for Simon's interview and to let them see Elena. That was my last appointment for today anyway, I wanted to give us as much time as we needed. Then at roughly midnight, we portkey to Minnesota for their celebrations, and portkey home by 7:00 Wednesday morning?

My first interview on Wednesday wasn't until noon. So if we nap this evening before we go, I nap for a few hours when we get back, and make sure to have a pepper up on hand, I'll be fine. I will crash hard come Wednesday night, but I think it sounds super fun! Let's go!

I've had a crazy morning so far. I saw off three of our adoptions, Eloise, Guinevere, and Alfie. I also managed to fit in an interview in there. It's 12:20 so you should be here any minute so we can all go together. I am currently slamming lunch at my desk before we head out. I'm typing one handed while I eat, so I probably look a bit like you with your keyboard pecking when you type!

I am so glad you scheduled a night out for yourself! It's been ages and ages since you've had time with just your crew. And I obviously have no idea what we're doing, but I'm looking forward to some time with mine as well. Thank you so much for asking Molly and Arthur to watch the littles. Your parents tend to get most of the grandchild sitting duties since we all live together, it was really quite sweet of you to do this. And I am sure your parents, while they adore our children, are probably ok with having the evening just to their own little family (minus their oldest of course!). They just have to keep Kisa and Lainie from burning the manor down. Because now that you've mentioned it, I do worry about those two teaming up for shenanigans a little bit.

It sounds like you got quite a bit done during your meeting for your amusement park. I can't wait until it's finished. It sounds like so much fun. And I bet if I tell them I'm sleeping with the owner, I might get special treatment! Maybe an extra scoop of ice cream? Do you think it will be up and running by my birthday? Because that would be a super fun way to spend the day I would think.

Shite! I just spilled on myself, and it's almost time to head out!

I'll see you in a minute!

Love,
Harry
Chapter 232

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco go to Donna's parents' place for the 4th of July.

Wednesday July 5th
My love,

I'm certain that you actually paid attention at the Lehi's and thus, remember more than I do. When we arrived, I had Viona strapped to me, Eris was strapped to Kisa, and Elena was cuddling Orion in a carrier. Funnily enough, Kisa had insisted that we make a special shopping trip to a fabric store quickly so that she could pick out a few yards of a soft cotton in a color and pattern that would look good with her chosen outfit for the day. She chose something fairly close to my favorite cloth in soft gold (which matches nearly everything I wear and looks good), being a creamy color with an abundance of golden swirls on it.

Since we were there, Elena picked out a few yards of a dark red material with black and gold waves, which come to think it of, will match a good portion of the things she likes to wear. New cloth in hand, they held still as I taught them the 'secret' to a basic chest carry. Once we were done, both girls strutted around proudly as if they were proud parents.

Oh Harry, I think I made a mistake letting them wear the babies. I can only *pray* they don't get any ideas in their heads for another 8 or 25 years - at the very least.

Anyway, then we joined you and went to the Lehi's. Elena was on cloud nine, chatting with them excitedly at top speeds. You kept up with the conversation - as far as I could tell - but I got distracted almost right away. See, there was a small playground in the backyard and Viona spotted a couple littles around her own age, so she demanded that we go over and play with them.

I think I forgot that just because they knew about magic, it didn't necessarily mean that we could perform magic around them, because when Viona begged: "Boh! Boh!" I whipped out my wand and created a pair of small pirate ships out of sand to 'sail' around the sandbox and launch canon balls at each other.

The muggle littles thought it was great fun and ran around chasing the ships, squealing in delight and smashing them so that I'd have to make new ones. However, there was a muggle boy of about 13 - who I *think* might be one of the Lehi's actual children - that freaked out and started screaming about how that wasn't possible, and what sort of sorcerer was I?

"Wizard, actually," I corrected him with a light sneer. In shock, he ran off screeching as if I was a demon hound hot on his trail.

Very shortly after that, our visit seemed to come to an end. I mean we'd been there a while, so it probably was just the natural conclusion, but I felt bad, as if I had caused enough trouble to get us kicked out. If so, sorry. I'll buy Elena a new costume to make it up to her.

The funniest part of the visit - from my perspective - was when the visit came to an end, well I was still in the sand box conducting a rather epic battle between a good dozen ships by this point (the
littles kept stomping on them so I had to outnumber them, hahaha), and it was Elena who called out: "Dad! It's time to go." And when I didn't respond right away because I was concentrating on what I was doing, Kisa cupped a hand along her mouth and shouted: "Oi! Nephew! Don't make your Auntie come over there and kick your arse!"

I love her sass, but I couldn't just let her get away with that, so I ended the spell on the sand ships and spun around to glare at her. "Watch it, young lady! I've had Aunts much older and scarier than you, so your threats don't bother me!"

"You're lucky I'm holding a baby, cheeky bugger!" She sassed back.

I picked up Viona, who was now screeching because she had to leave her new friends and the sand ship battle, and tied her to me with the ease of frequent practice as I walked over to Kisa and stared her down.

"Sorry," she mumbled, looking away with a light blush.

"Better," I murmured, ruffling her hair and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Elena hugged me - careful not to squish Orion or Viona - and babbled excitedly. "I showed Kisa my old room and she couldn't believe I had to share a place so tiny with other kids!"

"My suite in Russia is even bigger than the one I'm staying in while here, you should come visit me when I have to go home. I can have a few of my favorite 'big brothers' teach you how to do Krav Maga properly. Draco is not very good at it -"

"Oi!"

"And I am better at doing than teaching," Kisa finished.

You took the moment of silence that followed that to smile at the Lehi's and thank them for having us, and then we each grabbed one of our big girls by the hand so that all seven of us could Apparate back to Unity House for you to finish up some paperwork while the rest of us basically fucked around until you were done.

Then we went home and handed off the littles to my parents - trusting that Elena and Kisa would probably go dance or curse in Russian in Elena's room - so that we could take those naps we needed. Around 11 PM, Muffy woke us up. Donna and Dudley had been sent a Portkey from her parents, and so it was just easiest for us to get ready and go over to their flat and take the same portkey - which turned out to be a large but empty pizza box - to Dudley's disappointment.

At 12:02 AM, the Portkey activated and yanked us off across the globe in the blink of an eye. I don't know about you, but I felt like I couldn't breathe and almost forgot to cast the levitation spell on myself when we were spit out above a very nice back yard in Minnesota. Luckily, I managed it after falling for only a second. Donna's parents were on hand to intercept Donna and Dudley - since neither had magic - but everyone assumed that you'd cast your own spell, but you didn't. You *would* have landed flat on your face had Donna's Aunt not caught you at the last moment and set you down gently.

"Perfect!" Ben Cullen cried out joyously in welcome. "You made it just in time to eat!"

And eat we did. They'd roasted an absolutely succulent and enormous pig - the entire pig! And it was *so* good! There was watermelon and corn on the cob and - way too much food to describe! Nearly half of it was called a 'salad' despite not having any lettuce in it at all. The fruit salad seemed to be more of a gelatin pudding, but it was still tasty, if a bit sweet.
And then there was the alcohol! They had enough alcohol (even a couple of bottles of nice wine, plus the one I brought as a host gift) to practically kill everyone there with alcohol poisoning! You and Dudley had stopped seeing each other before you could go drinking together - back before reconnecting - and so, had never gotten pissed out of your minds together before. It was rather amusing to watch the two of you bicker and wrestle around on the ground, but by that point, you were both so bladdered that no one could truly understand what the argument was.

We played a game of pickup Quodpot - and let me just remind you that trying to learn and actually play a new game - on brooms - while utterly drunk is NOT easy. Or wise. At all! I'm pretty sure the Mediwitch (one of Donna's aunts or cousins, I'm not sure which) was busy for at least an hour straight just patching us many exuberant drunkards all up every time we collided in mid air, and then insisted that we could do better and so tried again.

The fireworks were brilliant!!! Perhaps being drunk made them better somehow, but the Cullen's had obtained and (illegally) set off an array of wizarding fireworks, and they were so lively and gorgeous! Although, that could be because I was rather drunk at the time and almost felt like they were crawling around the inside of my eyes, haha.

But all good things eventually come to an end. Their younger crowd had gone to bed by 11 PM (their time), and the remaining adults started to get a little flirty and amorous. We didn't have time to truly play at that point, so we simply joined in on the dancing. And flirting. And groping. One clearly star struck fan gathered up the courage to try to kiss you, but it was about five minutes before our Portkey was due to return us home, and so, I had been looking for you. I saw him twist you in a dip and close in for the 'kill,' but I was faster than him. I grabbed him by the back of the neck and gave him a dark glare.

"Never kiss my husband!"

"But! But! YOU were kissing someone not ten minutes ago!"

"Yes, but that is something neither Harry nor I have a problem with. Harry has made it a rule that *no one* is allowed to kiss him but me, and you are *definitely* not me," I informed him icily.

Then I purposely aggravated him by kissing you rather possessively.

"Oi! The Portkey!" Donna called out urgently, and we called out our goodbyes as we rushed to grab the oblong ball that is brown and vaguely shaped like a lemon. Not a moment too soon, as it yanked us across the world back to Donna and Dudley's flat - where there was thankfully a bunch of relatively soft furniture to land on because we were *all* still too drunk to remember levitation or cushioning charms. Even so, I'd swear I cracked all my ribs. I'm actually going to stop in at St. Mungo's to get checked out before I go see how you're doing - likely extremely hung over and having forgotten the hangover potion.

Live your story, faith hope and glory, hold to the truth in your heart, if we hold on together, I know our dreams will never die, dreams see us through to forever, where clouds roll by, for you and I, Draco

Wednesday July 5th
So tired.

So worth it.
I just got back from my interview and I have a little window to write before I have to head out for the next one. Thank Merlin for pepper-ups!

The meeting with the Lehi's was lovely, and don't worry you didn't do anything wrong. We did end a bit abruptly because that child was upset, but it wasn't your fault. That's their oldest, Duncan, and he's quite jealous of those with magic. He was close with Elena when she lived there, and when she left "because of her stupid magic" he was both sad about losing her and angry at not having magic himself. I guess he was finally starting to come to terms with Elena, when Simon started having his accidental magic outbursts.

Duncan was quite overwhelmed at the mix of emotions; happiness to see Elena, jealousy that there was another child with magic, and then he stepped outside and there you were "showing off your stupid magic". We had been wrapping up our visit anyway, so we just sped up the process a bit so they could calm him down. Poor bloke. While Mrs. Lehi was comforting Duncan I made sure to tell Mr. Lehi that we'd be happy to have him, or any of them really, to Unity House or even our house for a visit. I wouldn't want any of them to become bitter towards the magical world.

I mean take my own relatives as an example. My Uncle would have been a real nightmare about magic no matter what, but I know that my Aunt Petunia's issues mostly stemmed from her childhood jealousy over not being magical. Did you know at one point she even wrote to Dumbledore asking to be admitted to Hogwarts? She was sad and jealous and lonely. She couldn't be "special" like my mum, so she latched on to being "normal." Seeing as the Lehi's know about magic, he's going to grow up with some knowledge of the Wizarding world, it might be beneficial for him to be able to have fun with magical people without having to be magical himself.

I don't know, maybe I'm being too optimistic.

Either way, Simon is most definitely magical and will be coming to Unity in about two weeks. He's six, and very shy, but very active. He was in talking with us for a bit, but he eventually joined you in the yard for the naval battle. He was the dark blonde boy with giant eyes. I doubt he said a word, but I saw him running circles around the sandbox. I can't wait to show him the climbing wall at the Park!

Oi my spoiled prat husband. Buying things for Elena to make up for upsetting her is only going to create a brat. If you had done something that truly upset her, you should talk with her, try to fix it, but NOT by buying her a new costume! I know, we are well off, and we both overindulge our children, but we should not use gifts as bribery or as an apology. I think it's going to be hard for you and I to find a middle ground, you grew up being given any material possession you wanted, and I grew up getting old socks on the rare occasion I was given any "gift" at all, so neither of us really have a sense of how much is appropriate.

I will say though, Elena is so kind and compassionate and giving that I doubt either of us could really turn her into a brat! Although it has been a while since the two of you went out on one of your excursions together. Maybe you should take her (and Kisa of course) to go scout out some new scores or scripts for her to direct sometime soon.

And I don't think you need to worry about Elena or Kisa wanting to be parents anytime soon. They love babies, particularly "their" babies, but they also see how much work they are. Between our obsession with adding to our family, their access to Unity House, and us being open to conversing about sex and therefore sex education, they won't be creating families until they're good and ready I am sure.

The trip to America was fun. That barbecue! An entire roast pig! Watermelon! Corn on the cob! Miscellaneous …. salads? I think we should host a party some time this summer and have the theme be American Barbecue. Wouldn't that be fun? We could have George create some really cool
fireworks for it. And now that we've seen it played a few times, we could attempt Quodpot.

But thank you for saving me from the kisser. I did not recognize that he was coming in for one. You'll always save me won't you?

Don't worry, I did not forget my hangover potion. I had a wicked enough hangover that it didn't quite get rid of the entire thing, but managed to bring it down to a bit of a headache and a sensitive stomach. Although those could be not even hangover related and just a headache from all the noise of last night and overindulging on the food.

Oops, gotta run, next appointment is in fifteen minutes.

Love,
Harry
Chapter 233

Chapter Summary

While Harry's out on an interview, Draco needs to step into his office for a bit.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: This chapter could be disturbing and or trigger to some readers, although I promise that when all is said and done, it's NOT as bad nor triggery as it sounds at first.

If you want to have a bit of a spoiler before reading, look up Lina Medina, we used a real life little girl as a base for a character in the next couple of chapters. If you don't want a spoiler, I'll actually give a recap on this little girl after the arc is resolved :-)

Wednesday July 5th

Dearest Harry,

Well this is strange, and by that I mean highly unusual. It also feels a bit weird, but I'm sitting in YOUR office writing this email because you are out on an interview.

See, I popped into Unity House despite knowing that you are gone simply to see how Elena and Kisa were doing. I had the littles with me, and here's the really funny thing, they were all taking a nap, so I'd strapped the twins to my chest and Viona to my back. They nearly balanced each other out, haha.

So anyway, I was quietly watching Elena explain to Kisa the joys of having the other kids perform funny skits or songs and dances. You think *Elena* is a tiny dictator!!! Kisa was acting a bit like they were all her minions in the Stregge and it was her absolute right to tell them exactly what to do in the minutest detail. They both lamented the fact that so many kids had left recently, but I'm dead certain the kids that remain cannot wait for Kisa to go home, hahahaha! They love Elena just fine, because she tends to rule with a gentle hand, but Kisa dominates with a diamond fist!

Just when I was smirking and snickering in amusement, Tabitha came up to me.

"Sorry to bother you, Mr. Malfoy."

In a good mood, I smiled at her. "I think you can call me Draco by now. You've only been calling Harry by name since about five minutes after meeting him."

"Right, Draco, sorry."

And by her solemnity and awkwardness, I knew something serious had happened. "What's wrong?" I asked with a concerned frown.

"It's just... well, something important happened that needs Harry's immediate attention, but since he's not here, and I am not authorized, I sort of need you..."
"Alright," I said, figuring that it was something sensitive that she didn't want to talk about in front of the other kids, so I followed her to your office. There, waiting for us, was a woman who introduced herself as Rachel White from the Department of Children and Families. She had a curious little girl with her that I *swear* to you Harry, looked pregnant despite being far too young for that sort of thing! As it turns out...

"This sweet little girl I have with me is named Lina Medina. She's five years old and has just - as of an hour ago - been removed from her mother's care. See, her mother was growing quite worried that her daughter seems to have a tumor. On the other hand, her mother works a lot of hours and hadn't been able to bring Lina into St. Mungo's until today, when she felt that the tumor had grown large enough to be a serious problem that needs to be addressed without further delay. The Healers examined her carefully because they just could not believe their scans. It seems that Lina is seven months pregnant."

"At five years old?!?!!" I blurted out in shock and dismay.

Rachel nodded with a serious and rather fierce expression. "Obviously her mother could not be directly responsible for this condition, but until we can investigate and determine who is, we need to place her in the care of Unity House."

"Of course," I stated without even thinking about it, but I'm fairly confident that's exactly how you would have responded, so... the right thing to do, I suppose.

Nodding, Tabitha tapped on the paperwork on the desk. "All that is normally needed is for Harry to sign the paperwork, but since he's not here... and you are authorized to sign papers -"

"I am?!!?" I had no idea!

Tabitha smirked at me. "Harry has you both listed as owners and cleared to be primary caregivers, so yes, you are authorized to sign the papers."

"Whoa..." I whispered in... Awe, I suppose, as I signed the papers making Lina officially a Unity Kid for the foreseeable future.

Rachel thanked me and said goodbye to Lina before taking her leave. I sat regarding Lina with no earthly idea what to do with her as she sat quietly on a chair looking at me as if I were a new pet she wasn't quite sure would bite or roll over and let her pet his tummy. So, I thought to myself: "What would Harry do?"

And the answer came almost right away: "Harry would bring her to talk to Yesenia."

So that's what I did. I held out my hand, which I'd nonverbally summoned an oatmeal raisin biscuit to. "Hungry?"

She nodded and took the biscuit, nibbling on it ravenously. She most certainly didn't look malnourished, so I was fairly sure this was just never ending pregnancy hunger. Then I held out my hand again.

"Will you take a walk with me? I have a friend who would quite like to talk to you."

Lina nodded and mumbled: "Okay."

I smiled at her encouragingly. "My name is Draco, and these are my babies. I'll let you take a look at them when they wake up. Do you like babies?"
She shrugged indifferently. "The Healers say I have a baby in my tummy, but I don't know how it got in there."

Since we were walking in an empty hallway towards Yessenia's office by that point, I couldn't help but blurt out my most pressing question. "Did someone hurt you? Erm..." I trailed off awkwardly, wondering exactly how to say it to a little girl, besides, I'm a strange man, and talking about any part of her body - even out of concern - might come across as creepy.

She shook her head. "Nope, I don't remember ever being hurt, except the time I fell down and scraped my elbow so bad that I was bleeding everywhere, but mum healed me right back up and I don't even have a scar." She sounded disappointed by this.

We arrived in Yessenia's office and obtained permission to enter. I then handed Yessenia the file so that I didn't have to talk about Lina as if she wasn't even in the room. When Yessenia looked up, clearly not expecting this situation any more than I had, I smiled at Lina and said: "Lina, this is my friend Yessenia, and it's her job to talk to people about all sorts of things. I think she'd like to talk to you, would you mind?"

"Can I have more biscuits if I talk to her?" Lina asked, looking innocent but I sensed a mini Slytherin.

I smiled. "Of course, as long as you drink plenty of milk to go with them."

"Okay!" She replied with a grin.

After summoning a plate of biscuits and a glass of milk, I left Yessenia to it and came back to your office to write this email. Harry, what am I supposed to do??? Should I have stayed with them? Should I have Insta-owled you and insisted you come right back? Should I give the littles to Elena and Kisa and borrow your cloak to go investigate this for myself? I feel like I'd quite like to murder something!

I have to go pace or destroy some crystal or something,
Draco

Wednesday July 5th
My Partner in all things,

Did I not tell you about being co-owner and a primary caregiver? I swear I did. Right?

Hmmm, I may have thought about telling you and then decided to eat watermelon instead. I am going to blame this on Orion's pregnancy brain fog.

Well anyway, yes you have all the clearance that I do in order to run Unity House efficiently.

Thank you for how calm you stayed when Lina came in. Your calm manner kept everything running smoothly.

I was super excited to see you were here when I got back from my interview (which went fantastically again, I am on a roll this year!), I ran up and kissed you senseless. Well, I was senseless, you seemed to be holding back a bit. When I pulled back in confusion, you started rubbing circles on my back. That is never a good sign, it usually means you are going to tell me something I do not want to hear. And I was right.
One of the only benefits to having had a war-filled childhood is that I can turn off emotions for short bursts to get things done. Poor Tabitha, I must have been barking orders at her, but she stepped up. She sent off messages to Hermione and Kingsley for me. Hermione, I asked to research HOW this could have possibly happened. I mean with Beatrix, it was horrifying, but the science and logic end of it all added up. Even if Lina has been abused, pregnancy at her age shouldn't even be possible. Kingsley's message was to let him know that we had Lina and that she was with Yesenia. I wanted him to make sure to give pertinent information TO Yesenia, as well as contact her if he needs information that she may be given by Lina.

While she was sending those messages off, I floo'ed George and Angelina. I didn't ask them to bring Mac when we had Antonio here. I would have liked to for Antonio's sake, but our little nephew is still a little boy and I thought it would have been too much for his empathic self to be around all of that rage. But in Lina's case, I thought it was at least worth asking his parents what they thought. And our sweet Mac, my head wasn't in the floo for more than a minute and he came in the room and said "Uncle Harry, Dad will bring me over soon, don't worry." Angelina just laughed and said "well, that's that isn't it?"

But most important for me, was to make sure Lina felt safe and secure. Again, you are amazing and knew just what to do. Biscuits and Yesenia. Almost anything that needs doing at Unity can be accomplished with Biscuits and therapy! When Lina came out of Yesenia's office, she seemed fine just covered in crumbs with a milk mustache. I started to give her the tour when George and Mac came out of the floo. I invited them to join us to continue the tour when Lainie came walking up and stopped me with one of her "looks." She and Mac took Lina on the "real" tour.

Thankfully you had taken the rest of our crew to the Manor so they could have dinner and bedtime at home. Trying to keep them on their normal schedules. But you knew our Elena would be needed. Thank you for understanding. I am going to cry so hard on you tonight! I do not deserve you!

While the tour was going on, I thought I would take the time to search out Yesenia and see if she could tell me anything, but she was in her office with Kingsley. I tried insta-owling 'Mione to see if she had found anything of importance, but I got a short "busy researching, talk later, H." So now I'm sitting in my office with nothing to do yet, just waiting on some information. Assume I'll be home late tonight. Kiss our children for me. I'll send Lainie home as soon as she's done with the tour.

Ahh! I can't handle waiting. Ok I am going to go bake away the stress!

All yours,
Harry
Chapter 234

Chapter Summary

Draco is amazed by Harry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wednesday July 5th

My amazing husband,

Every time you meet a new child, you immediately fall in love with them. It *amazes* me. I mean I bond with a *couple* of them when it seems they need me, but most of them, I don't really even know their names. I don't feel I have to know their names. They are just little people who will be with us for as long as necessary, and then they will be going to their new homes to families that love them.

YOU - on the other hand - love all of them and know all their names and genuinely grieve when they leave even as you are so happy for them. I have *no idea* how your heart is so big!

So, anyway, tonight, after the kids had all gone to bed (or at least Elena and Kisa said they were going to bed, but I'm certain they're probably actually huddled in bed chatting away), Hermione dropped in to tell us what little she knew.

"It's a valid medical condition called Precocious Puberty. It's unusual in girls this young, but, well, under normal circumstances, a girl will begin puberty around age 12 or so. In Precocious Puberty, it can happen as early as 8 - as far as anyone knows, Lina is the *only* girl to be fully developed and sexually mature at age 5..." She sighed and took a sip of tea, and we sort of reflexively did the same.

"I was given clearance to review her medical records, and Kingsley asked Healer Rowe to answer our questions. There's not a LOT of information to go on, but there is a record of Lina's mother bringing her in in a panic when Lina was a toddler because of inexplicable bleeding from her vagina. It was determined then that Lina was actually menstruating and that there's really nothing they could do to stop it. Just as there's nothing they can do to stop normal girls from having a period. Sure they could have tried putting her on hormonal birth control like muggles use in an attempt to, erm, control it, but no one could say for certain what the hormones would do to her, and they feared that the hormones would actually make her development worse."

She paused for another sip of tea and a heavier sigh. "So, basically, despite only being 5 years old, Lina's body thinks that she is ready to have a period and once that happens, all it takes is sex - or rape - in order to conceive a child."

"They really couldn't do anything?" You asked incredulously.

Hermione shrugged. "Well, as for that, I think that part of the problem is that Lina's mother sort of accepted the fact that her daughter was having her period already and just dealt with it. Brought her home and made her wear pads and just acted like it was normal. Probably didn't want Lina to feel like a freak. In any case, she didn't ask the Healers to run more tests and try to find out why this was
Happening so very soon. In my opinion, had she kept going to the Healers, they would have actually looked into the matter more and possibly developed a potion to help stop Lina from developing before she was older. I do feel it was a bit shoddy of the Healers to not be innately curious and determined to solve the problem. But that said, there really is no way to tell how Lina's body would have reacted to anything they came up with for her to try. So maybe her mother was right after all."

Hermione growled in frustration. "God! I! Ugh, I look at Bianca and can't help but think: what if this happened to her?! I don't know what I'd do!"

We both patted her comfortingly. Then she finished her explanation, which was mostly rambling by this point.

"I just couldn't help myself, so I looked into what the equivalent is for a boy, and I suppose that while some boys do sexually mature a bit earlier than others, it's not really a big concern for them - not like it is for girls. The thing that is a concern - and more likely to happen to them - is sort of the opposite. Delayed Puberty. Rather than mature early, boys will mature late. Really late. Sometimes not until they are almost adults. And at the same time, these boys end up looking or being rather feminine, developing small breasts and gaining far more weight than is healthy. Which is the actual problem, their bodies aren't quite healthy. They're also not quite Hermaphrodites, and so hard to classify. The good news is that in their case, hormone therapy actually does seem to help, so long as one doesn't mind elevated aggression for no reason."

She slumped her head into her hands. "God Harry! I had no idea that being a parent could have so many... variables! Things that could go wrong! Or I suppose not wrong - there's nothing wrong with Lina's - she's just... turned into a tiny woman much too soon."

You pulled her into your arms and you both cried for a few minutes. I felt a bit helpless since I didn't know how to fix the situation. Also, I suppose my perspective is a bit different than yours. Yes, this is an unthinkable situation, but it's not truly something to cry over. It simply is what it is and needs to be dealt with by simply accepting that it happened and doing what needs to be done. Although, I have no idea what that is. Make sure she stays healthy, I suppose.

And wait for those in charge of the investigation to find the father and determine the appropriate punishment.

This was when Hermione imparted her last tidbit of the night. "Oh, before I forget, apparently the first thing that Kingsley made sure of, was that the investigators gave Lina's father a few drops of Veritaserum. He was able to swear that it wasn't him, so, while he's still the most likely suspect, chances are he didn't do it. And even Yesenia asked Lina if her father had ever touched her between her legs and Lina got very confused, wondering why he would do that. Lina got very confused when asked about *anything* touching her between her legs, and beside very shyly confessing to sticking a doll between her legs and rubbing it back and forth, she just does not remember or know of anything else doing so."

"Well she can't be a real life Virgin Mary," you muttered.

"No," Hermione agreed before kissing us both on the cheeks and going home to her husband, lover, and babies.

You and I went to bed and held each other tight, not in the mood to make love. So far, the only thing that is stopping me from terrorizing the most likely suspect is that Lina genuinely does not seem traumatized or hurt by what happened to her. So, I suppose that I can try to be patient and wait for the investigators to uncover the truth.
Thursday July 6th
My love,

Sure, I know and love all my Unity Kids. But I don't really do anything more than the caregivers do on a daily basis. They're the ones really giving them a solid foundation. I think I'm just the fun uncle. Or maybe I'm more like the weird neighbor who everyone thinks is a total oddball, but he's interesting enough that they keep him around for his entertainment value!

But if the grumpy faces I've gotten this morning are anything to go by, I don't think they appreciated you and I not being there for movie night. None of them have said anything, they may give me a face or two, but they're all good about understanding that the new Kid needed my attention more.

And what a new Kid she is. She is going to be a handful. It seems as though she is quite independent, would not let anyone help her do anything this morning. It makes me think of what you told me about why it took so long for her mother to bring her to St. Mungo's, working too many hours. Who watches this child when the parents are working? I know I am guilty of doing a bit too much for our children and the Kids, I'm more likely to tie the shoe for them than to tell them to try tying it themselves. I am the one they come to when they want something done FOR them. I know I know I know, I am a sucker! But Lina is five, and ended up finding a stool to climb up and help me at the stovetop while I was making breakfast. Why does a five year old know how to make bacon? I know why I knew how to make bacon at 5 … and even younger.

She seems to be settling in well. Oddly well. You know as well as I do, we have had some seriously traumatized children come through here. Beatrix took at least a month before she would go near any of the men besides me, probably because I'm so short I don't look like a grown man! I can't even remember how long Alric was here before he would talk to anyone besides his house elf that none of the rest of us could see. But Lina is showing no signs of any abuse. I asked Yesenia if I was just missing the red flags and she seems as bewildered as I am. She noticed the same thing that she seemed a bit mature and capable for her age, but otherwise she seems like a completely typical five year old child.

Poor Hermione. Maybe I shouldn't have brought her into this. She seems to be taking these things so hard. No matter how much you prepare for parenthood, there's no way of understanding the constant fear that comes along with it. You think it will be gooey baby kisses and night feedings, first words and potty training. But the reality is this constant worry that any decision you make will utterly ruin them. Will letting our babies go on a weekend vacation with their loving grandparents and cousins give them a lifetime complex of thinking their parents didn't love them enough to spend every minute with them? Will spending every minute with them turn them into codependent adults who have no idea who they are except who they are in relation to someone else? Yeah, actual thoughts that run through my head!

I think the hardest thing for 'Mione to wrap her head around, is the idea that there is no one right choice. She wants to be able to consult a book or a specialist or a calculation and see that the best choice is ___. But parenting isn't like that. Sometimes it's choosing between two or three good options, and more often than not it can be choosing from the least terrible option.

And again, what were the factors in the choices that Lina's mother was making for her? If she couldn't take off work to take her child to a healer, when Lina was originally diagnosed with
precocious puberty, did her mother "choose" to do nothing, or did she take the option that she could afford and learned to live with it? We are so lucky that money just isn't a concern for us, but can you imagine if we were to take one of our girls in, find out they have an uncommon condition, and know that our options are limited as to what we can do for them because we can only afford one of the options?

I feel like I'm rambling, I'm probably not making much sense, but I have all of these thoughts just swirling around my head and I need to get them out before my head explodes!

Kingsley seems just as baffled as, though much less emotional than, the rest of us. He swears the veritaserum given to Lina's father was in perfect working condition. He said he even tested it on himself and accidentally told his assistant they were attractive. Oops! The Medinas live in a fairly secluded area, her father's really the only man she's ever around, both houses near theirs are single moms with a few kids.

Ok, I have to get my head back on straight. Well … as straight as my head can be! I have my last interview for the week in about an hour. I need to do my rounds and then head over there.

You're my safe harbor in an endless stormy sea,
Harry

Chapter End Notes

Note: When Harry talks about reasons why a child might know how to cook at 5, I *personally* feel that children are capable of doing so much more than we give them credit for. In every culture around the world before modern times, most girls were being taught how to cook, sew, spin yarn, and do actual work by the time they were 5 or so, and boys were taught the basics of hunting and chopping wood, etc. I think it might actually be a weird quirk of the *modern* (especially first) world that we find it highly unusual for kids to know how to do responsible stuff as young as 5.

My older son actually used to haunt me in the kitchen when he was that age and I taught him how to cut vegetable and make sandwiches and peel/slices apples, etc. By the time he was 8, I'd taught him how to boil water/make mac'n'cheese, and fry eggs. Under my supervision. I actually posted an anecdote about him making mac'n'cheese to my facebook when he was 10 and a friend of mine totally freaked out, telling me he was still way too young to use the stove. Her girls were just a little older than him and she didn't trust them to cook with a stove. I sort of scratched my head because I feel 10 is the perfect time to start teaching cooking skills (if not before). My younger son wasn't really interested in cooking at all (he prefers it when I 'baby' him, lol), but I insisted he start learning at least the basics around age 10.

Anyway, my point is that while yes, it is unexpected and shocking to see (read about) a little girl of only 5 cooking things like bacon, I hope it didn't come across as us implying that only abused or neglected children would know these skills.
Chapter 235

Chapter Summary

The mystery of Lina is solved. And then the Boys have separate nights out :-) 

Chapter Notes

WARNING: while I personally do not feel the event described in this chapter is traumatizing, I understand that it might be to some readers. Please read with caution if you feel you might be triggered learning how a five year old girl got pregnant. That said, I honestly don't think it's a traumatic event.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday July 7th
My loving Harry,

I stopped into Unity House to be there for you if you needed me, and thoroughly enjoyed simply watching as you played with the Kids in the Park. Watching you be so carefree makes me happy, though I often wonder where you get all your energy. Sure, I can dance and spar for a couple hours a day when I want, but you run and jump and climb and run some more and play with the Kids for hours!

In any case, while I was watching you, Yesenia came over to me with a frown of thought that told me she had something on her mind. She told Lina to go carefully play for a bit, and I gestured to Eri and Ori, silently inviting her to pet their soft heads (since Viona was thoroughly distracted by playing). As she did, she bit her lips, clearly torn.

Then she sighed. "I think I may have figured out how Lina got pregnant. I'm going to meet with Rachel White in an hour to see if she can corroborate what I think happened, or at least use it as a base for their investigation."

"Oh?" I asked, trying not to press her if she didn't feel it was right to say anything, but apparently since I am part owner, I qualify to hear the details.

Yesenia turned so that if she spoke softly, her words wouldn't carry to the Kids playing in the Park. "So, as part of Lina's therapy, I obviously needed to ask her questions that she didn't understand. Which means that I had to explain how babies are made, and even as a professional, it's rather embarrassing to say such things to a child. But I persevered. I explained that a man or a boy who is old enough will at some point in the baby making process produce a white substance, and if he does so between her legs, a baby can be made. I really hope I gave her enough information without getting *too* graphic, but it seems this was something she understood.

"Oh!" She exclaimed with a nod of her head. 'Peter did that! We were pretending to be a mummy and daddy - Peter's older than me, but he's slow or something and feels more comfortable around kids my age. He lives next door and has a couple of younger brothers and sisters. And then there's
the other neighbors who also have kids my age. Peter's the oldest, but he always plays with us and
doesn't seem like an older kid. They usually think we're annoying and don't want anything to do with
us.' At this point, I was wondering if Lina was raped after all.

"Then she continued the explanation, and maybe having gone through puberty has given her a more
adult mind too, but she talks like a much older child while still using words and concepts a child her
age would use. She said: 'Peter said that mummies and daddies kiss and sleep in bed together naked.
So I kissed him and we got naked and lay down in a bed, each of us holding a doll like we were
trying to rock them to sleep. And I asked: and then what? And Peter shrugged.

"'He looked at me and pointed here' - Lina tapped her right breast, which I'm sure you noticed is
small but perfectly formed."

"Honestly, I try my best not to look too closely. It's a bit disturbing when I think about it," I informed
her.

She chuckled. "Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, Lina also said: 'And then Peter pointed to my girl parts
and asked why I have hair there. I told him that mummies have hair there because my mum does, and
he nodded in understanding, then he asked if he should kiss me again now that the kids (dolls) were
asleep. I told him that I didn't mind, so he lay on top me a little bit and kissed me. I guess I liked it. I
didn't hate it or anything. And that's when it happened, he made a noise like he was in pain or
something and I felt something hot and wet all over my girl parts. When he rolled away, freaking out
because he didn't know what had happened, I put my hand down there and found that there was
white stuff - just like you said. I didn't like it because it was getting cold and felt gross, so I tried to
wipe it off me with my hand and even stuck a few fingers inside myself to make sure that there was
none in there either. My mum always tells me that I have to keep it clean down there because I bleed
every month and if I don't keep it clean I can get infected and it'll hurt a lot."

Yesenia stopped with a sigh and I waited for her to gather her thoughts. "So... Mystery solved, I
think. But I have no idea what the legal ramifications of this are. I mean, she wasn't raped and it's
normal for children her age to 'play house' or 'play doctor' - that said, depending on how old this
Peter is, he could be charged with Statutory Rape or molestation of a very young minor. I... I just
hope that the Ministry does what is best for everyone involved."

I put a hand on her shoulder, trying to provide comfort. "I'm sure that Harry will agree with you and
if it looks like intervention might be needed, he'll assign our lawyers to the case. But in the meantime,
what will happen to Lina?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. Unless they can prove that *this* is actually what happened to get her
pregnant, they might have to keep her here until after the baby is born and they can test it for
paternity. That would most certainly prove things one way or the other."

I was so distracted that I ran a hand through my hair, much like you do dozens of times a day without
realizing it. "Merlin's twisted bollocks! They're just kids! They're not *ready* for any of this!"

"Exactly," Yesenia murmured in agreement. "Which is why - even though I am happy that Lina
suffered no trauma or rape - I am so very sad about the situation in general. It breaks my heart."

I nodded, feeling much the same. Apparently I had mussed up my hair so much that I attracted your
curiosity. You ran over and gave me a lingering kiss that I responded to by pulling you into my arms
and turning up the heat.

Yesenia chuckled. "As good as it is to give the Kids a healthy example of a loving relationship, some
of them are glaring at you as if they're going to come over here and knock you off your feet."
We pulled apart with a laugh.

"Well, I have to go meet with Rachel," Yesenia informed us, squeezing your hand reassuringly. "I'll let you know what I learn when I get back."

You nodded at her and waved as she walked away.

"Come, love, let's go to your office and I'll tell you what I know," I murmured in your ear, unable to not nibble on your neck. We have such wonderful memories of your office, and so, you moaned and readily agreed. And then we got so thoroughly distracted that I never did get a chance to tell you what Yesenia had told me since after we were done, someone insisted that you had to bake more biscuits that instant and I brought the littles home to spend some time with Della and Sebastian.

And to offload to my parents, who could give me an objective perspective on the whole situation. They helped me to remember that this is not such a tragedy. Distressing, yes, but since everyone is healthy and sane, a good solution can be found. I was surprised how relieved I felt after talking to them.

But now I'm awake for a night feeding and you are snuggled up to Viona in your fox form, one of her pudgy little fists clenching a bit of your fur. And so, because I don't want to wake her - or you to what can't be a pleasant sensation of having your hair pulled - I will not molest you in any way.

Joy to the world, all the boys and girls now, joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea, joy to you and me, Draco

Saturday July 8th
Hey there Sexy McHotAss,

Sooooooo, as you had Theo and Pansy and Greg and Blaise and …. damnit the cousin guy Derek? I had Neville and Luna and Ron and Hermione. That had all the couples split up, except I had both Ron AND Hermione at the same time.

Bahaha, not for the first time!

Moving on, so when you are a couple, but you are not with your other half of your couple, and someone else is with the other half of their couple … or two thirds I suppose. What I am saying is when there are people that are together and no one else has any of their sinfigi, cognify, uhhhh partners, then they are obnoxious.

Ron and 'Mione were kissing, and hugging, and groping, and I had no one to smooch and hug and grope! And apparently whining and saying "I wish my husband were here to bend me over this table" is "not really ice cream parlor appropriate Harry James!" according to Hermione. Bah, what does she know?

Well after ice cream we went a-drinking, and it was fun times. We had a private room at Café Exquis, and we decided to play some drinking games. But we had to try a few, because "never have I ever" isn't as much fun when we know everyone in the group is a kinky sod whose done almost everything. Although Nev had a right laugh when he said "Never have I ever shagged Harry" and everyone else but him and I had to bottoms up!

But guess who had to bottoms up when Ron said "Never have I ever shagged a Weasley!"? Neville. He can't hide it anymore. He blushed and stammered, and looked at me like I was going to out him. Nope nope nuh-uh I am a great secrety person. Like remember that time I hid my crush on you for
over a year? And how I kept my gay-itude to myself for so long? And how I never told you that I'm the one who taught Viona how to get your Ben and Jerry's? So secretly.

You know who's a weepy drunk? Hermione. She got all teary eyed and said she loves having a night out but that she was missing her babies. Well, I was missing her babies too, and I was missing my babies, so we pulled out pictures. Did you know we have the most brilliant, beautiful, funny, interesting, wonderful children in the entire world? And our Bianca and Roderick, and Teddy too, are pretty darn close to as wonderful as ours? Shhh, don't tell anyone, but our kids are my favorites!

But you know what is funny? Well, lots of things are funny. But the thing that I think is funny right now. You, sir, are a cradle-robber! You are in your twenties and married to a teenager! Well, for another 23 days.

Also funny, did you know that sitting on a computer at a strip club is considered "not cool mate, not cool"? But I don't think it was cool that Ron laughed when I fell down and hit my head. Ron thinks a lot of things are not cool! I guess I wasn't supposed to tell the attractive blonde stripper that he would look sexier if he were wrapped around my husband instead of wrapped around that pole. But he would have! He was tall and blonde and had a nice tushy. Not as nice as yours, but it was a nice one.

Well I hope you are having a lovely night with your posse. I am going to go slip off to the loo and tug one off because this plug you made me wear on my night out combined with thinking about you bending this guy over is too much. I'll see you when we're both home!

Wankingly yours,
Harry

P.S. Oooh if you're awake when I get home or if I'm awake when you get home, we should dance!

Chapter End Notes

So, when I was thinking about doing a mini arc on Lina, I asked Chrissy her thoughts and told her that I *didn't* want it to be another case of paternal rape. A: because we already did that, and B: because the real Lina couldn't give details of what had happened and her actual father was suspected but cleared because they couldn't prove anything. SO, I figured I had an opportunity to come up with an alternative explanation that would also explain why Lina herself didn't seem traumatized - as she would have been from a rape.

For those readers that didn't look it up, Lina Medina was a little girl born in 1933 in Peru. She started getting her period between the age of 8 months and 3 years (there's been an argument over when exactly it started), and turned up at a hospital at five years old because she was seven months pregnant and her parents thought it was a tumor.

Where her actual story differs from ours is that the doctor 'out of concern' took her from her parents, assuming them to have directly or indirectly caused the pregnancy (despite the fact that they could never actually prove anything). He then took her on a mini tour of the world so that he could show her off to other doctors and gain a bit of fame for himself. That said, the doctor *did* finish raising her and her son, and so, couldn't have been all bad.

It's not clear yet in our story, but we decided that Lina will be returned to her parents at
some point - since they did nothing wrong. We just haven’t quite decided on when.
Sunday July 9th  
My darling husband,  

You are adorable when you're drunk. I'm actually sorry I missed it! You're currently passed out in our bed, and I've just come home from my night and read your email.

My night was rather different than yours. I did drink - quite a bit - but I spread it out over the night and never truly got drunk, so, no drunken email. Sorry, love. But there's a reason I didn't get drunk: We were playing poker and I tend to lose far too much money if I play while drunk.

Since the entire company was there, even Pansy, we actually talked a lot of business. Greg isn't really good at poker and he's not part of our company, so he actually kept himself busy making drinks and snacks for the rest of us, and working on a carving when he was just in the room with nothing else to do. He was still very much part of the conversation though, asking lots of questions because he needs us to explain things to him in simple terms so that he can understand them. None of us mind though since it actually sort of helps us to think about things from a different perspective.

I handed out my non wand devices and let them test them out. Since I created them so that they look like a muggle remote control with 6 numbered buttons and each button doing a different spell, I had plenty of room inside them for the magic batteries that will power them, and if you'll recall, the batteries are designed to absorb ambient magic and refill themselves. This just means that so long as there's enough magic around them, the remotes should continue to work for a long time.

Button number 1 is programmed to wash dishes or clothes. Number 2 will vanish the trash (or any thing that needs vanishing, I suppose). Number 3 will sweep the floor. Number 4 will dust everything. Number 5 is a warming charm for reheating a plate of food or some tea, and number six - well, I had a bit of trouble coming up with something else that would be useful in most houses, so I asked Muffy to tell me a chore I couldn't think of and she suggested folding laundry and putting it away. So that's what it does.

We still have to come up with a good name for this device because Non Wand Remote Control Chore Device is too wordy and not catchy at all.

So anyway, we started our game with 10,000 Galleons each because we wanted to keep the possible amount lost relatively low. But as usual, I kept winning. What can I say? It's a family gift. Pansy
hates losing, especially since she's pregnant and couldn't have more than a single glass of wine. It was a nice, pricey bottle that the rest of us got to polish off for her. An 1876 Chateau D'or that tasted smooth and sweet and was well worth the 413,000 Rubles Pansy paid for it. Don't be alarmed, that's only about 5000 British Pounds.

As I was saying, Pansy hates to lose, so when she ran out of her original 10,000, she decided to add another 10,000 to the table. Blaise doesn't mind losing - of course it's not his favorite either - but he just likes to play, so he also added another 10. Theo and Derek were a bit more conservative with their betting and made theirs last the entire night before I won it all. Thus, 10+10+20+20=60 thousand Galleons you now have for Unity House. Well, plus the 10 I originally started with. I considered it a loss the moment I put it on the table so that I wouldn't be too upset if I actually lost it all, but since I won everything, I figure I can just give it all to you.

Now, before you go being disappointed that my evening was rather boring compared to yours, you should know that Blaise hired some entertainment - it was part of his strategy to distract us so that he might win, but it didn't work hahaha! Basically, he had a male prostitute for Pansy, a female one for Theo, Derek, Greg, and me, and a male and a female one for him.

Here's where the night got fun; since I wasn't in the mood to play, Greg and Theo didn't want to cheat, and Blaise planned to have them all later on, we didn't do anything with them. They were told it was their job to flirt with us and fondle/grope, basically try to distract us, but no actual sex happened. They would make side bets on our hands and have to strip off depending on who won or lost. As part of their handsiness, they stripped us off too - gradually, during the course of the night - and did a couple of body shots - did you do any body shots? Those are surprisingly fun.

As the game was winding down, Blaise made a desperate attempt to win back some of his money by ordering the prostitutes to play with each other. Which actually was rather interesting to watch, but not enough to override my phenomenal family luck when it comes to winning at poker.

Once I'd won everything, Pansy mentioned that I had tied almost everyone else up at some point, and she'd quite like to see a demonstration. So we asked if the prostitutes had any objection to being tied up, and when they all gave me permission, I taught Pansy and the rest my favorite ties. And that turned into a bit of light torture. Mainly teasing and denial. Although Pansy whipped everyone she could reach, even catching me a couple of times (so that's why there are marks, if you happen to notice them before I wake up and you can ask me), but I got her back by putting a hand on the back of her neck and forcing her to kneel and apologize.

As the night wound down, we all got comfortable and watched Blaise shag the prostitutes. Derek played a little too since he didn't have a person to cheat on, and Pansy made the males give her an orgasm each, but mostly, we finished up our marketing discussion while eating gourmet ice cream and sipping on brandy. Theo's certain that once we have a good name, these preprogrammed devices will practically fly off the shelves. They all think we should come up with other versions - such as a slightly more advanced one that could levitate heavy furniture and summon drinks from stasis. Things like that.

Theo is also willing to bring Blaise to some of the publishers of the standard school books and see if they'd be willing to let us sell the entire bundle for each year on one of my spell parchments (I made one for each of them with a variety of their favorite books, so they would have something they could test out and see how they liked them, so, they have something to show the publishers). If the publishers agree, that could actually be a rather lucrative source of income for years to come.

I love money!

So anyway, that was my fun and much needed night out. I apparently lasted longer than you since
you were already home and passed out when I arrived, but I won't even try to molest you (much) because it's nearing your normal wake up time and I don't want to wake you early on a night you probably didn't get much sleep.

And now I'm just a bit too tired to think of a good song lyric to sign off with, so...

Love forever,
Draco

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Sunday July 9th

Good morning Darling,

Well, afternoon. Although according to your email you got home in the early hours of the morning, so I can see why you're sleeping in so late. I knew I wouldn't be having breakfast with you, I almost never do anyway. And I thought there was a chance you might not be up and about and ready for lunch when I was. But now I'm wondering if you'll be up for dinner!

I think I finally figured out the appropriate amount to drink to be tipsy enough to have fun, but to avoid the morning hangover. I woke up a bit later than my usual, but feeling just fine. I think I've finally gone round the bend, but it was weird drinking without your father last night! Two drunken evenings and now my brain thinks he's my best drinking mate!

I had a lovely morning in the garden with your mum, the big girls, Della, Viona, and the babies. I think we FINALLY managed to plant the last of our buying splurge from Neville's shop. The gardens are looking gorgeous. I'm sure you will be very surprised by this, but Lainie had quite the opinion on the best locations for the different plants! And with the exception of wanting to place a plant that needed more sun in a shady area or placing a shade loving plant in direct morning sun, she had a really good eye for what looks good. She is a lovely mix of Narcissa and I in that respect, your mum tends to lean towards meticulous placement, symmetry, and color coordination, whereas I enjoy it to look like a (well cared for) wild field that is jumbled and pretty. Elena managed to take some of the strictness and mix it up a bit while taming my choices.

And Viona, while she definitely played in the dirt for no other reason than getting filthy, managed to plant a few fall bulbs. It will be so lovely, as the spring and summer flowers are hibernating or dying, we will get some bursts of fall color for just a little longer before winter takes over. You know, it feels in some ways like we just got our Viona, and in other ways I can barely remember life before our first baby! But I can't believe how much she's changed in just one short year. I didn't even think of it until today, I know the day of her adoption, and her birthday, but technically friday was the one year anniversary of her coming into our lives! That scared little baby that clung to you and cried that whole first night is now a feisty, strong willed, walking talking Princess.

And Eri and Ori!!! I got pictures, so you will see it. And who knows they've probably done it for you at some point when you've been with them while I was at Unity, but they fell asleep and held hands while they slept. Our gorgeous babies, a head full of black curls tucked up next to a head full of silky blonde fluff, grasping each other's sweet little baby hands. I could explode with love for them.

Sebastian was with your father again. He's certainly quite a little Papa's boy isn't he? They were out in the owlery, so it looks as though he's following in big brother's footsteps and is going to be in love with those owls! I'm hoping to get him out on a broomstick before summer's out though. Your mum makes mumbling noises about him being too little, but she'd have just said an outright "no" if she truly meant it right?
At the very least I can take him and Della on my broom like you've done with Viona. Just think of it, once the almost twins are old enough to fly solo, we can have pickup games four to a side; a keeper, a seeker, and two chasers. I mean, we start adding in our godchildren and a friend or two, and we'll have enough for two full regulation teams if we really wanted.

It sounds like you had a blast last night. Winning money at poker, prostitutes, business planning, tying people up, forcing Pansy to kneel, more business, personal sex show. Your night had it all!

I really like your wand, I wish I was good at coming up with names, I had to have you name Unity House for me! I do think I am fairly good at coming up with names for children though! I can only think of lame names like The Chore Cheater or Squib Sticks.

I'm already getting a little worked up about tomorrow. I have a few more appointments this week, and I believe Kingsley is meeting me and Yesenia for lunch so we can discuss Lina's case. I just don't know what to do. My skills involve hugging children, throwing money at things, and surrounding myself with clever people. The only thing (besides you, my rock) keeping me sane right now is how happy and well adjusted Lina seems to be despite her situation. And she's mentioned missing her mom a bit, but she doesn't even seem stressed about not being in her own home. She's just a sweet little girl who seems to just have terrible luck.

What must that be like?

Well, I am going to go see if the house elves will let me cook dinner, I am in the mood to experiment a bit with some new recipes! Wish me luck!

Loving you,

Harry
Chapter 237

Chapter Summary

Draco reads an upsetting article in the Daily Prophet and needs a bit of alone time.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: This is the start of a bit of a heavy arc. That said, I don't think there are any triggers in it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Monday July 10th

Oi!

I'm sorry if this comes across as extremely snippy and rude, but I need you to take the kids and go away! NOT forever, so don't think I just cut you out of my life. I just need some time alone to rage, and while I will be spending some time in the Crystal room destroying things, I'm also going to probably storm around the Manor for a bit - go for a run, and things like that - until I feel better, and I don't want the kids around wondering why I'm in a terrifying mood. Also, I don't want Kisa to feel she needs to kick my arse.

I know you probably are baffled and hurt by my sudden message telling you to leave me alone, but it has nothing to do with you. After waking up today - nearing noon, and as I understand it, you had planned to go to Unity House for a bit in the morning but were likely back and in the garden with my mum and the kids - anyway, I opened up the Daily Prophet and...

I KNOW I shouldn't always take what they report at face value, but this seemed genuine enough. A man - who I don't even know! - was abducted by 'well meaning vigilantes' and tortured to death because they were so sure that he was a Death Eater. At first, I scoffed, thinking that the bloke was simply unfortunate, but then I really thought about it.

And that's when I felt rage enter me so hotly that I swear a fire broke out across my skin. Harry! If the Prophet and its readers can have an attitude of: Oh, that's a bit of a shame but it's only what he deserved for being a Death Eater - then is anyone truly safe?! I'm not even talking about me, though yes, that's a big concern, but think about - Oh... Percy Weasley. Even though he fought on your side in the Final Battle, he was on the side of the Ministry for years before that. So, what if people decide that he was actually a Death Eater and likely responsible for something tragic? This article basically comes across as saying that it would be sad but understandable if he were abducted and murdered in the most gruesome way possible.

I HATE IT!!!

I need to sign off now and go destroy something!

In a few hours, if you are feeling brave and the littles are napping or otherwise not in your arms, you
can always come looking for me. Just... I don't even want Elena near me when I'm in this mood.

Love always, even when I'm furious,
Draco

Wednesday July 12th
Merlin damn it! Harry!

I said take the kids and go away for a few hours, NOT drop them off at Unity House and disappear for a few days! Where in the seven levels of hell did you go???! You're not answering your Insta-owl, and you don't have your laptop so you probably won't read or answer this email either, but I'm starting to get really worried!

I talked with Tabitha when you'd been gone a night - Elena and Kisa we're so responsible by bringing the littles home via floo when it was time for dinner, so I knew they were all safe. Anyway, I talked to Tabitha and she said that you'd showed up at Unity House a little before an interview was scheduled, dropped the kids off and made sure everything was going well at Unity, and then left for your appointment. An hour or so later, the file from the interview returned on its own with your notes. So, you had definitely gone to the interview and it went well. But then you just... disappeared...

It's been two days and I'm starting to get really worried. I KNOW I specified very clearly that I didn't want you gone forever, just... a couple of hours. And YOU have insisted over and over that I don't make you go two days without me, and in fact, to never make you wake up alone if I can help it, so why are you suddenly gone?!?!

I called around all of the Weasleys and asked if you were with them or if they had seen you recently, and I *know* they would totally lie to me for you and claim they hadn't even if you were hiding in their coat closet, but they seemed genuinely concerned and puzzled, so I honestly don't think you're with any of them.

That's it, I'm going to talk to Minister Shacklebolt!

-

Well... that was a little disappointing. The Minister was naturally concerned about you and sent you a Patronus, which you didn't respond to. He then firecalled Hermione (who I had already talked to) and asked if she and Ron had also tried sending you Patronuses. They had and you didn't respond to them either. So, for whatever reason that you're mad at me and staying away, you're taking it out on your friends too.

Unless you're abducted or something...

The Minister called in the Head Auror and said he wanted to make your disappearance a priority. So, now the only thing that's left for me to do is wait for them to find you - or better yet, for you to come home and explain what in the holy buggering hell you were doing!!!

-

Thursday July 13th
My wonderful, darling, caring, MISSING husband,

It's been another day; where the fuck are you?!?! I'm not handling this well! I thought I was in a
scary mood the other day after reading the Prophet, but this is far worse! I'm so agitated that I can't even hold our babies! Elena and Kisa have been great, putting on a brave face for me and taking the littles to Unity House each day so that all of them can think of something else for a while. As I understand it, Kisa has *really* been teaching Elena Krav Maga, which is good to keep their minds clear and their emotions steady. The problem is that I don't have anyone (other than Kisa) who I can spar with and really let loose, and for a few reasons, I don't want to spar with Kisa right now.

I'm going to go insane, Harry! I honestly don't know what I'm going to do if you never come back! I... I think I'll fall completely apart, but I *can't* do that because I have kids I need to be strong for. Salazar buggering Slytherin! If you are not back by tomorrow, I'm going to have to do something drastic to cope!

Fuck this! I'm going to go do something!

Friday July 14th

Dearest Harry, if this is nothing more than a strop, I'm going to *murder* you in cold blood!

That said, you *still* haven't returned and I'm definitely going mad. In desperation, I went to Diagon Alley yesterday evening when it was nice and busy, and (dressed in some of my best robes in a somber shade of blue) announced that you were missing, that I was quite worried, and then begged anyone who had seen you to come forward and let me know. The good news is that *everyone* is concerned about you and came closer to ask me questions about your disappearance. The bad news is that *no one* in the bloody Wizarding World has seen you! Which means that you must be in the muggle world somewhere, which scares me to no end because the world is enormous, and if you want to hide from me forever, there are so many places to look that it would take me an eternity to find you.

Reporters from all the major news publications arrived and asked me every question they could think of, and I answered them all as best I could - even things like how much did our babies weigh when they were born, which almost certainly has nothing to do with you being missing - but I wanted to make sure that any detail that might help, no matter how small, was out in the public's hands. If it somehow helps them to find you, I'll let them view memories from our wedding night!!!

I don't know what to do, Harry! It's all I can do to pace our room and NOT cry. I need you here with me! I... Fuck it! I can't do this anymore! I'm going to sit down and perform Occlumency on myself until I gather up all my messy emotions and lock them in a box, and then I'm going to toss that box in a cell in the back of my mind and lock that up too. I HATE what I'm like when I'm like that, but until you come back to me, I don't feel I have any other choice. I have to be a rock for our kids, so that's what I'm going to be.

I love you so much and I don't care what you've been doing. I don't care if you decided to start another family without me! Just tell me where you are and what you're doing and I won't even be mad. I Promise!!!

Tormented, distraught, and beside myself,
Draco

P.S. The Occlumency worked and I feel like myself for the first time in a week. I forgot how peaceful it is to feel nothing at all. I'm going to drink some tea and then bring Elena, Kisa, and the littles to a shopping mall or the Science Museum or something.
This is what happened when Chrissie went to New York for a week, lol.
Draco receives a hand written letter, delivered by the squib woman who took his and Harry's family pictures.

Sunday July 16th
(Handwritten letter given to Draco)

Hello Draco Malfoy,

You probably don’t know me, although I hope that you do. This woman I just met insists that you do, but I can’t see how she could be right.

You see, earlier this week I woke up in an alleyway in London with no identification, some weird looking money mixed with my regular money, and no memories of my life. I seem to remember how to do things, I can use public transport, I know what foods I like, but I don’t even know my own name (the woman I met insists I’m Harry?)

Luckily whoever might have mugged me left me with quite a bit of money, who mugs someone and leaves their money alone? So I wandered around London for a bit hoping something would jog my memory. I was right around the corner from some shops, there was this sweet music shop, but unfortunately it was closed. So I just kept wandering until I was quite tired. I figured I should get a room for the night as I didn’t relish the idea of sleeping on the streets. I went into the Café Royal Hotel as it seemed to call to me, but when I saw the prices of the room I decided not to stay there. I may have had a decent enough amount of money on me that I don't have to worry about sleeping on the streets yet, I have no idea how long I will have to live just wandering from place to place in the hopes I will wake up.

I have spent the last five days, I think it's been five days but I really don't know anymore, just aimlessly looking at shops and walking up and down roads. Every once in a while I get a brief flash of what feels like Deja vu, but it seems to be gone just as quickly. Near some theatres, both movie theatres as well as live theatre, and I think that Aqua Shard looks quite lovely.

I hope I'm not being too forward, but I suppose either you truly do know me and therefore would know me enough that you won't be bothered or you don't have any clue who I am and then I guess it doesn't matter if I freak you out as I'll not see you to feel embarrassed, but I felt this super strong pull to a store called "Regulation" I was too embarrassed to go in, or …. maybe it didn't feel right like I was supposed to be brought there instead of taking myself? But if you don't know what it is, it's a …. leather store whose clientele is into their products in a naughty kind of way.

I even left London a bit, went into some of the more picket fence neighborhood areas, but no one seemed to recognize me. I went to this weird old neighborhood that seemed a bit run down but like it used to be quite grand, all these old gothic looking rowhouses.

Well, after almost a week now of not knowing my own name, and just existing, I came across this beautiful photography studio. And in the front window was a picture of the most gorgeous man I have ever seen in my life, and he was staring down at these two absolutely gorgeous babies in his
arms. I'd quite like a family one day, and the way this man was staring at his children, with love and adoration and a bit of wonder in his eyes made me fall just the tiniest bit in love with him. How utterly shallow am I, feeling as though I love someone just from a picture?

It was the first real emotions besides boredom and loneliness that I have felt all week, so I knew I had to go in and ask the photographer about her pictures and congratulate her on capturing such a beautiful picture. I know I don't have my memories, but I swear she made me feel as though I was already in love with this man just from a picture.

Well wasn't I surprised when she started calling me by name, well a name, I don't know if it's my name. And asking me about you and your children? I am not sure how you can possibly have four children, you barely look old enough to go to uni. You must take fantastic care of your skin!

Then she showed me a picture that made me sob, both because of its beauty and the love these people had for each other, but because it gave me hope that some day I would build a gorgeous family like these two men had. The beautiful blonde man, and his husband that looks like me if I were happy and healthy and loved, and these four gorgeous children, an older girl, a toddler little girl, and two babies, basking in these beautiful gardens, sun on their faces and laughter in their eyes. And this woman insisted that the darker haired man was actually me.

I can't imagine what kind of scam it could be, but I didn't want to just let her take me to you in case this was like a human trafficking thing or a scam to mug me for the rest of my money, it seemed an awfully elaborate ruse, but I feel as though I am a weird combination of a naïve yet jaded man. So I thought I could write you a letter and have her get it to you.

If this is some scam, please don't mess with me, I am scared and alone and I can't take losing anything else I think. But if you know me, can you please come help me? I am staying at The Tower hotel, on St. Katharine's Way in London. I am here under the name Teddy Jameson (It's the first thing that came to my mind).

Sincerely,
Maybe Harry

Sunday July 16th
Dear Harry,

You are currently asleep but I'm watching you. I feel as if this is all a dream. I received your letter and even though I was sure it was a hoax, if there was the slightest possibility that it was real, I had to know. I Apparated to you - or rather, the hotel you were staying in. Once directed to your room, I thanked Merlin that my Occlumency was holding and I felt nothing. I prepared to hex anyone who wasn't you, still half certain that it was a hoax. Or maybe a ransom attempt.

But you opened the door and looked at me with wide eyes. "The man from the picture..."

"Yes," I confirmed before holding out my hand. "Come with me and I'll help you."

You studied me warily for a moment, and then tilted your head and looked at my hand as if you'd never seen one before. Then you shook your head and muttered at yourself: "I don't know why but something in my gut is telling me to trust you." So - closing your eyes, presumably in case everything went wrong - you placed your hand in mine.

Satisfied that I was getting my way, I pulled you closer because I wanted to be sure that I didn't
actually fuck things up now that I had found you. Then I Apparated us straight to St. Mungo’s so that Healer Rowe could perform a check up and see what was wrong. She and a few of her Colleagues did scan you for everything that they could think of, but they said they needed some time to discuss their results and come up with a theory. In the meantime, you were physically healthy and they had no reason to keep you. So, they let you come home with me.

You had reacted to Apparation by gasping incredulously, but when I told you to take the floo home, you looked at me with wild eyes and called me utterly mad. No way were you going to walk into a fire!! So, I Apparated you home. Feeling like nothing more than a gracious host, I showed you around our bedroom, and honestly, you spent at least an hour just staring at all the pictures of us/our family on the wall. And in the albums you’ve created.

Viona had been playing with Della and Sebastian, but had Muffy bring her to our room because she needed to go to the bathroom. The moment she was done and toddled into the room and saw you, she lost her mind, screeching and wailing and clinging to your leg like she planned to never let you go again. She is our first child and she’s probably the most possessive out of all of them. "Mumda! Mumda!" She cried over and over, and I was calm and emotionless enough to wonder why her ability to talk has seemed to plateau. I mean we both certainly talk to her as if she is a miniature adult as opposed to a small child, but she herself tends to say one or two words at a time and repeat them so that she says everything twice. For example, even though I know she *can* say "My baby!" She tends to say "My! My!" instead. Now, she was simply saying: "Mumda, mumda," over and over again.

You looked like you had no idea what to do at first, but then you knelt down and pulled her into your arms to hug her while she sobbed all over your shoulder. Seeing that you were well occupied, I decided that it was past time to tell everyone that you were home. I started with Kingsley because I knew that he would need to put a stop to a literal manhunt being conducted for you. After firecalling him, I firecalled Hermione, Ron, and Blaise. They were so relieved that they Apparated straight over.

"Harry!" They cried out in extremely relieved joy, swarming you to hug you tight. "What happened?"

"The Healers don't quite know yet," I replied since you were busy being hugged and kissed and looking rather flustered. "All I know is what Harry wrote to me in this letter." I held it up to show them. "That he seems to have lost his memory and has been wandering around for days trying to find a clue to who he is."

"Oh Draco!" Hermione exclaimed in sympathy, transferring her affection to me by giving me a hug and kiss, and even rubbing me on the back. "How are you holding up?"

"Just fine," I assured her with a more than likely blank expression.

"Merlin's sodding saggy arsehole!" Blaise burst out in dismay. "He went and turned off all his emotions again!" Then he marched over and shook me rather roughly by the shoulders. "You *know* I hate seeing you like this!"

"I will be just fine," I insisted calmly as I removed his hands from me. "Now, you three should go let everyone else know that Harry's back. But be sure to tell them that we're not accepting any more visitors tonight. That can wait until tomorrow. I haven't even told Elena yet."

"Of course," Hermione murmured after the three exchanged a look that clearly wanted to protest leaving you so soon. But then they each gave me a hug and a kiss, gave you a hug and kiss (shocking you all over again because the kisses were rather affectionate and the hugs contained a little groping), and then left rather reluctantly.
I took your hand in mine and led you to Elena's room. She'd agreed to keep an eye on the twins when I left, but I hadn't told her where I was going, just that I had something important to do.

"Dad!" She shouted joyously when she looked up and saw you in her room. She handed Eris to one of Muffy's children (I can never tell them apart, but I suspect it was Anise), and ran to throw her arms around you and hug you tight. Kisa was also quite happy to see you, thrusting Orion in my arms so that she could join in on the enthusiastically tight hug. Both were babbling things at speeds so fast I doubt you understood a word. Especially since Kisa lapsed into Russian at the third or fourth word.

Seeing that you were overwhelmed, I pulled them off you, explaining things rather succinctly before saying: "Harry's exhausted. We're just going to take the twins and go to bed."

Since Viona was still clinging to you, I took both of the twins and kissed both girls on the cheek. "Goodnight. You'll be able to talk to Harry in the morning - before I even wake up, most likely."

They nodded, told you they loved and missed you, and let us go. Back in our room, you were extremely awkward. You were clearly nervous about changing into your pajamas in front of me, and actually insisted on wearing them despite not wearing them once since you moved in. You looked like you were dead certain I was just waiting to pounce on you and rape you. So, I sat in a chair across the room, feeding the twins.

"You go ahead and climb into bed. Viona probably won't let you go until she's sound asleep, so you can rest assured that I won't be molesting you in any way. Once the twins are asleep, I'll set them between us - as they usually are - so that if you wake up, you can see a tiny wall between us."

You blushed. "I'm not afraid... I just... don't remember..."

I nodded in understanding and you watched me feed and rock the babies until you fell asleep. They took a bit longer than you, but were eventually asleep too. So it's now. Me sitting in bed, writing this email, not sure you'll ever remember enough to log in and check it. But I'm trying to have hope. Even though I've locked all my emotions up and they're going to stay locked up until you're back to being you and I'm reasonably certain that you're going to stay that way, I'm still trying to have hope, because it's what you would do.

Calmly and with hope,
Draco
Monday July 17th
Hello Draco,

I have to apologize in advance, I invaded your privacy. I woke up quite soon after falling asleep, shortly after you sent your email and had fallen asleep yourself. I saw that your laptop was on and I snooped. I saw that your email was still logged in, and I want to trust you, I truly do, but I thought that I might just make sure you weren't emailing someone in an effort to continue whatever con is happening. If it's any consolation, I no longer believe there is a con or scam happening.

After I read your email, I realized there seemed to be quite an email history between yourself and your Harry. Seeing as there was another laptop nearby I thought it would be worth a try to see if I could log in myself and read about us. If there was an us. Well as I know the children's names I tried them as the password, and wouldn't you know it, your Harry put his password as Viona. When he comes back you may want to tell him to make it just a bit less obvious!

So now I have been up all night, reading from your … their … our? first emails. Wow. The two of you are mouthy little things huh? You talk about EVERYTHING! And fucking shite are you two kinky! Do you have any idea how many times I wanted to wank while reading these emails? I think I'd have a broken wrist on top of this amnesia!

I am so so so sorry I can't remember you. I have already fallen quite madly in love with you. Between seeing those photos at the studio seeing the love in your eyes for your family, and reading the words from an obviously smitten boy changing to words of love between two men, whoever I am right now loves you. But I still don't have my own memories, I still don't feel like I could possibly be this other person you seem to love.

I can't imagine how hard this must be for you. It's no picnic for myself, but I just feel scared and lost and a little dumb, you have to stare at the face of your husband and have a stranger staring back at you. I can only think it must feel like utter betrayal. I feel really weird when you talk about this occlumency thing, I at first was quite happy that you were able to find something to deal with your intense emotions. But something in my gut absolutely loathes you being able to hide behind this mask of yours. I just want to shake you and muss you up and make you yell or cry. Not that I WANT you to cry, but I don't want you to wall yourself off. But I suppose since I am basically a stranger, that it's not really my business if you are doing something for yourself.

And I cannot even begin to tell you how sorry I am that these beautiful, amazing, children have to deal with a father who doesn't recognize them. That they had to deal with having no idea where their father was for a week. And all of your and Harry's friends, it seemed like they dropped everything to help find him, and rushed over as soon as they thought he was found, and then they got a confused moron in the place of their friend. I wish I could do something to make me remember. You all don't deserve this misery. You all seem like truly wonderful people, and you have to deal with this stranger standing here with the face of someone you love.

I was thinking, maybe today when we both wake up, can we go walk around London together? I left just a few things in my hotel room, I should check out of that hotel, and then I thought we could walk past the places that seemed to give me the most Deja vu and you can tell me if they mean anything to us? After reading our letters, I already know that I must have been drawn to that first (terribly expensive) hotel because we had stayed there previously. Maybe something will jog my memory? And we can take whichever children you'd like to bring. I have a feeling that Viona will not be allowing us to go anywhere without her. She's quite the strong willed one isn't she?
Well I am going to try and get some sleep. Hey, maybe I will wake up with all of my memories back and everything will be wonderful!

A guy can dream.

Sincerely,

Harry

P.S. I am a bit confused, the dates seem to imply that I went missing on a Monday, but I would bet anything that the first thing I remember was Wednesday. That's super weird right?

Monday July 17th
Oh Harry...

For the first five minutes I woke up, I thought I had my husband back. Actually, it's more like I *forgot* my husband didn't remember anything and had gone missing. I'm still not in possession of my emotions, so I didn't feel a thrill of joy or anything like that, simply... normalcy. I woke up to you wrapped around me like a Devil's Snare, simply holding me rather possessively as we slept. Viona had crawled over to her side of the bed, and I suppose that Muffy must have popped in for a night feeding at some point and set the babies on Viona's part of the bed with her. All I know for certain is that I slept without being woken up.

But apparently you woke up shortly after I went to sleep, which I found out after I remembered why I was emotionally numb. Before that, for five glorious minutes, I simply rested my head on your shoulder and cherished your arms around me, until I had to go to the loo rather urgently and decided a kiss would be the best way to wake you up and ask you to let go of me. Well, the kiss triggered my brain, because I remember the moment my lips touched yours. I pulled back right away, but it had accomplished my goal of waking you. You frowned a bit and looked puzzled, probably about why the man you couldn't remember - that you were married to - was kissing you in your sleep.

I gently pulled free from your arms and went to the loo, unable to stop a smug smirk when I heard a soft moan or groan from you as my naked arse walked away. Sorry, but even having a virtual stranger in my bed can't quite make me want to sleep in clothes.

Muffy knew that she'd be required to bring breakfast, so she didn't wait. The moment she felt that I was awake, she gathered up all our favorite breakfast items and popped them into the room, setting the large tray on the bed. I heard her from the loo.

"Good Morning, Master Harry. Muffy is pleased to see you home. I made your favorite - pancakes and fruit - for breakfast. Same for little miss Viona. There's milk and juice and tea for you and if you want something else, Muffy will be delighted to bring it to you."

I could just barely hear you grumbling about something. Probably the fact that you were - in essence - meeting a House Elf again for the first time, and not quite sure what to make of her looks or subservience. Although, you'd probably actually seen her last night when she came in to feed the twins.

Anyway, I came back into the room to find you quite enjoying your breakfast - mildly pornographic moans and all. Viona woke up when Muffy checked on her and the babies, noticed food, and crawled over to sit in your lap as she ate her (your) breakfast. I crawled back into bed, covering up my lap simply so that you wouldn't be too distracted to eat. You looked like you needed about 6
good meals and a pint of Ben and Jerry's - at the very least.

I ate my Golden Sterlet Caviar on rye crackers and sipped on my favorite tea, smiling faintly when Muffy finished changing Orion and set him in my lap so I could feed him with one hand as I ate with the other. Elena and Kisa came running in after Muffy finished changing Eris and set her on the bed to finish sleeping and wait her turn to be fed - and then popping off to tell the big girls that we were awake.

They sat on the bed and decided to act as if everything was completely normal.

"I was thinking about going to Unity House again today. We can tell everyone that Daddy's back and answer as many questions as we can," Elena informed us. "Kisa and I can even watch the littles so that you two can talk."

"That's a good plan," I complimented her before taking a sip of tea. "But I'm probably about to ruin part of it. I actually have to go into Unity House myself today. Tabitha sent me an Insta-Owl last night letting me know that there's some mildly urgent paperwork that needs to be signed, and since Harry can't, I have to. I have to remember to tell him how brilliant he is for adding me to the legal side of things for situations just like this." And because it was basically sheer habit, I reached over, grabbed your hand - it just so happened to be your left one since that was the side closest to me - and kissed it. Then I frowned because something rather obvious occurred to me. "Your ring's gone..."

You shrugged helplessly, almost certainly not remembering it in the first place.

So I let go of your hand and continued. "And once I'm done, Harry has asked to go walk around London for a bit looking for triggers. I think I'll take you up on your offer and have you watch the twins, but I have a feeling that Viona will refuse to let either of us out of her sight today. Speaking of, Harry, will you please go to the loo and bring her with you? She obviously needs to go and you haven't yet this morning, so..." I trailed off, letting you fill in the rest on your own.

You looked just a tiny bit spooked for a moment - the same as you had when the girls sat on the bed and you looked back and forth between me and them as if expecting me to tell them to go away a moment while I got dressed. But then you shrugged, and mumbled: "What if she needs me to wipe her? I wouldn't know how..."

I rolled my eyes, almost amused. "Harry, she knows perfectly well how to clap her hands and grunt at Muffy to wipe her when she needs help."

"Oh..." You murmured, sounding like you felt silly.

I chatted with the girls, a sort of aristocratic exchanging of pleasantries, as I read your email until we heard you cry out: "Holy fucking hell! SHE STANDS WHILE SHE PEES!!!"

That actually made me chuckle even as the girls outright died of laughter.

When you returned, looking frankly amazed by the little girl in your arms, I decided that since I was finished with breakfast, it was probably best to get dressed. I stood up and pointed to the closet.

"You're probably going to want a tour guide as we find something to wear today.

"Since you're going to be in muggle public, dad, you should probably wear that pair of black trousers with the white button up and would you consider wearing the dark red waist coat? You tend to favor blue, so I don't think you've ever worn it, but I'm betting it would look really good on you," Elena suggested, sipping on tea of her own.

"Good idea," I murmured in agreement. I led you into the closet, ignored you as you swore in awe
for about 20 seconds, and then gave basic directions. "Alright, so, you decided to make this as simple on you as possible. Your clothes, as well as all the littles, are right here near the front. Let Viona pick out what she wants to wear or else you'll have to deal with an almighty strop - she hates your taste in clothes, which is funny, because you usually buy her the most adorable things. As for me, I'm going to be about three aisles off to the right and half or maybe three quarters of the way to the back. If you're feeling adventurous, you can come looking for me when you're dressed, but since I'm willing to bet you don't remember the dressing spells, I'll more than likely finish before you. See you in a few minutes," I finished, giving you a quick kiss out of sheer habit.

Which is something I'll have to think on later - why it is that I keep giving you chaste and passionless kisses even though I don't *feel* anything. Is it truly habit at this point? Or do I simply love you so much that I can't quite shove all of it into a locked box? Hmm...

Anyway, as I predicted, I returned before you were fully finished changing. You'd gotten into a pair of denims, a sort of ratty old pair that wasn't as distressed as the ones that show off your lovely bum, but still not anything I would have picked for you or me. It was apparently after you'd taken your top off but before you put a tee shirt on that Viona decided on a dress and insisted you help her into it, so I found you half naked - so to speak. I felt not love or lust at the sight, but pure attraction. I suppose that I don't have to have emotions to want to shag you into the nearest bed.

In any case, I sat down and helped Viona into her adorable little shoes while you pulled on the tee shirt you'd gotten at Glastofest - one of a few - that had the DarkStar logo on it. Merlin! That lead singer is hot! I normally wouldn't admit this (no need to give you a swelled head), but I usually love seeing you in that shirt. I still liked the look, but it didn't make me want to bend you over and ram you into the nearest task table.

Part of me is interested in shagging you, but I think at the moment, it's simply because it's been the longest we've gone without since we got our libidos back. The other part remembers that while I *can* shag while I'm like this, there's no orgasm, and so, it would end with disappointment for both of us. Well, maybe not for you since I'm certain I could take you apart and make you scream my name.

When ready - I'd helped tie Viona to you since she insisted that you wear my favorite gold cloth - I let the girls know we were leaving and Apparated us to Unity House. The girls would have to use the floo and ask Muffy to bring the babies (since traveling with them via floo can result in minor and unnecessary injuries). We ended up in the Park, which is slightly strange because I thought I'd used your office as a focus.

The Kids went nuts, shouting your name and swarming around you to hug you and never let you go. So, I took the opportunity to jaunt to your office, sign the papers that needed signing, and return in time to see Luna sobbing all over you as she pressed a thousand tiny kisses to your face. Whoa! This is literally the most emotional I have ever seen her. She's usually happy and serene no matter what.

You looked confused again, wondering who she was and if you should be attempting to respond to any of those kisses. Or if you should push her away and back away. However, since she respected your rule to NOT kiss you on the lips, you seemed to decide to suffer through it. I couldn't help but think back a moment to how Hermione, Ron, and Blaise - all knowing and respecting your no kissing rule - had managed to get creative with their kisses. Hermione was relatively tame, kissing your cheeks and forehead, but Ron had kissed your cheek and neck while Blaise kissed the palm of your hand and lightly felated one of your fingers before kissing your cheek. I'm so glad you read our emails about that because I'm not sure how I'd explain it otherwise.

After I pulled Luna off you and hugged her - stroking her long light blonde hair and shushing
soothingly - she managed to calm down. She regained her composure a few seconds later and gave me a nice kiss. "Are you having a circle dinner tonight? Because if not, I plan to stop in anyway."

"Actually, that might be a good idea," I replied. "I'll send out invitations once I know for sure."

She nodded, gave me a last kiss, and then let us go. I Apparated us to - oddly enough - Ethan's shop. Or rather, his parents' shop. I wanted to tell him that I'd pay him extra if he went in and calmed the kids down, but before I could even open the door, you gasped.

"That's where I woke up!"

I let you drag me into the alley near the shop, at the corner of the building.

"I woke up with no memory and the first thing I tried to do was go into the music shop to see if they knew me or what had happened, but it was closed," you explained.

I spotted two very important things, on nearly opposite sides of the Alley. First was your wand. It was slightly wedged in a crack in the seam between the street and the wall. As I pulled it out of the crack, I noticed that there were a couple of singed spots on the walls all up and down the alley - indicating that there was probably a duel. I handed your wand to you and said: "Please point that at the wall and say: Aguamenti!"

Thinking that I was a bit barmy, you did as I asked, gasping when a nice jet of water shot out and blasted the wall, cleaning it only a little because the dirt seemed resistant to water somehow. Nodding, I proclaimed: "Well, your magic seems to be working just fine. I hope."

Then I walked over and picked up the second important thing. Your wedding ring. Since you are right handed, I assume that your wand would have landed off to your right as you faced whomever you were dueling. Which sort of did explain why your ring was off to the left and a bit down the alley, I had a vague image in my head of you holding our hand as if to stop something by sheer willpower alone, and your ring flying off. At least, that's the only thing I can think of to explain why it was just lying on the ground and not stolen by your attacker. Only the fact that it was in a semi permanent shadow seems to have saved it from being found by a poor muggle in need of some quick cash.

I took your left hand in mine and gave it another small kiss as I slipped your ring back on your finger. "I'd really appreciate it if you didn't lose this again."

You were looking at your ring like you were wondering why your wedding ring was rather plain and silver, but then you traced the M of the Malfoy crest with the pointer of your right hand and nodded as if it suddenly made sense to you. "Malfoy, right? That's the name in the emails. I was called Potter, but then I took on your last name when we got married."

I nodded in confirmation. "That's right."

"And this ring helped us when we took potions and conceived our babies - because it has a powerful fertility spell on it."

I nodded again.

"God! I still can't believe that I - a man! - got pregnant and had a baby! It sounds utterly unbelievable!"

I smiled a little at that. "I suppose it does."
We walked around, each of us pointing out things that we've done - or well, in my case, I pointed out things we'd done, and you pointed out places that seemed a little familiar. I could usually explain why. Lunch was at a nice and quiet muggle place we happened across when we were hungry. After, we went to the Hotel you were staying at so that you could gather up the few things you'd bought/had before checking out and paying your bill.

Then we came home in plenty of time for dinner. My mother hugged you tight, kissed your cheek, and even shed a few tears. My father looked a tiny bit relieved and said: "I'm allayed that I haven't lost my most interesting drinking partner after all." And that's nearly a declaration of love in his book! However, he was contemplating me rather seriously, and I intuitively knew he was wondering how long before I let my emotions back out.

I'm not even going to risk it until I know that *you* are back. If you never regain your memories, then we are both going to have to learn how to live this new life - you finding your place in our lives again and me being the rock that keeps us all together and functioning. We sat down to drink tea, exchange pleasantries, and give me a moment to write a little something for the Daily Prophet - not to mention this email - when an owl arrived.

It didn't seem to know which one of us to deliver to, and so, must be addressed to both of us. I held out my arm and accepted the delivery because you were looking fascinated by the gorgeous snowy owl, but not like you knew to take the message from her. I opened it and read it out loud.

"Dear Mr. and Mr. Malfoy, Healer Rowe and the others have reached a conclusion regarding Harry Malfoy's health and would appreciate it if you stopped in for a consultation at your earliest convenience. Sincerely, Tilda Swan, assistant Mediwitch to Healer Rowe."

Well, I guess that means I'm signing off now so that we can go see what they know.

Determinedly holding onto that thin thread of hope,

Draco
Chapter 240

Chapter Summary

The Healers tell Harry what happened to him.

Monday July 17th
Draco,

I could have died. Or I should have died? Do you think that would have been easier for you? Instead of having to live with a stranger, maybe it would have been better to just lose your Harry, find his body, and begin to grieve and heal. I feel like a thief, like I stole your husband from you. I can’t even die right, I’m such a freak.

Well, I guess I have you to thank for me not dying. According to the healers, my assailant had been slamming my head against the brick wall and the protection spells in my ring set off a pulse that blasted them away from me but also blasted hard enough to fling the ring off of my finger.

The reason we have different timelines is because they think while my magic was able to heal me, it essentially had to put me in a coma for a couple days to heal fully. If I had been a person without magic (muggle, that’s the word right?) I would have had a serious TBI and possibly have died from blunt force trauma.

The good news that I am grasping onto and pinning all of my hopes on, is that they can’t see any medical reason for my amnesia. My brain has fully healed, and they were able to extract a medic memory .... I guess kind of like taking a blood sample .... so the memories are there. Their best guess is that I must have subconsciously done some sort of occlumency to guard myself from the trauma of my assault, and in the moment it accidentally trapped all of my memories.

I dreamt of you last night. I don’t know if it was a memory or if I dreamt of you because I read all of our emails right before I fell asleep. When I was pregnant ... wow that’s so bloody mental ... did you ever lay your head in my lap, and sing to my belly while I fed you finger foods? In my dream we were outside, it was sunny but we were under a shade tree, and on a deep green picnic blanket.

It was so beautiful. I want that. I want to know you again. But I want to know the guy under the mask. Is it weird that I don’t “know” you, but I feel like I miss you?

Anyway, I’m sorry I’m not your Harry. I’ll try to get him home soon, I promise.

Maybe we should go to Unity again tomorrow? It seems like I spend a lot of time there, maybe something there will jog my memory? And maybe you can show me what my office is good for? No, I’m sorry, you don’t want to sleep with a stranger, you want your husband back. Never mind. I’m sorry.

Good night,
Harry

P.S. If you truly don’t want me, maybe you can stop parading your fucking fantastically fit body around me! My cock actually hurts you bloody prat!
Tuesday July 18th – Shortly after midnight

Harry,

Despite not having my emotions, I must admit that I was rattled by the knowledge that you could have died. Probably just as rattled as you were when we went home after the Healers were finished with us and I invited everyone to a circle dinner. Only it was more than a circle dinner as all of the Weasleys and everyone else you call friend showed up and mobbed you. They showered you in so much love that you started crying, to no one’s surprise.

After everyone had left, which was triggered by you running off to hide, probably feeling overwhelmed, which was also when you sent your email, I put the kids to bed and went looking for you. I saw that you had sent an email and guessed that you were hiding in our closet. I was right.

Sitting down next to you, I tried to be reassuring. "When I married you, it was for life, no matter what. I would never want you to die, because no matter how hard life with you might be, life without you is a hundred times harder. I'm not ready to unlock my emotions yet, but I promise you that I will do whatever else we need for this marriage to survive. So... Come with me."

I held out my hand and waited for you to take it. After a moment of hesitation, you grabbed my hand so strongly that it felt like you never planned to let it go. Smiling, I Apparated us to our play room and watched you look around. Since it was obvious what the room was for, you turned to look at me with lusty, questioning eyes.

"So, the way this is going to work is that I'll do a few of your favorite things to you, and after, if you still have stamina and energy, I'd like you to top me."

"Are you sure? I know you said you can't orgasm when you're like this," you pointed out, looking concerned.

"Just because I can't orgasm, doesn't mean I don't want to shag you. The point of making love is connecting with each other on an intimate level. Orgasms are just a seriously nice bonus," I explained.

You looked torn, your inner Gryffindor clearly trying to figure out the morality of this particular situation. But then you nodded and smiled. "You said you want to make this marriage work, and this is definitely part of that. So... Well, I don't remember anything, let alone shagging before, so please take pity on me if I'm terrible at it."

"You won't be," I assured you. After that, you gathered up the courage to kiss me. A proper snog. I was very interested to note that I liked it. It's hard to explain, I couldn't feel love or happiness, but I liked kissing you and wanted to keep doing so all night.

But you made that noise you make when you are SO ready to be shagged that you'll beg if I draw it out. With a smirk, I pushed you over the spanking table and made your arse nice and rosy. Then I licked all my favorite parts of your body - while fingering your prostate - until you were definitely begging. When I sensed that you were SO close, I led you over to the bed and cast the quick prep spells so that you could get inside me as soon as possible.

You entered me with that groan you always make, like you just found heaven. At that point, you turned into a sweet and tender lover. I almost feel cherished! Clearly, this part of our marriage is always going to be fantastic.
After you filled me up with what felt like litres - you must not have wanked at all the week you were gone - you kissed me like I was the most precious thing you'd ever seen. So, more or less normal for you. Merlin! I'd missed that!

Then we went to bed and snuggled for a bit before you fell asleep. I held you for a long time, not able to get to sleep. I meant what I said. I'd rather have the smallest part of you than none of you at all.

Possessively,
Draco
P.S. I have some confusing Unity House paper work that you would almost certainly understand if you remembered you, but since I don't, I'm going to have to go to the Ministry tomorrow and discuss it with the Department of Children and Families. You should probably come with, just in case it makes some sense to you after all.
Tuesday July 18th
Good morning Draco,

I can see why those things you did last night are some of my favorite things. You are quite wicked with your tongue. And your fingers. And your hand. As I read through our emails, I can see that the other me was quite possessive of his spankings. When I read that, I felt a weird squirming sensation in my stomach, like I couldn't quite decide whether I liked the idea of being spanked or if it was terrifying. I guess there are some things that are just innate, because it felt absolutely wonderful when you had me over that bench. Although I am not completely sure if I liked it, I will probably need another six or seven demonstrations just to make sure!

I did feel, when I slid into you, that I had both found heaven and come home. Merlin you're just amazing. I know it wasn't my first time, but it was the first time I have any memory of. It was wonderful. I know you had your blocks up, but it was alright for you wasn't it? Sorry I was so …. filling? No, I had not wanked since I woke up. Was it too much? I'm sorry!

I DID want you to feel cherished and loved. You ARE the most precious thing I've ever seen. I told you that I fell a little in love with you when I first saw your portrait at the studio, and I fell the rest of the way in love with you by reading your old emails. I just hate that I am not the person you need. If I met you today I would want you. You're hilarious, and brilliant, and so so pretty. You're kind, but not so kind that I feel as though it's fake. And do NOT get me started on that smirk of yours.

I hope everyone wasn't too upset when I ran out on your party last night. I just was so overwhelmed. All of those people there for your Harry, and they were stuck with just me. All of those people so glad to see "I" was home safe. That Molly would not stop kissing the top of my head and force feeding me! Maybe it's a good thing I didn't really eat this last week, I think I had six or seven full meals last night.

There were so many people, and so many children, I felt particularly badly that I couldn't remember the children. I did a lot of buddies, sweeties, and hunnies hoping they wouldn't notice. They probably noticed, kids are much smarter than they're given credit for. Your little brother and sister are so sweet. And one of the little guys … Marc? No, that's not right, seemed to follow me around like a little shadow all night when he wasn't with Orion. At one point he sat next to me, stared me down for two solid minutes, and then grinned at me and said "See you VERY soon Uncle Harry" and then walked away. He's an intense little guy isn't he?

I hate to make it any sort of a competition, the children all seemed wonderful, but ours are the most amazing aren't they? I really just skimmed Harry's emails while I was reading through them all (what? there were A LOT of words!) but from what I read, he certainly seems like he thinks your kids are the most wonderful tiny humans to ever exist. You all love each other so much, but you just really truly LIKE each other as well don't you?

I dreamt about you again last night. We were dancing alone in a big room, and you threw your head
back and laughed at something I/He did. I know you're occluding for your own mental health, I'm not saying you should stop, but I hope I can see that big gorgeous smile and laugh of yours quite soon.

But then my dream morphed a bit. It's probably why I am awake so early, I actually just typed through the sunrise if that tells you how long I've been up. It ended in a nightmare. One minute I was in your arms, then you put your hands on my shoulders. I blinked and someone else was shaking me, their face was blurry so I have no idea who it was (although I probably wouldn't know who they were anyway would I?) but they were screaming in my face something about me hiding someone from them. Then something about tiny death beaters? It was really scary. But then I jolted awake and decided to get out of bed before I woke the rest of you.

And wow, we've a full bed don't we? My heart is so full of love for you all. I just met all of you, how can I love you so much already? Do you think I may not have my memories but I can remember love? Or maybe it's just that you're all so wonderful and loveable that it's automatic! I'm sure Elena is much too old and too cool to want to sleep in the same room as her fathers and the babies, but maybe we could do a campout/slumber party? Turn on a movie and fall asleep on the floor all together in some sleeping bags? I'm sorry if that's too much. I know movies are yours and his thing, but just in case I never do get my memories back, maybe it's time to start living from this day forward. I will just have to make a million new memories from here on out. Do I have a favorite?

I will go to the ministry with you, no problem. It's not like I have anything planned! Even if I did, it's not like I'd know I did anyway! Ha … ha … sigh. Sorry, that was a bit much huh?

Well I think I am going to go for a run. I am feeling itchy to work out somehow. And if I get lost I can just call for Muffy right? I should be back and showered up by the time you get up.

Sincerely,
Harry

Tuesday July 18th

Harry,

Mac said he would see you soon? If that's so, then I insist that you have hope. He's never been wrong that I know of.

I had a nice little chuckle as I read your email while you were still out running. Some things never change. Such as your need to apologize for things that need no apology. You could have literally pumped me full of litres and I would have loved it. The feel of being filled is strangely soothing. Comforting. Exactly what I needed.

Having a family movie night and slumber party sounds perfect. I know Elena and Kisa will love it. You had planned for us to watch a movie called Robin Hood, which none of us have ever seen before, so it'll be new for all of us. I'll talk to the girls to see when they want to do that.

But in the meantime, I'm going to take a shower and get dressed. If you happen to return from your run (or more likely chat with the girls and my mother by this point) before I'm done, feel free to join me. I'll make it worth your while.

And then off to the Ministry. Well, Unity House and then the Ministry.

Your husband,
Draco
Harry feels very weird and isn't quite sure why.

Tuesday July 18th
Draco,

I feel really weird about today. I am panicking. But nothing happened. I'm scared.

Since I've come … home? I obviously haven't remembered anything. I am getting pieces of you in my dreams. And then I had that one scary dream. But other than that, it's like I'm being introduced to a life I don't know anything about. But every place we've gone I've either felt nothing, or twinges of Deja Vu. Like – for example – the muggle restaurant we went to in London just felt like eating at a restaurant. It was eating at a restaurant on a date with a ridiculously fit man that I want to do dirty things to, but it didn't feel like anything I was almost remembering.

When I met our children, I was overwhelmed, and was so upset that I couldn't remember these amazing little people, but I got this feeling of contentment, love, and joy. I felt guilt for not knowing them. I felt hopeful for the idea that maybe some day these amazing people could all be mine.

When I met with our circle at the party, again overwhelmed and upset, but besides my own feelings of guilt and anxiety over "stealing" their Harry from them, I felt special and loved. I felt happy and for that one moment with Mac (oh I feel so terribly that I got his name wrong!) I felt quite calm and then hopeful. I'm especially hopeful now that I realize he's the one you and Harry talked about so much that seems to have a gift for sight and for empathy. I thought he was just saying goodbye (you know, "see you soon buddy") very intensely. The only negatives were from me.

And when we went to Unity House? Oh I can see why I spend so much time there! Those kids have so much love to give! We showed up at the little playground area and I was swarmed with children eager to hug me and tell me they missed me. I was shown treasures they'd been saving, like shiny rocks, cool shells, and beautiful flowers. I think I can see why you love your Harry so much if he's inspired this kind of happiness and loyalty from those amazing kids. And then all of my Luna kisses, yeah she seems to really care about Harry. And even with her crying and sheer amount of smooches, I got a real feeling of serenity from her. I don't know how a breath of air can make you feel grounded and safe, but she makes it work.

But when you brought me to the Ministry today, I didn't feel good, and I didn't feel nothing. I felt … scared? No. Angry? I definitely felt upset and … wrong. Yeah, I felt wrong. Something felt grimy. It wasn't the whole building, it was whatever place we went to while you tried to figure out the paperwork. The family department maybe?

There were so many people in there that I couldn't quite tell where that feeling was coming from. I am quite good friends with that very tall handsome man aren't I? Kingsley? He radiated safety to me. But there was so much happening. At one point I even thought the file you were holding was bad. So now I know I'm probably completely mental. How can a few sheets of paper in a file folder emit a feeling?
I had to get close to you. Nothing feels like home and safety like your hand. I don't know if you got your paperwork finished, because I think you realized I was panicking. And unlike at the manor, I had nowhere to run away to. Then I could hear you asking me if I was alright. But it sounded so far away, like you speaking through a fog. And then I locked eyes with the man sitting not behind but in front of the desk next to where we were standing and I could hear in my head clear as day "Tell me where they are, where are the death eater children?" And then I blacked out.

That's the last thing I remember before waking up alone in your bed. I am headed out to come find you, but I had to get my thoughts out before I forgot them.

Do you think I've lost the plot?

Do you think the man I saw has something to do with my disappearance?

And there are death eater children? How does that even work? I thought the death eaters were the ones who worked for Voldemort. How could there be children death eaters?

I'm sorry you're stuck with a crazy man.

Yours,
Harry

Wednesday July 19th

Harry,

First of all, I've learned to never doubt your instincts. Your gut feelings have literally saved the world. All those people at the Ministry weren't just going: "Oh hey, isn't that the bloke that was reported missing? Must have been found then." They were going: "Harry Potter! It's Harry Potter! He's been found! He's here! Should we ask him for his autograph???

Minister Shacklebolt (Kingsley to you) IS a very good friend of yours, and since he did help protect you in the war, I'm not surprised that he felt safe to you. So, as much as I trust your instincts, I believe that you are feeling legitimate bad feelings and as much as I WANT to believe that no one attacked you and you simply fell or something (illogical, I know), I will never dismiss your feelings as inane. Thus, after I brought you home (I was given permission to use the Minister's private Apparation point), I contacted the Auror Department and let them know that something strange had happened. That you'd started panicking before passing out. I made certain that they had someone ready to come talk to you the moment you felt ready. Which is what you are currently doing.

But before that, I made sure you had plenty of rest. As requested, we invited the girls into our room after a family dinner so that we could snuggle up and watch a movie. I know you envisioned sleeping bags on the floor, but that's just not comfortable - especially when holding babies - so I conjured up a long and very plush couch for us all to sit on and crowd each other unnecessarily, but is probably the best part. We ate popcorn and chocolate, had a bit of wine mixed with freshly squeezed fruit juice (a tasty blend of several fruits), which was not so alcoholic that the girls couldn't have a glass. Although, we did limit Viona's portion to about a quarter of a glass, mostly because it might be fine to let her have a taste, but there's no telling how much it would actually take to get her drunk and that part is definitely not okay.

Anyway, we decided against Robin Hood because Elena pointed out that she had never seen your favorite movie of Dogma, and since I hadn't either, I figured that it would almost certainly be something you would enjoy and we'd probably like too. Well... I'm not entirely certain it was age
appropriate for Elena and Kisa, but they seemed to love it anyway. Especially Kisa, but since she's already a terrifying member of the Russian Wizarding Mob, I suppose I haven't corrupted her in the slightest.

I *wish* I had been with you the first time you saw the movie because I'm dying to know (relatively speaking) what you thought about that Angel - Metatron? Megatron? Megaphone? The Voice of God bloke. Anyway, you don't remember him, but I would *swear* that Angel looked like he could be Snape's twin brother. Actually, he sounded like it too. Dry and nasally and so done with the world. I'll introduce you to his portrait sometime just so you can see the resemblance I'm talking about. He might actually want to talk to you, especially if I tell him that you don't remember anything and he can make snide remarks you won't understand but might enlighten the rest of us listening in (which would probably be just me).

Oh, I think you must be finished talking with the Aurors now because I heard movement in the sitting room part of our suite. Therefore, I'm going to sign off and see how it went. The Aurors are lucky I'm not fully myself at the moment because I would have thrown a nasty strop had they suggested that I give you some privacy if I were. I mean, logically, it makes sense that you might focus and remember better if you're not distracted by me and what my impressions of the situation are, but when I'm myself and it comes to you, I'm never less than recklessly irrational. And fuck the world if they don't agree!

So... still holding onto that hope that is becoming greater every day,
Draco
Chapter 243

Chapter Summary

Harry's back!!!

Wednesday July 19th
My Dragon,

Oh my love, did you miss me?

You just fell asleep after me telling you everything, but forgive me because you get to hear it again! I just want to make sure between telling the Aurors, telling you, and having this written record, I will not forget or miss a single detail.

And I certainly want to get this down before tomorrow. Because you have yet to drop your occlumency shields, telling me you needed a full night's sleep before you let all of those emotions crash onto you. And that I needed a full night's sleep as well so that I could hold you when you break down. You did insist that no matter what you were not going to ask me to "go away" again because you have the irrational fear that I won't come back if you send me away. I'm honestly surprised that even in sleep you were willing to let me leave the bed and walk all the way to my desk on the other side of the room.

So the children are going over to Grandma Molly's first thing in the morning so that they won't be here for the hurricane that's about to sweep through Malfoy Manor. Once they are settled and well on their way to being stuffed full of biscuits and spoiled relentlessly I will be holding you while you unpack your emotions.

I am going to try to be as meticulous and detailed as possible. Please forgive me if it jumps back and forth or sounds confusing though, I still feel quite weird as I have all of my memories back but I have all of the memories from when I couldn't remember so the last week or so since the incident still feels a bit jumbled.

I was going to start with the Monday I went missing, but it actually starts before that. Reaching back as far as the gala, we have had a number of couples, and singles, that have expressed interest in adoption, come to the meet and greets, asked questions, and have yet to find the right child for them. This could and should be completely normal. Sometimes you have to visit a few times until you find your Kid. And sometimes you have to get to know them before you realize they were yours all along (I mean, how long did it take us to finally admit Elena was ours?). So as a general rule, we at Unity House have not really given much thought to the people who've come multiple times.

Some of these people we've assumed were mostly coming for the gossip and to nose around the place or to meet some of our "famous" faces that hang around here. Some people may have come only to realize that they didn't truly want to adopt. That's fine, growing their family through adoption is not for everyone, hell parenting isn't for everyone. To each their own and I'm just thankful these people figure that out before they end up with a child they don't truly want. Everyone loses in that situation.

And everyone that has come through to Unity House (except for the gala which was open to the
public) has had their background check done. But the Department of Families and Children seem to have made an error in the checking, they checked for a criminal background and they checked for ties to death eater activity. But they didn't look into those who may be vigilantes who worked against Voldemort.

There have been a few faces over the last year that have stuck out to me as odd. But as far as I knew everyone had been checked out and cleared. Randy is the name of a guy that always seemed to rub me the wrong way. He seemed a bit too interested in the lineage or backstory of the children. It bothered me, but I thought maybe I was being judgmental of families that take a bit too much stock in family trees and blood status. Well we have always had the policy of giving none of that type of information to prospective parents until they actually put in for an official adoption request. And even after the request, when the child is a child of known death eaters the prospective parents have to sign an agreement to submit to our mild obliviation in case they change their mind once the background is known.

Now that you have the back story I can jump back to recent events. Did you know that the man in the prophet, who had been tortured by "well meaning vigilantes" wasn't the first person to have that happen to them? That was just the first one where the person had absolutely zero connection to death eaters and so was the first one really reported. These vigilantes have been looking to make their own reparations for the war. Create their own "justice". Well they seem to have set their sights on finding all the orphaned children of death eaters to "curb a future evil".

On Monday, I dropped our crew off at Unity and headed off to my interview. It went really well, it was a Muggleborn boy, Parker, who will be old enough for Traditions next year. He seemed quite eager and his parents seemed really open to him being able to learn about this wonderful part of himself. When I was done I sent my folders off, but instead of heading back I decided that you needed something to help cheer you up. You were so upset about the article in the Prophet, with good reason obviously, and I wanted to get you a little something to brighten your day. So I decided to stop by Ethan's family's music store. I thought some new sheet music, something really heavy that you can take your rage out on, would be the best choice.

But I apparated into the alley next to the store and I was stopped before I could go in. It was Randy.

He grabbed my arm (my wand arm) saying "Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter, I need to ask you something! It's very important but shouldn't take long."

Well I had just started to put my wand away after apparating before heading into a muggle store, so my wand went flying out of my hand. I started looking around for where it went to and said "Um, Randy is it? It's actually Mr. Malfoy now, I'm sure I've mentioned that once or twice. I am in a bit of a rush right now, but I'd be happy to answer any questions you have just floo my assistant and she will set up a time where I can sit down and answer any questions you might have."

Well I made the mistake of not watching him, because I was looking for my bloody wand! So I didn't see him glare at me and draw his wand.

"No! You'll answer me NOW Mr. Potter!" He screamed. And then he started shooting curses and hexes and jinx … es? at me.

I was weaving and dodging as best I could, but I was wandless and taken by surprise. He finally got in a stunner and I knocked my head against the brick wall. While I was trying to shake it off, he grabbed me and got in my face. Screaming, "Tell me where they are, where are the death eater children?"

I think the concussion had already started setting in, because I just remember being confused, "What
death eater children? There aren't any child death eaters."

And then he said something that made me want to retch, "The spawn, I know you know where they've been placed. Give them up Potter!" And he had gotten so close at that point, that he could see my collar. He took my collar! He grabbed it and yanked it right off of my neck! "Owned by a death eater yourself aren't you? Savior indeed, you disgust me." and that's when he started shaking me, slamming my head into the wall over and over again. That's when I remember a pulsing from my left hand, he went flying, and I blacked out.

Then I was waking up with no memories.

So that's what I told the Aurors, but the noise you heard was me telling them I wasn't done with my story but that I was done talking and had to get to you. It seems as soon as I remembered that worthless pile of filth took - and kept - my collar, all of my memories started slamming back. And let me tell you, this past year may have been the best year any single person could possibly have, but the rest of my life hasn't exactly been a picnic. So when everything came slamming back at once, I knew I needed you. The Aurors were just doing their job and trying to get the whole story from me, but I was not having it and I needed you that very minute.

As I told them in no uncertain terms that you were not going to be allowed to leave my side and if they wanted the rest of the story they could fucking deal with you being there, you've already heard this part twice now. But as I mentioned before, I just want a full record for my own emotional security.

We (and by that I mean the Aurors and not me because I am not running into danger) will have to double check the names and the files. Probably check up on some of the recent adoptions to make sure no one has been placed with one of these vigilantes. But it seems as though the file you were having issues with was one of the people that had come to almost all of the meetings, had actually made multiple adoption requests only to pull them before everything went through. No one seemed to know where to file that or what to do, so they sat there unprocessed. It was just a coincidence that when we went in to the Department of Families and Children that Randy happened to be there in an attempt to gain information as a "potential adoptive parent."

Seeing my assailant seemed to be the trigger I needed to remember the assault. And the sheer rage at the knowledge that that fucker took my collar seemed to be the catalyst that brought all of my memories back. I'm sorry you had to be without me for so long. But I am back, and probably even more in love with you than I was before. I didn't think that would be possible, but here we are. Draco, I was completely lost. I was not really the person you married. But you were in it, through thick and thin, and you were my rock.

You are the strongest person I have ever met. I love you more every day. You are the most amazing husband and best friend I could ever dream of having. You are a wonderful father to our children. You are the light in my world.

I'm going to climb into bed with you and our babies. I am going to snuggle you so hard you're going to think you're being strangled. And then I am going to fall asleep next to my husband.

Yours in every way,
Harry James Malfy

P.S. That fucking degenerate has my collar. I want it back. He doesn't deserve to lick the ground you walk upon and he has my collar that has your name on it. I need it.
Thursday July 20th
Oh Harry, my Harry,

I didn't truly think anything was wrong when I noticed - the first moment I saw you in that hotel room - that your collar was not around your neck. I just assumed that you had taken it off because it was an embarrassing thing to wear when you don't know what it means. I assumed that it was in with the things we picked up the next day. I also figured that you'd remember it and put it back on when you remembered who you were, so I said nothing about it.

To think that it was actually taken from you and that THAT effected you enough that it actually triggered your memory, or sort of added to the triggering of your memory, well, it touches me. And actually, even though I'm still not feeling my emotions yet, it makes me feel just a little angry that someone dared to yank that off you (must have used a spell because that collar has a thick gold chain and clasp that shouldn't have broken so easily). MORE than that, the idea that it's NOT just a collar, but the family tree that dangles from it with branches for each of our kids. It upsets me that someone DARED to literally rip your family from you.

Well... it's that time... The kids are gone, and my parents have taken Sebastian and Della away for the day - actually, I think they're taking them on a mini overnight trip to someplace fun. Anyway, you're giving me a look - nearly a glare - from across the table as I type this because I'm clearly procrastinating. Now that it's time, I know just how much this is going to hurt and...

I don't really want to do it. If I'm honest, as much as I do love feeling all my love for you, not having any emotions (or very few anyway) is rather peaceful now that I'm not expected to be a cold hearted bastard torturing people. I wish I could simply exist like this for a few more days and basically process everything calmly before I let my emotions out, but I know that the longer I put it off, the less likely I am to actually do it, so...

I'm going to sign off now and...

And this isn't going to be pleasant. I half wish I could hide in the Crystal Room for at least the first hour so that you never have to see me at my literal worst, but the other half doesn't want to let you out of my sight for longer than it takes to go to the loo, and maybe not even that long. So...

You're really going to make me do this, aren't you? You bastard!

Reluctant and mulishly adverse,
Draco

-  

Friday, July 21st
Merlin, Salazar, and Godric! And even Dumbledore!

That hurt so badly. I *never* want to go through that again. It began calmly enough. I brought you to the Crystal Room because I knew I was probably going to want to destroy something at some point. We both sat on the floor, and I'm not exactly sure what you did (probably stared at me like a bird of prey), but I closed my eyes and sank into my Occlumency. It took a good ten minutes of a meditative like state before I - well - gathered up the courage to actually unlock the cell door and break open the box. I spent probably at least five of those minutes just staring at the door and wondering why it ever needed to be opened.

But then it was like you popped into my mind, sort of glaring at me and telling me to get on with it before you had to do something drastic. I have no idea what, but I suppose it motivated me. Once the
box was broken, everything hit me with enough force that I literally was knocked flat onto my back. I pressed both hands to my eyes because the emotions sort of hit me in the order that I locked them up in, and I had started with the rage from the Prophet Article, the worry, the anger, the fear, the helplessness, the - Oh fuck! They hurt so much!

Part of the problem was that they might have been locked up, but they were still there, so - for example - when I learned that you had nearly died, everything I would have normally felt that was locked up intensified, and perhaps being locked up made the intensity much worse than it would have been otherwise because when it did finally hit me, I felt like I was being crushed under a mountain AND hurled around by a hurricane at the same time. I couldn't breathe and yet I was probably hyperventilating.

I screamed; I wailed; I roared. You tried to hold me but I pushed you away. I'm sorry if I hurt you but I just can't stand anything at all touching me when I'm like that (and yes, I went through the same thing at about 2/3rds of this intensity after Seventh Year). That's why I literally tore all my clothes off, I couldn't even bear them touching me.

I threw things, I blew things up, I curled into a ball and sobbed. I think I vomited a few times. I beat my fists against the floor, and I'm pretty sure I vowed to murder everyone even remotely responsible for your disappearance and the Vigilante attacks. Finally, I lay there just crying, and I was probably rather exhausted by that point. I held out my hand to you and let you pull me in your arms and stroke my hair for I don't even know how long. But the sadness would not go away. So I warned you.

"I have to Crucio myself now, and if watching all of this so far was painful for you, you might seriously consider going away for the next five or ten minutes."

But you refused to leave, and I still don't know how to feel about that because it's one thing to watch a person suffer for things beyond their control, but it's another entirely to watch them suffer because of their own intentional actions. But I did it. When I think back on it, it might actually have been less traumatizing simply because I have learned how to, erm, accept (I suppose) the physical pain in ways that I just can't with emotional pain, and so I didn't even really screams. Just a sort of low prolonged moan. It seemed to take a bit longer than usual, but suddenly, I was floating high above my body and the world seemed like a beautiful, wonderful place.

I definitely sounded slurred, even to me. "Harry! Oh Harry, I love you so much! I could just eat you up! Can I eat you??? Come here!" At which point I attacked you with my tongue.

I honestly and truly do not understand it myself, but when my emotions get stuck in a bad place, this always seems to reset them, or clear them, or whatever you want to call it. And probably because of the natural high, but I always feel really good afterward. I think you thought I was suddenly in lust and going to shag you, but I was actually in a playful mood - like a bunch of blokes faffing about after a good pub crawl.

I licked you and tickled you and then got up and dared you to catch me as I ran through the Manor. You seemed very confused, but played along. When you caught me, I shrank into my Marmoset form and jumped out of your arms so that I could turn back and Apparate to the ballroom - calling out: "I bet you can't find me!"

And honestly, everything became a bit of a blur after that. I *think* we danced. We almost certainly shagged at some point because I'm dead certain I'd worked you up with my teasing. But I don't really remember it. All I do know for certain is that I fell asleep at some point - or probably passed out - and woke up feeling like I loved the entire world, but especially you. I simply hugged you and snuggled and kissed you for as long as you let me, which was probably hours. You had been awake before me, but wouldn't leave the bed long enough to go to the loo since you wanted to be there for me the
moment I woke up, which I appreciate.

But life eventually resumed, meaning that we had to get up and get something to eat and go pick up our kids and things like that.

I have no idea what we're going to do now, but I can guess that you need to spend a few days at Unity House making sure that Tabitha and I didn't fuck things up in your absence. And then I think that we should definitely go on a family vacation somewhere. I don't know. What do you think?

So I cry and I pray and I beg, love me love me, say that you love me, fool me fool me, go on and fool me, I can't care about anything but you,

Draco
Monday July 24th
My love,

I woke up in your arms this morning, and yesterday morning, and the day before. I feel so much better now that I'm me again. And as awful as watching you unlock your occlumency was, I feel so much better now that you're you again.

Our poor babies. When we went to pick up the children Friday night, our big girls clung to me. Then Lainie pulled back like she didn't want to push herself on someone who didn't know her. I didn't let her go, and pulled her back to me saying, "Lainie-girl, you don't have to be scared of hugging me." Well that was enough for her to know that her dad was back and she almost knocked me over with the force of her throwing herself back into my arms.

"Oh Daddy, you can never ever leave again. Never! I missed you so much. The you without any memories was nice, I mean it WAS still you, but you were gone!" Then she was sobbing so hard that I couldn't actually understand her, "Lainie, I want to hear what you have to say, but you have to breathe baby I can't understand you." And my poor sweet little girl, who's strong for everyone, sniffled into my ear, "I thought I had lost another parent. Don't leave me again Daddy."

Oh break my heart my little love.

This strong, confident, brilliant young woman, can remember the crash that killed her first set of parents. According to you she spent the week I was gone helping to care for her siblings and holding herself together. And the days that I was here but not here, she was calm and kind and supportive. And the entire time she thought her Dad was dead and gone. I am so proud of her strength, but why does she have to go through things that make her be so strong? It's not fair! I've been trying to rein in my anger at these vigilantes because it does no one any good for me to lose my cool, but how dare they hurt my Elena by trying to take her parent away?!

When Elena pulled herself away from me to attempt to compose herself (by wiping tears and a little snot on your shirt, good job keeping calm love) Viona, who had been on my hip during the entire sobfest, grabbed my face in her pudgy baby hands and said "Mumda? Mumda?" "Yeah Princess, it's the Mum-Dad. I'm here." She glared at me, said "My!" Just the once this time! And then wanted down to go beg another biscuit from Molly.
And my sweet babiest babies. I feel like they barely remembered me. How could I have forgotten them Draco? How could I have forgotten all of our children? These perfect little miracles of ours.

And then Kisa hugged me, pulled me quite close and whispered, "I am so glad you're back Harry, I love you and we were all worried about you. But if you ever make Elena cry like that again you will have ME to answer to." So in case you didn't know what she said and thought she was saying something sweet and heartwarming. The answer is yes, but mostly completely horrifying. Not embarrassed to admit that she is scary.

And my Mac was at Grandma's when we picked them up. Merlin he is such a tiny adult! He gave me a mischievous little smirk and said "Welcome back Uncle Harry." How does he know everything?

Then we had such a nice weekend to get back to our normal. Not much could be done on our end over the weekend, so we decided to take a much needed break and just be a family. We played in the gardens, you got to see to your owls. I got to thank your parents for holding my family together while I was gone. Got to snuggle my sweet Della and Bastian.

But it's back to real life as of today. I came into Unity House early this morning. I decided to bring all of our kids, to give you a break and I also couldn't bear to part with them. I thought they could play while I caught up on paperwork that may have gone wonky during my absence. Well, between you and Tabitha, the only thing that wasn't done while I was gone was the confusing files from the possible vigilantes. I got those sent off to the Aurors and have spent the entire rest of the day playing with my Unity Kids.

They knew I was gone while I was missing, but I don't believe they were told that I had lost my memories. I think they knew something was wrong since I wasn't my usual self when we came by, but they weren't nearly as overwrought as everyone else has been when I regained my memories. I thought Molly was going to chain me to her kitchen table until I looked well-fed enough!

I think the reason my collar and family tree was such a trigger for me to regain my memories was because I actually felt really weird without it. Before I found you, I found myself rubbing my thumb over where my wedding band should have been, and trying to fiddle with my pendants and coming up with nothing. Then when I went through our emails I assumed you had my/his collar and just didn't want the me/not-me to have it. It was actually on my mind a lot. I thought it was odd that you put my wedding band back on immediately but refused to give back the collar.

I actually think the reason it broke so "easily" was because he had wound his fist around it a bit, and my magic did the breaking. Because if it hadn't broken, it could have been used to choke me. I wouldn't have put it past him.

I would love to go on a family vacation soon! Anywhere you want love, I feel like I've picked a lot lately, so you choose this one! But let's wait until the Aurors have this case wrapped up. If you can't wait, then I insist we just run away to one of the Malfoy properties. That way it's a little vacation, but we won't be so exposed out in public places while these monsters are still out there.

Oh and speaking of the case, I received post from the Ministry asking us to come in for questioning this afternoon at 3:00. I assume you received the same letter, but if you didn't then this is your notice! I'll meet you there?

Ok, I am being summoned, I've been out of their sights for just a little too long and they are not having it!

Love you always,
Monday July 24th
Darling Harry,

I've had so much to process recently that perhaps it's no surprise that today has left me feeling a bit numb. I honestly don't know what to think. So...

We both arrived at the Ministry about five minutes before three. Having permission to use the Apparation point for the Auror Department, we were able to avoid being spotted by general employees of and visitors to the Ministry, which is something you appreciate more than me as I really don't mind strutting about in front of everyone. I'm worth admiring after all.

Anyway, since we were a bit early, we had a few minutes before Auror Bletchly came over to speak with us. So, we naturally occupied those minutes with some rather heavy snogging that was starting to veer towards the "let's get naked" stage, when we were interrupted by a loud and significant: "Ahem!"

We separated our lips just enough to look at him, but were still fairly intimately entwined.

"If you'll follow me, please."

Since that WAS why we were there, we merely nodded and followed him. He led us to a private meeting room where a few other Aurors, the Deputy AND Head Auror, and Kingsley Shacklebolt waited for us. The Minister grinned at us.

"A glance through the window proved that had we waited any longer, we'd've gotten quite the show. I actually had to draw lots because no one was quite brave enough to go out and interrupt you. I think one or two actually hoped to see the show," he informed us.

I unrepentantly returned his grin as you blushed very lightly and shrugged.

"We're still getting reacquainted after our separation," you explained.

"Ah," Shacklebolt stated in understanding. "Anyway, the reason we called you both here today is to give you some good news - and ask a very important question."

"Oh?" I questioned with interest.

"Yes," he confirmed. "The good news is that we caught Randy Dumas - your attacker, Harry."

"You did?!" You gasped out incredulously.

He nodded solemnly. "And we have enough to convict him of the crime of Assault and Battery against you at the very least. We're hoping we can tie him to the Vigilantism against anyone he and his associates suspect of being connected to former Death Eaters in any way. That said, we're not quite sure how to go about proving that just yet."

"So what's the question?" I wondered, squeezing your hand comfortably.

"As to that, Dumas is not cooperating in the slightest, but says that he will if - and only if - you are allowed to speak to him alone."

"He wants to speak to me?!" You blurted out in a mix of surprise and disbelief.
"No," Shacklebolt corrected, holding up a finger and looking a tiny bit amused. "He wants to speak to your husband. So, the question is, will you both agree to those terms - letting Mr. Malf - er, Draco," he specified the moment he realized that there were two Mr. Malfoys in the room. "Speak to Dumas alone?"

You narrowed your eyes suspiciously. "Alone alone?"

"Well, under supervision. We'll all be watching through this wall that can be spelled to allow us to see into the interrogation room without being seen or heard ourselves - even if we're quite loud. I assure you, Harry, that if it looks like Dumas plans to try anything, we'll burst into that room and put a stop to it."

"Besides," Robards added, looking surprisingly casual for the Head of the Auror Department. "He'll be incarcerated the entire time, and wandless. He won't be able to try anything."

"What about Draco? Will he be wandless?" You demanded rather fiercely.

They all exchanged a somewhat nervous glance, then Robards shook his head. "No... We don't see any reason to take his wand from him."

"Ah," I murmured in understanding. They were sort of hoping that I'd do something decisive to solve their problem for them. They couldn't actually say that, of course, but it seemed clear by their tone and attitude. "I'll do it."

"Draco?" You questioned, looking as if you were trying to peer into my soul.

"I'll be fine, love," I assured you calmly, and since you are well aware that I am in possession of all my emotions, you accepted this. That I could and would remain calm.

"Alright. If that's what you really want. Personally, I'd rather just chuck him in Azkaban."

I kissed you; a quick, soft kiss. "He's entitled to a trial first."

You grumbled petulantly. "I know of at least one person who was thrown into Azkaban for a dozen years without a trial or adequate proof of wrongdoing."

"Do you really want to be the sort of person who sends people to prison without a fair trial?" I asked with a bit of challenge in my eyes.

"No," you replied with a mildly frustrated sigh. "I just want all of this to be over."

"I know, love," I murmured, smooching you again. Then I turned to look at the Minister for Magic. "So?"

He nodded. "As stated, we've agreed to let him speak to you alone, but we'll all be here the entire time. You really will be fine."

"Understood," I said because there really wasn't anything else to say.

You wrapped your arms around me and squeezed rather tightly. "If he harms so much as a hair on your head, I won't be responsible for my actions."

"I'll be sure to let him know that," I murmured with an amused smirk.

Auror Bletchly escorted me to the interrogation room, opened the door for me, and then presumably either stood guard outside or returned to where you were once I entered the room and he shut the
I was wearing one of my blank - perhaps mildly curious - Malfoy faces. Randy Dumas looked avid and somewhat insane.

"I didn't think they'd actually let me talk to you," he said.

I shrugged and took the seat on the opposite side of the table from him. "Well, they did. What did you want to talk about?"

"You're a Death Eater - "

"Former," I corrected. "Since the Dark Lord is dead and there are NO Death Eaters anymore.

"As you say," he muttered with a light glare. "But I'm willing to bet you know where all the children are - the ones the Death Eaters had. My friends and I want to make sure that they don't grow up to be bad people."

I formed a bridge between the fingers of my hands and rested my chin on them. "You mean you want to make sure they don't grow up."

He stared at me for a long moment, and then murmured: "I didn't say that."

"Your question rather concerns and alarms me," I informed him. "After all, *my* children were born to a former Death Eater."

"Perhaps, but you defected and were apparently proven to have helped in some small way to win the war. We're fairly certain that your children won't grow up bad."

"Well that's flattering. Thank you," I replied with a mildly amused smirk. I didn't believe him for a second, but he didn't need to know that.

"I just want to know where the others are. If you tell me, I promise we'll take care of them."

"Oh? ... And what makes you think I know?" I wondered.

"Of course you know! You own the orphanage they've all stayed in!"

"No, Harry owns it. He runs it. I'm merely authorized to sign some paperwork if he should go missing." I gave him a pointed and rather cold look at that. "Also, why in the seven levels of hell would I help you? YOU tried to murder my husband."

"Because you can't possibly want there to be more Death Eaters in the future!" He cried out desperately.

I shrugged and leaned back in my chair, pulling out my wand and fiddling with it absently. "Of course I don't, but I truly feel that the only way to prevent them from growing up full of anger and hate is to raise them with love."

He was watching my wand hungrily. "That's... That's what we want to do."

I pointed my wand at him as if illustrating a point. "You're lying."

"I'm not!!" He insisted angrily.

"You're trying to tell me that your mates would honestly leave a child alone if they discovered he or
she had been adopted by loving parents?"

He looked away evasively.

I tapped my wand against my hand impatiently, catching his attention again.

"We would," he said.

"Hmm..." I hummed in thought. "I can see two major flaws to your plan. First, I don't run Unity House and so I do not know any of the information you are looking for. Harry doesn't tell me because I, don't, care."

He looked plainly suspicious at that.

"Secondly, even if I were to tell you, how do you plan to tell your mates?" I asked with a tone and look of challenge. I was staring him in the eye, and maybe he sensed a fight for dominance - like in most pack animals, a need to determine a clear pecking order - but he returned my stare for a few long moments. It only ended when I grinned proudly.

"What's got you so chuffed?" He asked curiously.

"Oh, not much. You see, before I came in here, I was told that there was going to be a major emergency pop up right about now. It was going to require the attention of every single Auror and Officer in the Department. You said you wanted to talk to me alone, but I'm willing to bet that you didn't plan on being truly alone. With me."

I pointed my wand at him again and he visibly gulped in apprehension. But then I shook it as if shaking a finger at a naughty child.

"Ah, you're suddenly remembering that you are alone in a locked room with a man who's husband you brutally attacked and nearly killed. A man who used to be a Death Eater."

He swallowed again. "A man who tortured, beat, raped, and murdered people."

"No," I stated, shaking my head. "I beat and tortured a few students, yes, at the command of those with more rank than me. But I never raped nor murdered anyone. I was ordered. I was expected to. I was prepared to, but when it came right down to it, I couldn't. Now Harry - on the other hand - he is famous for killing someone. You're actually very lucky that you didn't ask him to speak to you alone instead of me, because you threatened something far more precious to him than all the money or politics in the world."

He looked curious. "His life?"

"No, Dumas... His kids..." I stared him in the eyes - well, not again so much as still. "Every. Single. Child that has come to Unity House is his child, and if you threaten even one of them, he will do whatever it takes to protect them. But you threatened quite a lot of them. Probably more than you realize."

"So... there are a lot of Death Eater Children?" He asked eagerly.

"There are no Death Eater Children as there are no Death Eaters anymore. But children born of Death Eaters...? I can actually only think of one. But good luck getting to that one, and yes, I know exactly where - "

"Where?!!"
"I'm only going to tell you because I'm dead certain you'll never have an opportunity to do anything about it anyway. Malfoy Manor. As I said, good luck - getting past centuries of strong protective wards AND Harry himself. I'm sure he'd quite like to meet you again. Somewhere where there're no Aurors to protect you from him."

As I watched, his eyes positively lit up with glee. He clearly plotted to use his one allotted floo call to contact his partners in crime and give them this information. Apparently, he didn't mind going to Azkaban if it meant his mission was a success.

"You can go now, I'm done talking to you," he dismissed me.

"Oh? Is that so? There's a problem with that suggestion," I informed him with a very cold look.

He swallowed yet again. "Problem?"

"Yes, I am a Malfoy, I do not come and go at anyone's beck and call. I leave when I decide it's time, and not a moment before."

This time, he cleared his throat. "Oh? And... what else can you possibly want from me?"

"You took something important from my husband. I want to know where you put it," I informed him, watching closely as he thought this through.

He suddenly sneered at me. "You two make me sick! You act like you're better than everyone else but you're not! You corrupted a good man and turned him into your dog!"

I smirked at him in definite amusement. "That I did. I even call him my good little mutt."

"You fucking Death Eater Scum! You homo freak! You should be rotting in a grave for what you did to him!"

I couldn't help but laugh. "For what I did to him?! So... It's fine if *you* nearly beat him to death, just don't turn him gay while you do it?" I leaned forward to really stare into his eyes. "WHAT did you do with Harry's collar?"

"I threw it in the Thames!" He shouted furiously, trying to break free of his bondage and leap across the table to get me.

I stood up, highly satisfied with the entire conversation. "Good news, peasant. I'm done with you now. I do hope you enjoy rotting in Azkaban for the rest of your life."

"I hear it's as easy as pie to escape from there! After all, your father broke out!"

"My father - and all the rest - had help from the Dark Lord himself. And he broke them out by recruiting the Dementors to his side. Do you really think a moron as utterly stupid as you are will be able to do that?" I wondered curiously.

He hurled a string of unpleasant names at me, making me roll my eyes and shake my head. "It amuses me that you think you can upset me." I was now standing with most of my weight on one leg and my hands on my hips. "I learned how to insult people from my father, who is arguably a hundred time more intelligent than you - even when he's utterly pissed. I grew up hearing the worst vitriol uttered against those of inferior breeding and quality - such as you. You can't upset me."

"Would you like to hear how good it felt to bash that freak who calls himself a savior's head against the wall?!"
I'm now dead certain that he is actually and quite thoroughly insane. "Not really, as I don't like to think about it. Ah... You want to provoke me into killing you so that you don't have to go to Azkaban. It won't work. I'm not a killer. Unlike you. Did you enjoy torturing and killing that poor man in the Prophet last week?"

He suddenly looked raptured. "Oh... he was so much fun! We thought he'd break quickly, but he took days."

I leaned over the table and looked him intently in the eyes again. "Hmm... you really did enjoy that. And you call me sick?! You didn't just torture him to death, you drank his blood and ate his flesh! Disgusting!"

He paled in confusion. "How... how did you know that?"

I gently patted his cheek. "You just told me. Thank you, you've been quite helpful. I really don't think you have to worry about getting out of Azkaban for as long as you live. I do hope you like the cold and the despair, it's exactly what you deserve."

And with that, I turned and strutted out of the room, not wanting to spend another second with that piece of filth. If I'm honest, I think he might have actually succeeded in provoking me had I stayed much longer anyway. Him mentioning hurting you nearly broke my control.

The door barely closed after my exit (Auror Bletchly having let me out), when the door to the observation room flung open and you ran out to fling your arms around me and hug me tight. "Are you okay?! You demanded. "He didn't anger you? He didn't upset you?"

"Not at all," I purred reassuringly, definitely smug. "He told me everything I needed to know."

"Kingsley and Robards had to hold me back! I was going to blow up the wall and blast him to bits for insulting you! I want to wring his neck with my bare hands!"

"I love it when you get all possessive and protective in public," I reminded you before kissing you rather thoroughly. This calmed you down within seconds. A half amused, half frustrated ahem interrupted us.

I looked over at the Minister to see him looking torn between fatherly pride and public propriety. Smiling, I announced. "I know where the Vigilantes are hiding."

And well now, didn't that just cause an explosion?! Perhaps I should become a professional Chaos Spreader. It is rather amusing - not to mention delightful and my birthright - to be the center of attention.

You're a song, written by the hands of God, don't get me wrong, 'cuz this might sound to you a bit odd, but you're the place where all my thoughts go hiding, right under your clothes is where I'll find them,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

I considered having this whole chapter go in the direction where Draco tortures and possibly kills Dumas while everyone else looks the other way and pretends he died of a
mysterious illness (as I hinted they were hoping for), but alas, Draco is just not a killer. :-}
Monday July 24th
Yippee Ki-Yay!

I just love you so bloody much, you drama King! "What? Little old me? I suppose I did just crack the entire case by way of my amazing powers of Legilimency." I mean honestly, I have made a career out of watching and studying your every move, and I didn't see you playing Dumas like a fiddle! I did notice that you were working him up and got a bit of information without giving up much on your end, but not the whole thing. I bow to your genius my liege.

You kept getting him worked up about wanting your wand, then you would strike with a question that would bring the information you wanted to the forefront of his mind. Then just as quickly, you'd shift topic so he didn't even notice his mind was being sifted through. Remind me around birthdays and holidays to not stare you in the eye so you don't spoil any surprises I am planning for you!

We had a team of trained Aurors watching you interrogate that "man" and none of them noticed what you were doing. I just can't help but be grateful that you were too good to actually try to be a death eater because my side would have LOST! Merlin your Malfoy mask is terrifying. I certainly enjoyed it aimed at that filth today, but after you hiding behind your occlumency walls it's going to be quite a while before I'm ready to see that look on your face again.

Not never, it's still bloody hot, just not any time soon.

Well after your dramatic announcement and quite a detailed description of where these degenerates were hiding out, the Aurors started throwing together a raid. They wanted to make sure they had a solid plan in place, but they didn't want to waste too much time and risk the vigilantes abandoning their base and moving on before they could be apprehended.

They asked if we wanted to come with; we obviously wouldn't be allowed to involve ourselves, but they were willing to let us stay with whoever was in command and essentially watch the carnage unfold. We both wanted to, but as you had already had the fun of traumatizing our poor prisoner, you decided you would go take care of our family and I could get in on the raid.

So you flooed over to Unity to grab our crew and tell the staff to heighten the security wards to almost war levels, and get our family home where they're safe and sound under our generational magic wards. I was so worried about Della in particular, she definitely has that Black look about her, I think if the vigilantes somehow managed to bypass our wards they'd certainly go for her first. Our sweet little queen. A baby that was brought to Unity House young enough that we didn't even know she was capable of walking. My little sister. I could rip them apart with my hands.

It seemed like no time at all before we were headed to their hideout. And I still can't believe their hideout was a quaint little storybook cottage in the woods. Haven't they ever seen a movie? They should have been in a grimy warehouse with exposed pipes and cement floors. Ugh, amateurs!

I was in the next closest building with Kings and the lead Auror on the case … Bletchley was it? No, that was the bloke that caught us snogging. Lahti I think. Who knows, I can remember every single child that has come through Unity House, but I can't remember the name of a guy I spoke to a few hours ago.

They certainly didn't see this raid coming. I was so amped up, and excited, and nervous, and then it ended with a handful of stunners and expelliarmuses thrown out. There were eight vigilantes all
together, but at first they only took out six.

And the reason why there were still two missing is why I am still not home even though it's past bedtime. The other two were in the back bedrooms, feeding the children they had already kidnapped. They weren't even noticed until the Auror team did a search of the building. There were a total of six children, ranging in age from two, to I am guessing five or six. These poor things were treated about as well as our Della was when she was with that senile old bitch. They were kept fed enough to survive, and they weren't physically abused, but that's the best thing I can say about their condition.

I'm thankful that they hadn't managed to find out these poor little orphan Kids' lineages. That's the only thing that kept these crazies from killing them. I guess during interrogation they admitted they didn't want to accidentally kill a "good one."

I threw you an insta-owl message when it was over and I could tell you I was out of any danger (not that I was allowed anywhere near the dangerous stuff anyway!) but didn't have time to elaborate, I had to get these Kids safe, fed, clean, and warm. But now that they are all finally asleep, I am just finishing up a bit of paperwork on their arrivals before I head home.

My love, our family is safe. Our Unity Kids are safe. We are together. The vigilantes are in custody. And six children are in a safe place tonight. I'm ready to close the book on this awful chapter.

If you're asleep when I get home you are going to get SO woken up!

Yours,
Harry

P.S. I wanted to get in there and kill every one of those monsters, but I have never been more aware that I made the right choice in not joining the Aurors as I am tonight. I will leave that hero nonsense to others, I just want to help raise our next generation to be better than the ones before them.

Tuesday July 25th Sometime after midnight but before dawn
My Harry,

I just realized that I've been sort of keeping the Legilimency thing a secret from you, and I'm sorry because I didn't mean to. It just never really came up. Sure, my Occlumency ability was a fairly regular topic of conversation - especially recently - but I've never needed to use or think about Legilimency since getting together with you. That said, the two skills do tend to go hand in hand and anyone who is good in one is probably at least proficient in the other - although, not always.

The Dark Lord, for example. He was extremely skilled in Legilimency but not so much in Occlumency. Which makes sense if you think about it because he never truly cared about hiding his ambitions. He maybe had a few temporary secrets (such as when he was gathering information before implementing a plan) and he had a few longer term secrets (his horcruxes come to mind), but for the most part, he was quite chatty when it came to telling people his thoughts and beliefs. That's why so many people listened to and believed in him.

In any case, he wanted to ensure that no one could ever lie to him, so he developed his Legilimency as strongly as he possibly could. Perhaps the fact that he was a bit shit at Occlumency is what allowed those that were truly gifted with it to hide things from him. He thought he was infallible, that he could break through any shield, and so the key was to hide the information he absolutely could not know behind small but strong shields deep in the mind, and then hide lesser secrets behind large and not so strong shields. And even then, the shields had to appear to be rather strong, but have a
minor hole or two that he could use to break them. Once he found something to satisfy his suspicion, he tended to stop looking.

Which probably explains Snape.

Anyway, my real point is that once he learned from Auntie Bella and Severus that I seemed to have a natural talent for Legilimency - both of whom had taught me at different times - the Dark Lord took an active interest in nurturing the ability because he felt it was an excellent part of ensuring that others were loyal, not to mention uncovering information during torture. See, if his most trusted 'generals' - I suppose you could say - were able to read minds, then no one could lie to him, betray him, or hide anything useful. Thus he felt it was in his best interest to tutor me personally in the skill.

And the thing you have to understand about the Dark Lord is that while I was terrified of him in general, in person, he was always a very polite and courteous person. He had a sort of charm to him. He was soft spoken and usually set a person at ease - mostly so he could read their mind without them realizing it. But still, when he was teaching me this skill, he went a little out of his way to make me feel like we were friends. I mean, I knew we weren't and that he never truly cared about anyone but himself (and possibly Bella and Nagini, but even that's debatable). Still...

So, he took me aside and told me the real secret to learning true skill as a Legilimens, and once he told me, it made a lot of sense. Normally, as I said, Legilimency and Occlumency go hand in hand and are learned/practiced together, usually by necessity. You can't truly learn Occlumency unless someone is trying to Legilimize you, and thus, learning Legilimency requires someone to try to Occlude their mind.

That part might sound strange, but it seems as if - when a person is just learning the skill - they honestly can't simply read all the unguarded minds around them. They *have* to break through a shield or two and get into a person's mind and sort of learn what they are doing before they can just slip in at will. And even then, most people can feel something weird going on in their head.

Beginners - and those trying to train others - will grab their wand and overtly cast the spell. YOU have enough sheer raw power that if you cast the spell on someone, you'd probably break into their mind and take a look around as much as you liked fairly easily, but it would be messy and painful for both of you. Much like a battering ram.

Learning to slip in unnoticed takes a lot of practice and an enormous amount of self discipline, and since there are few people who wouldn't mind a student battering their mind as often as it took to learn the skill, most people that learn it end up remaining at a rather basic level. Which was why the Dark Lord's tutoring came in handy. He told me that the secret to learning to do it well and undetected was to practice on animals. He himself had a lot of time to practice the skill when he was supposedly defeated by a certain baby.

The reason animals are easier is that they have to trust you for you to get into their minds at all, so they teach patience and being calm. Then, once you do get into their minds, the way they think is so different that it's very jarring - often startling the practitioner right back out of their mind. But once you get used to that jarring feeling, their minds are very simple and easy to sort through. Again, maintaining calmness and trust. So, the practice is very good on many levels. The most important of which is learning to accept how jarring and disorienting it is to actually be in someone else's mind. It can often feel like you are stumbling around drunk in the dark. But once you KNOW how it feels and can work with the feeling, you can just do it. Or at least I can. I even sort of unconsciously practice it whenever I'm with my birds. I don't truly intend to, it's just sort of habit and a good way to see how they are doing. Probably why I didn't forget the skill.

So, that's why and how I learned Legilimency. The ironic thing is that I was never in a position to
use it on anyone of importance. Lucky for me, the Carrows didn't realize I had the skill, otherwise
I'm dead certain they would have ordered me to use it to find the location of the rebels hiding in the
castle. Also, this was how I learned Occlumency enough to put up those shields in Seventh Year. I
was practicing on Severus - both skills - so much that I just... got really good at them, I suppose. We
stopped practicing after I locked up all of my emotions because that act in and of itself basically
locked my mind and made any sort of practicing useless.

Anyway, moving on.

I loved the way you woke me up when you came home; by simply Apparating me to the bed in our
playroom. It was hands down one of the best sessions of lovemaking in our lives. Because the goal
was not to finish - possibly ever - the goal was to make love. It was sweet and tender and oh so
Hufflepuff that I actually wonder if I should hex myself for surrendering my Alumnus to Slytherin.

But the best part - for both of us, I'm certain - is after we were done and holding each other in our
arms. I borrowed your wand and silently cast a summoning spell.

"As you watched that raid tonight, I was busy with a task of my own," I informed you. "The
moment I knew our family was safe and that my parents were prepared to fight to the death should
someone up and try to break through our wards, I took off on a little mission of my own. See, I had a
clear image in my head of where Dumas had thrown your collar into the Thames, and so, once I
found that spot, it was actually rather easy for me to summon it from the river."

You gasped because the collar floated into the room just then and landed in your hands. "You found
my collar?!

"Yep," I confirmed needlessly.

"Oh Draco!" You sobbed, flinging your arms around me and holding me tight.

I stroked your hair but otherwise pretended that you weren't giving me a shower. "I even brought it
into the Enchanted Jewelers and had them clean it and repair the broken part of the chain. And then
layer a fuckload of protective spells on it. You should have never been in a position in which your
only protection was the little bit of charms added to the fertility spells on your wedding ring - which
I'd more or less forgotten about, but it makes sense. The ring is designed to promote fertility, and
remaining alive would definitely be part of that."

I helped you sit up so that I could put the collar and tree pendant back on you. "The most important
spell out of all the ones on this collar is an automatic shield. If someone so much as thinks about
harming you within a distance of about seven meters around you - or if a harmful spell enters that
radius - it'll activate whether you are aware of what's happening or not. This is simply to make me
feel better, because you don't actually need it. Do you know what else I saw in his mind?"

"What?" You asked, unable to not be curious.

"Aside from the actual bashing of your head - which I avoided looking at - he's actually rather
traumatized from when your ring blasted him away. It was painful enough to teach him a lesson.
What he saw that no one realized is that the blast actually blew your ring finger off, but that your
magic grew it back - I'm assuming - when you were in that healing coma. The finger landed in a
different spot than the ring, and he'd actually picked that up and, erm, well. Anyway, the real point is
that when he was standing over you - after he woke up from a minor bout of unconsciousness - he
fully planned to AK you, but couldn't because you were shielded too well. Your magic is apparently
the ONLY thing on the planet that can resist an AK. Thus, even though you were caught off guard
and your ring managed to react first, your magic would have saved you all on its own."
I paused and hummed in thought. "And hmm... I'm betting that's also probably why no muggles spotted you as they walked by the alley. You more than likely had a Notice-Me-Not built into your shield. Because that alley wasn't big enough or dark enough to completely hide an entire body during broad daylight, and yet, no one reported you. You didn't wake up in a muggle hospital. So..." I shrugged.

"I don't really care about any of that. I mean obviously, I hate everything about what happened, but I don't want to think about it anymore. More important to me at this moment is that you love me, you brought my collar back to me, and you're doing everything you can to keep me safe in the future."

"Always," I promised before giving you a loving kiss.

"Always," you murmured in agreement, insisting that we both lay back down and snuggle some more. And then changed your mind and Apparated us back to our bed so that we could each grab a baby and snuggle with them too.

Remember those walls I built, well baby they're tumbling down, they didn't even put up a fight, they didn't even make a sound. I found a way to let you in, I never even had a doubt, standing in the light of your halo, I got my angel now,

Draco

P.S. With everything that's happened recently, the Gala is probably the last thing on your mind, but we wanted it to happened even if the worst had happened when you disappeared. To honor you and Unity House both. So, my mother, Molly, Hermione, and even Pansy - basically, the terrifying foursome - kept up the planning no matter how busy or distracted we were. I did actually help a little while you were missing once I put up my shields and could think clearly, but honestly the majority of it was all them. Anyway, just a reminder, it's this Saturday, the 29th.

P.P.S. The Amusement Park - The Unity Amusement Park as I named it after Unity House - had it's grand opening last weekend (or the weekend before, I'm not actually sure). Obviously, we had more important things to do, but in any case, I have it all set up so you and a hundred or so of your closest friends will have the park all to yourselves on your birthday.
Chapter 246

Chapter Summary

Everything is back to normal :-)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday July 25th
Good morning Dragon,

I was at Unity so late last night. And the kids all got to sleep well after bedtime. So I decided to spend a bit of extra time at home this morning before heading back to Unity.

I got to have breakfast with Lainie. Oh my sweet girl. I’ve missed my mornings with her. We had breakfast together every single day before Summer hols began, then it decreased a bit with sleeping in and Kisa being here. And then obviously it went crazy when I was missing and then mentally missing. So I’ve been making a point to having this one on one time with her. Nothing special happened, it was just nice and calm.

I got to feed the almost twins, and got a few giggles from Eri, while Ori just studied me a bit. I took a quick bath with Viona, and she even let me pick out her clothes! You lied to other Harry, she doesn’t hate my taste in clothes, she hates being told what to wear (and the color orange and jeans when she wants to be fancy) but she likes the clothes I pick out!

I also chatted with your mum a bit about the plans for the gala. It sounds like it will be just as beautiful as last year’s, and I can tell you right now I am so excited to dance with you.

My collar is back where it belongs. Cleaned of the filth that touched it. And I assumed cleaned of any filth from the Thames. I am glad we can summon, because I don’t think even my collar would have been worth you getting in there!

Everything just feels so calm and normal. Busy because it’s us and our lives are always busy. But I had breakfast with my non-sleeping family, and now I’m going to head off to work.

Waking up in your arms felt just as wonderful today as it has been every day. Merlin I missed you!

It’s true, we don’t have it as easy as other couples. But we don’t have an ordinary love,

Harry

Tuesday July 25th
My darling Harry,

I am so happy to have literally nothing going on in our lives at the moment that I decided against any sort of family vacation until after your birthday at the very earliest. I was going to have us go on a simple day trip to someplace relaxing, but I really think that going anywhere at all after everything that has happened recently would be more stressful than it's worth.
So, we're going to do an at home spa day instead.

Tonight when you get back from Unity House, Aya will be here to give us all massages, and then we can go relax as a family in the onsen. You'll probably be hungry enough to want to eat dinner first, but the point is that we'll be together and relaxing as a family.

Sound good?

Love you more than life itself, and fuck! I'd be so lost without you; I now know this for certain. Never leave again,
Draco

P.S. I've asked Muffy to charm the pints of Strawberry Cheesecake Ben and Jerry's ice cream so that they would remain the perfect consistency while we eat them in the onsen tonight, so look forward to that!

Chapter End Notes

Did you catch it? ^_^
Chapter 247

Chapter Summary

Harry thinks he has something unique, or maybe not quite so unique after all, on his hands.

Chapter Notes

And things were so calm and normal!

Wednesday July 26th
My Dragon,

So I've been sitting in my office for the last hour trying to figure out if I am crazy, if I'm overanalyzing things and seeing things that aren't actually there.

Ok so you know how I used to kind of hate it that you looked so much like your father? But now that he's grown on me and I love him as well it doesn't bother me any more. Well he is definitely an attractive man. And you look so much like him.

And you know how I love pictures of you as a baby? We hide our ice cream behind your teeny cutie baby bootie. You were such an adorable little one. Obviously naughty and spoiled! But adorable.

Our Orion Draco was certainly named well, because except for his eyes that have bits of my green in their silvery depths, he is the spitting image of you. All sharp aristocratic angles, softened slightly with baby pudge. Platinum hair. And you can just see the intelligence shining out of his eyes. He's perfect and wonderful.

Sorry, I think I went off on a "my kid is amazing" tangent. I tend to do that if you weren't already aware! But what I am trying to say is, Orion is definitely all Malfoy, much like you have your mother's grace, but other than that you are physically your father's son, our Ori is all you.

So when our six new children came to Unity last night, we were in triage mode. Putting out fires, making sure everyone had full tummies, and trying to get six scared children to feel safe enough to sleep. Because of how hectic it was, I wasn't able to do my usual getting to know the new Kids thing. This morning after I spent the morning with our children, I brought Lainie (and her shadow Kisa obviously) with me to Unity so she could give her usual tour and help make the new Kids feel at home.

Well see, and I suppose here's the thing I've been avoiding saying by doing my usual rambling nonsense, I think we might know one of these children. Lainie was about to pick up this sweet little blonde boy, but when he looked up at her she gasped. I thought something was wrong with him or with her so I rushed over to them. "What's wrong Lainie?"

And that's when I got a good look at the little boy. Merlin Draco, I now have a living breathing way
to look at our son's future. He looks EXACTLY like our Orion, just two years old instead of three and a half months old. He looks like every picture I've seen of you as a toddler. He looks like your father.

I just, I know you never slept with anyone on Voldemort's orders, but did Lucius? Or did you possibly forget to cast the protection charms during one of your conquests at Hogwarts? Do you have some relatives that look exactly like you that you've just never introduced me to?

So, long story short, I think we have a tiny Malfoy here at Unity. I already contacted Healer Rowe, but could you and your father come here as soon as you get this for paternity tests? I could be way off, maybe pale, blonde, and aristocratic is just more common looking than I thought it was. But the tests would certainly put my mind at ease.

See you soon?

Love,
Harry

P.S. Sorry I jinxed us with the whole "Everything just seems so calm and normal" nonsense.

Wednesday July 26th
Merlin buggering Shite!!!

Sigh...

I'll go talk to my father and we'll be there as soon as I can convince him you're serious.

Love,
Draco
P.S. I am fairly sure I always used protection spells, so I don't think he's mine.
Chapter 248

Chapter Summary

Gavin's father is...

Wednesday July 26th
My love,

Is it terrible that I am quite relieved Gavin's not yours?

You know me, I want a giant family. I love children. I WILL love this little boy who's now my brother. And if he had been yours, we would have raised him together just like we're doing with the four children we already have. We checked paternity with you first, because you weren't being a stubborn fool like another unnamed blonde man was, and when it came back negative I felt so much relief. We've been married only a little over a year and we have four children, I think our ranks are full for a bit!

And bloody Hell your father being a stubborn mule. "Hello, I'm Lucius Malfoy, I am too good for all of you peasants and I am certainly too good for emotions." Yeah yeah yeah, I've seen you hold your grandchildren with reverence Lucius. I've seen you patiently teach Bastian all about the owls. I've seen the pride in your eyes when you look at my Draco. I've seen you dance with Della like she's a queen. Then you're going to try and pretend you have no emotions about not only having another child, but one who's been alone and neglected. Yeah, pull the other one.

But as soon as that light from the spell tethered the two of them, I saw the mask drop just enough for him to grab up Gavin and pull him into his arms.

As best we can tell by timing, your father must have sired Gavin shortly after he was released from Azkaban. My best guess would be that he wasn't quite in his right mind after spending almost a year hanging out with Dementors and must have forgotten the protection spells.

How are you doing with this whole thing? Do you need to lock yourself in the crystal room? Now that you're not pregnant and magical drain isn't a concern I certainly wouldn't stop you. But you didn't look particularly upset either. Were you occluding away your emotions again? Don't do it, I'd rather go blast crystal with you than have to help you unpack your emotions again.

Oh! This actually saved us quite a bit of paperwork on our end. Because we had a certified healer, witnesses to the casting, and a paternity test, we don't have to consider your father taking custody as an adoption. Now we just have paperwork on the five other rescues.

But, I am off to do that paperwork. I swear I will be back for ice cream in the onsen!!!

Love always,
Harry

Wednesday July 26th
My beloved Harry,
Well... That went better than I expected.

I honestly didn't know what to expect when my mother found out the news, but maybe I assumed some sort of enormous fight. Nope. First of all, he had apparently Insta-owled her the moment he had a bit of privacy after the test came up positive, so she had already firecalled Andromeda and asked for Della and Sebastian to have a sleepover with Teddy.

Side note, I had no idea that my parents had bought Insta-owls. I think I offered to give them some way back when, but they weren't interested. Apparently they changed their minds.

Anyway, not having to worry about upsetting their other children, my father braced himself for the wrath of the Gods. Another reason that I myself expected trouble. But nope. Or at least NOT the trouble I expected. I thought for certain that my mother would demand to know when and why my father cheated on her, and maybe even take off for a few days until her anger calmed down, but I was wrong.

Since you weren't home, here's what happened. My father had actually raped a few different muggleborn witches over the years at the Dark Lord's orders, and in order to do so, he had to take lust potions just to be able to perform. That part in and of itself is really not pleasant to think about from any aspect, but apparently my father always told my mother when it happened because they have total honesty between them.

Much like we do, I suppose. Perhaps that's where I learned it, or why it comes so naturally with you. Anyway...

My mother allows my father the occasional playing on the side (and vice versa), so she was never jealous. In fact she was sympathetic to the fact that he was also sort of a victim. But that's not the important part. The important part (keep in mind that I had brought the littles with me to Unity House and left them there, and young Gavin was still there too, waiting for the okay to be released into his father's care) is that my father was nervous that my mother wouldn't accept a child born of a rape. I'm not sure why he was nervous as they have both accepted two children into their lives already.

Anyway, my mother - deciding that I was old enough to witness this - greeted my father with a stinging hex on his chest. He winced, looking like a dog with his tail between his legs.

"Narcissa..." he murmured, trying to calm her down.

"Don't you Narcissa me! Lucius buggering Malfoy! We had one rule! ONE rule!!! Never forget the sodding protection charms!!! And what did you go and do?!?!!" She shrieked, hexing him again. I can't recall ever hearing my mother swear before. It was extremely weird and strangely entertaining at the same time.

Dad held up his hands and made a gesture trying to soothe her temper. "My love, I cannot apologize enough. I honestly thought I *did* always use the protection charms. I... can't quite remember this particular time frame. It was right after I got out of Azkaban and I had to prove myself to the Dark Lord. Assure him I was still loyal. I must have been..." he shrugged helplessly. "Not fully all mentally there..."

Mum hexed him one last time, and he now had three impressive welts bulging against his shirt. "Don't you think I know that! Of course you weren't all there! But I specifically remember reminding you not to forget the protection spell. I told you three times!"

He rested his head on her shoulder. "Apparently I forgot anyway. What am I supposed to do about it now?"
She sighed out a rather long and heavy sigh, getting rid of all her anger and frustration. "Love him, of course. This is not his fault."

"So..." He asked hesitantly, kissing her forehead. "You don't wish me to place him in Harry's care until he can be adopted?"

I swear she nearly slapped him for that. "Why in the buggering hell would I do that?! Our feelings in this matter are the same - that every child of Black or Malfoy blood is far too precious to just throw away! You know how I agonized over not being able to give you a second son - especially when we were half certain that the Dark Lord would directly kill or indirectly cause Draco's death and end your line! This may not have been planned but - "

Whatever she was going to say next was cut short as my father kissed her. The same sort of kiss I give you that makes all the Kids groan in disgust. Apparently I am still a kid.

When they pulled apart, they gave each other a soft smile. Then my mother grabbed my father by the collar and glared at him.

"If you ever forget the protections spells again, I will personally cast the Cruciatus Curse on you until it's etched into your brain!"

He gulped without meaning to. "Yes dear," he assured her, looking paler than usual.

"Good," she stated, and that was the end of the matter.

Is it bad that I'm actually disappointed there was no blood shed?

Well anyway, let us know the moment my father can pick up Gavin. No wait. Nevermind. My father is going to go wait at Unity House and talk with Gavin until it's time.

Your loving and also rather relieved husband,
Draco

P.S Is it strange that I feel... I don't even know how to describe it. I was already a big brother with Della and Sebastian, but now I have a brother that shares some of the same blood as me and it almost feels... more... real? I can't explain it. Maybe I'm just in shock.

P.P.S I sincerely hope that Della and Sebastian (especially Sebastian) accept this news. I have the feeling that our highly sensitive little brother will feel like he's no longer wanted/needed now that our father has another 'real' son. Maybe we should have some family counseling set up - just until he is reassured that we all still love him just as much as we always did. Or am I worrying about nothing?

P.P.P.S And NO, I wasn't occluding my emotions. I simply pushed them away for a few minutes so that I could get through the ordeal without freaking out. Not to worry. It would take something drastic to make me do that ever again.
Chapter 249

Chapter Summary

Harry is amused and Draco called it.

Thursday July 27th
Love,

Damn I love a furious Narcissa. I just … the fact that the thing she was furious about was the protection spells, Gods she's amazing. I'm picturing her hexing Lucius, that tiny woman kicking the ass of a normally strong aristocratic man. I don't *want* to see them have sex, but I have to imagine their dynamic as very similar. You know she owns him inside and out. "Lucius, drop your pants!" "Yes Ma'am!"

Your father was really quite sweet with Gavin when he came back to wait with him for the all clear to bring him home. Gavin has yet to speak, although he's fairly young so it's not like we were expecting a full narrative from him or anything. But at his age I would have thought he'd have at least a few words. Once Lucius realized he wasn't really responding to any of his questions, he just calmly switched gears and started to tell him about what to expect when he got to the manor. Explained how he had you as a much older brother, that he had a big brother Sebastian, and that he had a sister around his age (we're not sure of much except his name right now) Della. He told him about all of his nieces and nephew. And he definitely tried to butter him up with talk of our Park and with all the lovely foods the elves (and Harry) could make for him.

He began to run out of words, and run out of steam, so I brought a cozy blanket and a picture book for Gavin to look at. Well if the paternity test hadn't proven it, this would have. After not having made a peep since he was rescued, having not asked through word or gesture for a single thing in over twenty-four hours, Gavin put that book in your father's hands and glared at him until he started reading.

Poor little thing fell asleep right before we got the all clear, which is why his first trip to the Manor was sound asleep, wrapped in a blanket, in Lucius' arms.

I think family therapy would be a great idea. Gavin definitely will need help adjusting. Sebastian came from a similar incarceration type home, but they were cared for pretty well. His experience is similar to Della's and Della had a bit of time at Unity before she came home, Gavin is going straight from abuse to a new home. A new crazy home full of noise and a lot of people! I think making sure Gavin knows he is safe and loved and will never be hungry or neglected is priority one. And making sure Sebastian knows he's everything we need him to be, and he is not being replaced is my second-most priority. A good therapist should be able to help all of us navigate this huge change in our lives.

And you know who my recommendation would be, but there are plenty of therapists that we could use. They could come to the manor, the family could go to a private office. Whatever we need. I don't think you're worried over nothing. Sebastian has already made a comment or two about Della being the priority with your mum. It's hard for quiet children like Sebastian, often the squeaky child gets the attention, and the one playing quietly isn't seen as needing as much attention. You are just an awesome big brother, you pay attention to his sensitivity, you're worried about how he and Della will adjust, I think as long as they have you looking out for them they should do just fine!
Well once your father took off with Gavin, I felt safe to come home. I met you in the onsen, and thank you so much for having the Ben and Jerry's ready for me. Merlin I needed a soak and a treat and a you after yesterday.

But now it's a brand new morning. And I am back at Unity. I have the five new kids to really get to know, and I have all of the arrivals that happened while I was missing and mentally missing to get to know better. Plus all of my original Kids I need to catch up with. It's going to be a long day at work for me, I'll have to play all day, probably bake biscuits, read a bunch of stories, and do you have any idea how many wall climbing races I am going to have to do to defend my crown?

I'll see you tonight when I get home, unless of course I get an unexpected visit from the handsomest husband on the planet!

Yours,
Harry

Thursday July 27th
My Harry,

This time, I get to say it...

I called it! I bloody called it!

Or at least I think I did. See, Theo and Blaise came over to the manor today to talk to me about how the biggest publisher in the Wizarding World reacted to my spelled parchment. It seems they are fascinated by the whole idea. Not only are they going to order several dozen of the parchments (loaded up with specific book combinations) from me so that they can sell them through Flourish and Blott's - sort of the opposite of how I planned it, but still a good opportunity - BUT they also want me to work with a professional developer to see if it IS possible to add books after the initial spellwork. Which would allow future users to buy the parchment on its own and load it up with books of their choosing.

I might just need to sell the whole idea to them at some point and let them train 'specialists' to do all the various different customizations they are interested in. And by that, I mean that if you went to Flourish and Blott's and bought a parchment, a 'specialist' could help you add any books you want to buy to it - whether it be one book at a time, or a thousand.

But that's not the point, that's just to explain how I realized that I am right. Not to mention gloating a bit to remind you of my brilliance. The thing I'm actually right about - that I called is...

So, while Blaise and Theo were here, we were drinking wine to celebrate - a good quality Krug Rosé that Theo brought - when Elena and Kisa came into the room.

"Dad, I've left Eri and Ori with Aster and Zinna, and Viona's playing with Della, Bastian, and Gavin - who is still super shy and not quite sure what to make of all the noise. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that we're going to Unity House to help out for a bit," Elena informed me.

"Alright, my love," I murmured with a smile. "Would you and Kisa like a sip of wine to celebrate with me before you go?"

"What are we celebrating?" The girls asked in unison. As I explained it to them, I gestured to and then looked over at Theo and Blaise. Blaise was staring at Kisa as if she was the first meal he'd seen in three weeks.
I kid you not, Harry, his eyes had changed! They're normally, erm, normal. Circular black irises and pupils with white around them. As he stared at Kisa, his irises changed to a sort of golden/bronze color, and rather than be perfectly round, they were a bit ovular. He was also dead silent, which is highly unusual since you know how much he loves to flirt with every living thing on the planet - appropriate or not. Human or not. He doesn't even want most of the things he flirts with, he just can't seem to help himself. But he didn't seem to know words while he stared at her.

Kisa reacted almost exactly how I thought she would. "What are you staring at, cretin?!"

"Er..." he droned, clearly flustered, and I'm not certain he had remembered language skills yet.

Kisa slapped him. "If you are wise, you will forget I exist! If I have to gouge out both of your eyes and feed them to the owls, I will. Also, you should know that I have people who would draw your intestines from your abdomen while you watch in horror, and then feed them to you as you bleed to death."

He gulped and then did his best to look down. She harrumphed haughtily, tossed her long blonde hair over her shoulder, and then marched away (having already taken the celebratory sip of wine). Elena followed her, snickering.

"Remind me to say all of that if anyone ever stares at me like a creep!" Elena exclaimed, skipping after Kisa.

"I'll even teach you how to say it in Russian," Kisa promised.

I shook my head as they left the room. After a moment of silence, Blaise looked back up at me and his eyes were back to normal.

"Alright there, mate?" I asked him in concern.

He shook his head. "I honestly have no idea why, but whenever I see your cousin, my mind goes utterly blank."

I shrugged. "She's pretty, I suppose, but Merlin! You're an old man compared to her! You'd better follow her advice and keep your eyes off her in the future. And if I ever catch you flirting with her, the Stregge won't have a chance to murder you because I'll do it myself."

"Stregge...?" He asked faintly, looking alarmingly pale.

"Er, forget I said that," I corrected hastily. "Let's get back to business."

"Yes," Theo agreed. "Watching you go pedo on a little girl is far too disturbing for my tastes."

"I wasn't!" Blaise protested with a heated blush.

"Sure sure," I heckled him, but then took pity and asked a question about the parchment. After answering it, Theo remembered to tell me that my Chore Control devices were shockingly sold out. We assigned them to our production team, waited until a couple dozen were ready, and then had a few stores sell them for us. They're so popular that our production team is having a bit of trouble keeping up with demand! All the better for my vault, I suppose. (You can't see how smugly I'm grinning at that, haha.)

Feeling in fabulous spirits, I decided that I simply had to pop in and hopefully catch you at your desk for a few minutes. Instead, I had to catch you at the Park and kiss you so thoroughly that you were too dizzy with happiness to protest me Apparating us straight to your office and giving Tabitha a bit
of a show since neither of us noticed or cared that she was there.

Do it now, do it good, lick this just like you should, right now, lick it good, lick this just like you should, my neck, my back, lick my ahhh just like that,

Draco

P.S. Even after thoroughly having my way with you all over your office, I'm still horny as fuck! I say we have some alone time in the playroom tonight before bed.
Chapter 250

Chapter Summary

Draco catches Finnegan with a girl and jumps to the wrong conclusion.

Friday July 28th
Hellooooo….ow ow ow,

Seeing as I needed my coziest cushion to sit on my desk chair today, I would say that last night's playroom time was a smashing success! You know how much I love my spankings, but that new paddle you bought me was no joke! I certainly needed that and wanted that, but I think I am going to spend most of today standing.

Oh our poor slaggy Blaise. He thinks he's this ultimate player, the unbeatable flirt, the man no one wants to say no to. He's now emotionally invested in a triad with the quintessential Gryffindor goody goodies, and his soul is owned by a terrifying 10 year old Stregge-connected blonde menace. Although I can't say he doesn't have good taste, pretty, blonde, brilliant snobs are kinda my thing!

Really lovely welcome to the new kids yesterday Draco, "Hi, I'm Harry, I will always be here for you … until my gorgeous husband manhandles me away. Good luck on your own kids!" Ok so they certainly weren't on their own. Whenever we have an influx of new Kids at Unity, we schedule all of our caregivers for longer and more frequent shifts. It gives the Kids a chance to really get to know them as well as having extra hands to help with anything that comes up unexpectedly from the transition.

So, our final counts:
- 12 Kids from before my interviews
- 13 new Kids from the interviews (in the muggle system)
- 5 new Kids from the vigilante rescue

Our ranks are up to a total of 30 Kids ranging from 2 years old to our Finn at 15. We have a set of twins again, Declan and Shea Hudson who are 7. And exactly half and half boy to girl ratio.

As usual, our Elena has been amazing with these Kids. And some of our older Kids, Finn, Beatrix, and Heidi have been so helpful. Calming the little scared ones. Playing for hours with the rambunctious ones. Finn had been spending so much time in the music room, so we've taken to bringing the instruments outside for most of the day. It's just much too beautiful to spend the whole day indoors!

But, our little dictator is panicking just a bit. In the last two weeks we have had eighteen new arrivals. It's now two days away from the gala and she wants to do a performance like last year's fantasia recreation, but she not only has all of these newbies but she wants it a million times better to one up herself from last year. I think it will go well, but she's overthinking everything and worrying that she will let everyone down.

I think she's got a great plan, she's going to do a short piece with mostly the little ones and anyone too shy to want a part of the big drama, a big dramatic number with all of the Traditions aged Kids, and then she has a surprise she won't even tell me about that I guess Finn and Beatrix will be doing to close out the show. Kisa has been really good about boosting her confidence, every time Lainie
starts to worry, Kisa reminds her that she would never spend this much time with someone who wasn't worth her time.

Oh! Speaking of people worth our time; if you ever need a guinea pig to figure out the usability of your book storing parchment, I bet Hermione would be a fantastic choice. Think about it, she reads a crazy amount of books, always wants to have them available to reference even after she's read it, and is fantastic at customizing existing spell work to make it work better for her needs.

Ugh, I had better sign off. I have a meeting with the mind healers in a few minutes. I need to psych myself up for it. These five littles (and Gavin if his continued silence at home is any indication) from the vigilantes are not doing so well. I am so angry, maybe I should psych myself down? They're terrified of everything, they flinch whenever anyone walks towards them, they can barely eat anything because their stomachs have shrunk so much. What kind of sociopath does it take to hurt children who've done nothing wrong in the name of "good"? They didn't side with Voldemort so that makes them good people? I think fucking not. If you don't help the most vulnerable among us, what is your goodness really good for?

When will people realize that an "us versus them" mentality is practically putting out a Welcome sign to someone like Voldemort to come along?

Ok, really not doing a good job of calming myself.

I love you always my Draco,
Harry

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Friday July 28th
My sexy Harry,

I honestly don't think you realize just how hot you are. And gorgeous, and sexy, and - I could go on and on. I could be caught up in the dullest, least sexy business, and all I'd have to do is look up and see you and I'd instantly be in the mood to have my way with you. And then I take you to the playroom and have my way with you all I want and it never feels like enough - even though I think I go too far, shagging you three or four times in a row.

But that's not was I was going to say. I just started thinking about that and got distracted by my thoughts. What I was going to say was that I thought I'd caught Finnegan in an indiscretion earlier today.

See, I walked around Unity House looking for Elena because I wanted to take a peek at how she was doing, and she wasn't in the music room or on the stage at the Park. Nor in the Dining Hall or the kitchen with you baking biscuits (where I paused to get some kisses and nearly forgot what I was doing). I checked in a small parlor - an actual parlor, not the room that used to be a parlor that is now the music room. I *think* this one is used to meet with prospective parents in comfort and relative privacy. Anyway, Finnegan was in there, alone with a girl. She was sitting on his lap with her arms around him and he was whispering something in her ear that made her giggle.

I'd never seen her before - that I recall - and my first thought was that I'd walked in on a horny teenage boy trying to talk a girl into, well, playing around. I honestly did not know what to do, because on the one hand, I'm not so old that I don't remember what it's like to be 15 and perpetually horny. On the other, the girl looked about 13, and that's just not on. So I cleared my throat to gain their attention while I rapidly went through all the options for handling the situation.
Had she been at least 15, I probably would have just walked away, but since she wasn't, I decided that the best thing was to chide them. And then maybe take Finnegan aside and tell him to choose someone old enough to consent - not that he actually is, but you know what I mean. There needs to be an appropriate age for that sort of thing.

They looked up at me curiously. Finnegan smiled. "Draco! Gilly, this is Harry's husband Draco. He plays music with us sometimes - he plays the guitar, and he sings."

"A pleasure to meet you," Gilly greeted in pleasant pureblood tones.

"And you as well," I murmured, now a bit confused. They weren't acting guilty, so I was probably wrong about their intentions.

"Gilly is my sister and she got permission from our parents and Harry to spend the weekend with me at Unity House. She's my only younger sister - though we have an older brother and a sister - and she's the only one in the family that likes me," he explained.

"Oh Finn! Everyone loves you! They just... have a hard time accepting you because you're a squib," Gilly said.

"Gilly, mum was only ever happy with me if I was quietly playing the piano. Dad never talked to me - not even the polite inquiries about the weather and the like - and Gordon and Erica always picked on me and made fun of me. That's not love!"

Gilly looked incredibly sad, but didn't try to deny it. "Well... maybe they are a bit rude to you, but I still say they do love you in their own way."

"A way I can live without!" Finnegan exclaimed, and then sighed almost wearily. "Honestly, I'm so much happier here. It took me months of therapy before I understood that I wasn't a problem after all. Simply different."

Gilly hugged him tight and kissed him on the cheek. "Well I don't care how different you are; I love you anyway!"

"Aww, I love you too!" Finnegan returned with a lightly teary smile.

"Well," I murmured, clearly having been entirely wrong. "I suppose I'll let you two catch up. Any idea where Elena is?"

"Last I heard, she was making plans to be in the girls' dorm finalizing costumes."

"Oh. Bugger!" I exclaimed in dismay since she wasn't actually rehearsing anything to take a peek at. Waving goodbye, I turned and decided to steal a few more kisses (and a biscuit or two) from you.

I suppose I'm not too disappointed though, after all, the Gala is tomorrow and I've already selected something gorgeous for the both of us to wear. Not to mention beautifully coordinating cloths to carry the babies in. I think I might put Greg on Viona duty so that neither of us is stuck wearing two children all night. I mean sure, we'll dance with her a lot, but if Greg is holding and dancing with her most of the time, they'll probably both be happy. So, win win, right?

And oh, did you hear? Viona has finally stopped calling him Guh Guh! And started calling him Grey Grey! Which is nearly correct, so I'm impressed. When she graduates to Minion, I'll laugh so hard I might pass out.

Anyway, looking forward to dancing with you tomorrow.
Where there is desire there is gonna be a flame, where there is a flame someone's bound to get burned, but just because it burns doesn't mean you're gonna die, you gotta get up and try try try, you gotta get up and try try try, you gotta get up and try try try,
Draco
P.S Sorry, not sorry!
Chapter 251

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Unity House gala! :-)

Saturday July 29th
Good morning my Dragon,

Hopefully you're having a nice calm lovely morning, doing last minute prep for tonight for getting our tiny army ready. Feeding our babies, getting my clothes ready because I am hopeless when it comes to dressing myself, making sure everyone who naps gets in a solid nap before it starts. I know you are, I don't even need to worry, but you know me I'm nothing if not a worrier.

I am sure you made the executive decision and just told Greg about his role for tonight, but of course Viona can be in charge of her Greg. Oh, did you think he would be in charge of her? That's adorable.

I've been overseeing a bit of the last minute touches on this end. Luckily we have our first gala under our belts, so it's not all brand new. Also, I have Tabitha this year, so I have almost nothing to do. I know we've got the whole thing catered, but the Kids and I thought baking some homemade treats would be a good idea, I'm just taking a quick break while we have a batch in the oven.

It was a nice distraction since I've been trying to calm some nerves for the Kids. They're quite nervous because, and if anything can speak to the success of Unity House it's this, every single child that will be there tonight as a Unity Kid is going for the first time. That's right, I was going over my records this morning, do you know that we don't have a single child that has been here for longer than a year? Last year we had eight adoptable children at this time, plus Viona who was ours even though the adoption hadn't officially gone through. This year we have thirty adoptable children.

Since Unity opened its doors, we have had eighty-three children come through. Unity House has had twelve temporary placements that ended up being able to go back to their safe and healthy homes. That means that since opening just thirteen months ago, we have been able to get forty-one children to their forever homes. Can you believe that? Even if I never do anything else for the rest of my life, something I helped create enabled forty-one children to belong to real families.

We're also going to have quite a few Unity Alumni, or Unity Royalty as we like to say around here. Mostly because we're fancy! Obviously we will have Viona and Elena, and your parents will be bringing Della, Sebastian, and Gavin, and George and Angelina will definitely be bringing Mac. Katie is bringing the mischief twins Hannah and Lauren. Oliver will be bringing Cassie. And we've issued invitations to any of our families whose children used to live here, so I hope to see even more of those little faces I miss.

We've also invited all of your squib business associates. And we may even have a number of muggle guests. I know Dudley and Donna are bringing Daisy, and the Lehi's are bringing Duncan and the rest of THEIR army. We pulled some of the yard games we had at the meet and greet out for the night, so hopefully there will be a lot of magical/muggle/squib interaction. Again, having these galas when the weather is warm enough for our guests to spill out into the Park is quite necessary!
Well at least I think it will be necessary. What if it just ends up being our circle and thirty Unity Kids? What if the wizarding world is sick of hearing about this little orphanage and no one shows? What if I jinxed us by talking about how many Kids we've placed and now we never place another child and everyone realizes I'm a sham who peaked at seventeen? Our children will have to grow up knowing one of their fathers is a failure! What if I'm such an embarrassment that our children never want to tell anyone who their dad is because everyone knows that Harry Malfoy got too big for his britches and went out with a whimper?

Merlin, shiting, buggering, fuck. Breathe Harry Breathe!

Ok, I must go calm down … the Unity Kids. Yeah, they need some calming!

See you this evening when you dress me up like a doll!

Hyperventilatingly Yours,
Harry

Saturday July 29th
My sexy husband,

So as you know, I showed up an hour before the gala. Elena and Kisa had arrived in the morning to finalize anything needed for the performance, but there was no need to have me and the littles under foot. When I arrived, I spotted Greg standing off to the side watching you in a mixture of confusion and amusement as you were tearing at your hair and panicking about something or other. I couldn't even understand you clearly. I *think* you were talking about not having enough biscuits flavored like vodka - but that didn't make sense in the slightest.

I handed Viona over to her Minion for the night, smiling as she gave him sweet baby kisses and a squeezy hug. Then I handed Eri and Ori off to their grandmas. Molly looked relieved that I had shown up and she didn't need to figure out how to calm you down. I love the fact that all it did to calm you - at least a little - was for me to walk over and snog you senseless.

I then held up the bag with our clothes in it. "Come on, it's probably about time we change."

"Thank Merlin!" Pansy exclaimed in relief. "If someone didn't get him out of the way soon, I was going to stupefy him!"

Smirking because she's undeniably my favorite shrew, I led you to your office where I locked the door and proceeded to milk you good and proper, which succeeded in calming you the rest of the way down. Of course, then you begged me to bugger you nice and hard, so I felt like I had to oblige. By the time we managed to get dressed, it was almost time for the gala to start. I put on my schmoozing face, and you - well you didn't put on a face so much as remembered that you can do this. You sort of squared your shoulders and marched out to be ready to greet the guests as they arrived.

This year, it was mainly you and Hermione who greeted the guests - as the two in charge. You both had assistants and helpers on hand to take over if a guest had questions. Which meant that you didn't have to hold up the line to answer a lot of questions - which was definitely a good thing as it seemed like the initial trickle of arrivals turned into a flood.

We had a little bit of everyone there; purebloods, halfbloods, muggleborns, squibs, and muggles. Plus media vampires (and possibly at least one actual vampire, I tried not to be alone with that person
to find out for certain). The Lehi family showed up as invited because they wanted to see with their own eyes that this was a good place to send kids as needed. They had left their youngest children home with a sitter, but had the ones five and older with them. Including Duncan, who (grumbling and a little bit petulant) made it a point to apologize to me for calling me a freak. His mother was obviously breathing down his neck until he did so. I accepted the apology with a fond smile and offered to show them around the place.

We toured the House, spending a fair amount of time in the music room where Ethan was on hand to give impromptu lessons to the kids that had come with their parents (who hadn't ever been Unity Kids, but also, some Unity Royalty too). It seems that Duncan really likes music and is now a bit jealous that the Unity Kids have their own teacher.

After a bit, we migrated out to the Park, where Simon's eyes positively lit up. Sorry, I know you wanted to be the one to show him, but it ended up being me. Not to worry, you'll definitely be the one to play with him in the Park as I was definitely not dressed for playing around. With kids anyway.

Just then, Elena ran by from the stage toward the music room. She was already wearing a rather elaborate costume that I suppose will make sense to me once I see her performance. "Hi daddy! Just a reminder, everyone is going to be headed out here in the next few minutes to sit down for dinner. I just have to go get Ethan so that he is out here to play the piano while everyone eats."

"I thought we hired a string quartet to play during dinner!" I called after her.

"We did, but Ethan's going to accompany them on the piano!" She shouted as she was already rather far away.

"Well alright then," I murmured to myself. Then I gestured toward the tables. "I suppose you can pick the best place now so that you'll have an excellent view of the stage."

They nodded in agreement, and once they were seated, I spotted you leading a group of people out the door. I placed myself at your side and a little to your back so that I was not distracting you but would be on hand if you needed me. You helped the initial group pick seats as others escorted more groups out to be seated. When it was time, we were seated at the head table as Hermione gave a lovely (if a bit wordy) speech.

Rather than go into tiny detail of everything that happened, I'll sum it up to say that we ate dinner, watched Elena's funny and brilliant performance (I especially love what she did with the littles), and then had one rather perfect dance with each other before I moved off to dance and talk people out of as much money as possible. I noticed that this year, we had nearly double (or maybe even more) the amount of guests. I think it's probably because there's been enough time for word to truly spread.

I mean think about it, we not only have about 40 families who can attest to the wonder of Unity House, but also all those squibs I networked with that you invited, and the parents of every child that goes to Traditions. So basically, there have been a lot of people who have talked about Unity House and Traditions over the past year, and it has definitely attracted a crowd.

Our babies had been passed around a bit amongst our circle, but were returned to us by the time we sat down to dinner, so we each had one strapped to us during the dancing, and I must say that our babies are so adorable that everyone cooed over them. Which might actually be my favorite part of the dancing, hahaha! Eventually, they grew tired and Eris started to fuss very loudly. This prompted me to switch babies with you so that I could dance with her and sing her to sleep. After (several) past examples, I was not surprised in the slightest when you cast a mild sonorous on me to amplify my voice. You swayed with Orion, getting him to sleep too. Once they were out, we danced with each
other, ending with a sweet kiss.

I really don't remember much after that since it was more of the same. We handed the babies off to the elves and continued to dance with others for several hours. Money flowed almost like water. All in all, I'd say this was another successful evening. You did NOT peak at 17.

Actually, even if you had failed tonight, you're almost twenty. Close enough that you could say you peaked at 20, not 17. But happily, you didn't and I really don't see it happening anytime soon. Even if we managed to successfully place every orphan child in the Wizarding World into forever homes, you'll STILL have Traditions to grow as big as you like. You are always going to have a legacy, and it's not going to end anytime soon.

I love you so much you adorably panicky little dork!
Congratulations on another great year,
Draco
Chapter 252

Chapter Summary

Harry admits he might have overreacted, lol, :-)
unison for "Seize the Day" from Newsies!

The number the big Kids did was wonderful, but I was teary-eyed enough that when Finn and Beatrix came out for their surprise routine I was a little worried that they were just going to keep up with the "let's make Harry cry" sob fest. But I was hilariously surprised. I mean, I still cried, but that's because I couldn't stop laughing! With all of the baseball movies we've watched lately, they thought doing Abbott and Costello's "Who's on First" bit would fit perfectly. It was possibly one of the funniest things I've ever seen!

I think what I really loved about last night was that it was so inclusive, there was no fun to be had that couldn't be had as a witch or wizard, a muggle, or a squib. It was fun and wonderful. And you are right, the money rolled in so quickly it was overwhelming! I don't have the final tallies yet, but I do know that we for sure brought in more than last year. It's good to know that even if we never place another Kid, they will have a home here at Unity until they are well old enough to move on as a stable adult.

But if the questions I was asked are any indication, I do think we will have a lot of adoption requests in the upcoming weeks. You know I love these Kids, and I love when Unity is full and loud and booms with laughter and music, but I have come to really like when it's emptier, because that means Kids are finding their places.

But last night was NOT quiet or empty! As usual, I loved dancing with you, and dancing with our children, and accidentally sonorous-ing you so everyone could hear you sing to our baby. I know that I am biased, but we really have the most beautiful and wonderful and brilliant children there have ever been on the planet! You heard everyone oohing and aahing over their sweet little faces. And I think Greg had a blast allowing a beautiful domineering Malfoy lead him around. It does seem to be his thing!

Thank you for keeping me from losing it last night, and all the days leading up to it. You really are my rock. Don't congratulate ME! Unity House is yours too, you need to own how much work YOU do for it. I love you more than there are stars in the sky. I will never be able to adequately thank you for believing in me and giving me the strength to believe in me a little bit too!

Yours,
Harry

Monday July 31st
Happy birthday!

I'm sitting in bed having just woke up. Naturally, the first thing I had to do upon waking was check my email and write to you. Today is your birthday and we have a fun day planned. At 1 PM, we're all going to what is officially named Unity Wizarding Amusement Park, but which I call Unity Park for short. I know that could get confusing since we call the playground at Unity House the Park, but I sort of hope that everyone who comes to Unity Park WILL think about Unity House. I even have a few donation boxes located around the park for people to drop money in when they're happy and in a generous mood. Plus, it's stated on each ticket that a percentage of the profits goes to Unity House.

I figured - when I was finalizing the details such as price and color scheme - that if the Amusement Park I own can't blatantly support the Orphanage you own, then what good is it, really?

Anyway, since we have Unity Park all to ourselves today, we won't have to wait in long lines to ride the rides. It has actually been very popular and quite packed during the weekends, and semi packed
on weekdays during peak hours. That said, it wasn't any sort of great loss to close it to the general public on a Monday afternoon/evening, so please don't worry about that.

I know that pretty much everyone you know and are on good terms with has been invited. It might have been an exaggeration when I said you and a hundred of your closest friends, but not by much, haha! Inviting the Weasleys alone nearly maxed us out. I kid!!!

Anyway, I'm about to sign off and hunt you down so that we can spend a little time together before we have lunch and then get ready to go, but I wanted to say two things first.

One: I may or may not have arranged for something special in the playroom tonight.

Two: I'm glad you don't read the Daily Prophet, but I thought I should tell you this before someone else did and potentially ruined your day. The Sunday Edition naturally had a more or less lovely article covering the Gala. It did a good job praising Unity House and all you've accomplished, but Rita - being a slag for controversy - added a bit questioning why the kids themselves had to provide the entertainment. Are they expected to work and earn their keep? That sort of thing.

The first thing I did after reading it was send an owl to the Editor asking if that was entirely appropriate. You might be pleased to learn what his response was.

"Dear Misters Malfoy, I initially approved the inclusion of that somewhat explosive question because I felt it was a good question to ask. ARE the orphans expected to earn their keep, and if so how. I personally do not think there is anything wrong with expecting them to do chores and little things - the same as normal children are expected to do. Well, it seems the question struck a chord, and not just with you. We've had a flood of responses come in from people who have been to Unity House and they all assure us that the question was inappropriate - and that the children aren't forced to do anything they don't want. The performance in question was entirely arranged and performed by the children themselves with no requirement to participate. The children did it because they wanted to, not because they were expected to, and thus, the question has basically offended all the readers. There will be an official apology and explanation in Monday's paper."

Which there was, so, if you should happen to hear about a bit of Slander in the Paper against Unity House, it has already been taken care of, and even better, neither of us had to throw money or lawyers at the problem to make it go away.

I don't like to be alone at night, and I don't like to hear I'm wrong when I'm right, and I don't like to have the rain on my shoes, but I do love you, but I do love you,

Draco
Chapter 253

Chapter Summary

It's Harry's birthday ^_^

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Just in case you missed the hint in the last chapter, there's going to be a bit of play between Harry and Draco and others. Skip that part of this chapter if that squicks you :-) 

Although, *technically* the playing isn't until next chapter, lol. ;P

Monday July 31st
Happy birthday to me!

I'm twenty! I am finally not a teenager anymore. With the exception of the last year and a half, my teen years were not so great. I'm excited to see what my twenties have in store for me! I may only have this one day to go off of, but so far it's looking way up!

Unity Park is amazing! I always thought amusement parks would be awesome, and this one did not let me down! We spent the entire afternoon there and I still don't feel like I rode every ride or saw every attraction. You are amazing! We'll have to go back again in the future so I can say I've ridden everything at the park! Also, we should find somewhere there to shag, that way I can REALLY say I've "ridden" everything at the park!

I really appreciate you closing the park for the afternoon for me. I loved being able to let my hair down and be myself without worrying that some Skeeter wannabe, or the bug herself, is taking pictures of me. I have gotten to a point where I feel comfortable letting out enough details to keep people satisfied that their …. ugh gag gag savior …. is doing well. I understood the reasoning behind sending a few carefully chosen pictures of our wedding or our family pictures. And I've definitely gotten to a point where I am willing to throw my name around for a good cause, if it keeps my Unity Kids fed, clothed, educated, loved, and happy, at least that stupid fame is good for something! If it gets my Narcissa a rare plant that she'll love, I suppose I will take advantage of that too. But on my birthday, spending the day with my friends, it was awesome to just pretend "the public" didn't exist.

I thought the donation boxes were great. Just subtle enough to not be a blatant demand for money, but noticeable enough that people can easily donate without having to hunt them down. I love that they're actually shaped like Unity House! You had Greg build them I assume? Well he did a fantastic job! Right down to the deep blue shutters and front door.

And our lunch together as a family before we headed out to Unity Park was exactly the calm, family activity that I needed. I know they said that Lainie and Kisa made my cake, but someone whispered in my ear that you were in the kitchens supervising them and might have even had a hand in the decorating? Did you really? I can't believe you did that for me! I mean, I can believe it because
you're the best husband to ever exist, but it still surprises me when you step out of your comfort zone. I thought the lettering on the cake looked awfully fancy for a nine or ten year old to have done it by hand!

I'm glad you warned me about the Prophet. I get being concerned about how the Kids are cared for. I actually really appreciate that there are people who are willing to stick their neck out and risk looking foolish by asking about their care. If someone at Unity were being abused or neglected or not cared for, I want to be called out. But that is obviously not what Skeeter was doing. She was just trying to bring drama to an article that should have been about the gala. I'm honestly most upset that there would be people who might believe her than actually caring about what she has to say. But I'm really glad there was such an outpour of support in reaction. I always worry that I'm not doing everything for the Kids that I can. I worry that our team is not caring for them as well as we could. And it sounds like there are plenty of people who've seen Unity House firsthand, that know what it looks like day in and day out, that see our Kids, and were willing to respond to that article with indignation.

I think the apology article was quite well written, which of course meant that I didn't even need to read who the author was before knowing it wasn't Skeeter! Hopefully that quick apology will keep those hateful words from becoming a circulating rumor.

Ugh, I have nothing left to write about now and you're still not back from setting up the playroom for my birthday night festivities! What are we doing? Tell me tell me tell me!!! Maybe I could just sneak up and peek?

- You warded me out! What did you think I was going to do? Peek before you were ready? Ugh, uncool Dragon, uncool!

Fine, I will just be a patient little puppy and wait for you to be ready.

Yours in anticipation,
Harry

Monday July 31st
Oi mutt!

Keeping a secret from you in the middle of a not so packed amusement park is hard! See, I had an idea in mind for playtime, but I hadn't had a chance to ask anyone about it yet. Which means that I had to do so at the park during the few times when you were distracted enough not to notice me conspiring with your friends.

I started with Blaise and Luna, since they happened to be chatting together about something when I approached them, and honestly, I was certain this would be a sure thing. As I suspected, I was right, BOTH agreed before I even finished getting the question out. They also promised not to say anything to you before playtime.

I then planned to ask Hermione - and Ron - because I figured they would probably like another opportunity to play with you. But as I approached them, I noticed that they were chatting with Neville and Charlie. It was an innocent conversation, Charlie basically telling them all about his new job. This was an excellent opportunity, so I jumped on it.
"Alright there, Charlie?" I asked in a soft and flirty voice.

"Never better. You?" He returned with a warm smile.

"I'm good. Actually, I'm secretly inviting people to play with Harry and me in our playroom tonight as a surprise for his birthday, and since you've never been, I figured I should at least ask."

He bit his bottom lip, looking highly tempted.

"Ugh! If my older brother goes, I can't!" Ron groaned, sticking his tongue out a bit.

"Draco has a point though, you've already had a chance to play with Harry. Give others a turn, yeah," Hermione said, and by the look she gave me, I'm dead certain she knew what I was actually trying to do and was helping me in her own way.

"Well, alright," Ron agreed with a grumble.

"Is Blaise going to be there?" Hermione asked.

"Mmmhmm, so far, it's just him and Luna," I confirmed. We both turned to look at Charlie. "Interested?"

"Oh, erm... A large part of me wants to say yes, if I'm honest, but there's another large part of me that, erm... doesn't want to upset someone very important to me," he admitted.

I rubbed a hand up and down his arm and purred in sympathy as Ron blurted out: "You're seeing someone?!"

Charlie looked away and scratched the back of his neck. "Erm, well, sort of. I guess it's not an official thing. Just... playing..."

"Then there's no reason to be concerned you'll upset that person," I pointed out. "If you're just playing and there's no commitment, then you can play with others as you like."

"Yeah... I suppose I could..." he agreed hesitantly.

"Brilliant! So you'll come?" I pressed with an eager grin.

"I, erm... yeah. I suppose I will," Charlie replied, and you know, I really think HE was trying to get Neville to admit to something after all, because he gave Neville a glance as if daring him to say anything.

Which he actually did. He growled darkly and snarled: "You know it's not just playing!"

"How can I be sure when you won't let me tell anyone?!!" Charlie asked pointedly.

I tried to look at least mildly surprised even as Hermione bit her lip and tried not to look too amused. Ron was the only one who actually seemed gobsmacked.

"You're dating my brother, Nev?!?!

"Not dating, just playing," Charlie grumbled.

"NOT PLAYING!!!" Neville roared in extreme frustration.

"Well, if you consider it serious, why didn't you tell anyone about it?" I wondered with a curious
"That's what I want to know," Charlie muttered.

"Because!" Neville nearly shouted. "It would be disrespectful to tell anyone before I tell my gran, and I can't tell her!"

"Why not?" Ron asked curiously.

"Because she wants me to get married to a nice witch and have babies! If I told her that I'm more interested in doing kinky and perverted things than getting married and having babies, she'd literally never stop crying AND nag and pester me twice as much!" Neville explained angrily.

"You're an admirable grandson, Longbottom," I informed him. "But how do you see this ending? In a neverending war with her until she dies and you can live your life any way you like? Or by finally standing up to her and telling her to respect your choices?"

"Until she dies," Neville grumbled.

I shook my head. "Think about this a moment, you don't want to disrespect her by telling anyone before telling her, but then you don't want to tell her because you're afraid it'll break something between you. What if she actually died tomorrow? She'd go to the afterlife and be able to look down and see everything clearly. How disrespected do you think she would feel if she realized that you kept something so major a secret from her simply because you didn't want to hear her be a shrew about it?"

Neville bit his lip in thought, and the funny thing is that I have this perspective because of my parents. They raised me to believe that while it is perfectly fine to keep secrets from everyone else, our family needs to stick together no matter what, and that means being honest with each other. I can remember my father sending me owls at Hogwarts to tell me interesting tidbits that most parents might actually hide from their children, but he knew I would be able to use to my advantage - which I did. My point is that this is sort of a pureblood value, and he's also a pureblood raised by a woman of high moral standards. One would think it would be the other way around, right?

Anyway, I decided to drop the subject and return to my arguably more pressing one because I had no idea how long you'd be distracted with Elena and Kisa on a rollercoaster that made my stomach churn just watching it. I'm sure it's probably no worse than flying on a broom, but it sure looks it!

"Not to sound selfish, but I'm more concerned with tonight. Yes or no to the playing, Charlie?"

He looked like a puppy who expected to be punished. "I actually do want to go," he admitted. "I don't know if I want to actually play, but I'd love a chance to see other people who practice kink and aren't ashamed of it."

Neville let out a long-suffering sigh, and then nodded. "Actually, I'd like that too. I always feel like a bit of a freak when we... do the things we like to do."

I tapped Neville on his chest near his right shoulder. "YOU should come with us to Glastofest next year. Harry had a blast dressing up in a puppy costume and dancing with a group of others in various other animal costumes. I even had him on a leash - though I made it intangible so that it could just go right through everyone since I was on the other side of the club dancing with a bunch of perverts who delighted in doing anything I ordered them to in exchange for small rewards."

"Is Glastofest a kink festival?" Neville asked curiously.
"No, it's actually a music festival," I replied with a smirk. "We brought our kids this year. It's just that certain areas at night become very interesting."

"Why is this the first I'm hearing about this festival?" Ron practically demanded. "It seems like something 'Mione and I would have enjoyed going to."

I shrugged. "You know, I never thought about inviting anyone else. We originally went as one of our mini honeymoons and ended up loving it so much that we vowed to go every year."

"Well, weird music festivals aside, I'd say that Charlie and I would like to accept your invitation. So long as no one tries to touch him without my permission," Neville stated.

"And we'll leave if we realize that we're just too uncomfortable to join in on the playing," Charlie added.

"If you leave, let me know so that I can pop in!" Ron said with a grin, then he kissed Hermione. "And you should definitely go. No reason for us both to miss out."

"Ooo!" Hermione purred as she looked at me. "Does this mean I can Polyjuice into you again and bugger everyone dirty rotten?"

"I don't see why not," I answered with a shrug.

She grabbed me by the collar and pulled me just a tiny bit closer to her. "Last time, we were all so focused on shagging the bloody hell out of Harry that I didn't get a chance to shag you. I mean you shagged me, but when I was polyjuiced into you, I really had an urge to see what it would be like if we were in front of a mirror and I could watch myself shag you - interested?"

I probably looked like a drooling idiot at that point since I was so overcome by lust. It was all I could do to nod. She smirked and gave me a soft smooch.

"Good. I look forward to it."

"What's going on?" You asked, startling us all.

We all probably looked extremely guilty as we looked away and muttered. "Oh, erm, nothing."

"Uh-huh... Well, come love, ride the Ferris Wheel with me!"

I smiled as you dragged me off to the ride that projects a different gorgeous location around the world each time it goes around, and so a typical ride of three to four turns shows the riders three to four beautiful vistas. That said, we didn't really see much as we got lost in a heavy snog.

But now, I'm in one of those states in which I'm too exhausted to sleep. I mean, by rights, I should practically be dead! We just had a glorious playnight - one so vigorous that my whole body aches from it. That said, I just couldn't fall asleep until I finished this email, only now, I'm half gone, so I'll probably have to finish my recap tomorrow.

I love you, even when I'm sleeping, when I close my eyes, you're everywhere,
Draco

P.S. Did you find it weird that I made you dress up in a costume before clipping your leash to you and leading you into our playroom? I mean, I know you probably loved it, but since the leather harness was not much of a costume, I think you might have thought I was certifiable. But I wanted to sort of keep with the puppy theme, so I had one of the actual harnesses a dog would wear made to fit
you. Salazar damnit! It probably *was* too weird, wasn't it...
Chapter 254

Chapter Summary

Draco is hit by the urge to repaint their room.

Chapter Notes

Since I've been a bit spotty with my posting this week, I decided to post twice in a row today :-) And warning, this definitely has that playing around I was talking about in it :-(

Tuesday August 1st
Master,

Thank you so much for my birthday festivities! I am constantly amazed by how well you know me, how well you know my limits, and how good you are at pushing us outside of our comfort zone without pushing too far. Regardless of our kinks, I know that I picked the best man I know to be my husband and the other father to my children. But when I see how seemingly effortless it is for you to push me just far enough for me to grow without pushing me into places I don't want to go, I know I also chose the best man to be my master, my owner.

Did I find it weird to be put in a leather dog harness on our way to a kinky night that would include puppy play? Love, you haven't even gotten me a proper tail yet, you can't have gone too far into weird. How come I don't have a tail? Charlie has a tail! Am I just not a good enough boy? Do I have to earn it? Oh, did I make it weird now?

I should have known when you were all being secretive at Unity Park that something was being planned. I thought maybe you were just telling them what you got me as a present. Well, I suppose you were! I wish I had been there for Neville finally admitting he's with Charlie. Poor Charlie, I can't imagine how it must have felt feeling like some dirty secret. I can't believe he was going to wait until his Gran died before coming out, or making his feeling known. I've met her, that old bat is going to live forever!

Don't tell Neville I called his Gran an old bat!

Here's what bugs me about the whole pureblood, marry witch, have babies, live out other people's expectations nonsense: you and I are proof that in the wizarding world, one does not have to be in a male/female relationship to have children. Not only are their options for both male and female same sex couples with potions, but there's surrogacy and adoption and sperm/egg donors. We are holding on to these outdated notions and who are they helping?

Ok, rant over.

Bloody hell though, Nev is smitten! How he managed to be the one looking like a lovesick pup
when he's not the puppy is beyond me! He had that mix of pride and awe every time he looked at Charlie. And sweet fucking Merlin, they are both so fit it made my mouth water. You were talking about putting Nev in your bank at our wedding, well at that point I was solidly in "don't think of Ron, 'Mione, Luna, or Nev in any way other than siblings" denial. So I set that info in an ignored portion of my brain and left it there. But once you started talking about inviting them to Playtime at the Manor, my brain let those thoughts out!

I'm actually a little bit pleased that they mostly watched. I think too much, too soon, would have made Neville a bit skittish. But this way they watched, played with each other, and left seemingly happy and without negative feelings about the night. I mean obviously, my cock is wishing they had played, but he's quite hopeful there might be a next time! Ok, that's a bit of a fib, my cock has zero complaints or disappointments about last night.

Watching Nev and Charlie's puppy dynamic was really cool. The way we play ours out is so different from how they do it. You and I, even when I'm leashed and as of last night harnessed, even when I'm being walked and given commands, it's definitely a human acting like a mutt on a leash. But Charlie IS a puppy. It's every little bit of him, from the way he holds himself to the way he cocks his head, it's just wow. Makes me feel self conscious of my own performance. I think I'm a pretty good sub for you, but Charlie is a MUCH better puppy!

And maybe it's because I'm so small compared to you, but it was really neat seeing their sizes not "matching" their roles. Neville certainly isn't a tiny guy, but Charlie is built like he wrangles dragons for a living! Seeing him submit all of that bulk to Neville was really cool.

Ok enough about my shortcomings in not being as good of a puppy yet! On to the rest of the night!

Eventually, Neville and Charlie left, my guess is they left to think about if or how much they liked it. At the very least I think they liked knowing they weren't alone or isolated in their kink. To know that even if they never play around or watch with anyone else, they will have a group of people they can be honest with and can talk about their interests without feeling "wrong."


And oh fuck, watching you submit to Luna is fucking hot. I know we don't have that dynamic between us, even when I try to switch for you, I am just not dominant enough to get your full submission. I think we're both ok with that. But wow, your submission is beautiful. You're so elegant and graceful and utterly gorgeous.

I obviously thoroughly enjoyed playing the part of the puppy earlier in the evening, as evidenced by how much of this email is devoted to that subject! But I think my favorite part was after Neville and Charlie had left, they obviously messaged Ron that he could come and play without being brother squicked! And that's when you really pulled out all the stops and made me the happiest birthday boy ever!

Tying me over my spanking bench, blindfolding me, and spanking me while keeping me from orgasm would have been enough to make me so hard I could cry from it. But knowing that you were showing all of our playmates what a powerful Master you are, and what a good sub I can be was wonderful. Once you were done I thought you would untie me. But instead you sat near my head while everyone took turns pounding me! Telling me what was happening that my blindfold kept me from seeing. All I could do was feel, and listen to your voice. You telling me how good I was being for you combined with the physical pleasure and I wouldn't have lasted a minute without that orgasm denial.
The rest of the night was a blur of pleasure, I can't even remember all of the details. I just remember a blissful haze!

Gods Draco, you're so good to me. I don't know what I did to deserve you, but I am so glad I did it.

Thank you for a wonderful birthday!

Your Harry

Tuesday August 1st
Darling Harry,

I'm so glad you liked your birthday. Honestly, I had no idea WHAT to get you, so I hoped that you'd enjoy experiences instead of things. On the one hand, I would love to buy you everything and drape you in jewelry, but on the other, I know you're not the type to wear five necklaces and 20 rings, so I figured rather than buy things you'll like but probably never use, I could give you great memories.

As much as I had fun - Hermione apparently took my permission to be a little rough to heart because I am definitely *sore* this morning, in the best possible way - do you know what was actually my favorite part?

Directing everyone as they had their way with you? Nope.

Watching as you tried to imitate Charlie a bit for Neville's enjoyment? Interesting, but nope.

Letting Ron (when he eventually showed up) dominate you in the most delicious way? Still nope.

It was actually when you'd had enough for the night and inadvertently turned into your fox form. I instinctively knew that you were at your limit and quickly picked you up.

"Oh! Looks like Harry's done for the night," I informed them as I stroked your soft fur and kissed your pointy little nose. "But the rest of us can still play while he watches." Although, we were all running low on energy by that point, so there was only a little bit more before we basically passed out.

Now the reason that was my favorite part was because Ron went wide eyed and exclaimed: "Blimey! Why didn't I know he could do that?!!?!

He looked over at Hermione, who also looked surprised. Which means that I knew at least one thing about you that not even your best friends knew. I'm so happy you share things with me. That said, I know it's not like you were keeping it a secret from them. It probably simply never came up in conversation. Still, I'm rather pleased. And more than a little smug. Alright, I acted a bit like a cocky bastard after that, but can you blame me?

Anyway, I'm currently sitting in bed before getting up and going about my day, and I was looking through my side table drawer for something, when I noticed a book I put in there when we were pregnant. It was open and set page side down, so I took a look at it out of curiosity - planning to put it on a shelf when I got up. Except that it was open to a page featuring recommendations on how to decorate the baby's nursery. The book (titled: What to Expect When Expecting a Magic Child) said that while pastels and other soothing colors may help keep the parent calm when the baby is crying, in actuality, bright colors and bold patterns stimulate them intellectually and help them develop motor skills as they try to look around.
So I naturally looked around our room, and guess what? YOU insisted on painting everything in neutral colors! You opted for soothing over stimulating! This must be corrected immediately!

Thus, today, after I eat and get a bit of exercise in, I'm going to a store to buy paints. I'm thinking I'll use Maroon as a base, and then layer it with other bright colors in bold patterns. I might even go all out and paint a magical menagerie or some other interesting theme. Maybe two wizards dueling that will eventually teach the littles a variety of (useful but not harmful) spells before they even have a wand of their own.

In any case, if you can't find me, that's where I am,
Your passionate and currently artistically driven husband,
Draco
Chapter 255

Chapter Summary

Why maroon???

Chapter Notes

Since the first two emails were so tiny, I added the next two into the same chapter, so, two for one, lol!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tuesday August 1st
Wait. What? Why?

Why maroon? Anything but maroon!

Or, you know what? Never mind, maroon sounds wonderful. We could add some of your favorite golden accents! It will be quite the Gryffindor room!

I know you love me, and I’m a Gryffindor, but I’m surprised you want to paint the room our children will grow up in those colors! It’s like setting them up as early as possible for their future lionhood!

Thank you for thinking of MY brave house when designing OUR rooms!

Love you,
Harry

P.S. You know WAY more about me than either Hermione or Ron. I promise!

Tuesday August 1st
-__-

Clearly I was being a bit hasty when I chose maroon. I was thinking that it’s one of the brightest and boldest colors short of Chudley Canon Orange. Which I briefly considered if it truly will stimulate the babies, but very quickly decided against.

Now I’m thinking perhaps a rainbow would be better...

This is going to take more planning than I thought!

Thoroughly distracted,
Draco
P.S. You could always come with me, so long as you have nothing important at Unity House and agree to an interesting color scheme/stimulating pattern.
Tuesday August 1st
Yeeeesssssss! Rainbows!

Oh it's going to be wonderful! We could get gauzy curtain panels for around the bed and for the windows. All in different bright tones. We could do the walls in blue, to be the sky. Then instead of painting a mural of animals, what if we did bold black outlined shapes on the walls. Kind of abstract while still being recognizable? And add some stark white outlined clouds.

Oh oh oh, and on the ceiling we could do a darker blue, and paint the different constellations our family members are named for!

And I've seen some really neat ideas for kids' crafts that you can use as décor. What if we did one rainbow painted onto the walls, but instead of straight lines, we use the kids handprints to create the rainbow?

Do you think we should get new furniture as well? I mean our furniture is beautiful, but massive handcrafted antiques don't necessarily go with rainbows.

When do we go to the store for supplies? We could go now! I could take a break, almost all of the little Kids are napping. Should we go just the two of us or should we bring all of our kiddos (plus Kisa of course)? Ok I am getting ready, get here whenever you're ready to shop!

Love
Harry

Tuesday August 1st
My wonderful Harry,

You never cease to amaze me. Only you can make painting a room fun. Not like: "Oh, this is a little fun, at least I'm enjoying my work," fun but: "Sweet Salazar! It's a party in here!" fun.

So I'm currently taking a little break because my head started to itch a while ago, and after I scratched it a few times, I realized that I'd gotten paint in it and it's an utter wreck! So naturally, I had to go take a shower and get it looking perfect again.

That said, I've been working on the ceiling while you and the big girls are working on the walls. Eri and Ori are with Molly and Arthur while Viona is playing with Sebastian, Della, and Gavin (who seems like he might be starting to warm up to our crazy family). I'm using a magical paint that will look like a dark blue at night with all the best constellations in relatively accurate positions. During the day, it'll look like a bright and sunny sky with a few clouds moving across it endlessly. There's an option for it to rain from time to time, but we live in a place where it rains far too often as it is, so I opted for always sunny.

When I finish drying off and fixing my hair, I plan to add a few things in a different magical paint - such as an Antipodean Opaleye and possibly a griffin - that will remain in hiding whenever they feel like it, only to come out and fly around when they want our attention.

Meanwhile, you and the girls are doing Merlin knows what to our walls. The three of you keep laughing so hard that I'm not entirely sure you're working so much as playing around. If it looks like someone had a color battle on the walls when you are done, well, I suppose I won't mind as that will definitely be stimulating, hahaha.
But since we both like the idea of rainbows, I decided that once you are done with the walls, I'm going to add a rainbow somewhere. It might be little or it might be big, but it'll also be one of those things that can fade and hide when it wants, and then come out and shine brightly whenever we need cheering up. Or it just feels like shining. In any case, it should be lovely.

I look forward to seeing it when you finish the walls, and now that I am perfect again, I should probably go see if you've made any progress.

You're the reason I believe in love, and you're the answer to my prayers from up above, all we need is just the two of us, my dreams came true because of you,

Draco

P.S. How bloody long was my hair looking like an atrocious mess and no one bothered to tell me before I noticed it???

Chapter End Notes

Here's why maroon, lol.
Chrissie: "Ugh, my kitchen is done in shades of maroon, and I HATE maroon. I know others love it and it's well done, but I REALLY want to paint it a different color."
Me: "Wait, you don't like maroon???
C: "Nope, not at all."
Me: "Draco just had a brilliant idea! Off to write the email now!"
C: "That's fine, Harry will get back at him."
Lol! ^_^
Tuesday August 1st
My squeaky clean Dragon,

If I can't have fun doing everyday things with my family, then I picked the wrong family! What isn't fun about attempting a giant art project, making a terrible mess, and giggling like crazy with some of the best humans I know?

Merlin Elena and Kisa are a riot! They were doing impressions of just about every adult we know. But not just the impression, but what each person would sound like or behave as if they were the ones painting the walls. Lainie does a wicked Hermione! "Ronald! The instructions say to roll up and down, from floor to ceiling and move over about three-quarters of a roller width each time. It does not say schlop the paint all over and drip it in my hair!"

Then Kisa, "But 'Mione! We need to get this done faster, why are we painting the muggle way? Magic would be faster and then we could go get something to eat. Harry made biscuits!"

If you want to belly laugh hard enough to make you wet your pants, I would recommend asking Kisa to do her "Lucius paints a rainbow colored bedroom in the manor the muggle way." It's life changing.

Ugh, I know we're not quite done with the room, but we got so much accomplished today! The walls' base color is done, along with a few of the abstract animal shapes. I like that you're going so detailed on the ceiling, and the walls are such a different look. It's all cohesive, but certainly the best of both worlds. Did you see the little fox and marmoset I painted next to our bed? Those are my favorites so far! Although, I AM doing something with our kids' handprints like the handprint rainbow idea I told you about, and I have a feeling seeing our babies' little handprints will be my favorite … hands down!

I crack me up.

Um, will you kill me if I tell you that you had paint in your hair within the first five minutes of starting the project? You looked adorable with blue hair! You know how much I like to muss you up! You're normally so buttoned up and posh and perfect, which don't get me wrong I love, but it makes it super adorable on those few occasions that you're not completely put together. It's why I
love watching you sleep in the mornings, messy hair and flushed cheeks, and an innocence in your face that no one else but us gets to see.

So when we're done painting are we going to get new fluffy sheets and blankets? I saw these multicolored ones, in almost all of the rainbow colors we've been using, but they were almost a watercolor effect. What do you think? Ooh and maybe a nice squishy rug?

We already did the paint shopping, but we can go accessories shopping too!

Oh! You're out of your second shower of the day, I think I am going to go give you a paint-filled smooch!

Deviously yours,
Harry

Wednesday August 2nd
My rock,

So, today took a turn for the strange. I woke up after everyone else - as usual. I ate my breakfast and read the Daily Prophet before getting up and doing some light exercise. I knew I wouldn't have time for dancing - or even sparring with Kisa (and I feel bad since it's been ages since I've gone to spar with Antonio at Unity House, but as I understand it, Elena and Kisa have stepped up in that department) - so I sent Muffy off to let you know that I was awake and ready to continue painting.

As for letting my hair be mussed up and full of paint, I'll let it slide this time because I can't actually argue with how interesting it must be to have me looking disheveled. That said, I'm now a bit self-conscious about how I look in the morning when you wake up. I might have to order Muffy to pop in and fix my hair when you're due to wake up so that I look perfect, even in my sleep.

But that's not why the day took a turn for the strange. At one point, we decided to take a break and join my parents for tea. About five minutes in - we hadn't even fully gotten through the usual pleasantries such as the weather and how our room is coming along - a woman showed up claiming to be Gavin's mother.

She was teary eyed and told us how he had been taken from her, and now, she wanted to see him. Naturally, my father refused until a test could be administer proving that she really is the mother. Especially once she gave him a cold look and told him point blank that she should file charges against him for raping her... but that she'd be willing to overlook the matter if he gave her some money to support herself and their child.

Harry, I know Gavin is the spitting image of my father (and so myself and Orion), but there *is* a bit of her in him. A sort of softness to his cheeks that she has. So I sort of believe her claim, but at the same time, I do not trust her. A look at my parents announced for me to see (although they were both wearing masks and I'm certain no one else could see through them - except for you since you seem to have developed the talent) that they didn't trust her either.

And if the three of us not trusting her wasn't quite enough to raise a few red flags, the fact that Viona literally hissed at her and tried to kick her in the shin, well... there's a reason you once referred to her as my guard baby.

The only good thing about the whole visit is that Gavin himself was off taking a nap. It seems like he tires easily, and that's probably from being forced to be still so often while half starved. But I can't
think about that right now or I'll start to feel rage again, and that's the last thing I need at the moment.

Aside from iffy visits from possible mothers, Gavin is doing a little better on the whole. He's still rather quiet and doesn't seem to trust anyone fully just yet, but he's eating close to a normal amount for a toddler and looking less starved in general. He plays with Sebastian but shies away from Della because she's so loud and demanding. He seems ambivalent about Viona because she can be quiet, but then she can also turn around and start shrieking in glee with Della. So... mixed results, I suppose.

To my relief, after we all followed Yesenia's advice on how to continually reassure Sebastian that we still love him and need him in our lives, he's actually quite taken with Gavin. I think he's relieved to finally have someone to 'play' with that's closer in temperament to him. However, since the two of them tend to sit silently looking at each other, I'm not entirely sure that that can truly be called playing.

The only and most encouraging sign that Gavin is slowly getting better...? Acclimated? Less wary? I'm not sure what to actually call it, but anyway, he frequently picks a book at random from the shelves dedicated to him, Sebastian, and Della, and then marches over to our father and shoves the book at him with an insistent grunt and a definitely Malfoy glare. Not knowing what else to do, my father reads to him (and so all of them) as much as Gavin wants. They all seem to enjoy it - even Della, who consents to being more or less quiet when he's reading.

So... Er, wait, none of that actually helps resolve the issue of this shady woman. I want to comfort my father - even though he was clearly at fault at the time of Gavin's conception because he'd been ordered to rape her, and then forgot the protection charms. Except I don't really know how to comfort him. I can't exactly hug him until he's feeling better. A few seconds, sure, but this would almost certainly take more than a few seconds.

So, in an attempt to do something, I arranged it with my mother to watch all the kids so that I could take him out drinking at his favorite gentleman's club. This gave us an opportunity to talk in private. And drink excellent brandy as we talked, which made the conversation slightly less excruciating.

I now know far more than I want to about his extra-marital sex life, but I suppose it's only fair seeing as how he actually knows far more than he wants to about our sex life - marital and extra - but anyway, the point is that I... I honestly don't think...

Harry, I know this sounds insane. My father confessed to raping women. My mother knew about it each time it happened. It's a fact! But... I don't think that's what happened here. He doesn't remember this woman at all. I know he was half gone at the time, but don't you think looking at her would trigger something?

Fuck! I'm so glad I don't have to worry about that! I was raped but never raped anyone, so this sort of thing can't pop up in my future. You know, sometimes I honestly wish I could go back in time and have a chat with myself in - oh I don't know - Fifth Year? Fourth Year? All the way back to First? And tell younger me that I would be wise to secretly join your side of the war from the start. Had I done so, maybe, just maybe I could have prevented some of this shite from happening.

Sigh... I don't even know what I'm writing anymore. I'm going to sign off now and snuggle with you until sleep takes me away for the night.

All the small things, true care, truth brings,
Draco

P.S. Since I know you'll wake up and read this while I'm still asleep, wake me up in the best way possible and then let me finish sleeping. I want my first thought when I wake up for good tomorrow
to be how brilliant you are and how much I love the fuck out of you!
Thursday August 3rd
Draco,

I will be waking you up as commanded very soon. But wow I have to respond to what's going on first.

We have had Gavin for well over a week. The catch of the vigilantes and the subsequent rescue of the children was not only front page news of the prophet, but there have been a few smaller follow-up articles over the next few days. This woman knew her child was taken, and it took her this long to contact us?

Also, I'm not sure if I told you this part because it seemed irrelevant with everything else that was going on in our life, but the Aurors cross-checked each of the children with any open missing persons cases. Why didn't Gavin pop up as a missing person? We only did the paternity test because of how much he looked like your father, you, and Ori. If he hadn't looked so much like my family, he would just be another new Kid at Unity.

And, Gavin certainly doesn't speak much, but he does have a handful of words. He hasn't once asked about his mum. Don't you think that's odd? We have found that two of the other rescues definitely came from muggle orphanages, so it makes sense that they weren't asking for parents. But the other three have cried a bit about their parents (who are unfortunately unable to be found, we're assuming they were killed).

Gavin is also the scrawniest of the rescues. Yes, they were neglected and not given enough food, but as best we can tell they had only been there for a few weeks. But our Gavin looks like he's never been fed particularly well. Until this woman showed up I didn't think anything of it, I put it off to genetic pointiness, but now I'm questioning everything.

I truly feel for her as a victim of rape, and I know that everyone deals with their own trauma differently, but wouldn't you think that her priority would be getting her child away from her rapist? Don't you think she'd be more concerned with filing those charges so that Gavin could go home with her and not have to be near Lucius? Something is really fishy here. I think it's time to lawyer up. Not that I don't think Lucius should financially support his child regardless of where he lives, but I think we need some assurance that whatever happens is what's best for Gavin.

Well, I suppose I am off to do as commanded and wake you up!

Love always,
Harry

P.S. Don't you dare have Muffy un-muss you. Being the only one to see you with morning hair and sweetly flushed cheeks first thing in the morning is one of my husband privileges that I will fight to the death for!

Thursday August 3rd
My love,

Thank you so much for waking me up as requested this morning. We were even able to have a sleepy breakfast in bed - just the two of us - before the others woke up and I went back to sleep for a
I know that you plan to be at Unity House all day, so I'm going to stay home. Actually, since you're taking the littles, I'm going to spend a bit of time with Gavin. I haven't really had a chance to just sit down and talk with him. I know he knows I'm his older brother by this point, but I feel like I should tell him myself and let him know that I will always be there for him if he needs me, even if I appear to be busy with my own kids.

So, with not much in my plans today, I'm going to send off an owl to our lawyers and ask them to get in touch with you to discuss your thoughts on this woman and what is going on. You're actually in the unique position as something of an expert in the field, so I should think they would have needed to contact you at some point anyway. I'm also dead certain that my father has already met with them to discuss the case, and so, my owl will probably be expected.

In fact, my staying home today will probably give my parents a chance to go to their office and talk things over in more detail. Thus, it just seems like a workable plan all around.

Thank you for believing in me when I said something didn't feel right, and also, for siding with my father in this matter despite him clearly being at fault. I know you're our family and stuck with us now no matter what, but that doesn't necessarily mean that you have to defend Lucius Malfoy from legal repercussions for his actions during the war. It means so much that you are willing to at least give him the benefit of the doubt for the moment.

My love for you has no words that are good enough to truly express how I feel,

Draco

P.S. Fine! If I must let you see me all mussed up from sleep, I will, but only because I love you so damn much. Plus, I'm asleep at the time and you're usually gone by the time I wake up, so I don't have to think about what you see.
Chapter 258

Chapter Summary

Draco has an interesting conversation with Snape.

Thursday August 3rd

My love,

Well, the lawyers just left. I spoke with them for quite a bit, and they also spoke with Yesenia, although I wasn't there for that conversation. I believe they're on their way to the ministry now.

I'm sure you know by now, but yes, that woman is Gavin's mother. So while there's still something fishy, we do at least know this isn't just some random person hoping to get money for nothing. It sounds like you suspected anyway seeing as you thought he looked a bit like her.

And we now have his official name; Gavin Mitchell Malfoy. The lawyers had messaged McGonagall and apparently his name was down for Hogwarts. Why would his mother have given him the Malfoy last name?

The other information the lawyers had to tell me was that there was definitely no missing persons case for Gavin. How do you lose your two year old and not report him missing? How does your child go missing and you're not combing every corner of the Earth to find them?

Here's the other weird thing. She's neither a muggleborn, or a family that sided with the light and were known .... gag gag gag "blood traitors". Why would she have been in the line of fire for Voldemort to have ordered an attack?

You know that I have finally admitted, although not to him, that I love Lucius. But I know he did truly terrible things. And while I would still care about him - and I would hate what our family would go through - if Gavin's mother had shown up the day of the rescue, taken her child home, and immediately filed charges that we know he was most likely guilty of I would be completely supporting her right to seek justice. It would be hard, because I know that Lucius is so much more than the things he was ordered to do once he was too far into the death eaters to back out, but he would deserve whatever punishment he was given. But everything about this situation is flashing warning signs to my gut.

I hope things get figured out soon. Gavin needs a safe reliable environment to heal.

I'm so glad you're spending the day with him! I bet you end up reading him a million stories! I hope the MMM's capture some pictures of you snuggled up together. Oh! It's been a while since I've emptied those, I should go through them soon.

Oh! Just heard Yesenia's doors open, I am going to see if there's anything else they need before they head to the ministry.

All of my love,

Harry
Friday August 4th at about 2AM
Harry!

I just had the most shocking conversation with Severus!

Let me back up a bit. So, since I was at home with Sebastian, Della, and Gavin - my parents also just left to go to the Ministry and or the law offices - anyway, I decided to bring the three of them to our suite with me so I could sort of multitask. I set Della down in a pile of Viona's toys, told Sebastian that he was free to talk to his father's portrait as much as he wanted, and then invited Gavin to sit in my lap.

Gavin took nearly two full minutes to stare at me and decide if he wanted to sit in my lap. I'm only mildly ashamed to admit that I summoned a chocolate biscuit to bribe him with - doing so on the sly so that I could press my finger to my lips and let him know that it would be a secret between the two of us. Thankfully, it did the trick. He took the biscuit and sat in my lap.

"Good morning Gavin," I then glanced at the clock to make sure that it was still morning, which it was... by about a half an hour. "I know our father explained this to you, but I'm your big brother Draco." I conjured a mirror and levitated it in front of us, then pointed at our reflection. "You can believe me because we look so much alike. We have the same hair and eyes. We have the same father - and he also has the same hair and eyes. We are going to be bonded by blood for the rest of our lives, and that's a bond that cannot be broken. So, even though I am older than you and have kids of my own, I want you to know that if you ever need me, I will be there to help you."

He looked so pensive that he was barely nibbling on his biscuit. He was staring at it in his hands at first, but then looked up at the mirror again to look at our reflections. Then he nodded and I'm not sure if he was accepting/agreeing with my words, or simply deciding to trust/believe me.

I ruffled his hair and kissed his cheek. "I always wanted a brother or sister, and now that I'm old enough that I thought it was never going to happen, I suddenly have lots of them. I wasn't sure what to think at first, but now I'm happy. I'll get to do fun things with you as you grow up - such as bring you to the amusement park. I actually own one, called Unity Park. We'll go there when you are feeling better," I promised since I knew he was still a bit weak and tired easily. It would be utterly cruel to bring him now when he'd likely fall asleep after just two or three rides.

Biting my lip in thought, I made a rather impulsive decision. "You're a quiet child - like I was. Er, sometimes. Anyway, when I was about your age, our father gave me something that I cherished so much that it's still my favorite thing in the world." I cast a summoning spell and caught the palm sized golden ball when it flew at me. Holding it in the palm of my hand, I whispered in Gavin's ear: "Say: awaken."

Interested, he tried it. It took him a few tries, but he managed it. Mostly. "W... way... wayk... Waken!"

The ball unfurled, stretched its wings, shook itself, and then peered at Gavin.

"I always called him Ferocious - since he's a dragon, well, toy dragon. But you could give him a new name if you like. If you tell him to fly, he'll fly around the room for you to watch. If you want him to come back, simply say come here or come back - or just come, I suppose." The perpetually immature 12 year old inside me couldn't help but snicker at that. Talking innocently to children is occasionally SO HARD when half (or most) of what I say has layers of hidden meaning and innuendo.

Forcing myself to keep a straight face (and nearly failing), I told him to: "Go on, tell him to fly."
"Fy!" He shook his head with a frown and tried again. "F...ly! Fly!"

I was a bit distracted because I feel like I should ask Yesenia about his speech. He can talk, but he tends to stay silent unless told to speak, and then when he is, he has to practice the words. Is this normal for someone raised in the atrocious manner he was, or is there something wrong with him?

Anyway, Gavin looked captivated as he watched the dragon fly circles around his head. Sebastian surprised me by coming over and tugging on my sleeve.

"Draco, I told my father that I'd introduce my new brother to him..."

"Alright," I agreed, standing up and carrying Gavin over so that we could sit in front of Severus' portrait.

"Father, this is Gavin. He's my new brother because our papa found out about him recently and brought him home. He was in a bad place, just like I was sort of in a bad place, except his sounds worse."

"Gavin," I said, kissing him on the cheek again. "This is the portrait of a friend of our family. His name is Severus Snape and he is Sebastian's biological father. I know that's confusing, but the real man is dead, and so our father adopted Sebastian - which means that he's definitely your brother too - just as Della is your sister."

"My father is wonderful and I wish I had met him," Sebastian added. "I love talking to his portrait. But I'm so happy that papa adopted me! He takes me hunting with the owls and then riding with him on brooms, but shh! Don't tell mum that, she thinks I'm still too much of a baby to ride on a broom in papa's arms."

That reminded me, you once asked me if my mother would mind if you took our siblings flying, because her answer was a vague: "I think they might be too young for that," and you figured that if she was saying no, she'd just say no. Let me clarify right here and now, she definitely meant: "No way in hell, over my dead body, do not dare do any such thing." That said, if you do it when she's not looking, land safely, and never admit to defying her, you'll probably live. After all, my father manages it. He has since I was about two.

"Father's teaching me potion making!" Sebastian announced excitedly. "Prior to now, I simply had to pretend with water and herbs, but father is teaching me simple potions using ingredients that the house elves can get for me."

I raised a brow at Severus at that.

"Safe potions using safe ingredients," he sneered reassuringly.

"Ah," I murmured in understanding.

"He visits me in my room at night and recites recipes to me as a bed time story!" Sebastian informed us with unrestrained glee.

I tried my best not to look at him like he was a very weird child, but damnit! He is! Good thing I like weird.

"We should sneak outside to play with your toy dragon before Della notices it and insists on playing with it too," Sebastian conspired in a whisper in Gavin's ear.

"The toy won't fly away," I assured him. "And if he looks like he's going too far away, what do you
"C... Come!" Gavin stated, sounding proud of himself. Ferocious promptly flew over and landed in his hands.

"He knows I gave him to you, so he won't obey anyone else (except me). Therefore, you don't have to worry about Della stealing him away. Go on and play with Sebastian." I ordered before making sure Muffy and her babies were on hand to keep an eye on them.

"Now that we are free of young ears, would you care to explain how you suddenly have a new brother of your blood?" Severus asked with a mildly repulsed expression.

"You mean you haven't spied on my parents as they talked about it?" I wondered.

He shook his head. "No, your father asked that I respect their privacy and never go into their suite without an invitation. I've respected that request because I much prefer spying on my son."

"Ah," I murmured. "Well, what happened was that shortly after escaping from Azkaban, the Dark Lord ordered my father to prove his loyalty by raping a woman. In his still foggy state of mind, he apparently forgot the protection charms. Thus, Gavin."

Severus frowned in thought. "I was in regular contact with both Lucius and the Dark Lord at the time, and I don't recall either of them ever mentioning it. I'm not saying that they would have specifically told me, just that such things usually came up in conversation."

I shrugged. "My father's memories of the event are fuzzy. He knows he did it - and mum remembers reminding him to cast the protection spells - but when the woman showed up recently, dad didn't seem to recognize her. Although, she has been proven by paternity - er, maternity - spell test as his mother, so, it happened. There's no denying that."

Sev looked intrigued. "Why did she show up?"

"She wants my father to support her and Gavin - and so, presumably, wants custody of him again," I explained.

Still frowning, Sev stroked his chin in thought. "Did she explain how the child was removed from her care and when?"

I shook my head. "No, she didn't even tell us her name at that point. I found out when I was corresponding with our family lawyers that her name is Gina Mitchell. Apparently, that's the first thing my father had to ask them to track down."

Severus looked ready to spit venom. "Do not trust that woman!"

"Obviously," I sneered dryly, tempted to roll my eyes.

"You don't understand, she's... how do I put this... hmm... power hungry. A gold digger as well. She couldn't quite manage to capture the Dark Lord's attention, so she did whatever she could to ingratiate herself with those in his inner circle. She often consented to play with Death Eaters for the Dark Lord's entertainment. That's not entirely the right description. It wasn't always nor only for his entertainment. He would order her to reward his followers that deserved it far more often than he actually cared to watch. But yes, he did occasionally just want to watch a show and ordered whoever was on hand to shag. That's actually how I ended up with her one night. I couldn't refuse because the Dark Lord felt that refusing to entertain him - even for something like that - was an indication of disloyalty."
Sev stroked his chin again, sort of staring off into the distance. "Now that I'm thinking about it, that night is the only night in the timeframe of Sebastian's conception, and so, she must be the mother no one could track down. Prior to this, I couldn't recall any lovers at all - for that time - so I was just as baffled as everyone else, but now I remember that I purposely blocked it out because it's not a pleasant memory for me."

"Wait... so... both you and my father forgot to use protection charms with the same woman??" I questioned incredulously.

"Apparently," he sneered in that dry as chalk tone of his. Then he sighed. "But... I'm almost certain I would have made her drink a potion, and being a potion master, that would have been expected of me. The Dark Lord himself never actually wanted us to create unnecessary children, so he would have either agreed to or insisted on protection potions or spells too."

"So... why did your potion fail?" I asked, biting my lip in puzzlement.

He shrugged. "I can only guess that perhaps she purposely cast a spell to override the effects and promote fertility. I cannot even begin to guess why - except that I was arguably the Dark Lord's most trusted Death Eater at the time, and maybe she assumed that if our side won the war, I would be in a position of power, and so, she would have leverage over me."

"Wait..." My eyes widened as this concept gripped my mind and exploded to its full potential. "That means that she could have done the exact same thing to my father! He was, what? Third? In command - even despite failing the Dark Lord and going to Azkaban for a year or so." Then I inhaled a slow and shaky breath. "How many others could she have done this to???" I asked on the exhale.

Severus shrugged and shook his head. "Who knows? All of them? Presumably one a year at most, but also presumably only those that would be in a position of relative power once the Dark Lord took over. Or had wealth. She would definitely have wanted money from the fathers once the war was over."

I rubbed my head, feeling like I had been stupid not to see what was in front of me the whole time. "I'm going to need to ask Harry how many of the other children that were rescued from the Death Eater 'orphanage' with Sebastian are potentially hers. And Merlin! It's possible that at least one of the other children kept with Gavin could be hers too. I mean they were all close in age, so unless she somehow sped up a pregnancy - highly unlikely - she almost certainly couldn't have had more than, hmm... that little girl that's about a year younger than Gavin. Then again, the war would have been over by then, so I'm probably wrong about that one. If she did this other times, the children would almost certainly have to be older than Gavin - who's two - and Sebastian - who's three."

I suddenly felt utterly weary and defeated. Unwanted sympathy washed over me. "Poor woman though. Vigilantes tore her youngest son from her and..." I stopped and frowned. "And yet, she gave Sebastian up shortly after birth. Wouldn't that defeat her ultimate plans to use him against you?"

Sev shook his head. "Not so long as she knew where he was, and until he was rescued, he was 'safe' in the care of people she likely trusted."

It was my turn to stroke my chin in thought. "Hmm..." I stood up rather abruptly. "If you'll excuse me, I have to go see if my parents have returned, or otherwise drop my siblings off at Unity House for a few hours. Or, I suppose I could have all the elves watch them - there are seven capable elves in the Manor after all."

But I decided on Unity House so that Della could play with Viona and the boys could be reminded
that other children existed and that they'd have to deal with them eventually.

After that - sorry that I basically ran into your office, snogged you bloody senseless, and then Apparated away. I wanted to get to the Ministry before I got distracted with shagging you and possibly forgot what I was going to do. I landed at the Auror Apparation point - only receiving a couple of glares for my audacity.

"Auror Bletchly, do you have a moment?" I asked as politely as possible.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" He asked in a tone that was a cross between impatience and trying to be polite in return.

"Remember how I interrogated Randy Dumas?" I asked, trying to sound just a little innocent and definitely NOT like I was bragging smugly.

He snorted in amusement. "How could I forget?!"

Smirking lightly, I continued. "Well, there's something I'd like to know and I was wondering if I could get permission to question the rest of the vigilantes."

"Hmm..." he hummed in thought. "I... I'm not high enough on the food chain to make that decision, but since this case has ties to your husband's attack, I suppose I can try to answer your questions. And if I don't have the answer you're looking for, I can go ask Robards for permission. He might give it simply because he knows that all it would really take is for your husband to ask the Minister, and it would be granted almost automatically."

"True," I admitted, sort of proud of myself that I hadn't thought to go that route first. I liked the idea of trying this on my own, for some reason. "Alright, my question is sort of complicated. My father recently found out that he had a child with a woman named Gina Mitchell - "

"Oh, her," Bletchly muttered, inadvertently interrupting me. "Sorry. It's just that her name has come up in connection with a couple of different cases, and while we think there's probably something she should be rotting in Azkaban for, we haven't quite found anything that will put her there."

I nodded in understanding. "Anyway, even though she has been proven to be Gavin's mother, there's something seriously suspicious about her story. The facts just don't seem to add up. I'm hoping to ask the vigilantes if any of them can remember how they found out about and acquired my little brother."

"She gave him to them," he stated matter of factly.

"That's horrible!" I inadvertently shouted in horror.

"I agree," Bletchly murmured sadly.

"If they haven't already, our family lawyers are going to want everything about this case that directly or indirectly concerns Gavin and his mother. Please be prepared to respond to an official request
from their office."

"No problem, also, even though I answered your question, it occurred to me that Robards might just want you to chat with them after all, considering... you know," he gestured at my head, presumably referring to my Legilimency skills. He quickly scribbled a note and charmed it to fly over to the Head Auror. I just barely caught the words: Sir, Draco Malfoy is here asking about the vigilantes, and I was wondering if you wanted me to have him question them?

Bletchly told me other useful information pertaining to the case in general because it might actually help me help them pin something criminal to Gina Mitchell. Within two minutes, a memo came zooming over rather more enthusiastically than necessary.

Hold him here for at least ten minutes while I talk this over with Shackelbolt and my Deputy. I'll let you know what we decide.

Well, that gave us almost all the time we needed for me to read over the file itself and formulate questions - because we were both certain it was going to happen by this point. And we were right.

I ended up spending so many hours in interrogation - talking to them all separately - that I didn't return home until after you'd gone to bed and fallen asleep. So, chances are good that you'll read this email before actually talking to me. I'm not going to go over the interrogation because while I did find out a lot of useful information, I'm not certain any of it is useful to us. The Aurors, yes, but not us. That said, I'll tell you tomorrow if there's anything you want to know, or I suppose, you could always ask questions in your reply email. Perhaps the easiest thing - if you honestly want to know everything - would be to ask Shackelbolt for a copy of the transcription and the report I had to file afterwards (along with the notes I made as I went).

Anyway, I'm bloody exhausted now, and so, I'm going to sign off and pass out,
Love always,
Draco
Chapter 259

Chapter Summary

Our boys are slowly figuring things out.

Chapter Notes

Happy Independence day to all my American readers :-)  
Despite being busy moving, it's raining on and off today, and so I've had some time to sit down and post, hooray :-D

Friday August 4th
Holy Hell!

Just once I think to myself; it's been a bit hectic lately, we'll probably have a busy couple of days, maybe I will put the babies and myself to bed early. Get some extra rest. And then the world explodes apparently! Or implodes?

Seriously, what the hell Draco? You pop into Unity, snog my face off, and then just pop off to the ministry? "Oh nothing much to say my little mutt, just going to interrogate some vigilantes. Oh did I forget to tell you that my brothers are likely biological brothers as well? No big deal, just sit there and look pretty Harry, I've got this!"

I just woke up, I haven't even gone for my run, but I thought there was a chance I'd have an email from you explaining why you got home so late last night. Well, there it was. I can't believe you didn't wake me when you got home!

Ok enough whinging from me. I'll stop now. But for future reference, finding out about something like who mothered Severus' child or finding a blood relation to a child we know and love is a wakeable circumstance.

So since it's so early, I haven't gotten a report from yesterday, I haven't owled Kingsley or anything, I haven't even been to the dining room to eat breakfast, so everything I know is from your information. What a mess this whole situation is!

Do they have this Gina in custody? Because if not, you and I are going on an undercover mission today. She GAVE her child, this sweet little angelic little prince who's so shy he can barely take a biscuit from your hand, to a group of murderous vigilantes? I am going to rip her to shreds. I am going to hurt her. I am …. ok, maybe I should stop myself. Maybe I should make sure the Aurors catch her or detain her or question her. Someone messed with my Kids, and I can't see through this fog of rage right now. I feel like there's probably a good reason I shouldn't murder this woman, but I am having a hard time coming up with one.

It's just … you know, no matter what any child does, none of them deserve abuse. They could be the naughtiest, most mischievous, devious, pranking little nightmare and nothing would justify abuse. So
don't take this as somehow saying any abuse victim is deserving of it, but he is so shy and quiet and obviously starving for affection and attention. How could someone take that sweet innocence and think to hurt it? I have been trying since he got here to try and bond with him, but he's so spooked. He's obviously been so hurt.

But your emails have given me some good ammunition for Operation: Make Gavin adore his big brother Harry. I will bake until everyone in the house can't eat one more single biscuit. And I will have books on me at all times. Has he been having your father read him Wizarding books, Muggle books, or a mixture of both? I have all kinds, but what does he seem to like? Ooh! If he liked the little dragon you gave him, maybe I can find some books about dragons!

We can talk to Yesenia about his speech, but it might be best to get him evaluated by an early childhood specialist as opposed to a mind healer. They should be able to detect if there is a delay in his speech and if there is a delay they can pinpoint the cause. Sometimes these delays come from hearing loss, sometimes they're from a social issue like neglect, sometimes it's a physical issue like a tongue tie, and sometimes it's not really a delay but the child is just a late talker.

There's a woman I spoke to a number of times when researching educational standards when we started up Traditions, and I've spoken to her a few times about the daycare as well. She might be a good resource to check Gavin, or at the very least she should be able to direct us to the right person. Her name is Calleah Grey. I'll send her a message today if I'm not arrested for murder first. We can wait until he's a bit more comfortable in his new life before we throw another new person at him, but from my understanding they test this children in a playful atmosphere so the child thinks they're just getting some one on one game time. It's not clinical or scary.

Ok, on another note, you know I've worried a bit about Sebastian feeling excluded being the only child with no blood relation to the family (well, of his siblings) but as awful as the whole situation has been, if this is all true then here's his link. Della is your cousin on your mum's side. Biologically speaking, Gavin is your half brother, and Sebastian could be his half brother. Everyone is linked to at least one of their siblings.

There was a maternity test to confirm that woman's link to our Gavin right? Did they do a test on Sebastian yet? And now that we have her DNA, or magical signature, or however wizards test for paternity or maternity, can we match it against the rest of our Kids with unknown lineage?

Actually speaking of that, I should probably swing into Unity soon, if this causes the uproar I think it might I should probably get all hands, if not on deck, ready to jump on deck at a moment's notice. I know your day yesterday was quite long, so I will take our kids with me. If I'm gone by the time you wake up and you have time, please come into Unity so I can harass you with a million questions.

Love,
Your Harry

P.S. Yeah right, I am not going to defy Narcissa! I do not have a death wish thank you very much! I will fly with them when I get express permission from your mum and not a moment sooner!

Friday August 4th
Dearest Harry,

What in the bloody hell was life like before it turned into chaos erupting every other week?

Anyway, my 'morning' was spent talking with my parents and telling them what Severus had said.
They immediately decided to send for the Healer that had performed the Paternity Test Spell on Gavin. At this point, she had performed a Maternity Test Spell on him as well and thought she might be able to use the same magical signature to compare to Sebastian, but that there was actually an easier way to go about things.

She simply tested Gavin and Sebastian for blood relation. The spell would even be able to give a bit of differentiation between degrees - so a cousin would light up differently than a sibling. Sure enough, they are confirmed to be brothers, related by blood. Interestingly, the test is sensitive enough to know that they are half brothers, as the 'amount' of blood that matches - so to speak - is not quite enough for full brothers, but definitely more than cousins and even more distant relations.

So that's that. Sebastian is definitely Gina Mitchell's other son. It's lucky for us that when she showed up, she was so focused on getting what she wanted from my father that she didn't notice Sebastian in the room. Also, if she gave him up at birth, she may not know what he currently looks like, and may actually assume that he is still in Unity House with the other kids rescued at the same time. I don't think she's put enough thought into the fact that you actually help children find homes, and so, not all of the children are there anymore.

In any case, we can assume that she didn't notice or recognize Sebastian at the time because she didn't suddenly demand to see him and allude to the fact that she'd like money for him too. I'll have to work out how that would work in her mind, but I'm sure she'd try something if given a chance. To that end, my parents have vowed not to give her any chances. From now on, if she's in our home, all the children will be in a different room guarded by the elves and more than likely one of us.

Gavin is a bit too... shy, I suppose you could say, although I think it's more like traumatized - to be dragged over to Unity House and forced to sit through a bunch of spell casting, but Sebastian seems to understand the general concept of what's going on, and has agreed to go to Unity House so that he can be tested against any possible children of unknown motherhood. I rather assume that it's not important for any child who has already been adopted as their status is legally binding and Mitchell cannot go after them. But knowing if we have others currently on our hands would be extremely helpful as we proceed.

I think if nothing else, the fact that she purposely created and then abandoned more than one child should be proof that she has indeed done something criminal. The only problem I can foresee is that there isn't exactly a law forbidding this exact situation. So...

Anyway, there is one important tidbit of information that came up in my interrogations: Gavin was the first child the Vigilantes had, and she gave him to them when he was about six months old. The Vigilantes all claim that she promised to help them find actual former Death Eaters and their children, but they can't quite remember if she did or not. They recall receiving names and addresses from time to time, but can't really prove that those were from her.

Thus, that tidbit won't be able to stick until someone can prove it. At which point, she would be charged with conspiring to murder innocent (relatively) people.

The rest of the information that came up was - as I said before - useful to the Aurors but not to us. I'm about to go to Unity House with my father and Sebastian - and the Healer - so you'll probably see me before you even read this email. That said, I hope you won't be too busy and we'll have time to talk.

In too much of a rush for anything fancy, so, see you soon,
Love,
Draco
Friday August 4th just before midnight
Love,

I don't know about you, but the last time my life wasn't chaos erupting every other week, it looked a lot like the inside of a cupboard! Sorry I seem to have dragged you into the lunacy that is life with Harry used-to-be Potter.

I'm glad we got this testing done, but I'm so glad it's over. And it was definitely worth doing, as we found another one of Gina's human insurance policies. Merlin, that woman packed in the children didn't she? Eliza isn't even five yet. She's less than a year older than Sebastian. Exactly eleven months actually, oddly enough their birthdays are both the tenth just one in September and one in October.

I think I need to stop trying to wrap my mind around the thought processes of insane people, but here I am doing it again. What kind of lunatic, power-hungry, monster creates children in the hope of using them as political and financial leverage and then gives them away to orphanages or groups of vigilantes? I mean she was basically using these places as what, storage facilities for the small humans she hoped to trade for power? She had a baby in October of 1995, September of 1996, then January of 1998, and then her side lost in May of 1998. Good thing that stopped her baby production business or we'd have a mountain of Mitchell babies here at Unity.

One thing that confuses me, who's her father? Eliza didn't have a letter with her full name on it the way Sebastian did, her little note just had her birthday and her first name. And her name on the Hogwarts books just says her name is Eliza Mitchell (I messaged McGonagall as soon as we knew we had another Mitchell child). So she gave Sebastian the last name of Snape, and she gave Gavin the last name of Malfoy, so why did she hide Eliza's paternity? Did she not know, or is there something she's hiding?

As far as I know, the only death eaters that were out and about free to fornicate that also knew Voldemort was coming back would have been the rat and Crouch. Well she looks nothing like Pettigrew or Gina, and we asked Olive (formerly Crouch)'s parents if they would be willing to bring her in to verify another child's paternity and they did not flash related. It was a nice excuse to see Olive again though! I swear she just went to her forever home a little over a month ago, but she seems to have grown at least three inches since the last time I saw her. She's always been a sweet, happy little one, but she seems to really be thriving. When I see how well our Unity Royalty is doing, it helps soothe that ache I get from missing them so much!

Sorry, I derailed, back to the maternity issue. The other confusing thing, looking at the records, Eliza and Sebastian were both brought to that death eater safe-house/orphanage at only a few days old. But Gavin wasn't given to the vigilantes until he was roughly six months old. Why did she keep him for that time? She even kept him for two months following the final battle.

Ok, sorry, I've hit the rambling portion of my email! I just keep trying to wrap my mind around this whole thing. And now I am panicking, seeing as we have proof of Gina's biological link to Eliza, but no proof of parenthood, what's to stop her from coming to get her? She hasn't been adopted yet, so except for the knowledge that she abandoned her at birth, there's nothing to stop her from coming forward to take her.

And now I'm wondering, should we be testing relationships between all of the Unity Kids? Now that I know three children who came through Unity House were siblings, it makes me wonder if there's
been any other sets of unknown siblings that came through here without knowing. I know there are a few families that adopted children last year that have already started talking to the Department of Families and Children about the possibility of adopting again in the next year or two. If any of those families come in again, if there's a possibility that they could adopt a child that is biologically related to their first child? Would it be worth testing the Kids?

Sorry, still rambling, but my mind has been whirring nonstop since this afternoon's testing. It's why I am sitting in bed typing, watching you sleep, instead of sleeping myself. I wonder how upset you will be if I wake you up right now? If I wake you up your favorite way, I might get away with it!

Worth a shot!

Hornily yours,

Harry

Monday August 14th

Dearest Harry,

You're currently at Unity House. We had a nice weekend - following a relatively peaceful week, all considering - with our little family able to basically snuggle up and watch movies the entire time, taking frequent breaks to drink tea and/or eat meals with my parents and siblings.

But now, it's back to the Chaos.

So, I'm about to come to Unity House simply to be there if you need me for anything, but I think you probably have everything well in hand by this point. I just wanted to sit and write down my thoughts for a moment. Since I have proven useful in interrogations, Robards authorized sending me a file with everything they have on Gina Mitchell, just in case I spot something they missed, or think of some useful questions to ask during potential future interrogations.

Here's the interesting thing. The MINISTRY is not allowed to use Legilimency on a prisoner or suspect without their permission, and anyone with a good lawyer or an ounce of self preservation naturally declines to give consent. That said, since I'm not an employee of the Ministry and am asking questions for my own interest - because of how the case relates to yours - I can *not only* be allowed to ask questions without a lawyer present, but I can use Legilimency without disclosing my skill or asking for permission. With Dumas, it was by his own request, so they can even use what I obtained as part of their case. With these new interrogations, they have to consider anything I uncover as either 'anonymous tips' or information from a 'protected informant' if they want to use the information as part of their case. They then have to verify it through legal means, but the point is that this whole thing is a very grey area.

Anyway, because I was given the file on Mitchell, I decided to read it. After all, I might actually find something useful they missed. Well, so far, I don't know about useful, but I learned something I previously didn't know. Mitchell worked as a guard in Azkaban from May of 1994 to shortly after the mass escape that lead to the Death Eater rampage. She maintained a clean record while working there and only had to stop because nearly half the guards were let go after the break out - simply because there weren't enough prisoners remaining to justify as many guards.

On a related but unimportant note, most of those let go have been hired back in recent years, but Mitchell never reappeared - presumably because she was busy with other evil plans.

I know that her working as a guard probably doesn't mean anything, but my instincts are telling me
that something isn't quite right here. After all, this is a woman who plotted to use any leverage she
could get - including creating children - to climb to a position of power and control of Death Eaters
should they happen to succeed in taking over. And... she worked in literally the best place to meet
and learn everything she could about these people while they were arguably very vulnerable.

I'd bet my last Galleon that she manipulated and practiced controlling them while in there, and more
than likely uncovered as many secrets as she could to use against them as blackmail and the like. The
more I learn about this woman, the more I wish she would inexplicably fall off a cliff into a pit of
jagged rocks. UGH!

But I'm signing off now because I need your arms around me, I need your loving touch, because
baby, you're always there,
Draco
P.S. Yes, I changed the lyrics of the song to fit my needs :-)


Chapter 261

Chapter Summary

Well, that was certainly a day.

Monday August 14th
My brilliant man,

So, I had a hunch, I didn't want to overstep but I definitely had a hunch and I went with it. I did it kind of quietly so if nothing came of it, then not many people would have to know, but if something came from it we may finally have the final nail to close the lid of Gina Mitchell's legal coffin.

I kept thinking about why Eliza wasn't named for her specific paternity. It shouldn't have been hard for Gina to figure out who her father was, there were so few high ranking death eaters outside of Azkaban during the time of Eliza's conception. I would have much more understood if she didn't know who fathered Sebastian or Gavin as there were a lot of death eaters out and active at that point. And then I had my hunch/a-ha moment. She worked in Azkaban.

I feel like there's probably a very good chance that she helped arrange the break out. Again, I have no proof, but it's my guess. Why else would someone who's evil enough to have children for death eater prestige work as something like a prison guard? But, as with everything else, she might be evil but she also seems to know how to keep herself looking squeaky clean so that no charges can stick to her.

But! The one thing that never factored into her plans, because it didn't exist when she was planning, is Unity House. I have access to all of the known children born of death eaters. Not just the ones that are still at Unity, but also the ones that have been adopted. So I sent a message to all of the parents whose children have biological ties to known death eaters. So I was able to test Alric (Avery), Tatiana (Karkaroff), Rowan (Dolohov), Felan (Greyback), Cassie (Muciber), I also tested our Viona, I know Vince would have been too young but the test would have shown that they were related. But the very last test I thought about was the one that came up. Our Della is a half sister to Eliza.

We know that Bellatrix wasn't pregnant while she was in Azkaban, and Voldemort didn't have a body to impregnate anyone at that time. So that means Eliza has to be Rodolphus'! And seeing as he is still alive in Azkaban, all we need is permission from the Ministry to test him, compare him to Eliza, and if he comes up as father then we have all the proof we need to send Gina Mitchell a one way ticket to hang out with her favorite death eaters! As a guard it would have been illegal for her to fornicate with the prisoners. Abuse of power and all that.

This could be it! This could be what gets Gina Mitchell safely out of the lives of these children she tried to ruin!

Merlin you purebloods really are all related to each other! You have a half brother, who is half brothers with your godbrother, they're both half brothers to Eliza, who is half sisters with your little sister who's biologically your cousin. My brain hurts.

In other news, thanks for giving me the code to cracking Gavin! I baked a mountain of sweets, had a
tower of books, and lured him to my side with both this morning! I thought your parents would argue with me about giving him sweets so early in the morning (I had a mountain of varieties, but I certainly didn't let him make himself sick) but I think they both realize that they'll do what they need to to get him to feel safe and happy and loved, and later on they can attempt to cure a sweet tooth if needed. And you know I try to make all of my biscuits as healthy as possible, using juices or honey in place of sugar, baking a lot that are fruit based for that little bit of nutritional value. And his favorite book was this silly muggle book I picked up, "17 Things I'm Not Allowed to Do Anymore." I worried that it would give some of our naughty children ideas so I hadn't brought it out yet. But I think Gavin is due a little naughty!

Thank you for visiting me today, I really needed you. I really thought that at some point I was going to just pop in and out of Unity to play and visit, but it's definitely still a full time job. I miss you! Let's run away this weekend? I've never been anywhere Scandinavian! Sweden? Norway? What do you think? Because I think I am due a little naughty!

Yours,
Harry

Tuesday August 15th
My intuitive Harry,

Wait, so you think that Mitchell might have something to do with the mass escape? Hmm... I have to go initiate a line of questioning that I myself will be unable to perform for a few reasons, but seems to be direly important. I'll pop by Unity House when I'm done.

Love with every breath I take,
Draco

- 

Wednesday August 16th at about 2AM
My reason for existing,

Well... that was certainly a day...

So, what I did was - after reading your hunch (shortly after waking up as it's my habit to check my email before even getting out of bed) - I got ready to go, taking care to look respectable without looking too plain or somber. No need to look drab after all!

Anyway, I went to the Ministry and had a chat with Auror Bletchly that (exactly as I assumed) very quickly escalated into a meeting with the Deputy AND Head Auror, and even the Minister for Magic himself. I think Shacklebolt is keeping personal tabs on every aspect of this case because he feels that it's all part of protecting you. I daresay he might even think of you as something of an honorary son.

During that meeting, I told them all that you had a hunch that Gina Mitchell was involved somehow with the mass escape after the Dark Lord's resurrection, and that you had mostly conclusive proof that she had sexual relations with my uncle Rodolphus and perhaps even his brother Rabastan while he/they was/were in Azkaban - and I just now realized that it must have been very unfortunate for Rabastan to reside in a place that rhymed so eerily with his name. He must have been harassed, but since it's only fitting considering what he did to me, I won't feel too badly for him. The fucker. So glad he's dead.
Moving on.

I wanted to try to prove that Mitchell had something to do with the escape. What is known is that the Dark Lord went there at some point (probably several times, actually) to talk to and negotiate with the Dementors. We also know that for whatever reason, when the Dementors are loyal to the Ministry and those in charge of Azkaban, they actually listen and do what they are told, even though it is in their nature to want to rampage and suck as many souls as possible. They must be of a dual nature, ravenous AND obedient - perhaps a sort of pack animal.

My point is that we know they listen and obey orders, and can also be persuaded when the offer is right for them, which means that they can be communicated with. And since this is true, they can be asked questions. I already said that I myself would not be able to ask them for a few reasons, the most important one being that I don't want to go anywhere near them, thank you very much!

So, I asked my posse of listeners if they could have someone who already communicates with the Dementors on a regular basis - the Warden of Azkaban, for instance - go in and ask the Dementors how exactly the Dark Lord persuaded them to defect to his side. No one ever really thought to ask before because it seemed self explanatory. The Dark Lord went in, talked to them, and eventually won them over.

But it occurred to me that he must have had help. It wouldn't have been seemly for him to have been spotted hanging about Azkaban so often. So he must have had someone on the inside helping him with negotiations. What if that someone was Mitchell? And honestly, if it wasn't, it seemed like a good idea to figure out who it was anyway and see about appropriate punishment.

So, after making my suggestion and a list of questions to ask the Dementors, we as a group went to Azkaban.

Oh Harry! How I sincerely wish that you were there to hold my hand! I'm going to spend at least an hour tonight thanking you all over with my tongue that you spoke at my trial and prevented me from going to that horrible HORRIBLE place! Only the fact that everyone but me was able to produce a Patronus saved me from going into literal shock and coming out an extremely traumatized man.

Side note, I insist that you teach me how to do that. I never want to be vulnerable to a Dementor again!

Anyway, Shacklebolt threw his political power around and ordered the Warden to ask my list of questions to the Dementors. He may be used to working with them, but I can't imagine that it's entirely pleasant for him either. He waffled for a bit, but then accepted the task and got on with it. We were seated in a conjoining room that was well warded and watched through the wall, which was spelled so we could see and hear through it.

I have no idea if the Dementors speak in an actual language, but I think they must communicate via a series of mental images relayed telepathically, because the Warden would ask a question and all would be silent for a few seconds up to a minute or so as he wrote things down on a piece of parchment. And then he'd ask the next question.

I feel very bad for Auror Bletchly. As the lead Auror on this particular part of the case, he was required to be in the room with the Warden and the Dementors so that he could actually 'hear' the answers and verify that the Warden wasn't omitting or changing anything. I wouldn't have traded places with him for anything short of personally solving/avenging your murder (or that of any of our children). I think I'm going to buy him something very nice to apologize for putting him in that situation. Perhaps a bottle of Dragon Barrel Brandy.
Everything else aside, I have a feeling that you are dying to know what was uncovered. Long story short, you were right. Mitchell met with the Dark Lord at least once when she was a guard, shortly after he was resurrected, and agreed to liaison for him with the Dementors. I suppose it must have been pure luck on her part that she spotted him there, because he more or less played into her hands by giving her the opportunity she must have been waiting her whole life for.

Unless she really was an innocent at that point who was utterly corrupted by the Dark Lord. In which case, she would have been a woman in love? With Rodolphus? Simply wanting to have his baby for normal reasons, until the Dark Lord came along and turned her completely and unspeakably evil.

For my own sanity, I'm going to assume that it was the first option and sheer luck on her part that brought the two of them together at the right place and time for her to agree to be his minion.

I thought - once the questioning was over - that that would be it. That we'd, er they'd, have all the proof they needed to go out and arrest Mitchell. And even though they actually did, there was one more thing they needed to do first before anything else could happen.

Robards obtained the memories of the questioning from both Bletchly and the Warden, then we adjourned to the Ministry - THANK MERLIN AND SALAZAR! - where we used a Pensieve to watch and rewatch the memories a few times so that they could be picked apart and every last detail recorded in notes from all five of us (Shacklebolt, Robards, Deputy Dawlish, Auror Bletchly and me,) plus the other lead Auror on the related Vigilante cases, Auror Levi? Lethi? Letti? Bah! I don't buggering care! It's actually more than a bit weird to be in a memory and suddenly be surrounded by images from the Dementor's memories. It was also weird to see images of Mitchell from when she was a guard in uniform. She was actually rather pretty, and something about her in uniform would have turned me on if I had an ounce of attraction for her, which I DO NOT!!! blech...

And so, that's why I once again did not come home until about two in the morning. I'm exhausted!!! But as usual, I can't seem to sleep until I purge all my thoughts into an email for you to read. Thus, you'll almost certainly read this before you actually get a chance to talk to me. Please forgive me for not waking you up and worshiping you with my tongue as promised - or even just talking to you - but I feel like I need to sleep for three years to get rid of the effects of Azkaban. SO, I'll do both tomorrow. In fact, I won't plan to do anything else at all tomorrow, so that you'll have me all to yourself once you get back from working at Unity House.

And then, yes, we should definitely take a trip this weekend. Only question is do you want it to be just us so that we can fully reconnect after everything that's happened recently? Or do you want it to be a family vacation?

With every beat of my heart,
Draco
Chapter 262

Chapter Summary

Harry gets to have a bit of fun without Draco :-) 

Wednesday August 16th
My sweet, sleepy love,

At least this time the computer didn't fall on my head? Actually, at least this time when you fell asleep with the computer on your lap in bed, it wasn't because you made yourself ill while carrying our child. I did however, wake up trying to snuggle you and not understanding why your butt was so bony, I was cuddling your knees since you were sitting up. You are beyond adorable! I saw your email you were trying to send was not only to me, but that you had signed off, so I hit a quick "send", put away your computer, and put us both back to bed and snuggles. I will of course forgive you for not licking me all over, but I will definitely take you up on your offer to do it another time. Mmmmm.

But it certainly was not going to happen today! I woke up nice and early, got in a good run, had breakfast, snuggled our sweet babies and bigs, and read your email. I was about to head to Unity, with all of our children to let you sleep in, when I got the message from Kingsley that we were invited to watch Gina's raid. Um, hell yes!

I figured you would be quite upset if you weren't given the option to go as well, so I attempted to wake you up very sweetly to offer. Well, after I got brained with two pillows and that vase you keep on your nightstand, I decided that I would let you sleep in instead! You can't get upset with me for going without you, I tried my best.

So I brought ours to Unity as planned, but left them with the caregivers and their friends while I headed over to the Ministry. Don't worry, it was just like the raid with the vigilantes, I was safely away from all of the action. I was just another body in "Mission Control". Merlin Draco, you are going to want to watch my pensieve memory of this. The Aurors decided that instead of rushing in wands blazing, they would act like they were there to help her. So they went up and knocked, and when she answered, they told her they were there about her concerns over Lucius' paternity and her case to receive financial support. Well, technically this did all come from there originally! She invited them in. She offered them tea! She offered the Aurors who were about to arrest her tea!!

She started tearing up, and went on this long-winded spiel about how much she misses her child. They let her go on and on for a few minutes and then Bletchley, sarcastically as hell, asks her which of her abandoned children she meant, "you must be more specific ma'am, you've left a trail of babies." You could see her start panicking, but she's not kept out of trouble for nothing, she cried even more and said that she couldn't raise her first son, but that didn't mean she didn't love him and that didn't mean that she shouldn't be able to have or see any future children. Sobbing about "her boys" and how she wishes she could find both of them (yeah, apparently she has absolutely no clue where Sebastian is. She didn't even know she was in the same room as he was the monster!) but if she could get Gavin back that would go partway to healing her broken heart. Sly as hell, Bletchley smirks at her and says, "how much healing do you have to do to make up for the one you had in Azkaban?"
And that's when she lost her mind, screaming about how they had no proof, they had nothing on her, she would see them all brought before the Wizengamot, and they-would-pay! Bletchley, my new hero, calm as can be, stuns her and leans in real close "Don't worry, we'll make sure you have a cell REEEEEAL close to your boyfriend."

So that is why I was laughing like a lunatic when I apparated into my office. You were leaning over my desk looking like you were about to write me an insta-owl to ask me how things were going. So, I took all of that adrenaline I was running on, and took advantage of the fact that you were already bent over, to have my wicked way with you. I just can't decide which I liked more; listening to you beg while I ate your arse and spread you open for me, or when I buggered you until you came screaming all over my desk. It's a tough call.

I've already spoken with Tabitha and Luna, I am taking off tomorrow (Thursday) through Monday. We can take a nice leisurely weekend with our family. I would love to have a romantic getaway, but we have been spending way too much time away from the kids. So I think we should go as a family. It's not like we can't still have alone time, three of them nap, and we have Muffy and her babies who love to help.

I plan on helping you with your Patronus while we're there. I'm sorry you went to Azkaban without me, I would have protected you with mine. I look forward to seeing what form yours takes!

Ok, but for now I had better be off. The reason we're not leaving until tomorrow is because I have been ordered to not miss another movie night! So, I'll see you in an hour or so for another sports movie …. The Mighty Ducks! Can't wait to hold you and the babies in my arms.

Yours always,
Harry
P.S. I can’t believe you thought Mitchell was attractive!!

P.P.S. Ok I take that back. Evil doesn’t have to be ugly. Young Tom Riddle was smoking hot!

Wednesday August 16th
Oi!

I said that she was pretty but that I was NOT attracted to her!

Anyway, movie night was interesting as always. The Mighty Ducks is an interesting concept. Perhaps I should impose a 'community service' on myself. After all, I did sort of get away with a few things I should have been punished for, and I do know a few things that could be taught to impressionable young children. Such as the valuable skills of lurking, hiding, sneaking, spying, and stalking. Not to mention magical furniture repair.

Hmm...

I have a song stuck in my head from the movie, can you guess what it is?

As for our weekend family getaway, well since you mentioned wanting to go to a Scandinavian country, I looked up things to do to see what we might like. As it turns out, there's a jazz festival in Oslo, Norway. It runs August 14th through the 19th - and so, we've missed the beginning of it. But that's alright. I figure we'll do it this way; we'll go tomorrow and get settled in our hotel, maybe do a little sight-seeing in Oslo. Then we'll go to the festival and see what's what on Friday and Saturday. Then on Sunday, we'll move to Spitsburgen - also in Norway - to spend the night and bask in the
midnight sun. It's a remote Island with not much to do. It's cool but not cold this time of year, but still best to bring warm clothes since probably the only thing we can do and will want to do is a bit of hiking.

Warning, apparently, Polar Bears are a rampant and protected species - as are the Arctic Fox and the Svalbard Reindeer - and so, are a risk when hiking or spending time in nature. There's a law that states that everyone is required to be armed to defend themselves from Polar Bears as a last resort. THAT said, with wands and stunning charms, I feel confident that we'd have nothing to worry about in that regard. The easiest - and probably most entertaining - way to distract and occupy a Polar Bear for a bit of nature observation, would be to simply transfigure a rock or something into a large fish or something else they'd quite like to eat. Suddenly, we're not a threat and they get a full belly. Win win!

Of course, if you'd rather stay at the festival, we can do that too. I just thought it would be interesting to see the midnight sun, especially since it's close to setting - generally on August 23rd or thereabouts.

Note - while researching the Scandinavian countries, I discovered that Sweden has a law that allows anyone to camp anywhere (that's not privately owned or a protected reserve), literally anywhere! So, I figured that next summer, before it starts getting colder again, we might want to come back for some hiking/camping. Malfoy style, naturally.

You make me hard when I'm all soft inside, I see the truth when I'm all stupid eyed, the arrow goes straight through my heart, without you everything just falls apart, 
Draco
Chapter 263
Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Thursday August 17th
Morning love!

We're going to Norway today! We're going to Norway today! Squeeeeeeee! I'm looking forward to the views, tall blonde men as far as the eye can see. I mean…..fjords.

And Jazz Festivals! This is going to be amazing. I mean, I love music, and jazz is certainly one of my favorite genres, but watching you and Lainie light up around music is my favorite part. And jazz! I am completely guilty of truly enjoying any music. I have preferences obviously, but I certainly don't turn up my nose at top forty songs, or think I'm too good to bop my head to boy band music aimed at teen girls. I dare anyone to listen to Bye Bye Bye and not bop and dance along. Not. Possible. But jazz really is crosses cultural lines, language barriers, and backstory. You don't need to speak English, or even listen to the version with lyrics to FEEL when Louis Armstrong performed "What a Wonderful World"

You know what music is amazing as well? Anything by Queen obviously! Which ended up stuck in your head? We Will Rock You? or We are the Champions?

I think seeing the midnight sun sounds awesome. And again, while a romantic weekend would have been nice, I love that our kids are getting these memories and having these experiences. I know Eri and Ori are too little to remember anything, even Viona's too little, but I hope Lainie keeps the memories of these trips forever. And obviously as the babies grow they will start remembering these trips eventually. Oh, poor us, we will just have to keep traveling throughout their childhoods so that we can give them awesome memories. It's a rough life for sure!

Thinking about them all growing older is both terrifying and thrilling. I want to keep them trapped these tiny ages forever. But I also love dreaming about what they will love and how it will shape our family and how it will shape our travels. I mean, you and Lainie love music, and I am going to work really hard to instill that in all of our children. But I think about in a few years, maybe Viona becomes heavily into fashion (she certainly already has an opinion about everything!) and instead of going to every music festival on the continent, we start adding in fashion weeks. Or the almost twins get into quidditch and we make an effort to travel to the different countries to see their teams play. Or we have more children and they fall in love with theatre and I can go to every single musical ever written!

But today, I am going to breathe in their sweet baby scents, let them wrap their pudgy hands around my finger, and enjoy the stage we're in now.

Oh! With polar bears and reindeer and ….. foxes? I've never been around a real fox. Do you think I could transform and romp with them if we see some? I just don't want to get eaten by a polar bear. Can you make sure no polar bears eat me?

Well, you're still sleeping, so I am going to make sure we're all packed up and ready to go once you're up. Warm clothes for the midnight sun, lighter clothes for being packed in with crowds during the festival. And by making sure we're all packed up, I of course mean that I am going to ask Muffy what I should help with, she will glare at me, and I will slink off in shame to play with the kids before we leave!
Every part of me belongs to every part of you,
Harry

Monday August 21st at about 2AM
My talented husband,

Don't give me that look, you are. You just think you're not, but I've seen you keep a simple beat with the Unity Kids - and really, with Ethan teaching, you'd have to be less intelligent than a rock to NOT pick up at least a little skill.

Anyway, I loved the Oslo Jazz Festival. Maybe I'm biased, but it seems like we arrived just in time for the best acts. And you're right, it didn't matter what language the songs were sung in, the music was irresistible. Dancing with Elena and Kisa was probably my favorite part. As good as Kisa is at Krav Maga, she hasn't really thought dancing was useful until she started hanging around Elena so much, and now I'm teaching her (well both of them, really) when I have some time and they're not at Unity House.

I don't think you have to do much to ensure that the babies have a love for music. Ever notice how even Eris stops fussing for a few hours when we're around music like that? I think it's probably because she likes the music, but it could also be that she just loves being in a carrier on my back when I'm dancing around. At 4 months old, they are both small enough to fit on my back or chest at the same time, but they are starting to get big enough where I'm going to have to wear only one on each side.

I'm also really glad we taught both Elena and Kisa how to wear them because it gave us an opportunity to pass the littles around a bit. I know Viona loves us all equally, and doesn't mind if you're holding her or one of the big girls, but I secretly (or maybe not so secretly) think she loves being held by me the best. It feels special somehow, and so, I always take the time to give her extra kisses and snuggles when I am wearing her. Not to mention I just sort of dance the entire time unless I'm required to remain still. But I think I unconsciously do that no matter which baby I'm holding, haha.

As for the song that got stuck in my head, it was actually both. I'd start out humming/singing We Will Rock You, and then I'd find myself singing We Are the Champions, and then sort of mashing them together.

Speaking of boy bands, you mentioned Bye Bye Bye, and while yes, I've caught myself dancing to it (Ethan seems to like it too), there's actually a different one that I HATE, but it gets stuck in my head often enough that it seems to have grown on me, and I'm sort of embarrassed to admit it, but...
MmmBop…

Moving on.

So, we're now in Spitsbergen, and just like I said, there's not much to do here but hike and camp. Even so, we're having so much fun. Even our Russian Queen - who keeps pretending to complain - has been spotted smiling at and taking pictures of the wildlife. The best part for me is after we set up camp and it's about 10 or 11 at night, but we're still lying on our backs, looking up at a sun lit sky.

We've seen plenty of Polar Bears in the distance, but whenever I notice one, I engorge one of the Salmon I brought with (and keep in stasis in my carry all), and levitate it over to them so that they have a nice big meal and aren't interested in us.
Of course, standing guard while you played with that family of artic foxes was adorable. I think because you're so tiny, the parents assumed that you were a lost kit and tolerated you. They may have even adopted you. Could you talk to them? I've never been around a real marmoset, so I have no idea if or how I'd communicate with them. After the Dementor interview, I'm sort of curious about interspecies communication.

You trying to teach me to cast a Patronus was frustrating. Not that YOU were frustrating or a bad teacher, just that I couldn't seem to get it, no matter how much I tried. The closest I came was a sort of vague, wispy, mist. And I was using all of my happiest memories: Us shagging for the first time, us getting married, finding out I was pregnant for real, holding our babies, and things like that. If my happiest memory just isn't good enough, am I not actually happy?? Am I merely..... content?

Hmm... I have to think on this some more, and in the mean time, I'm going to snuggle up to your sleeping body and watch the clouds in the sunny sky even though it's going on 2AM and we're going home tomorrow.

Every breath you take, every move you make, every step you take, I'll be watching you,
Draco
P.S. Harry... what if I literally can't be happy? What if I'm cursed or have incurred so much bad karma that I just don't deserve it? I'm sort of worried now...

P.P.S Did you find it as hilarious as I did when we told that man (not sure if he was a guide or a police officer or what) that we didn't need guns because we had my 'lucky stick' - which I pointed at him playfully - only for him to hold up his hands as if surrendering and babbling something which I can only assume were fervent prayers for his life, before agreeing that yes, my lucky stick was plenty of protection, aahahahahahaha!
Draco wonders if Harry can communicate with foxes when in that form, and also suspects that Viona might have snuck a baby fox home with her.

Monday August 21st
My love,

Of course you can be happy. I like to think you already are! I tried to explain this to you when I was teaching you, but it seemed a bit like you were hyperfocusing on the negative and weren't quite ready to hear what I had to say about the patronus.

It absolutely needs an amazing happy wonderful memory. I'll be honest with you and tell you that my memory has changed quite a few times over the years. For much of my teen years I used the memory of Sirius saying I could live with him. And funny enough, it eventually became the memory of watching the friends I taught the patronus actually accomplish their patronus. For much of the beginning of our marriage I used the image of you walking down the aisle at our wedding. And it's currently a specific moment during our family photo session, where you were covered in our children and you turned and winked at me.

However, while you need a happy memory, you also need to feel that positive emotion, not just think of the memory. And you can't falter in your confidence. That's where I think your troubles have come from. You are a very talented and powerful wizard. You're brilliant. You are used to magical things coming to you easily. And because this is not coming immediately, you are questioning your abilities, you're questioning whether or not you can truly even be happy, and you are so focused on the negative feelings that you aren't allowing yourself to feel the happiness from your chosen memories.

You are a very confident man. People who love you less than I do, might even say it's bordering on arrogance. But you aren't confident in your ability to produce this very difficult charm that some people never truly master. I actually wasn't able to form a full corporeal patronus until I knew I had already done it. (long story, time turners, I saw myself having already done it so I knew I could do it). Maybe use a memory that reminds you of your natural confidence, like the memory of beating me at quidditch at the Unity meet and greet night!

What you should not think about is the fact that we have to send Kisa home soon! Or the fact that the reason we have to send her home is because she and Elena start back at school in two weeks! How are summer hols already almost over?! Well, I suppose when I have amnesia for a few weeks that does tend to eat up a chunk of time. I don't want to share Lainie with the rest of the world quite yet, but I think I will enjoy getting back into my habit of having breakfast with her every morning and taking her to Traditions. She's my little sweetheart. My morning buddy.

Don't feel guilty about wanting to be the Princess' favorite. As long as YOU don't have a favorite child I think it's ok that they have a parent they feel closest to. It's ok, I know you're Viona's favorite. It took me a bit to come to terms with it, but I promise I'm ok with it now. I'm thankful for your special bond with her, if she hadn't immediately taken to you as the only person who was able to calm her, and if you hadn't been unwilling to let her go even when we traveled across the world, we
may not have known she was ours. The two of you having an immediate special connection is the reason she's our daughter. Being her second favorite parent isn't so bad seeing as I get to be her parent!

I really did love this trip. It was fun and full of music and cool sights, but it was one of our calmer trips so I really felt as though I got to reconnect with all of you. I can't believe how big our kids are getting. When we got Viona she was a teeny little six month old, and now she's a running, babbling, toddler. Lainie was eight when we first met her and she's going to be ten in two months. And our teeny almost twins are not so teeny. Well, Eris is pretty teeny still, dainty little Angel. But Orion is probably bigger at four months than Viona was at six. He's going to be taller than me by the time he goes to Hogwarts!

It was fun being a fox with that family of arctic foxes. I could kind of communicate, but it wasn't a language. It was more like I instinctively knew what certain noises meant of some of the body language. I was busy making sure they didn't attack me and that no bears came close enough to eat me, did the kids think it was fun to watch?

Sleeping under the lit sky was such a neat experience, but I am definitely looking forward to sleeping in my nice dark bedroom tonight! And actually, since everyone else on this jet seems to be napping, and I am just typing away like a chump, I might see if I can sneak in with you and catch a little cat nap myself!

Plant a seed, plant a flower, plant a rose - You can plant any one of those - Keep planting to find out which one grows - It's a secret no one knows,

Harry

P.S. Yes of course I enjoyed you pulling out your lucky stick, I always like it when I get a glimpse of your lucky stick!

Tuesday August 22nd
Pervert!

I'm actually smirking because I love your pervertedness.

I had a chance to talk to Mr. Lott - our Pilot - for a bit before I took my nap on the jet. As it turns out, he loves when we take our little trips because he then gets paid to go on holiday as well. So, now I don't feel so bad about hiring him at the drop of a hat whenever the mood strikes. He says that he took advantage of the law requiring everyone to carry a gun in the wilderness of Spitsbergen to do a bit of light hunting. He was on a different part of the Island than we were, so none of the animals we saw were in any sort of danger, and also, he says that he had more fun practicing shooting AT things than actually shooting them, so, he probably didn't catch much of anything.

Grandmama sent me an owl after you'd left for Unity House and I'd woken up. Technically, I suppose she must have sent it at some point yesterday morning or even the day before for the owl to have flown all the way from Russia, but the point is that it arrived after I woke up - while I was still naked in bed eating my breakfast with Viona. Muffy had assured me that you'd taken the twins with you, but Viona - like me - often needs a bit more sleep to avoid epic cranky meltdowns.

As I was saying, Grandmama wrote me an owl letting me know that Kisa had naturally kept in contact with her all summer, and that it sounds like Kisa has had a lot of fun. Grandmama is grateful because she's getting on in years, and no longer knows quite what a young girl likes to do these days. Plus, well, Kisa is being raised to take over the Stregge some day, and so, she very often focuses on
things that aren't so fun. Don't get me wrong, I love how strong willed and ruthless that little girl is, but I'm sure you can understand that it may not be the most interesting life for a child. SO, Grandmama has decided to come visit us this upcoming weekend. She wants to thank us personally for entertaining Kisa in a (mostly) age appropriate manner that she enjoyed. She also wants to chat with you about what happened to you.

I'll warn you now, if you want anyone - such as Randy Dumas (or perhaps even Gina Mitchell) - to inexplicably disappear, simply describe innocently and in full detail what they did to you (or in Gina's case, to our family), and then watch as her mouth tightens into a stern line and a malevolent gleam shines from her eyes. You don't even have to imply that you wish they'd just disappear. They simply will.

But Grandmama will have nothing to do with that, of course.

Anyway, after visiting for the weekend, Grandmama plans to take Kisa home so that they'll have plenty of time to go shopping and get ready for her upcoming school year. Which reminds me, I'm going to have to take Elena shopping too. She's certainly growing and could use an all new wardrobe. I'll make it a daddy daughter date.

And oh! I should plan to take them to the Science Museum before Grandmama arrives, since I know that Kisa adores that place. Maybe we can make that one an extended family outing and invite Dudley, Donna, and Daisy. Ooo! I bet Hermione would love to go as well, and so we'd have a chance to spend the day with her, Blaise, their babies (and Ron, I suppose) in a relaxing manner before Traditions starts back up for the year.

And because I am apparently insane, I'll even offer to take Sebastian and Della so that my parents can have some one on one bonding time with Gavin. And what the hell, Teddy since it's been a while since we last saw him. Oi! I'm going to have to order our elves to shadow us invisibly to keep an eye on the extra sprogs. No need to lose one because there's too many to watch!

What do you think? Sound good?

It's not right, it's not fair, what you're missing over there, someday I'll find a way to show you, just how lucky I am to know you, ooo I love the way you, love the way you love me, there's nowhere else I'd rather be,
Draco

P.S The kids loved watching you romp as a fox and Viona even kept trying to play with them too. I might actually have to check her diaper bag to make sure she didn't 'accidentally' bring one of the baby arctic foxes home with her, haha.
Chapter 265

Chapter Summary

Draco is feeling unsettled and he's not really sure why.

Chapter Notes

I'm posting this chapter super early since I think I won't be able to post at all tomorrow. I'm in my last 24 hours of moving (hopefully, I may need to extend a day or two), and so I might be doing absolutely nothing but cleaning the old place until I drop tomorrow. I've got to tell you that after a month of moving (we gave ourselves a month so we wouldn't have to rush or push ourselves too hard, but due to delays in the little bit of work that needed to be done, we basically had to squeeze about 80 percent of it into this last week anyway), I am pretty much dead from the neck down. I would love to be able to sleep for a week after this!

Tuesday August 22nd

My love!

As much as I hate that Kisa is leaving us, that's so exciting that Grandmama is coming to visit to pick her up. It's been a while since we've seen her. Since Eri and Ori's naming ceremonies I think.

So when I was reading your email I was going back and forth on whether or not to tell her all of the details to the point where she will have them "taken care of". You know how I feel about being the cause of pain or death. I carry so much guilt over the people who died because I wasn't quick enough to take care of Voldemort, I would feel so responsible for someone dying because of me. But then I thought about the fact that she doesn't even need to hear it from me to learn the details of Dumas' case. And I also thought about the fact that I am so terrified of Grandmama that all she will have to do is give me "The Eyebrow" and I will spill everything anyway.

And you know I'm not going to have to say a word about Gina Mitchell. She's going to take one look at our much too small for his age, shy, skittish Gavin and she will have all the info she needs. Hell, I'd help her! Our sweet Gavin shouldn't have had anyone treat him so badly, let alone his mother. I'm just glad this nightmare with the vigilantes and with Gina's baby factory is almost over.

Oh! Speaking of the baby factory. Guess what was waiting on my desk when I came into my office this morning? An adoption request for Eliza! The timing worked out perfectly, if she'd been adopted any earlier we may not have found out all of the information we needed. I will miss her though. According to my paperwork I believe her parents will be picking her up tomorrow, possibly Thursday.

Which should work, you know how I like to be here to see the Kids off, so if she's picked up tomorrow we can go to the Science Museum on Thursday or Friday, and obviously if she's picked up Thursday we can go Friday. Yeah, our entire insane crew can go to the Museum. Seven adults, two big kids, five young babies, four toddlers, and five invisible house elves go to a museum. That
sounds like the beginning of either a terrible joke or possibly a horror movie.

I'm really glad Mr. Lott has been enjoying his mini paid vacations, but I'm really hoping he didn't murder any of my little fox friends I made. Oh who am I kidding, Viona saved them all in her bags! I think it's one of the drawbacks of us being able to transform, she thinks all tiny animals want to climb in her lap so she can pet them. But she really is just so sweet and gentle with animals. She often grabs on to my fur when I'm a fox, but even when she was tiny she never got so rough that she pulled my fur or made it hurt. She's so sweet and calm with Onyx. She can be so stubborn and demanding, but when she lets that sweetheart side out, I just melt. I often have to make sure she hasn't tried to smuggle in bugs or other little critters when we come in from the garden.

But I had better be off, the Kids who will be going back to Traditions soon have decided to start their summer homework and I promised to give them a hand. I'll see you when I get home for dinner tonight!

Loving you,
Harry

Wednesday August 23rd
My supportive Harry,

How did I not see this coming? I mean, upon reflection, it should have been obvious. But I was apparently oblivious as I was completely blindsided.

So... I'm getting another sister. Eliza - whom I've never really spent any time with or talked to, is now going to be a Malfoy. In my shock, I responded to the announcement at dinner with something like:

"Bloody hell! Why would you adopt another child?!?""

To which my mother gave me a light but deadly glare and said: "She is the actual sister of Sebastian, Gavin, and Della. Why wouldn't we adopt her?"

"Seems a shame not to have the entire set," my father added with a shrug and one of his cool, indifferent masks. He then took a sip of wine as if this matter had no more importance than a passing thought, but I know him better than that. He seemed like he was actually happy inside.

Perhaps he's finally reached a stage in his life where there is literally no one but my mother - and to a smaller extent, me - to tell him how to live his life, and so he's just throwing everything to the wind and doing as he likes. I do think he always wanted a big family - having been an only child like me - but it was drilled into him that he has to act a certain way. That he has to have a single Heir (and possibly a Spare if it looked like one would be needed), but never a large family to dilute the fortune.

Well, as to that, this might be the perfect way for him to have the best of both worlds. He will have his Heir and Spare but he will ALSO have a large family. And while the rest of the children will inherit sizeable mini fortunes upon his death, he can still pass down the majority of the fortune and family holdings to me and Gavin. Remember when I tried to explain the blood magic and wards? Well, this is the same thing, the Manor CAN'T go to anyone not of Malfoy Blood, and so it will go to me, and then to Eris and Orion. Probably just one of them, actually, as it needs a clear line, but my point is that adopting more children won't effect any of this in the slightest.

That said, I've been thinking lately that perhaps we should consider buying a new home, or moving to a different Malfoy property. It's NOT that I actually want to move, but maybe this is all getting to
be just a bit much for our little family. I love it here and grew up thinking that this is where I would
live until I die and am buried in the family cemetery, but maybe our family should have our own
home? I don't know. It just seems like a lot of people to live under one - admittedly enormous - roof.

My mother and father, their younger children - Della, Sebastian, Gavin, and now Eliza - ME and
you, and our brood - Elena, Viona, Eris, and Orion. That's... 12 people living in one house! Isn't
that... a bit much? And what if we have more kids???

But on the other hand, I love the fact that our kids are growing up here, playing in the dirt, running in
the fields, manipulating Greg into building more and more onto the playground (it's already about
half the size of the Park at Unity House!), I just... I don't know. I'm confused and unsettled, and I
don't even know why.

And now I've completely lost my train of thought, so I'm going to sign off now.

This thing called love, I just can't handle it, this thing called love, I must get round to it, I ain't ready,
crazy little thing called love,
Draco
P.S. Sorry that I won't be around much today, but Theo dropped in to remind me - yet again - that I
have a business that I'm actually supposed to take an active role in. So, today will be spent in deep
conference with Theo, Blaise, and Derek so that we can come up with other versions of the Chore
Control device. Blaise has his slaggy little heart set on having a perverted version dedicated solely to
naughty spells that might be useful during a quickie or a one off, and since he's more than likely
right, we might end up testing those spells on each other - in which case, I need you to email me if
there is anything I cannot do, or conversely, any spells you think I should add to the device and try
out on my business partners. Blaise sent an Insta-owl to Pansy telling her about this potential
development, and so she might grab an international Portkey from Russia to get in on the, erm,
business...

P.P.S Since my parents are planning to pick Eliza up today - provided all the paperwork clears (I
think the Ministry is rather relieved that they're willing to take on some of the potentially problematic
because of questionable parentage children, and so, expedite things simply because they've already
got a proven track record in this area) - which means that we'll be bringing her with us tomorrow too
when we go to the Science Museum. Also, I double checked with Hermione and we are definitely a
go, and are likely to be murdered in our sleep if we try to back out or postpone now, hahaha!

P.P.P.S. Harry, I'm pretty sure I have gone literally and certifiably insane because I realized that my
parents now officially have more kids than we do, and this seems like a sort of challenge that we
definitely should not lose! Erm... I might need you to smack some sense into me.

P.P.P.P.S. See you when I get home tonight. Love you!
Chapter 266

Chapter Summary

Harry isn't quite sure how to respond to Draco's unsettled feeling, and Draco has a business meeting that quickly turns into shenanigans.

Chapter Notes

*THIS* is my all time favorite chapter of this series. XD

Note: Draco's P.S.es were sent seperately, lol ^_^

Wednesday August 23rd

Ok so...

Well, what if ….

Um huh ….

I just don't even know where to start Draco Lucius!

I think maybe I will just start at the top of your email and work my way down?

I agree that your parents adopting Eliza probably should have been obvious. I was all excited about the timing because she didn't get adopted until after we "got" Gina Mitchell, but didn't give a second thought to the timing of her being adopted after it was discovered she had three biological siblings that all happened to live at our house. It should have been a lot more obvious to us. Maybe we're kind of dumb? I am going to write this one off as being exhausted fathers of small babies who still wake up all night long.

But I have to say, "seems a shame not to have the entire set" is the funniest thing I have ever heard your father say. It might be the funniest thing I have ever heard anyone say in my life. And as funny as it was, it does kind of make a weird sort of sense. They are all biological siblings and she's the only one your parents don't adopt? That seems weirder than them having a fifth child. Merlin Draco, you guys are almost the Weasleys! You are the oldest of FIVE!

They actually just came through here and picked her up. I honestly think it's funny that your father even attempts to act like anything other than a big old softie who adores his children. When he thought no one was watching, do you know how he went up to Eliza's room with her to help her grab her things? He carried her on his shoulders. On his shoulders Draco.

Which we might not witness things like that again if we … move? You want to move? Seriously? Before we were married you were so excited that I was willing to move here, it sounded like you would happily live here for the rest of your life. It's a tiny castle, I know there are a lot of us, but there's so much space. And we have a massive outdoor play area that Greg has spent the last year
adding to. I honestly can't believe you want to leave! Is it weird that I am the one who kind of never wants to leave? Draco, I grew up so lonely, and I know you did too. Our children are growing up in the same home as two of their grandparents, with a bunch of siblings, and aunts and uncles their age to play with. They will never have to be lonely. They have an entire outdoor wonderland to play and explore in. I just, I know it's crazy, but I can't be the only one who really likes that there's always someone around.

What if we built a house on the property? We could have our own building, but still be close enough for the kids to run across a lawn in their jammies if they want to have breakfast with Grandma. Or if Della wants to have a sleepover with Viona when they get older, it's just a pop across the grounds.

But the real question is, why would we leave our playroom?

I like the idea of a dirty chore wand. Necessities: lube charm, protection spells, contraceptive charm, and a scourifly or a tergeo. Maybe even a low charge … like our violet wands. Ok, I have to get my mind off of this, because now I am already missing our playroom and wanting you to torture my bollocks with that damn violet wand.

I think at this point you know my limits. I don't mind you torturing or tying, but no actual sexy touching. That kind of stuff is only if I'm there. But if you're just pointing a wand at them or having them point it at you to try things out? Have at it baby.

So now I think it's time to talk about the hippogriff in the room. You're "feeling unsettled". You want to move "if we have more kids". And now you want to compete with your parents about how many children to have?

There are two ways I can take this conversation.

1-Darling, we are not going to have children to compete with your parents. They are children, not collectibles.

2-If this is something you've been thinking about and you're just using this as a convenient segue into a conversation you weren't sure how to start, that is a different situation. This would be insane, we've been married barely over a year, we have four children, we live with four other small children, our youngest children are not even five months old yet! This is insanity!

Ok, now that I said what should be said, here's what I think. I think it's fairly well known that I am always going to be the half of this couple that lives with perpetual baby fever. You will probably never have to "talk me into" more children. But I think we need to go into adding any more children to our family in a more logical way than either kidnapping an orphan and taking her to Japan or accidentally drinking potions from the back of the cabinet. Are you thinking adoption or another pregnancy?

If we do adoption, is there a child that is standing out to you as "ours" or do you just want to start thinking about it and keeping an eye out for one of ours?

If we do a pregnancy, I actually am going to really put my foot down here. I loved experiencing pregnancy with you. It was a once in a lifetime experience. But exactly that; ONCE in a lifetime. I think the both of us being limited in certain ways, dealing with nausea and exhaustion, and dangerously going into labor at the same time, is something we should avoid. So I say only one of us should get pregnant. And I will absolutely not allow you to get pregnant if Healer Rowe says your magic levels haven't gone back to normal for you. Same thing for me, I will not get pregnant if I am not magically ready for it.
But if we find a child of ours at Unity. Or if one of us gets the all clear from Healer Rowe. And you're sure you're doing this because you want more children and not because you want to win. Then I'm in.

Insanely yours,
Harry

P.S. I think I've lost the plot because when you said they had more children than we have, my first thought was that we both had five. Then I realized I was counting Kisa as one of ours!

P.P.S. I'm sorry you'll miss movie night, but I hope you have fun with your business crew!

P.P.P.S. Aren't you terrified of getting pregnant at the same time as Pansy and having her murder you for stealing her thunder?

Wednesday August 23rd
About 6PM
DAMNIT HARRY!

You were supposed to slap some sense into me, not encourage me in my lunacy!

But you do bring up some valid points. Neither of us are cleared for pregnancy yet, and to be honest, I still don't feel quite up to 100 percent yet. My energy levels are obviously fine for most of the time, but I still get worn out before I would have before getting pregnant, and I don't think all of it is because we wake up a few times during the night to feed the babies.

Also, no, I *don't* feel like there's a kid that belongs to us, so that's not something I've been thinking about. You're right in that - when I stopped to think about it during our break (just before writing this response) - the *only* reason that I suddenly want more kids is that I feel like I have to win against my father. And that's not exactly a good reason to have more kids so soon.

As for moving out, I don't want to. I love living in the Manor, and I love that our kids are literally right next door - er, wing - to their Aunts and Uncles. Moving would accomplish nothing but give us some relative quiet. I just worried that perhaps *you* might be starting to feel a bit crowded. Or that you felt that it was time for me to grow up, be an adult, and have a home of our own. If you are happy living where we are, then I'm going to feel no guilt or shame at all if I dig my feet in even deeper and become impossible to move until I die.

Just remember, if you ever *do* decide that we should live on our own, I offered and you declined. The offer is now off the table!

And my break is now over. So far, we came up with a second version of the Chore Control device, and a lot of ideas for versions that have nothing to do with chores that we might develop down the line. With that out of the way, we're going to move onto the naughty version. Pansy and even Ivan just arrived.

Sorry that I'm going to miss movie night, I completely forgot about it!

Love you,
Draco
About 8PM
Oh Harry,

We finished creating a few prototypes for the Naughty Remote - name not set in stone - and now we're going to get drunk before trying them out. The idea is that if any of the spells goes wrong, our pain tolerance will be pretty high and we won't be in agony before someone can counter the charm. Also, it's just more fun that way, hahaha!

You should put the kids to bed and come on over to get in on this. ^_^

So far, button number one is the most obvious and necessary: A lubrication spell. #2 is a protection spell, while #3 is a contraceptive spell. #4 is a detection spell to ensure no one has anything nasty to pass along, especially anything not covered in the general protection spell. #5 is a mild cleaning spell for after the fun is over. #6 is a Leviosa just in case one partner needs to be moved into a bed after playtime is over.

And then, because we're dirty, perverted freaks, we just had to keep going, buwahahahahaha!

Number 7 is an incarceration spell - basic hands to the headboard and/or feet to the footboard, not any sort of complicated bondage... #8 is an orgasm denial spell. #9 is the counter spell for when it's time to have that massively pent up orgasm after all. #10 is the opposite: an instant orgasm spell, for those times when a person just wants a quick and fun way to put themselves to sleep. #11 is a stinging hex set at the right intensity to feel like a good spanking without going overboard on the pain. This one would need to be hit repeatedly for desired results as we felt that having it continue on until asked to stop might very easily go wrong - say a person passed out or reached that spinning/flying state and *couldn't* tell it to stop. #12 is exactly as you suggested, a low intensity electric shock/buzz. If a person wants a higher intensity, they're just going to have to buy a Violet Wand.

And lastly, but definitely my favorite, number 13 is... An instant Karada Harness, hee hee hee! This one was actually the most complicated of all the programmed spells because I had to figure out how to get it to scan the desire body first, and then conjure up the perfect amount of rope to create the harness at the right tightness so that it's tight but not constricting.

As I said, we get to test this out here in a few minutes - after we all have a loo break and get a bit drunk. I'm quite looking forward to it :-D

OH CRAP!!! I just remembered that we were going to add dressing and undressing spells and we forgot! Off to add a couple more buttons...

Unsurprisingly Hornily yours,
Draco

- 

About 10PM
BUWAHAHAHAHAHA!

Theo just fell over! He used the Naughty Wand to cast the Incarcerus on his own feet, and then tried to walk it off and fell over! Pansy is sober, so she keeps using the device to put our clothes back on so that she can strip them all off again, and then tease the fuck out of us. She's very handsy - always has been.

She got me so buggering hard earlier that I had to add yet ANOTHER button to the device with a
spell to instantly deflate a shaft - which I suppose goes along with orgasm denial. The temporary impotence spell could come in handy during torture play. TORTURE PLAY!!! Harry, where the fuck are you?!?! I wanna torture you, and didn't you say something about electrocuting your balls?

Oh! Oh! Now we're singing! YEA! Yet Another Drinking Song, because clearly, we're not drunk enough yet. Although Pansy, the daft cow, is pregnant and can't drink more than a sip here and there. So she's more or less owning all of us, and there's lube EVERYWHERE!

Did you know that if you cover an entire staircase in lube, and then slide down it on flat cardboard boxes, you can't stop at the end before hitting the wall on the other side of the room? We had to try that at least a half dozen times each, just to be sure. Again, except for Pansy, who did a sort of surfing thing down the stairs instead, using her magic to stop safely at the bottom. No fair! My magic isn't working quite right at the moment. Harry, where in the bloody hell are you?! You're missing all the fun!

I'm gonna surf!

Ow.... That was not a good idea...

I'm gonna do it again.

Ow... I'm gonna master this, Merlin damn it!

WOOHOO! I did it! Still hit the wall, but I didn't fall flat on my face this time.

OH!!! Ivan - who's a muggle - is apparently a BRILLIANT drunk, because he mastered surfing the stairs on the first try and barely even hit the wall!

And now Blaise is flirting with him, and somehow, we *ALL* got naked again in the last two minutes. I'm thinking the impotence spell wore off Blaise and he got horny again because he's definitely exuding: Let's all shag right now! Hormones, or pheromones, or whatever in the bloody fuck he does that gets everyone to say yes to him.

Pansy, Ivan, and Blaise are now looking like they're about to put on an interesting show and you're nowhere to be found. Fucking get here already!

Ooo… Theo and Derek want a lovely little whipping. Looks like I'm about to have some fun after all. And hooray, I'm not too drunk to conjure ropes, heh heh heh. Bondage, domination, and whipping. I'm gonna have FUN! >:-D

Dominatingly yours,
Draco
P.S. I love you, and I love Dragons, and I love my friends, and I love the whole damn world! But more than anything except our kids, I love you the mostest most out of everything.

P.P.S. Let's buy a baby Dragon!!!

P.P.P.S OH!!! I know, I'll buy a baby zoo!

P.P.P.P.S. Yeah, I know, right?!

P.P.P.P.P.S. Bloody Gryffindor!

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. Adding that instant orgasm spell was my most bloody brilliantest idea ever! It makes a glorious counter point to the whipping and torture, heh heh heh heh heh.....
P.P.P.P.P.P.S. It's a fox! It's a frickin' tiny little fox! I don't know how or why, I just tried it and it's a fox about the size of a kitten!

P.P.P.P.P.P.S. We're thinking it might be a brilliant idea to start a bonfire in the middle of the room for dancing around and shenanigans. What do you think?

Wednesday August 23rd
My Dragon,

I got home from movie night a little while ago. It was a fun night as usual, we watched Ernest Goes to Camp. It was hilariously awful. One of those movies where you laugh but then you cringe because it was so terrible you shouldn't have laughed at all. We've been on a summer movie kick, and this one was based around a summer camp so it was quite fitting. Although with next week being their last movie night before school is back in session, we are going to do a school movie, Kindergarten Cop.

It was so weird to not have you in my arms tonight. I'm really glad you seem to be having a fun night with your friends. I in no way want to make you feel guilty for going out on your own, but Merlin did I miss you tonight. The Kids definitely asked where you were. But apparently "a business meeting" was an acceptable excuse for them. I didn't give them the long version of "a business meeting of his best friends while they get drunk and practice throwing sex spells at each other!" And I didn't know this was happening at the time, but I also definitely would have left out "attempting to surf down lube filled staircases." I hope you haven't injured yourself! Hopefully Pansy, in between torturing you all, is making sure no one does actual bodily harm. Or at the very least brings you to St. Mungo's if you knock your head hard enough.

I appreciate the numerous attempts at inviting me to come play with all of you. But by the time I got home from Movie night, got the babies to sleep, and sat to read your email, it's much too late if I am going to spend the day tomorrow at a museum with an army of children. I feel as though one of us should be well-rested. You shouldn't be hung over for long, I will have a hangover potion on your nightstand for when you wake up, but I don't think you're going to be quite as bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as you'd like to be. There may be some sort of strop.

Although reading your email and thinking about all of the naughty, dirty, dominating things you're doing is getting me so hot. So, uh, maybe tomorrow night after we get home we could go to our playroom? Maybe some of that violet wand business? Or um, you remember that one time, with the bollock spanking while I was on your lap? Um, please?

Oh, hold on, you've sent me another email.

I love you as well baby. And dragons. And our friends. But yes I love you the mostest too. But no I don't think we should get a baby dragon, or a baby zoo. Is that like a zoo full of baby animals? Or like a tiny zoo?

You are quite adorable when you're pissed. I rarely see it, usually I am the lightweight and end up having to have you carry me to bed. Mmmm, I love it when you manhandle me. Yum. It's ..

Another email?

Instant orgasm spell? How many times can you use that in a row? Is that like orgasm torture? I'm trying to think of the logistics, it would be nice to be able to just call one up, but what if you used it over and over again, when would it stop working?

Oh fucking shite, you've sent another P.S. - Darling, maybe it's time to get off the computer?
What's a fox? My animagus form? We already knew that, but wait you said you tried it, but you're a marmoset? Oh!!! Did you just cast your first patronus?!? And it's a fox? Merlin I fucking love you Draco! I'm so proud of you! I knew you could do it. I can't wait to see it! I'm a little jealous that I wasn't there to …

Another you utter nerd?

Holy fucking hell you guys are going to light something on fire!!!

-

Good morning my love,

I just realized that I never hit send last night. I may have been distracted trying to let Muffy know that she needed to keep an ear out for the babies while I saved you and your prat friends from burning down the building you were all in. There was so much booze in the room, you might as well have tried to light a bonfire in a match factory! You're lucky you're so damn cute, but I'll be honest, I don't know if cute was going to cut it for Blaise when I dropped him off with Ron and 'Mione last night.

But I just got a message from her a few minutes ago, Hermione, Ron, Blaise, and babies are going to be here in twenty minutes so we can all leave for the museum together. And 'Mione assures me that if you aren't awake when she gets here that she will wake you up herself. So, I am going to come sweetly wake you up, give you your hangover potion, and send you to the shower to avoid her wrath!

Love you,
Harry
Chapter 267

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco take the kids to the science museum. Kisa has to teach a boy his place.

Chapter Notes

I read about something similar happening in a school and thought it would make an excellent chapter plot. :-)

Thursday August 24th
My extremely patient husband,

I'm so sorry for being an almost literal snarling dragon today. Please promise me that if I EVER think that it's a brilliant idea to plan an outing for practically every child we know, and then decide to get drunk the night before, just murder me. Straight up Avada Kedavra me so that I do not have to suffer nor make everyone else suffer. I tried my best to confine my strops to other people, but I'm pretty sure I snarled at you more than once.

That said, I'd nearly forgotten how vicious my mouth can be when I'm in a bad mood. I'm pretty sure I made a single mother with three unruly brats cry. I made the girl working the ice cream stand want to slap me. With a cricket bat. Or a barstool. I also made a man who muttered homophobic insults after us as we passed - hand in hand as I'm certain you were trying to rein me in - utterly terrified that I will find him while he's sleeping and peel all the skin off his body to feed to his dog.

That part actually made me feel a bit better. I think I was in a better mood for a while after that. Plus lunch helped greatly as I was not the only one getting cranky by that point.

All the littles - except for Eri, Ori, Bianca, and Roderick, who are too young to really do anything but look around from their carriers - seemed to really enjoy the kid friendly exhibits. We let Elena and Kisa wander around for a bit on their own since the things they were interested in are clearly intended for older children/adults.

I know it initially embarrassed the hell out of Hermione - who doesn't really like making a spectacle in public - but my favorite part of the day was when an announcer came over the loudspeaker to say: "Will the nephew, erm, ADULT responsible for a very foul mouthed little Russian girl please come to the third floor security station. As soon as possible please! Seriously, drop everything and run!"

So, our group naturally journeyed en masse to the specified station, only to find both Kisa and Elena arguing with a group of security officers. A family appeared to be standing off to the side, glaring at Kisa, a boy about their age or a little older looking like he sincerely wished he could create a portal in the floor and jump into it - even into an active volcano - rather than be standing there.

I walked over to the group while everyone else stood a bit back so as to not crowd the station should anyone else need to come looking for help. "I'm Draco Malfoy and that's my Aunt and daughter
"you're shouting at."

"Daddy!" Elena exclaimed in relief and threw her arms around me.

"What happened?" I asked since the entire station had fallen silent.

"We were just minding our own business," Elena began.

"I was inspecting the Tesla Coil and making mental notes for things to try when I get home," Kisa added.

One of the security officers cleared his throat. "Sir, we have a complaint against - is she really your aunt???

I turned a frosty glare on him. "I asked what happened, and I was not asking you, so kindly keep your mouth shut before I have to hex it shut for you."

He was clearly flustered and not sure what to say to that. His co-workers all bristled, but I stared them down and they didn't say anything. I love when that trick works.

"As I was saying, I was looking at the Tesla Coil, when THAT BOY came up behind me and said that girls weren't supposed to like science," Kisa said.

"And she pretended like she didn't hear him, so he said it again," Elena elaborated.

"I turn to give him a cold stare and told him that I could like whatever I wanted and it wasn't any of his business," Kisa explained.

"So HE said that girls were too dumb to understand anything scientific!" Elena roared.

"HE SAID WHAT?!?!?" Hermione roared in outrage, thrusting the baby in her hands over to Blaise in order to march closer.

"BUT I ignored him," Kisa informed us. "Even though I wanted to punch him in his fat face! I restrained myself!"

"She really did!" Elena backed her up. "Although, if glares could murder, he'd be dead on the floor and have no idea what hit him!"

"SO THEN he had the nerve to turn me away from the Tesla Coil, point toward an exhibit on fashion, tell me that I should go back to where I belong, and smack my butt for good measure!" Kisa roared, crossing her arms and stomping her foot.

I glared at the security officers again, held up a hand to forestall any further explanation, and softly growled. "Let me guess, my niece defended herself from sexual harassment by, hmm... grabbing him by the arm, spinning him into a chokehold, forcing him to his knees, and then promising to do very painful things to him if he ever dared to touch her again. And in response, we are here because SHE is somehow in trouble?" This last part I asked with a look that pierced him to his very soul.

"OH HELL NO!!!" Hermione burst out, ready to take up arms if need be. "We should be calling the police! We should be filing charges against that boy! He needs to learn his words and actions were so inappropriate that they were criminal!!!"

"NOW SEE HERE!!!" A man blustered, trying to puff himself up to look even bigger than his rather rotund body already was. "That menace nearly murdered my son! I demand justice! She should be
punished!"

Hermione and I both rounded on the nasty man.

"Don't be silly! If my niece wanted your son dead, he'd be dead! She never used enough force to truly hurt him!"

"How would you know? You weren't there! And he was turning purple!"

"HOW DARE YOU?!" Hermione roared. "Your son sexually harassed a ten year old girl, and rather than make him apologize and promise to teach him not to ever do so in the future, you're demanding she be punished for defending herself???

I'm dead certain the security officers had no idea what to do at this point. They didn't seem to want to intervene, and yet, clearly needed to regain some semblance of order. One attempted to ask us all to calm down, but was snarled at by everyone on both sides.

Then Hermione pointed at you as imperiously. "Ron! Harry! Blaise! Take all of the children and go, right now!!!"

Apparently, none of you will dare to argue with Hermione when she takes that tone, because you three simply did as told, barely even muttering: "Yes 'Mione!"

Once the children were gone (except for Elena and Kisa), Hermione glanced at me. "Cast a temporary Notice-Me-Not spell and a few privacy wards."

I wasn't about to argue when she had that look in her eye, so I pulled out my wand and did as told. As soon as she saw those who had been watching curiously look away as if suddenly forgetting what they were doing, she pointed her wand at the irate father and performed a memory charm that she later told me simply made him forget the whole incident - and also, she attempted to modify him so that he wasn't such a bloody twat in the future. She then did the same to his wife, then his son - adding just enough behavior modification to him that he hopefully won't ever try something like that on a girl in the future.

After that, we performed mild Obliviation spells on the security officers so that they'd forget the whole incident too. Lastly - before we ended the privacy wards - I pulled Kisa and Elena into my arms and hugged them both tightly.

"If you want to know what I think, you did the right thing by trying to ignore the problem at first, and then handling in the clearest way possible. I know you weren't trying to hurt him - because he'd have had a broken leg or arm at the very least if you wanted him hurt. I'm so proud of you for standing up for yourself, and sticking together, and trying to do the responsible thing before you were forced to use violence."

They each kissed me on the cheek.

"Now let's go before these idiots wonder why were all just standing here hugging," I added.

Honestly, the rest of the afternoon was wonderful. I was in an excellent mood. Hermione was determined to be a walking example of a smart woman. And the littles were simply happy to play and eat almost constantly until we decided it was time to go.

So... what was your favorite part of the day?

Ever your loving husband,
Draco
P.S. Thank you so much for stopping my drunk arse from lighting myself on fire, and getting me to bed so that I’d have some sleep, and then waking me up in my favorite way so that I didn't incur the wrath of Hermione - as I now know exactly why she's so scary.

Friday August 25th
Good morning My Love,

Yes, you were certainly a snarling, fire-breathing dragon yesterday. And it didn't happen too much, but I did end up with a few scorch marks myself. I appreciate the apology. However, one doesn't marry a beautiful, wild, dragon without being aware of his … feisty nature. I know who I married! I like the idea of you never getting quite so sloshed the night before we have big plans again, but there will be no Avada Kedavra-ing happening.

For the most part, much of your snarling was deserved. I mean, you know how utterly hot it gets me to see you go off on homophobes. My dashing knight in shining armour coming to my rescue. Although the woman with the unruly children probably didn't need a full dressing down, but she definitely needed to get a rein on those kids before they hurt someone. Although the ice cream lady was definitely you overreacting. Don't worry, I gave her a big tip, and told her you were a bit hungover when I apologized for you. She had quite the laugh and said "we've all been there mate!"

I'm glad you and 'Mione took care of the kid who assaulted our Kisa and then took care of his parents. I'm quite relieved that I was sent off with the children. I was so enraged I was worried I would lose my cool and end up having the Aurors come for me when they had to obliviate a museum full of muggles. They wanted to punish Kisa for defending herself against sexual assault??! He smacked her arse! It's like all of these nonsensical rules instilled on women to avoid "distracting" men and boys. "Cover your shoulders" "Hide your belly button" "Is that a bra strap?!?" At what point do we just hide all the girls to avoid distracting boys? Just curious, is it just because I'm a gay man, or are they concerned with the least sexy parts of a woman? A belly button? Never, in all my years of sharing a dorm with boys in a boarding school have I ever heard a guy say "that's a sexy belly button!" or "Gotta go wank, I saw a bra strap!"

And he certainly said girls can't like science and girls are too dumb to understand science in front of the wrong witches! What a tiny little nightmare. Although I feel a bit sorry for the boy, not a whole lot, but you know those views were given to him by a trusted adult. Whenever I hear a child spouting off nonsense, I know it's most likely them just repeating garbage from their parents. I can only hope that one day that boy will become an adult and realize that he was brainwashed into that behavior, and choose to be a better man. I may be in love with living proof that can happen.

My very favorite part of the day was watching the toddlers' eyes light up at all of the exhibits. Last time we brought Viona, she was so tiny, she mostly looked around from her carrier like the babies did today, but seeing her actually interact with things was amazing. I can just see her brilliant mind working, wondering, questioning, and taking everything in. We have the most brilliant children (and siblings, and godchildren) there've ever been!

I was a bit disappointed that Dudley, Donna, and Daisy weren't able to come with us. But apparently making plans at the last minute doesn't work for everyone! But at least they didn't have to witness another strop thrown by one of us because we had to deal with homophobes and idiots.

While I really enjoyed watching the toddlers enjoy the museum, my second favorite part was again, walking around hand in hand with my love. I had my husband, my good friends, my children, my godchildren, and my little siblings, all together to enjoy a day of discovery and learning. This life I'm
leading is the best one I could imagine.

And speaking of amazing things in my life, I am going to pop over to Unity House for a bit this morning, make sure everything’s up to date so I can devote the next few days to Grandmama and getting our Lainie ready to go back to school soon. If I'm not back by the time Grandmama gets here, send me a message on my Insta-Owl and I'll come back right away.

Loving you my fierce Dragon,
Your Harry

P.S. I TOLD you Hermione was terrifying!
Chapter 268

Chapter Summary

Grandmama comes for a visit ^_^

Chapter Notes

Hooray! I am completely out of my old place! Now to unpack...

Friday August 25th
Oh Harry,

You missed it! Apparently mum didn't bother to tell dad that Grandmama was coming. I think he knew in general that she was *going* to come at some point to pick up Kisa, but not when. So, when she arrived - via Portkey directly to our doorstep from her home because no one would DARE to suggest she take public transit even a tiny step of the way - my father was caught off guard. He had a haunted expression like a prey animal who looked up to find a predator about to pounce on him for two or three seconds, and then promptly invited Ivan to go out drinking at a club.

Grandmama looked a bit put out that her lover was helping her son-in-law escape, but she didn't say anything. She knows better than to come between a Russian man and a good drinking session. They left shortly after Kisa gave her father a strong hug and several kisses.

When Mum invited Grandmama to get comfortable and have some tea, she ducked aside for a moment to firecall Andromeda and that's when I remembered to Insta-owl you. So, you didn't miss much.

Kisa and Elena were besides themselves telling Grandmama everything that had happened this summer. You popped in and greeted Grandmama - and honestly, I think you have definitely grown on her since she seems warmer to you than to me. Not to say that she dislikes me or anything, just that she seems very fond of you.

When Eri and Ori nodded off for a nap, we handed them over to Muffy and Dibly, made sure Viona was busy playing with Della and Eliza - while Gavin and Sebastian sort of sat silently staring at each other and nibbling on biscuits. I think they're learning to communicate via some sort of telepathy.

Anyway, we took advantage of the kid free time to go to our playroom. I did as asked and tortured your bollocks by spanking them as you sat in my lap. Then I was so turned on by the look in your eyes that I just had to have you right then and there. Merlin! I can never get enough of you! I swear, we'll be a hundred and fifty, and I'll still want to bend you over the nearest table every time I see you!

It's currently about 11PM and I'm just done feeding the babies. So, I think I'm going to molest you in your sleep. What do you think? (I know you won't read this until the morning when I've already decided, but still.) Should I surprise you by shooting a load in your mouth while you're still asleep. OR should I just cast the quick prep spells and get right to it? Hmm... decisions decisions…
Then I saw your face, now I'm a believer, not a trace, of doubt in my mind, I'm in love, I'm a believer, couldn't leave you if I tried,

Draco

P.S. I know you must have figured this out by now, but for future reference, no, Pansy will NOT try to curb our drunken stupidity - even if she's stone cold sober. Instead, she had a muggle style video camera on hand to record it all so that she could use it against us in the future if possible. Thus, we might well have burned down Blaise's entire house had you not popped in and stopped us.

P.P.S. I find it interesting that Blaise more or less lives with Hermione and Ron now, but still uses his house as a base for our business and shenanigans.

P.P.P.S. Last one this time, I promise, but I was sort of doubtful tonight when we were snuggled up that I could do it, but I tried, and maybe because I already had, but it worked. I cast a Patronus, and so you could see that it really was a tiny - kitten sized - fox. I'm not disappointed, but I really thought it was going to be a dragon. Huh.

Saturday August 26th
My Draco,

You are right, I definitely missed a delightful reunion between Grandmama and Lucius. It was most likely hilarious. I'm sorry I missed it.

But, holy fucking shite did you miss a moment this morning!

I woke up at my usual very early wake time. Which, I owe to you apparently! It sounds like it was a choice between a quick prep and bugger or cumming into my sleeping mouth. You know how much I love when you come into my mouth when I'm sleeping. Fuck, just knowing that while I'm out, you take pleasure in my body? So so so hot. I mean, you're sleeping right now and I'm thinking about waking you up to ask you to take me because I am turned on just picturing you wanking over my face last night. I didn't even wake up, I didn't even come, it was all about my Master having my mouth. I'm so hard! What's that impotence spell again? Actually, you know what? I am going to go to sleep uncomfortably thinking about being hard for you.

Wait, what was I talking about?

Oh! Yeah, what you missed this morning because you don't wake up at the crack of dawn! I guess Elena and Kisa must have stayed up a bit late too, because they were still sleeping, and all of the littles were playing in the gardens right outside of the sunroom where Grandmama, Narcissa, and I were having breakfast. And in walks … no …. in STUMBLES Ivan and Lucius! They were just getting in, still pissed, from their night at the club.

So Grandmama starts in on Ivan and I swear to you, he lowered his eyes and replied with "yes ma'am." This enormous terrifying man, who runs the mafia … I mean does nothing I know anything about …. looked for all intents and purposes like a little boy caught with his hand in the biscuit jar. She didn't even raise her voice or change her tone from "aristocratic lady of the manor" which made it all the more terrifying.

Which ended up making Lucius giggle at him. Which was the wrong decision. Narcissa took up where Grandmama left off, and with a voice dripping with honey, almost made your father cry. He was a bit wobbly, and I thought he was about to fall, but as I was watching I realized he kept almost gracefully dropping to his knees in front of her, and then realizing there was an audience and stopping himself. But if you weren't paying attention, it just looked like he was so drunk he could
barely stand.

At this point, my good buddy Lucius, my children's loving Grampy Lulu, looks to me to try to change the subject. I don't know if he just knows that I love him now and thinks that means I will have his back. Or if he knows that I know what it's like to embarrass yourself whilst drunk, but he says "Good morning Harry, did you take good care of our ladies while we were gone?"

So I think to myself "should I help Lucius change the subject?" And I replied with "Oh I certainly helped take care of your ladies, and your daughters, and your sons, while you were out drinking. I'm just ever so glad you found someone to have a fun drinking night with, Merlin knows there is no one else worth having a fun night of revelry with." I honestly can't decide which I enjoyed more; his jaw dropping, or Narcissa attempting to cover up her snort. And then I grandly stood, bowed to Grandmama and Narcissa, saying "please excuse me. I must go somewhere I'm wanted" and walked regally out of the room.

So if you wake up tomorrow and I've been murdered? Lucius did it.

But I suppose I was riding my high from messing with Lucius, so I didn't see the women coming for me. After a very nice lunch with everyone, including you and Viona who were FINALLY awake, Grandmama asked about tea in the parlor. I was all distracted with trying to get Teddy to change his hair color on command, that I didn't even notice that all of the other adults grabbing children and making a beeline for anywhere but the parlor. I look up and everyone but Grandmama and I are gone, including you, you traitor!

I thought maybe we'd start with a bit of idle chit chat, small talk, niceties, before the interrogation began. Nope.

"Harry dear," (side note: nothing good ever comes of being called "Harry dear") "I'm going to need to know all about this unpleasantness I've heard about." And then I sat in silence, staring at her for what felt like a full five minutes, before I was brave enough to talk.

Well, I really thought between being able to let it all out to you, and having to give so many statements to the aurors, being able to witness both the vigilante's raid and the raid on Gina, as well as my usual therapist appointments, that I had been able to purge everything. But holy hell, Grandmama was able to pry everything out of me. Including information I hadn't even put together with these events. Like the times I've been walking through Diagon and felt like I was being followed. And do you remember when we were staying at the Café Royal Hotel over New Years and we had what we thought were prank phone calls and we just wrote them off to probably being drunken idiots dialing the wrong numbers? I'm pretty sure that was the vigilantes trying to figure out how to get to the Kids while we were all sleeping!

And our sweet Gavin. I know that Grandmama is intimidating, but she has quite a soft spot for children. And obviously for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren in particular. I have worked really hard at trying to avoid any favoritism with the children. Obviously I favor our children a bit, but that's to be expected. What I've tried to avoid is playing favorites between our/your little siblings, our nieces or nephews, and our godchildren. But, it's been so hard with Gavin. Not only do I know that he's had it the worst, which makes my "mother hen" mode go crazy, but he looks so much like a little version of my amazing husband, and like a bigger version of my own sweet Ori, that I'm a bit partial to our Gavin. So I sobbed through describing what he went through to Grandmama.

Although, I am also a bit partial to Sebastian and his serious eyes in that baby face, and watching when he has his joyful moments where the sun streams out of his face. And seeing how he wants to learn anything and everything is infectious!
And our little queen Della, I have that same feeling as with Gavin, where I know how bad she had it so I want to make up for it. And I've known her since she was tiny. I was there for her rescue like Gavin's so I feel such a strong connection with her. She's one of my little gardening buddies.

And Eliza, she was at Unity for almost nine months so I feel like maybe I know her the best out of all of your siblings. She's one of my little Traditions half days that would join me for lunch and help me bake. Did you know she only ever eats the "ugly" biscuits, because she doesn't want them to feel bad? She's such a hunny, she doesn't want a biscuit to feel insecure!

Ok, now that I think about it, I probably don't have to worry about favoritism because when I think of each of them individually, I am pretty sure they're all my favorites!

Eventually I realized that my throat hurt a bit. Which honestly shouldn't be too surprising, Grandmama asked a few questions here or there, or asked me to clarify or expand on a few things, but for the most part I talked and sobbed to her for over two hours! Did she lace my tea with veritaserum or something?

I think you were surprised that I skipped dinner with the family, but I tried running off my emotions, but after a few miles I realized that running wasn't cutting it, so I went to the gym to work out. Sorry I came back all sweaty and gross. Sorry I left you alone all evening to handle the children. Sorry I abandoned our fun family weekend. But I don't think I would have been very much fun.

Although I did have fun joining you in the bath when I got back!

But now it's my turn to wake you up after taking one of the night feeds. I think I am going to dive head first under the covers and just start licking everywhere until you're "up"!

You own every piece of my heart,
Harry Malfoy
Chapter Summary

Chrissie's daughter has drawn some fan art for Oi Malfoy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter End Notes

So, the second picture is a bit of a mystery/preview :-}
Chapter 270

Chapter Summary

Draco is not feeling well and they both wonder if he accidentally summoned another demon.

Monday August 28th
Dearest Harry,

It's currently Monday morning and Grandmama, Kisa, and Ivan have officially returned to Russia. You took Elena and the twins to Unity House, and for that I am entirely grateful. I woke up needing to have an urgent and highly unpleasant conversation with the toilet, and do not feel good in the slightest. I promptly took a stomach settling potion and a pepper up potion, but I still feel miserable. So, the moment Viona woke up, I had Muffy feed her, dress her, and bring her to play with Della and the others.

As for me, I'm staying in bed until I feel better. DON'T think you need to rush home and take care of me as all that will accomplish is annoying the hell out of me. I'll see you tonight - when you get home at the same time you would have if you didn't read this email.

Love even while miserable,
Draco

Monday August 28th
Oh my poor, sick, sweetheart,

Are you sure you don't want me to come home? I wouldn't be underfoot, just close if you needed me. I could hold your hair back if you have to vomit?

Or, what if I came home and went nowhere near you, you wouldn't even know I was home, but I would be super close in case of emergency?

Well, I suppose it might be best if I don't aggravate you while you're feeling so poorly. So I promise I will park my tush right here at Unity, and come home exactly at normal time. It is my last week with the Kids before the older ones head off to Traditions next week. I know, I know, it's not like they go very far, but it's just so different than our long summer days to play. It's back to homework and earlier bedtimes. And I have four little five year old's that are old enough for the Traditions' half day classes. So as of next week, my mornings will only have a trio of two year old's, two three year old's, and two four year old's. And obviously whichever blend of our babies that come with.

I will especially miss Beatrix because she's actually headed to Hogwarts! That means if she decides to stay there for holidays, that I won't see her again until next summer! Unless you start doing your ritual classes again. Then I can have a ton of excuses to pop in and visit!

And I already miss the heck out of Kisa. Maybe instead of a new location, our next trip should be back to Russia? Viona's the only one of our children who've actually been, don't you think the other
three would love to experience it?

But obviously that will have to wait a bit, we can't mess with Elena's schooling, so we'll have to wait until there's a long weekend or over Christmas hols or something like that.

Oh, my Lainie-girl. I'm going to miss her most of all. I know, I'll have my mornings with her, and I will get to pick her up from Traditions every day, and I will have the late afternoons with her at Unity. But it's not the same as having her all day long whenever the mood strikes me to peep into her room and listen to her play some gorgeous music, or randomly be commanded into some impromptu crazy scheme she's concocted. She's just going to be at a regular day school, that happens to be next door to where I work, but I'm really having a hard time! She just lights up my life, you know?

But I should stop babbling and get some work done. Slides to slide, kids to hug, races to win.

Love,
Harry

P.S. You let me know instantly if you change your mind and need me to come home and take care of you.

P.P.S. This isn't one of those cases of … accidentally taking a headache potion in an attempt to beat your parents at the children game right?

P.P.P.S. I'm sorry, I know you wouldn't do that completely on purpose without consulting me, but your subconscious sometimes has a mind of its own.
Chapter 271

Chapter Summary

Draco is in St. Mungo's and Harry is NOT panicking. He's not!

Chapter Notes

Eek! 400+K!!!

Monday August 28th
My Harry. My supportive, understanding, panicky Harry...

Please try not to panic. I'm currently in St. Mungo's. I'm NOT dying and there's really no need for you to come here. In fact, since I'm contagious, they won't let you in to see me.

See, what happened was that the potions I took this morning didn't help, and I started to feel worse. Things were coming out of me from both ends that I really don't want to think about ever again. I might even obliviate myself.

Perhaps ironically, I also wondered if I had taken the wrong potion and accidentally summoned another demon. Thankfully, the answer is no.

When I started sneezing and random weird things started happening, I wondered if I'd actually come down with dragon flu. Unlike what it sounds like, it's NOT a flu passed from dragons to humans. It's simply a magical strain of flu that is sometimes a bit comical in its effects - such as sneezing actual fire and burping soap bubbles. Sprouting flowers from my head when coughing. Things like that.

It is NOT deadly, and so there is no need to worry. I'll be fine once the potions kick in - which will take about a day. Maybe two. The only reason that I'm being held hostage at St. Mungo's is that it CAN be deadly to babies under a year old, and so, it's best if I'm not near them until I've passed the contagious stage. Rowe is fairly certain that they must not have caught it already since - being so small - they would have exhibited symptoms before even me had they caught it at the same time or shortly after I did.

And before you go wondering how I contracted it, Rowe says that she was treating Teddy earlier today, and since he was at the Manor this weekend, I probably caught it from him then, and he probably caught it from his magical toddler playgroup on Friday since it's going around.

Meanwhile, since I won't be home to do it, I highly suggest that you perform a basic diagnostic scan on all the kids to make sure that none of them caught it too. It's not serious for anyone but the babies, so if Viona caught it from Teddy too (or me) - or Della or any of the rest of them - please keep them away from the twins. They don't technically have to come in and be seen - the necessary potion is available at the apothecary - but if Viona has caught it, she may as well come here and be quarantined with me.
That said, if your scan shows that the twins caught it, rush them here right away and let Healer Rowe know. The sooner they're treated, the better. Again, don't panic! Our babies have strong and healthy immune systems, and so, probably didn't catch it.

Wishing I could kiss you and so SO sorry that I am going to have to break my promise to never make you wake up alone. Already missing you,

Draco

P.S. Rowe is going to prescribe me a nice sleeping potion so that I can be oblivious during most of the unpleasant symptoms. So, even if you burst in here demanding to see me, you'd simply see me asleep. Therefore, I implore you to stay home and take care of our kids. Love you!

Tuesday August 29th
My Dragon,

My dragon with the dragon flu. I know you feel awful, and I don't want to minimize your pain. So maybe later we can giggle about the dragon of the house catching the dragon flu?

But, then again, he's not the only one in the house who caught it. After testing everyone this morning you're about to have a princess and a queen quarantined with you. But do not worry, the twins have caught nothing. It's just Viona and Della. Which makes sense, when Teddy is here he mostly plays with them, they're the closest in age, and they have quite a bond because our families were just the three of them for quite a while. So Teddy infects them, and seeing as Viona is the clingiest to you, you get a good dose of germs in your face.

So Muffy is bringing them to you right now, you'll probably already know they're there by the time you read this. I've scanned everyone else in the house, everyone else is all clear. I promise you, the almost twins are completely healthy. And updates on their weights, they are right on track compared to their birth weights, Orion is 8.6 kg (19lbs), and our dainty little cherub Eris is 6.1 kg (13.5lbs). She's basically two-thirds of him. He's a monster!

I'm quite relieved to find out you've not summoned another demon. I'd obviously love more children, but it's not worth risking your health, I'm the only one that's been cleared for another pregnancy.

It was definitely a rough night and a rough morning without you. Not that it was too much work or I can't handle it, but I hate doing this alone. Eri and Ori were giggling at each other and there was no one to share it with. Elena was excited that she'd finally figured out a hard part of music that she's been working on for two weeks, and she had to share it with me who knows nothing about what that entailed.

I have no idea why you told me not to panic. When have I ever panicked? I'm calm, cool, and collected. Don't believe anyone who tells you that your mum had to slap me to stop my panic attack. It may or may not have included me sobbing about not being able to live without you if you died.

So you went in on Monday, today is Tuesday, do you think you'll be home by tomorrow? Two mornings waking up alone might be my limit, so if you're not back for bed on Wednesday night I am going to attempt to catch the flu on purpose so I can be quarantined with you.

Alright, I'm going to bring the almost twins out in the gardens and use some manual labor to drown out my worries.

Missing your arms around me,

Harry
Chapter Summary

Draco's home from St. Mungo's.

Thursday August 31st about 3:30 AM
My love,

Sleeping in your arms is so much better than sleeping in an extremely comfortable hospital bed. It adjusts and everything, but honestly, I probably wouldn't have been able to sleep at all if not for the potion. And no, that's not me hinting that I want a new bed. Our bed is better than anything, and even if it were the lumpiest bed on the planet, it'd still be far better than anything simply because you're in it.

Anyway, Viona and Della came home with me despite being contagious still, but they're going to be confined to Della's room. Which is how I found out today that my siblings have one suite dedicated to their nursery. Each of them has their own room in the suite - since none of them are the type to be comfortable sharing a bed. Which makes sense if you think about how they were raised before coming here and their respective personalities.

I had to rock Viona to sleep before I could leave the room, but now that she's out, she should be fine for the rest of the night. Strangely, rocking Viona to sleep gave me a chance to bond with Gavin and Eliza too. Sebastian was off listening to his father's portrait recite potion recipes (utters, both of them!) and Della was already out because of the dragon flu, but Gavin came over to me and thrust a book at me with an impressive mini glare. I swear to you, Harry, that I have a picture of me somewhere in my closet, at the same age doing the exact same thing.

I read the book to him and Viona, while Eliza sort of half listened while brushing the hair of her new doll. When Gavin fell asleep, my father carried him to bed. He had popped into the room just before I finished the book, and I hadn't even realized that Gavin was already asleep. So was Viona by this point, but I enjoyed rocking her. We don't really do that as we all sleep together and simply snuggle.

It was then that Eliza asked me a lot of questions - much like Elena had once upon a time ago. I gave her snarky and sarcastic answers, such as: Why does it rain so much? Because all clouds are depressed over their lot in life and can't help crying about it.

I gave her a few serious answers too. Such as when she asked: "Why did my mother give me away? Didn't she love me?"

"She is a terrible person and would have made the worst mother ever. She gave you away because she knew she wouldn't want to take care of you. I don't think she wanted you to go to loving parents, but I also think she wanted you reasonably well cared for and safe."

She was quiet for a moment. "Alright... but why didn't she want to take care of me, was I not cute enough? Was I too fussy?"

I shook my head. "It had nothing to do with you and everything to do with how she was lazy and selfish. Think of it this way, had it honestly been you that was the problem, she would have kept her
other children, but she didn't. She gave them away too, only keeping Gavin for a few months because she thought she might be able to use him sooner. Except she couldn't because Harry won the war and the future of the Malfoy family was very unstable for quite some time. She needed to wait for better timing, then gave up and gave him to vigilantes. After that, I'm not sure if she forgot about him and moved onto other plans or what, but she didn't come forward and try anything until she heard that Gavin had been rescued and placed with his father. THEN she tried to get money for him. Does that really sound like a woman you want to be your mother?"

Eliza shook her head. "I just... I always thought my parents must have died. And then I found out that my father is in Azkaban and never knew about me until he had to submit to a paternity test spell, and my mother gave me away and could have come back for me at any time, only she can't now because she's also in Azkaban."

I handed Viona off to Muffy to put to bed with Della, and then patted my lap in invitation for Eliza to sit there. "I understand that it must hurt to think about. I can only imagine all the stories you made up over the years about your loving family having died when you were a baby, and the truth is so disappointing in comparison, but try to remember, none of that is your fault. You literally weren't born yet when your mother schemed and plotted to manipulate your father. Her actions have nothing to do with you. The important part is that you will grow up with two facts that will never change. One: That you have three blood siblings. It doesn't matter how they were born, what matters is that you're all together now. And two: you and Della are the only heirs to the Lestrange fortune, which means that even if you hadn't been adopted, the moment it was confirmed that you are a Lestrange, you would have been entitled to wealth and comfort - no wait, sorry, the actual important part of that fact is that it makes you a part of this family. You were adopted because you belong here, and even if you're not quite sure what to think at first, you will always belong here. We'll love you and take care of you and help you to grow into the best person you can be."

Eliza - not even five yet - gave me a rather sly look. "Just like your parents raised you to be the best person you can be?"

I frowned at her suspiciously. "Just what are you implying?"

She shrugged indifferently. "Just that we were all told stories growing up about the Malfoys and how they're a bunch of blood traitors after all. How you couldn't even murder an old man to help our side win. How your father defected after years of loyalty simply because he was worried about you in the Final Battle. I suppose I don't really know how true any of it is, but it's clear that those who took care of us before didn't like you or your father."

I smirked and pushed on her nose affectionately. "They didn't like me or our father, and all of that's true enough. I was expected to do bad things, but what you probably can't understand is that our side honestly thought they were good things. That we were working toward a better future for our kind." I shrugged. "Hopefully you can understand that I decided that I wanted to be different. When Harry won the war, I suddenly found myself forgiven for all of the bad things. I had an opportunity to change that I never expected. I - for one - am so much happier with the way things turned out. Just as I'm sure you'll eventually be happier to be raised as a Malfoy than simply the first of Gina Mitchell's attempts to gain money and power for herself."

She seemed to think this over for a bit, and then nodded rather solemnly. "Yeah... I now have a room of my own and so many toys to play with that I don't even... I'm sometimes afraid to touch them. What if I'm not supposed to and get in trouble? They're meant for Della, Bastian, and Gavin too. So far, only this doll was given to me directly, so I know she's mine. But I mean, it's really nice to have so many toys that I don't know what to do with them. I've never had that before."
She stopped and gave me a brilliant grin. "Harry made it wonderful living at Unity House. There were a lot of toys to share, but that just meant that we could all play with them and that we wouldn't get into trouble for touching them. None of them were mine - not really, though we did each get Christmas presents. I just mean that even if I don't quite know how to fit in yet, it's already better living here, ugh! I'm confusing myself!"

I chuckled softly and kissed her cheek since I'm officially over the contagious stage - although odd things still happen when I sneeze or cough or far- er, erm, hiccup. Yeah. ANYWAY!

"A very confusing thing happened to you and it'll take time to understand it, and even then, it'll probably never make sense. Hel- erm, heck? I'm an adult and it doesn't make any sense to me either."

"Curbing one's tongue around children isn't as easy as it seems, is it?" A snide voice drawled from a landscape off to my right.

I snorted in amusement. "No! You deserve a bloo- er bugg- er very big medal for never swearing around us!"

"Several," Severus agreed dryly. "Alas, it's considered basic adult responsibility to watch one's language around children, and not a skill worthy of a medal."

Eliza rolled her eyes. "The people who raised Bastian and me swore all the time. 'Those bloody brats are whining again! Those buggering cry babies are hungry again. Those bloody annoying sods aren't sleeping like they should! I swear to fucking Merlin that I'm going to murder the next brat that speaks!' Things like that."

Happily, I'm not her parent and don't have to attempt to curb her language. Just mine. Sigh...

"Well, be that as it may, don't let mum hear you talk like that," I warned.

Eliza looked a tiny bit afraid. "Will she spank me if she does?"

"Erm... probably not, but that doesn't mean she won't punish you, and it'll be something you don't like - such as, erm..." CRAP! You know what Harry? I just now realized that we should probably come up with appropriate punishments for our kids, because I'm sure we're going to need them at some point, and I honestly can't think of a single thing that isn't spanking or a quick smack on the back of the head or something. "Erm... standing in a corner? Being grounded? Hmm... I don't remember ever swearing around her... in my life. Not even now. I mean I probably have, but I was most likely an adult at the time, and if I did it a lot, I'm dead certain she'd wash my mouth out with soap. You DEFINTELY won't like that either!"

"She might also use a temporary silencing charm until you've learned your lesson and apologize via a sincerely hand written letter," Sev added, stroking his chin in thought. "And you are lucky - young lady - that you are not in Hogwarts yet, for I would have been obligated to deduct about 40 house points from you."

"OR I might use a Cruciatus Curse on my grown son for keeping his sister up past her bedtime," mum added, startling me since I hadn't heard her come in.

"Right, off to bed!" I ordered, setting Eliza on her feet and gently pushing her toward what I think is her room.

She giggled, clearly enjoying the fact that I was in trouble and not her. After she was in her room, mum smiled at me.
"I'm so happy to see you attempting to comfort these poor children. I can't bear to think about the way they... anyway, I'm filled with pride when I watch you with them. Or with your own children, for that matter."

I stood up and hugged her. "I don't like to think about how they were treated either. But it's a fact that we can't change. I have to purposely keep a bit of distance from the Kids at Unity House because I'd have a broken heart if I got to know them all personally."

"Me too, love, me too," Mum muttered, hugging me tighter for a moment. "I'd also probably adopt them all, just because they deserve to be raised in wealth and comfort, but I... just can't. Barring any other unforeseen illegitimate children popping up, I'm at my limit. Della and Sebastian - and you - were more than enough for me, and now I have two more. It's an exercise in patience and endurance and my capacity to love. I'm honestly afraid I can't do it."

Purring comfortingly, I kissed her cheek. "I'm certain you can. After all, you managed to love me - even at my worst."

She looked a bit teary eyed at that. "Oh Draco, my darling boy, you were always a sheer joy to raise even at your worst. I fear that I was able to turn a blind eye to some of your more... colorful antics, simply because you were my flesh and blood, my beautiful son, my greatest love..."

"Well, then you have quite a bit of practice and it should come easy to you," I assured her.

She rolled her eyes. "Perhaps. Now go on, you look tired, and your husband is probably ready to come hunt you down and tie you to the bed."

I chuckled. "Sadly, even if he did, I'm in no condition to enjoy it tonight."

"I'm certain that wouldn't stop you from trying," she said with a soft laugh. Laughing in return, I kissed her cheek and left her to make sure all the children were tucked in. Apparently my father had also been watching me with Eliza and then mum, because he was leaning against the door frame of Sebastian's room.

"Good night son. Get some rest."

"G'night," I returned with a respectful nod. That was when I returned to our room and slipped into bed with you, happy to have your arms around me.

And then...

I think the dragon flu messed with my sleep because I had a nightmare unlike any I'd had before. In it, I was... in a forest or something. Someplace dark and rather creepy. There was a child - I couldn't quite be sure if it was a boy or a girl, but I think it was a boy for some reason - and he kept crying out: "Daddy! Where are you?! Come save me! Mama's hurt! We need you!"

I woke up in a panic feeling like I needed to rush off and save that poor child and his or her mother. Only, I obviously didn't know where to go even if it had been real, which, of course, it wasn't. Just a nightmare. Probably brought on by thinking about helpless children in the hands of Vigilantes and former Death Eaters. But... now I'm feeling unsettled again and I can't stop pacing even as I type this email.

So, rather than go back to bed and risk another nightmare, I'm going to go to the Crystal Room and try to destroy enough things to feel better. Maybe I'll go firedance in the Ballroom if that doesn't work. In any case, if you wake up and I haven't come back to bed yet, chances are I fell asleep in the Crystal Room or the Ballroom.
Loving you so much that I'm honestly surprised that I have enough room left in my heart for anyone else, and yet, somehow I do,
Draco

Thursday August 31st
Husband Mine,

I'm so lucky to have you.

I see how you are with our children, and sometimes I can't believe the cold mask you used to wear around me was actually covering up the most loving heart. I love that you think rocking Viona to sleep is for her. I know she loves and needs it and would have been quite confused having to go to sleep in an unfamiliar space without either of us, but I think you truly needed the snuggles with her yourself.

And how right now, you and Elena are out having a Daddy-Daughter shopping date to get her ready to go back to school. You could have ordered everything she needed online or by owl-order. You could have just gone and picked up a few things yourself, or taken her but gotten it over quickly. And to be fair, she's not going to Hogwarts and she really didn't "need" anything new for school, but you want to make everyday life special for our children. So you woke up earlier than you usually do so you two could have the whole day together.

And I've told you before, I hear you when you get up with Eri and Ori at night. You talk to them, telling them about their family members, and telling them silly stories. Although you know that my favorite thing you do with them is sing to them.

I think it's hilarious that you think I'm so great for loving all of the Unity Kids, but you and your mum have to actually distance yourselves for fear that you will fall in love with all of them and take them all home with you. I love Narcissa, and she's rarely wrong, but she honestly worries she doesn't have enough capacity to love all of her children? I thought she was much more intelligent and intuitive than that. She's got one of the biggest hearts, she just covers it up with a posh mask. Good thing I finally learned how to see through those!

I'm so glad you're finally home. And thankful that you came to bed after destroying things in your crystal room. How did I know that's where you ended up last night you ask? You had pieces of crystal in your hair. I thought for a moment that you had put glitter in your hair. I was curious why you decided to go to a club without me! Nope, teeny tiny pieces of glass.

Oooh, we should go clubbing sometime soon! I don't mean the kind we went to in Italy or anything (although you know I'm not saying NO to that!) or the lame clubs your father goes to, but a muggle gay club! You know, with dancing and glitter and drinks and more dancing and sweaty men dancing and glitter!

Ok onto more serious things than sweaty glittery dancing.

We absolutely should come up with some appropriate discipline for our children. After my own childhood I know that I tend to be a bit too lenient, but I really hate the word "punishment". Do we want to punish behavior or teach them to do better? In my opinion, I think we should attach the discipline to the action we want to curb. You didn't do your homework because you thought watching a movie would be more fun? Sounds like we need to remove movies from your activities so you have plenty of time to focus on your homework. Mean to a sibling? Maybe they have to do something nice to whoever they hurt, or they have to spend some time alone to remember how little
fun things are without their siblings to play with. You left a terrible mess that Muffy had to clean up? Perhaps they should shadow and help Muffy for the day to see the pile of work she does that they added to.

I really like the idea of a nicely written apology.

I'm sure some of this is wishful thinking since most of our children are still so small, but I really hope that positive reinforcement of behaviors we approve of on top of setting the example we want them to emulate will be enough to keep their punishable behaviors at a minimum.

It sounds like Eliza needs to continue seeing her counselor on her own. At these young ages, they often don't need a ton of therapy when they come to Unity, it's often as she saw before she found out her parentage just a matter of making them aware that they are safe and have a place in their home and in the world. They bounce back pretty quickly once they're given love and care. But all of a sudden, she now has to come to terms with the fact that she wasn't orphaned out of something her parents couldn't help, but she was given up. She also has to come to terms with the fact that SHE is good despite her biology being not good. Your parents have been so wonderful about being open to the importance of therapy and healing, but because Eliza is so bright and cheerful and happy and was doing so well at Unity, they may not be aware that she needs to recalculate her emotions after this new information.

I'm really happy that she felt like Unity was wonderful. I hope these Kids are all able to look back on their time at Unity with happiness.

But now I'm quite concerned about your dream! Did it feel like a vision? Or do you think it was just going to sleep right after thinking about the rough times some of your siblings had before they came home? Or do you think it's more of your nonexistent baby fever because you want to beat your parents? Like when I used to dream about Elena before we brought her home; I'd dream about her sitting on her bed crying, and then she'd look up and ask me why she didn't deserve us yet. Heart.Broken.

I know, it's probably just a regular dream brought about by bedtime turmoil, but I may be panicking just a bit that there's a frightened child with a hurt mama crying out for help where no one can hear them. The poor sweet dream baby.

I've had a lovely afternoon with the babies. And I spent a few hours this morning in Della's room with our contagious girls. But I certainly miss you and Lainie. I can't wait to have breakfast (or lunch I suppose, I have met you) with all of us tomorrow. Healer Rowe assured me that they are probably over being contagious today, but to be on the safe side we should wait to let them around Eri and Ori until tomorrow morning. Oh the reunion they will have! Viona was happy to see me this morning, but she kept asking "My, my? Bees, bees?" I know you want your babies sweetheart, they miss you too! I'm just ready to have my entire family together in one room again!

Oh! And speaking of my loved ones all together, it's about time for a circle dinner don't you think? I know we had one while I had amnesia (which was over a month ago) but the memories I have of that week are really foggy. Have you ever tried remembering how you felt when you forgot something? It's a very weird feeling. So, for me, it feels as though it's been even longer since we've all gotten together! Can you set it up? You've been sick so this way I will know you've planned it for a time when you're feeling better as opposed to just saying yes to me planning it for any day.

Well, I am going to go visit the little jailbirds while the almost twins are napping. I'll see you soon, I can't wait for the fashion show I am sure is coming after you and Lainie have been set loose to shop all day!
Loving you,
Harry
Draco has another nightmare.

Friday September 1st (Actually – Saturday around 3:30 AM)
Oh Harry,

I feel bad that I don't wake you to comfort me at times like this, because I *know* you want me to, but I just... I need to be alone, I suppose.

I woke up from another nightmare. Same one, really, but more... It was about 3:20 in the morning, and my heart was racing so fast. I leapt out of bed with my wand at the ready, but there was nothing to do. No one to fight.

See, in the dream, that same little boy was calling out for his daddy. Only I could see him better this time. He had rich brown hair and eyes, but the rest of his face was like mine. He was clinging to a woman - his mother presumably - shaking her and trying to wake her up. He ended up rolling her over so that she was laying on her back, and I could see her face. She also had brown hair and eyes - which were staring off unseeing as I think she was actually dead.

The little boy cried out: "Wake up, wake up!" but she couldn't/wouldn't.

Harry, I swear to you that this woman in my dream looked exactly like a slightly older version of a girl I was with back in fifth year. I'd actually sort of forgotten about her. I'd already told you how I'd lost my virginity to Pansy in fifth year, and that I'd played with random others, most of whom I don't even remember their names. Well, this is one of those.

She was a Seventh Year Ravenclaw. She was actually the first person I was with other than Pansy and Blaise. I was in the library one night - the first time it happened - and she saw me working on an essay even though it was nearing midnight. She told me that I appeared to be channeling my inner Ravenclaw because that was something they often did, and that they had a rather nice way to get their brains to turn off for the night if necessary.

"Yeah?" I asked with interest.

"Shagging," she told me with a playfully leering smirk.

Well, that seemed like an excellent idea, and since we'd both managed to escape notice - although I still have no idea how - so that we were still in the library after curfew (being a prefect probably helped my case, I had extra time after curfew to patrol and the like). Anyway, the point is that we were alone in the library at nearly midnight with no one around to interrupt us, so we shagged.

And now I'm rather ashamed that I'd forgotten her because it was really good and oh so hot. I mean, honestly, haven't you ever wanted to shag in the library? She and I were together a couple of times that year, and I wish I could remember her name because I'd invite her to play night if she was interested and do a sort of roleplaying with her to reenact for you what happened in the library. Especially the time it was in the middle of the day and there were lots of other students around, so we
had to be extremely quiet and NOT be discovered shagging up against the wall at the very back of one of the least used stacks.

But that's not the point! The point is that I have no idea why I'd be having a nightmare in which she's dead and her son is desperately crying for help. It's disturbing on so many levels.

UGH! I have to think about something else or I'll never get back to sleep tonight!

So, erm, oh! Circle night! I invited our entire circle to come over for dinner tomorrow night (Sunday since it's currently Saturday already). I'm feeling better and should be up to company by then. Even Pansy promised to visit from Russia, despite the fact that she was just here for drunken shenanigans.

Also, I know you know this already, but Elena is the most beautiful daughter (her age) in the world. After I took her shopping and we practically bought out this pretty little boutique for muggle girls, she came home to perform a fashion show for you and my parents. I love watching her develop her own sense of style and fashion. I also love that she tends to favor dresses that flair beautifully when she spins.

I've decided to hire her a professional dance tutor. I *know* that I do teach her, and that she's going to be in Traditions again soon, and thus, probably won't have a lot of spare time to learn, but I also know that she loves dancing more than almost anything and really ought to learn everything she can about it.

Hmm... that seems to have calmed me down a bit. Hopefully I'll be able to go back to bed, pull your arms around me, and finish sleeping. Love you and looking forward to having breakfast/lunch with everyone when I wake up.

The moment I let go of it, was the moment I got more than I could handle, the moment I jumped off of it, was the moment I touched down,

Draco

P.S. Yeah, I wasn't able to sleep yet after all, so I went and firedanced. Sorry if I smell a bit sweaty and singed when you wake up.

Saturday September 2nd
My love,

It's alright that you don't wake me up when you're woken by nightmares. It's not about making me feel better about offering you comfort, it's that I want to help you deal with everything that troubles you. And if the thing that troubles you is easier to get through on your own when you first wake up, that's what you need to do. I know that you do need me to help you get through these things and process them, because you tell me about them in detail. So if what I can do for you is to listen to your description of the events and give you an outlet for how you're feeling about it all, that's what I will do.

But I think you know that I will never turn down an excuse to hold you! So if you need some extra cuddles after you've processed it a bit on your own, just let me know.

And just because I like to have all the details; you say that this woman in your dreams is theoretically someone you've slept with? She had rich brown hair and eyes, was in Ravenclaw, and was a seventh year when we were fifth years? How old does this little boy look? And you said the first dream you thought it was probably a forest, but definitely somewhere dark and creepy? Did the second dream give any more details? Any notable landmarks? Sometimes when we analyze our dreams, we can
figure out what our minds are trying to tell us. What were the woman and boy wearing?

Maybe your brain is turning it into a nightmare, but hehe, maybe your subconscious is reminding you how much you like library sex.

Seriously, shagging in the library Draco? I have never even thought about shagging in a library, I'd be too afraid Hermione would skin me alive if she ever found out. But now that it's entered my mind, oh dear hell, shagging somewhere public, not like we have in the past where there are voyeurs, but trying to stay hidden and secret? Like maybe we would get caught. And then given detention. And then a good paddling over a desk, while my school trousers are around my ankles and I'm being told how terribly naughty I've been. And then I could promise to be a good boy from then on. But you'd tell me you weren't sure if I could truly be a good boy. And I could drop to my knees and show you what a good boy I can be.

Wait, what was I talking about?

Libraries?

Oooh, could you bring a puppy to a library? Ok, so I don't want to shag in a library while I'm a puppy, but I wanted a smooth segue. I don't think I managed smooth. But I segued! Ok, so ever since that night with Charlie and Neville, I have been really wanting to try being … puppier. Do you think it's something I really want? Or my competitive nature coming out and I just want to be as good of a pup as Charlie is. But I would be a very good boy damnit!

Oh, and I never mind when you come to bed a bit sweaty and singed. I don't think I'd like it if you were always sweaty and/or unkempt, I did marry someone with a multi-step beauty regimen on purpose you know. But you know how much I love it when I get to see some muss to that normally flawless exterior. It reminds me that other people get to view the fancy front-man, but that I get to see all sides to my Dragon Prince. Singe and all.

I love the idea of having Elena have private dance tutoring. Music, dance, or performance in general are her passion. As long as she doesn't feel as though she has to be perfect, and as long as she's doing this for herself and not to please us, what's the harm in nurturing her passions? Are you going to hire a general dance tutor or specific masters in different types of dance? I actually think it would be super cool to have a dance instructor who can teach her some traditional Spanish dances. I hated growing up knowing nothing of my heritage, trying to figure out why I was black haired and golden skinned in a family of blondes, I think it would be neat for her to have a chance to learn something of her biological background. Especially since our sweet girl already has a penchant for big twirly skirts that she can dance boldly in!

I've had a lovely few days since you came home, and especially once we were able to allow everyone within breathing room of each other! And I am so looking forward to tomorrow's circle dinner.

But for right now, I am actually emailing you from our play room. Crazy right? I don't think I've ever emailed up here. But I put the almost twins to bed, and left you to some evening time with your parents, Viona, and Elena. So when you have the girls to bed and wonder where I am, I hope you come look for me up here. If not, I am sure you will check your email and so will know where to look eventually!

If you found me before you read this then you already know how you found me, but if you read this first I thought maybe I could give you an idea of what to expect when you come upstairs.

I had an hour free while you were out on Thursday, so I went to one of our very favorite lingerie
shops. They've actually gotten quite a bit of new stock in since we were there last. There was so much to choose from, so you'll just be seeing one of my purchases, but know I have hidden a whole bagful somewhere in our closets!

Before I came up here, I performed a (temporary!) depilatory spell, so I am 100% smooth from the neck down. I put on a pink so pale it's almost white pair of lacy knickers, matching garters, satiny thigh-highs, and a sheer chemise just long enough to touch the bottom of my cheeks. The only other thing I'm wearing, besides my permanent collar and wedding ring, is a ring to keep myself hard but unable to come until you want me to.

Now here's the fun part, I am about to tie myself up. I've charmed a set of ropes to tie me, but only open when YOUR voice whispers the release spell (liberius). So if you wake up Sunday morning, confused about where I am, and only check your email at that point, know that I have been tied up all night for your pleasure. That above you, your sexually frustrated husband is bound, hard, and desperate for your touch.

Well, off to get that started.

Yours in anticipation,
Harry
Chapter 274

Chapter Summary

Draco reads that last part of Harry’s previous email and nearly falls out of his chair.

Sunday September 3rd – about 3:30 AM
Fuck Harry!

I was with my parents, Viona, and Elena, just chatting and researching on the internet a dance tutor for Elena. Networking with my contacts and the like to see if anyone knew anyone - when your email came in. So I started reading it and got to the part where you suggested a teacher specifically for Spanish Dance. Well, that distracted me as I loved the idea and had to research it a bit.

A few minutes or so later, I was back to reading your email. By the time I got to the end, I'm pretty sure I got hard so fast that I got dizzy and almost fell over! I stood up abruptly, stuttered something about you needing my help with something, and ran off. Harry! I couldn't even remember that Apparation was a thing and literally ran the entire way to our suite and then up to the play room!

And then... mmm... it's been a while since I had the opportunity to just suck on and tease you while you were tied to the ceiling. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of stroking your body, flicking my tongue lightly on your shaft, casting minor stinging hexes on you, and just generally torturing you until you were begging me to give you some relief.

Hours passed in this glorious manner because I do not cave to begging so easily. But eventually, I was so worked up that I just needed you. Badly!

So I let you down from the ceiling and 'forced' you to orally please me until I filled your mouth. But that wasn't nearly enough and I had to drape you over your spanking table so that I could have my way with you while I spanked you. Mmm...

But best of all was when I decided it was time to let you have your well deserved orgasm and milked it from you before untying you and carrying you to bed. You were already passed out, snuggled into my arms like a sleeping child. I know you always say that you are tiny like a child, but I don't feel that way. I simply feel that you are a short but otherwise well built man. That said, I do love being able to manhandle you and carry you around as needed.

And then, because my body seems to feel that shagging is a nice warm up, I was unable to sleep, feeling restless and antsy. But I really wanted a good night's sleep, so I took a mild sleep potion - one designed to put me to sleep quickly and minimize dreams, but wouldn't keep me asleep if the babies woke up needing me.

So, disappointingly, I had another nightmare. This one went even father than the first two. The boy was about 4 years old, and wearing a blue hoodie. He was rather quiet in this dream, laying on his mother's body. I could feel her as cold somehow. She'd changed to looking, erm... dead. Her eyes were clouded over. Her skin was pale and waxy looking. Flies and worms and things were crawling all over her. One of her legs was bent in the entirely wrong spot, and there was a pool of blood drying under her, spreading out a little from her leg.
She was also wearing a hoodie, but hers was pink or lavender. I'm not sure how it happened, but her arm/hand was curled around her son. Leaves drew my attention to the fact that they were definitely in a forest, and there was the sound of running water in the background. Like a stream or a river.

The boy shuddered and mumbled: "So hungry..." rather listlessly before his eyes closed and he exhaled. I was so panicked that he had just stopped breathing that I cried out in anguish even as I sat up in bed and clutched my racing heart - or rather, my chest over my racing heart.

Why the fuck do I keep having these dreams?!!?

Wonderful you couldn't help but wake up. You held me as I told you everything I could remember about all of the dreams. Then you slipped out of bed and got me another - stronger - sleeping potion before saying you needed to do something and leaving the room. So, I decided to purge my thoughts in an email to you before taking the potion.

Now that I have, I'm going to take the potion and order Muffy to attend to all night feedings/changings tonight so that I can hopefully sleep and so can you, whenever you come back to bed. To be honest, I'm not sure I even want to try sleeping until your arms are around me, but here goes.

Rattled and not liking it one bit,
Draco

Sunday September 3rd
Love,

I'm sorry that you're waking up alone. I've actually instructed Muffy to let you sleep but that if you don't check your email immediately upon waking that she should insist you do.

I need you to come to St. Mungo's.

Your dreams were not nightmares. They were accidental magic from a very scared little boy. He had been projecting and calling for help for a few days, but apparently you were the only one receiving the messages, and only when asleep because your mental defenses are less when you're asleep.

After your first dream I couldn't get this sad little boy out of my head. So when you had a second dream, I quietly contacted Kingsley and told him that my gut was sure something was up. I gave him as much info as I could (not mentioning that you had slept with this mystery woman) and asked him to start looking into things. I didn't say anything to you, and I'm sorry, but I didn't want you to panic and worry about anything if it turned out to be just nightmares.

But when you woke up in fear that this little boy was dying? I couldn't stay still. I flooed Kingsley at home, (side note: footy pajamas on a brawny 6'2" man are a real statement), and told him time was of the essence.

Well, he had already found out that there were only 6 Ravenclaw girls in the year two above ours, only two were brunettes, and Miriam Kessinger was home, and childless, when they went to check on her.

Rosalie Lewis was another matter altogether. There was no answer at her home when they went to check on her yesterday, but after my panicked middle of the night visit, they immediately did some more digging. Rosalie Lewis has a little boy named River, he's four - five in March - and according to a disgruntled to be woken in the middle of the night neighbor, they had gone on holiday over a
week ago. He thought they were going camping based on the gear they had with them.

Well, surprisingly quickly, we were able to track them down. Well … him. I'm quite glad I am used to turning off my emotions during trauma, have an iron stomach from living through a war, and had your full description of what you had seen as forewarning. It was exactly as you described it to me. This little boy was huddled up against her, shivering and whimpering. He looked up at me with these big chocolatey brown eyes that were so sad, I grabbed him up as quick as I could and wrapped him up with me in my cloak, and started singing some lullabies to him. He had a little backpack with empty juice/water bottles and wrappers, so hopefully he wasn't too hungry for too long. Viona tends to hide sweets in my pockets, so I had a little something for him to nibble on.

I brought him to St. Mungo's as soon as I was allowed. River would not let me go, so Healer Rowe (who needs another bonus because she came in even though she wasn't on shift) had to do all of her scans and diagnostics while he sat on my lap. The only reason I was able to put him down long enough to message you is because they eventually gave him a sleeping potion.

He's traumatized, dehydrated, and has a mild case of pneumonia, but he's otherwise healthy. And thankfully sound asleep.

So, seeing as he's asleep, nothing is enough of an emergency for you to need to wake up and get here now, but I think it's important that you head over here as soon as you're awake.

I think you and I both know why you need to come here, I think we'll just have our suspicions confirmed when you arrive.

Needing you,
Harry
Chapter 275

Chapter Summary

Draco visits St. Mungo's.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday September 3rd
Rosalie Lewis,

So that's her name. I feel terrible that she's dead, but considering that she didn't die in a stupid war, I suppose there are worse ways to go than while on holiday. Obviously, the situation wasn't ideal in the slightest, but still, I image that she was probably happy right up until the end.

I went to St. Mungo's right after waking up and reading your email. You had Rowe cast what I suppose would have been the obvious spell had I been awake long enough to think about it. A paternity test spell.

So... I was stupid enough to forget the protection spells at least once. I'm betting it was that day we were afraid of/thrilled by the prospect of getting caught. She basically came up to me, didn't say a word, and dragged me to the most secluded stacks before snogging me and using a hand to make it abundantly clear what she wanted. I really didn't think about it at the time or even afterwards, but now that I am, I cannot remember which of us cast the protection spell, and so, I probably assumed that she did it.

I'm not saying she was purposely trying to get pregnant, just that we were more than likely both too bloody turned on to give a damn at the moment. I can only guess that she didn't tell me about River first because she couldn't have known before she graduated, and second, because I was only 16 when he was born and still in Hogwarts. Rowe was able to access River Lewis' medical records going back to when he was born, and so, I now know that he was born on March 21st 1996. And that fits as it would have put his conception around mid June of 1995 - actually, if he was born late, it *really* fits as it would have placed his conception on my birthday and that day in the library, so...

Oh Harry! What in the bloody hell am I supposed to do now? I mean... there's no truly good reason why she couldn't have told me eventually. Sure, not immediately after the war, but... after? Did she think I would be a bad father? Did she think I wouldn't care? Didn't she need money at the very least?

Sigh...

Well, in any case, Rowe is keeping River until tomorrow at the earliest, AND she's keeping him sedated by sleeping potion so that he does nothing but rest and heal. Which means we've been sent home in time to get ready for our circle dinner. I know we'll talk about this before we go to bed tonight, and so, I should put it completely out of my mind until then, I just...

I actually feel calm now. Like this was the source of all my recent restlessness and unsettled feelings. I'm calm, but worried about him, of course. I just have to trust Rowe when she says that he will be
fine soon enough. She hasn't led us astray yet. And she promised not to wake him until we arrive tomorrow. So.

Dinner.

I'm going to sign off and go look for something good to wear in my closet.

On days like today, I'm convinced that I don't deserve you, and yet, somehow, you stay by my side anyway. It's baffling!
In Love and Gratitude,
Draco

P.S. mmm… I found something rather sexy to wear tonight - to make me feel better about myself, and thus, life in general at the moment. I can't wait to show you!

Sunday September 3rd
My understanding, handsome, amazing, love,

I'm sorry ok? I'm really and truly, one hundred percent, completely filled with remorse. My apology is absolutely sincere!

And you BIT ME! It bled! You bit me hard enough to bleed, and not in a fun, sexy, wow things were so hot they got out of hand way, but in a "ow, dammit I can't believe you bit me, that hurt!" kind of way.

So, from my perspective here is what happened:

Two hours before our circle was going to start showing up, you locked yourself in the bathroom to relax and calm yourself from the insanity of the past few days. I thought that was a great plan, and used one of the other bathrooms to get myself and the three babies ready, Elena obviously getting herself ready in her own space.

We finished getting ready and went to our suite's sitting room to wait for you. Viona, Eri, and Ori were all playing on the floor; side note, I think Eris is about to crawl! She kept getting up on her hands and knees and kind of rocking back and forth while glaring daggers at Viona. She wants to keep up with her so badly. Orion on the other hand is completely content to lie still and watch what's going on, but he kind of rolls around to get to things he wants.

Sorry, back to the events. So the babies and I are just sitting around waiting for you, and I haven't seen Lainie yet, and out you come, all dressed and ready, looking fit as can be. I, of course, want to compliment my husband. You had these super fitted black pants on, and then a looser flowy shirt with wide sleeves. You looked good enough to eat. So I thought I should compliment your outfit that you were so excited about.

Well, you were there, so you know, but apparently saying "Merlin, you look fantastic Dragon! It's been a while since you've gone anywhere in costume, is Lainie dressing as a pirate too?" Was the WRONG thing to say to someone who was *not* wearing a costume. I mean, I didn't say you looked like a clown or that I thought you looked like an unattractive pirate! I hadn't seen that outfit before, and you usually go for a little more posh with the waistcoats and perfectly tailored to your absolutely fit body.

I apologized profusely, but you decided that to avoid fighting with me in front of our friends, you would turn into your marmoset form and hide on Lainie's shoulder. Not at *all* the way a beautiful
Well, I couldn't coax you out of your animagus form so we made our way to dinner. I hoped the sight of yummy food would make you turn back. And then I thought the idea of getting Pansy worked up about how terrible I am and then tag teaming me would make you turn. And neither did. So about fifteen minutes in, Ron decides to ask where you are (probably because he looooves you and the two of you are best mates!). So I said "Oh, he's right here, he's just mad at me." And then I explained what had happened.

That's when I mistakenly thought that me admitting to my terrible behavior would be enough to get your heart softened up to me at least a little and tried to pet you. And that's when you BIT ME! Then leapt over to where Viona was sitting next to her minion, I mean godfather.

Eventually you turned back and joined the dinner, but you were certainly cold to me for the rest of the night. Do you think it was maybe easier to focus on being annoyed with me so you weren't worried about tomorrow?

Tomorrow, you and I are going to go see River as he wakes up. Rowe sent us an owl while we were at dinner and he is definitely healed up enough to be woken in the morning. I'll be there with you every second I promise. We can do this. We can handle anything together hand in hand.

Right now you're saying goodbye to the last of our guests, all of our children are sound asleep, and I plan on making good on my apology.

So when you read this, I will be naked and kneeling in the playroom awaiting your instructions. I will, as usual, do anything you'd like, but I can also offer some suggestions.

-The bag of new lingerie will be in the playroom with me, I will of course model any of them you'd like me to.
-I could just pamper you all night, massaging you, do your nails, keep your cock nice and warm while you do anything you'd like.
-I would be willing to dominate you if you're in the mood to switch.
-You can take all of your aggression out on my arse
-You could cast an orgasm denial spell on me, or use my ring, and keep me on edge all night while you come over and over and then when we're done you could choose whether you want me to come at all or if you want me to have no release.

I will do any or all of these things, your wish is my command Master.

Apologetically,
Harry

P.S. Don't worry, I have an alarm set in case you keep me up all night, I will get Lainie off to her first day of school and drop the babies off at Unity before we head out to St. Mungo's.

Chapter End Notes

So, I slipped something very subtle into the last few chapters. At first, Draco mentions that he woke up 'about' 3:20am from his nightmare, and the emails all specify that he sent them at 3:30ish, which gave him time to wake up and type an email. In this email, Draco says that he now knows that River's birthday is March 21st, or in otherwords
3:21 - the time when Draco kept waking up. It was super subtle yes, but meant to be a tiny clue as to the fact that River actually *is* Draco's son, and that his/their magic knew it. Also, in 'real' life, River didn't call out to his daddy - meaning Draco in specific - but rather he simply called out for help, and in the first dream, Draco *heard* that as daddy. Which was supposed to be *his* first clue, lol.
Chapter 276

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco go officially meet River.

Monday September 4th
My darling husband,

I'm lying next to you in bed after two or three hours of mind blowing sex. Honestly, how do we manage to blow my mind every time? This time, it was by denying you an orgasm until *I* was nearly ready to pass out, and then giving it to you so hard that you did pass out. Plus the fact that I spanked you to begin with and you always feel just a bit tighter after a good spanking.

And as I'm laying here, I'm thinking about how wonderful and perfect you are, and how I don't deserve you and will not be surprised when you finally stop putting up with my bullshit and leave me. Tonight is the perfect example of how shallow I really am. I got mad at you for assuming I was wearing a sexy pirate costume. I got mad and held onto a furious snit for hours, and even bit you so hard it bled.

Why would you put up with that? You should have just snatched me at some point, glared at my tiny marmoset eyes, and then told me to grow the fuck up. I probably would have still bit you, but then maybe I would have actually grown the fuck up, ugh!

And then worse! The moment I found out that you were ready and waiting for punishment/shagging, I completely forgot what I was so upset about and rushed to you. If sex can really make me forget why I'm mad, then I can't have been mad about anything important, can I?

And now that I'm thinking about the whole thing from a clear and rational perspective, I realize that you were actually 100 percent right about the real reason I was upset. I'm worried and frustrated and feel helpless about River. Being pissed off at you was so much easier than letting any of that in at the moment.

So... I'm sorry. For biting you. That was a bit much.

Although, I must admit that I found it funny when you were trying to apologize to me and our friends were looking at you like you'd just lost the plot - until I bit you, ran over to Viona, and then screeched at you angrily. Then they all had an expression on their faces that said: "Whoa wait! THAT'S Draco?!?!!"

Ron actually blurted out what I'm sure everyone was thinking. "Draco's an Animagus too?!

Dudley looked a cross between confused and understanding. "Is that what it's called? When Harry turned into a fox, he didn't tell me what it was called, just tried to nip my fingers. Didn't know about Draco though."

I sat on Viona's shoulder, finishing up delicately eating the grape I had started on Elena's shoulder, and pretended to ignore everyone. Some time passed, and Blaise decided to risk a bloody finger too. He reached over to grab me, but then changed his mind at the last second and held out his hand so
that I could step onto it like a platform. After a moment's thought, I decided that I had no reason to be mad at my best friend, so I stepped onto his hand and let him pet me for a minute or so.

Then he quietly murmured quite possibly the only thing that would have gotten me to turn back into myself at that point: "Wow Draco, you're so tiny that my cock is bigger than you!"

If it makes you feel any better, I bit him too before leaping to the empty chair next to Viona and changing back to myself.

And doesn't that just prove the point that I'm shallow and vain? I got mad for shallow reasons and finally stopped throwing a strop because of vain reasons, then completely forgot why I was mad for selfish sexual reasons. Ugh, I really am a terrible person. And... I don't even care.

Anyway, I'm going to take a light dose of sleeping potion and see if I manage to make it until the alarm without waking up.

I love you and dread the day you realize that you really are too good for me, Draco

-

Oh Harry!

When River woke up, he was naturally very confused. How does one tell a small child that the only parent they've ever known has just died? It felt like the hardest thing I've ever done. Thank Salazar and Merlin that he remembered you from when you rescued him. He held your hand as I talked to him, and then looked to you to confirm what I was saying - which you did by basically repeating it for him.

THEN I had to tell him that I'm his father. To my surprise, he looked at me very suspiciously, examining every part of my hair and face, before nodding in acceptance. I was floored!!!

Speaking for the first time, he said: "Mummy told me about you. When I asked why I didn't have a daddy like the other kids, she told me that it was because - when I was born - you were too young to be a daddy. That you're a bit of a prince with white hair and gray eyes, and that when you grow up to be a king one day, you'd be ready for me. Are you a king now?"

Fuck! I couldn't argue with any of that!!! Well, the being too young and not ready bits. I didn't quite know what to say. "Er... Sort of..." I replied hesitantly. "I have grown up and I'm a daddy, so I'm ready for you -" Tiny lie. I'm not ready, but what else can I do? "But I'm not exactly a king. Or a prince for that matter. Simply... a man..." I gestured to you. "And this is my husband, Harry. He used to be known as Harry Potter, so maybe you've heard of him too."

"Harry Potter!!" He exclaimed, positively lighting up. Even Healer Rowe chuckled at that - as did I - but you seemed a bit put out.

"Well, yes, but I'm Harry Malfoy now. As he said, I'm married to your dad, and so that makes me your dad too."

"I have Harry Potter for a dad?!?!!" This clearly very nearly made up for the death of his mother. I would have been offended if I wasn't so relieved that he wasn't a bundle of sobbing anguish. Don't get me wrong, I know he'll still need to talk to Yesenia a few times, but for the moment, the crisis seemed to be averted.

"If Healer Rowe says that you're ready to leave, would you like to come home with me and meet
your big sister and your little brother and sisters? And Aunts and Uncles. And Grandparents. There's a lot of us..." I informed him, feeling a bit nervous.

"My grandmother and grandfather live in Australia and I've never had Aunts or Uncles before. Or brothers or sisters. Are you sure they're really mine?" River asked curiously.

"Positive," I assured him with a smile, and after receiving a nod of approval from Rowe, held out my hand to him. "Come on."

He studied my hand warily for a moment, looked at you - who he was still clinging to - and then took my hand. "Alright..."

And so, that's how I found myself with a son the same age as Sebastian and Eliza.

Oh Harry, I have no idea how to feel about this. Part of me understands Rosalie's reasoning, but part of me wants to be furious with her for not telling me right away! And then another part is mad at myself for being mad at a dead woman. And then I feel frustrated, and more than a little exhausted.

I know I should probably stay with River all day and make sure he's settled in and adjusting relatively well, but the moment we'd introduced him to everyone else, and I explained what happened, you sat River at the table so he could eat biscuits and drink milk while chatting with the other kids, well...

I took the opportunity to slip away. I'm in the ballroom firedancing with a staff so that I can also beat up and incinerate a few practice dummies. When you have a moment, will you please come tell me what I'm supposed to be feeling, because I honestly don't know anymore.

Numbly,
Draco
P.S. Thank you so much for being a responsible adult when I'm acting like a bloody child!

Monday September 4th
Draco Lucius Malfoy!

I will not allow anyone to speak ill of my amazing husband, even my amazing husband. What will it take for you to see your own worth?

When I was mentally missing, you held our entire family together. You brought me back. But even if I hadn't, when you didn't even know if the real me would ever come back you held me and loved me and told me you were in this for life.

And you expect me to one day discover I'm "too good" for you? Because not only have you not had a full night's sleep that wasn't interrupted by horrible nightmares, you've suddenly been handed a child you had no knowledge of, and you're not immediately emotionally ready for it? You're dealing with guilt for not being there for him for so many years, anger that he's been kept from you, worry that you'll be the best father for him, and sadness for his losing his mother. That's just off the top of my head, I'm sure there are a million other emotions swirling around in that beautiful head of yours.

I have a question for you. Do you think our children are the smartest children to ever exist? I can only assume you'll answer yes. Do they seem dumb to you? Don't you say yourself that Viona is your perfect guard baby who's a fabulous judge of character? Who did our Princess fall in love with and attach herself to the second she got to Unity House? You are, without a doubt, her favorite. Do you think if you weren't an amazing father that she'd be so attached to you? How about Lainie? She
is a nine, almost ten, year-old girl, who enjoys spending almost all of her free time with her fathers. Do you think she would want to spend her time with you if you didn't show your love to her other dad? Do you think there are a lot of dads who will spend hours trying to find the perfect dance or music teachers to nurture their child's passions? She loved Unity House, she still spends quite a bit of time there, do you think she would have left Unity House if she didn't want to be YOUR daughter?

In the last roughly year and a half, you have gone from a single man playing the field, to a husband, a father of five, owner of multiple businesses, happily helping with the running of a school and an orphanage, the main fundraiser of said school and orphanage. You also have four new siblings that you are nurturing a relationship with, and two - basically three - godchildren who adore you. You have friends that love you, and parents that think you're amazing.

But, no, you must be right, only a monster would have left River with a trusted adult, to eat biscuits and milk with a group of children roughly his age, to work off your emotions in a safe environment. How do you sleep at night? You monster!

I knew exactly what you were doing when you threw your marmoset tantrum. You would rather be annoyed that your husband thought your clothes were a costume than face your fears in front of a group of people. I know you need space to process things. It was easier to be annoyed with Blaise calling you small, than to confront your feelings of being annoyed with Rosalie for keeping River from you. It was easier to run to the playroom for sex than to run to St. Mungo's and face the reality of our new situation.

Just like I need physical closeness when I'm scared. Like I need to be reminded that you own me when I am feeling vulnerable and worried about big changes coming into our lives. Don't get me wrong, I love that the massive amount of shagging we've done the last few days has been good for you, but it was definitely a selfish plan.

I'm actually feeling really scared about my role in River's life. I can't believe I said "so that makes me your dad too". As soon as it came out of my mouth I wanted a time turner to take it back. Luckily he was excited, but what if he had told me to shut it and that I wasn't his dad? All of our children so far have either been fully adopted or have been biologically ours. This is our first child that isn't ours equally. What if he doesn't want me? He seems excited right now, but what happens when he thinks I'm trying to replace his mum?

My entire job is to comfort children and make them feel safe and cared for. So of course getting him settled into our house, introducing him to other children, and feeding him biscuits is my comfort zone. I have something to do so I don't focus on my fears.

You're allowed to feel anything you want to feel. I thought you might have messaged me, so I pulled my laptop out while the kids were playing for a bit. I'm going to give you a few more minutes and then River and I are going to come see you. I think maybe no fire dancing for the child who's never seen it, but I think turning on some loud music and having the three of us dance around like loons until bedtime might help all three of us have a fun outlet for our emotions. Then we can put him to bed, or you can put him to bed alone, whatever you're feeling. But we've got a room set up for River complete with a pile of books Lainie thought he would like. Or he can join us in our bed if he prefers. So we (or you) can cuddle him up until he's asleep, and then I will cuddle you until you're asleep.

I will never leave you, I will never realize I'm done with you. I'm in this for life.

Yours,
Harry James Malfoy
Chapter 277

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco dance and act super silly for River.

Chapter Notes

I woke up to a comment this morning (afternoon, whatever) saying something like: "I love how frequently you post!" So the first thing I did - before even getting out of bed to go to the loo, lol - was to post the next chapter, lol. And then Chrissie sent me a link to a chapter in another fic that was dedicated to us, and so, to celebrate, I'm posting again, lol ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Monday September 4th

My love,

Alright, I'll admit that reading these words from you has made me feel a little better. And thoroughly annoyed at the same time. You seem to assume that when I say that you are too good for me, that I think I have no worth, which I think we both know is not true. I have a lot of worth and am of better quality than most people. So, when I say that you are too good for me, I'm NOT saying that I am worthless - although I do feel that I am terrible at times, completely different thing - I'm saying that as valuable as I am YOU ARE TOO GOOD FOR ME!!!

Thus, when you spend an entire email trying to convince me that I'm worth more than I think, on the one hand, I feel an odd sense of pride that you think so highly of me. On the other, I get annoyed because it makes it sound like you think you are... barely worth anything, and so, if I think you are too good for me, I must therefore think I'm worthless. The problem here is how little you value yourself.

I ordered you a long time ago to stop saying (and thinking) things that imply you aren't worth much, and as your Master, that order should never stop being in effect. That said, I noticed early on that you do not respond to my words of reassurance and comfort. I can tell you - literally walk up to you and tell you that you are the most important person in the world, and not just to me, but to everyone we know - and you visibly shrug it off and deflect. So, I stopped saying the words (although I do try to slip them into my emails whenever I can be subtle about it) and instead, I try to do things that silently say the same thing. Such as stopping to kiss you if I should happen to pass by you, no matter how busy we both are or what we're doing. Or holding your hand when we're in public and getting glares from ignorant arseholes.

Because I want you to know that you are the most important person in the world to me. That you are the best person I've ever met, seen, heard of, or even read about. If I have the worth of a Prince, you have the worth of an Emperor. You really are too good for me - as valuable as I am, and I really do fear the day you realize this.
That said, I will shove that fear to the back of my mind and try my best to forget it's even there, because as much as I love you with everything I have, I also trust you. So, when you tell me that you will never leave me, I believe you - even if I can't help but expect it somewhere deep inside.

But moving on. You've accomplished your mission of making me feel better, and perhaps ironically, you did it by explaining what I was feeling. I have a complicated relationship with my feelings, I'm sure you've noticed. I've told you a few times that when they get to be too much for me, I simply lock them away. And it's not usually even as dramatic as when I *really* locked them away during your disappearance. It's much more subtle and less noticeable, simply shoving the emotion that is confusing me to the back of my mind until I can understand the situation better and work through it.

This time, I think I was feeling too many things, some of them conflicting, and so, was confused and not sure how to feel. And as usual, you were spot on. I can see that now, and it's not only because I'm in my closet eating Ben and Jerry's while I read your email and write this one.

Your solution of having the two of us dance with River was perfect and somehow, just what I needed. You poked your head into the ballroom and asked me to put out the fire - since I hadn't read your email yet. I knew you had something important planned because I knew how much you love watching me do it. So I extinguished the flames and set the staff aside. You banished the dummies to the corner of the room, and then finished opening the door and led River in.

After you explained what you had in mind, I cast dressing spells and a few quick spells to clean off the sweat and fix my hair/appearance. River was told I was like a prince, so that's what I tried to be for him. Bowing to him regally, I asked: "Would you care to dance, my little lordling?"

As intended, he giggled a little. Then he shrugged. "I don't really know how to dance, just... being silly to music with mum."

"That's not a problem at all," I assured him. "It seems you know about as much as Harry, and I dance with him all the time." Sweeping him into my arms, I twirled him in a circle and tossed him in the air for a moment before catching him. Then I set him back on his feet and lightly pushed on his nose. "And lucky for you, I've recently learned all the silly dances, so that's what we'll do."

At that, I cast a spell on the instruments so that they'd play some of the favorite songs of the younger Unity Kids. Grinning, you were already moving before we were. This is probably second nature to you by now, being silly around young children. As you intended - I'm dead certain - this made River laugh and exclaim: "Harry Potter is dancing like a little kid!"

"Malfy," you corrected automatically, sweeping him into your arms to dance with directly as he continued to giggle. I pulled you both into my arms so that I could give you a kiss before kissing him on the cheek. Perhaps you've taught me how to show affection so well that it's habit by now, but it seemed natural. I would have done the same to any of our other children, so why should he be different?

River stopped laughing abruptly in response to my unexpected kiss, and put a hand on my face so that he could peer at me. "Will you be a nice daddy?"

"Well I'd like to think I am," I said, not truly able to promise this to him because I have met me, and I snarl and breathe fire almost as often as I smile and give praise.

After a moment of him seriously trying to read my mind and see into my soul, he nodded slowly, and then insisted that we keep dancing. When we were all growing tired, you asked him if he wanted to sleep in his own bed or with us, and he thought about it before looking down at his feet.
"I've never slept anywhere without mum around before. I don't think I'll be able to sleep at all. Can't we just keep dancing?"

I shook my head. "We all need to sleep. Harry has to get up early to go to work tomorrow morning."

"Then..." he murmured hesitantly. "Can... Can I... Can I sleep with you, just for tonight? Just until I don't miss my mum so much?"

"Of course," I promised him. "I'm warning you now, our bed may be big, but it's crowded. There are already five of us sleeping in there."

"I think I'll like that..."

So, as you suggested, we brought him to bed and snuggled with him. Or more accurately, he snuggled up with you as I stroked his hair. After he fell asleep, I summoned my laptop and went into my closet to read your email (and eat ice cream) before writing this one. I'm feeling calm again. For now. Hopefully I can sleep.

Since tonight is obviously not a good night for my somnophilia kink, I'm going to restrain myself. Instead, I'll visit you in your office tomorrow. After we're done, I'll try to talk more about how I'm feeling, because I need you to help me understand it all.

Utterly and hopelessly in love with you,
Draco

Tuesday September 5th
Morning!

Well, as you promised River, I am here at work bright and early. Ugh, it's only day two of Traditions being back in session and I'm already sick of missing my Traditions Kids!

Ok, I have been having a blast this morning with the littles though. I brought Eri and Ori, but left Viona at home with you and River. I thought it might be nice for you to have some time together without the fussy, needy babies, but that having the Princess might be a good plan so River can have some interaction with his sister that's closest to his age. But send me an insta-owl if I'm wrong and I can come pick Viona and/or River and bring them here.

My love, I know you don't think you're worthless. Believe me. But maybe I have stressed too much about not knowing your worth when I should have been saying that you focus too hard on what you perceive to be your character flaws or that you feel like you have worth, but that you're not "good". I just feel like you look back at your actions and either see you've done something selfish, or something that you think is selfish, and now you've decided you're a selfish person. Yes, you love attention, you love pretty sparkly things, but you are so far from selfish it's laughable. Everything you do is for other people.

And you doing something vain doesn't make you .... no, nevermind you are actually definitely vain! But if I were as beautiful as you are I'd be pretty vain myself!

I'm sorry Master if you feel I'm not following your standing orders. I know that I am valuable. I know that I do good things. I know that I have positively influenced people. But, I know that you love me, and that's what makes me feel the most valuable. I love you.

I had such a fun time dancing last night. Isn't it funny that I used to be terrified of dancing and now
it's one of my very favorite things to do. And it's not that I've gotten better at it, although I think I have, but that I have decided that having fun and enjoying myself and being close to you (and our kids when we dance with them) is worth any embarrassment I may feel from being a terrible dancer. It seems like River doesn't seem to mind that I dance like a lunatic.

And you ARE a nice daddy! Your fire breathing act doesn't mean you're not nice. And I don't think I have ever seen your attitude directed at any of the children. You give them the eyebrow, and you get sarcastic or snarky, but you never breathe fire at them.

And then …. oh fuck, you just popped under my desk.

-

Oh fucking hell, I was going to shut my laptop and enjoy but I think I will just keep typing to you. See how long I can be coherent.

Mmm, fuck, you're just sucking on the head. I tried jerking my hips to get you to take me deeper, but now you're pinning my hips down. Oh god oh god, please just either go further down or at least wrap your hand around the rest of me. Oh no, your hands are now busy elsewhere, you're still sucking just the head, but now you have one hand kneading my bollocks and I'm hearing that familiar sound that means you're wanking yourself. Ooh that means you're not pinning my hips down anymore, maybe I can get you to take me deeper.

No! That plan backfired, now you've stopped sucking completely and you're just licking the outside. I'm sorry! I'm so so so so sorry.

Unngnghh, you just took me all the way in one go. Dragon, if you don't stop that I am going to blow.

Oh god I'm so close, I'm so close fuck fuck fuck.p

sk;dlfnfMMDWPVKa;l x,

K love you bye

H

Chapter End Notes

Besides, I wanted to leave y'all with that lovely image until tomorrow XD
Chapter 278

Chapter Summary

Draco takes Harry, their family, and the half day kids to Unity Park, then reads a letter from Rosalie. Later Harry forwards an email from Neville and Charlie.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday September 5th

My love,

Cuddling in your office after a brilliant shag is definitely one of my favorite things to do. This time was even better because I was able to lay my head on your lap and let you play with my hair while we talked about my feelings.

After, I had a little bit of business to attend to, so I kissed you goodbye and Apparated to St. Mungo's. In the morgue, I was required to provide positive identification of Rosalie - as best I could considering I hadn't seen her in about 5 years and didn't really know her well to begin with. It was mostly a formality as they had River's unquestionable ID, they just can't use it 'legally' because he's a minor.

Normally, this sort of thing is done by you in Unity House, so it was sort of weird to meet with my lawyers and Rosalie's in the morgue of St. Mungo's. They wanted to meet me there because her lawyers needed to be on hand to witness the positive identification. Once that was done, they gave me a letter addressed to me, and then assured me that they were going to handle the business of contacting her parents in Australia and letting them know the tragic news.

It seems that the elder Lewises had moved to Australia shortly after Rosalie had graduated, and she had firmly decided to stay here because she'd gotten a well paying job that was perfect for her - especially as a pregnant woman. It seems that the muggle woman that had provided daycare for her as a child was planning to retire and trusted Rosalie to take over for her. Thus, that explains why Rosalie never needed help or money to support River. She had a thriving business with built in child care. Not to worry, she willed it to her 'second in command' so it's being taken care of.

In any case, I asked for her parents' address so that I could write to them and explain my perspective, and also assure them that their grandson is going to be well cared for and that they can see him whenever they like. Side note, I think we might want to consider going to Australia in the near future to meet with them and reassure them in person.

Legally, River is undisputedly mine. The paternity test spell proved it, and so my lawyers were on hand to basically have me sign papers permanently giving me full custody of him. This is the part that I'm used to happening at your hand or by you in conjunction with the Department for Children and Families.

Shockingly, by the time I was finished, it was only a little after lunch. I impulsively decided that I could squeeze a little bit more business into the day, and bring you and the Kids with me while I was at it.
See, it's one thing to visit Unity Park on a day when it's closed and being run especially for us, but it's another entirely to show up unexpectedly on a day when it should be running normally. If it is, then everything is good, but if it's not, then as the financial owner, that is something I need to address. And so, yes, me bringing you and all of our kids plus the Unity Kids who'd already come back from their half day at traditions - not to mention Eliza, Sebastian, Gavin, and Della - to play at an amusement park IS good business.

Plus, I think it is nearly perfect timing when it comes to Gavin, because he's doing better and should be able to handle a few hours. And if he starts to tire, it can be a good signal that it's time for us ALL to leave. So, with that, I returned to Unity House and asked Maya and Luna and a couple other caregivers to get themselves and the children ready to go while I surprised you in your office with a few kisses before going to gather up the kids at the Manor. Mum and dad volunteering to come with us was a bit of a surprise, but one that I was not about to turn down because of how many kids we were going to be responsible for. I also insisted that our elves come with to keep an eye on the littles AND ride rides with the toddlers if they were scared or needed someone to hold their hands.

Once at Unity Park and satisfied that things were being run more or less smoothly - not to mention freaking out all of the managers who called in the other owner (I'm the financial owner, she's the one who will own it once she can pay back what I invested in it - plus interest - which will take about a decade) to ensure that everything was running in top form - I sat down to read Rosalie's letter.

Dear Draco,

If you're reading this letter, then I've died somehow and you suddenly have a son you knew nothing about. First I'd like to apologize for not telling you about him. I always planned to at some point, I was just waiting for the right time, and before I knew it, years passed. At first, when I found out, I spent months debating whether or not to tell you, but I eventually decided that you deserved to finish up Hogwarts before having your life upended. I felt that while you would probably be a good father in some ways, in others, you really were too young for such heavy responsibility.

So I waited until you graduated. But by then, the war was won and you looked like you might be headed to Azkaban. So I waited... and as I said, years ended up passing. As I'm writing this current version of this letter - I update it every year on River's birthday - I'm once again thinking about telling you about him. I think you might be ready to know. I also think you would probably love him as he is such a lovable little boy.

But...

You're now married with quite a few children of your own and I don't want to create unnecessary drama and conflict between you and your husband. By all accounts, you and Harry Potter (now Malfoy) truly make each other happy, and I believe that he deserves happiness - and so do you - so I don't want to be the stone that shatters the glass.

But as I said, if you're reading this letter, I've died somehow and you have no choice but to deal with River. I truly hope that you can accept and love him and that he doesn't come between you and your husband. Please - even if you cannot find room for him in your heart - please always be kind to River. He's a very sweet and loving boy. He's also extremely smart and a bit mischievous at times. He deserves the best, and you can afford to give him the best, so please do so.

What happened between us was some of the best shagging of my life, but try to remember that it was BETWEEN US and River had nothing to do with it. He's not at fault if you feel angry with me, so please don't take your anger out on him. Honestly, I always believed you were better than you let others believe. I believe you can do this.
One last thing, I hope to be cremated. If I am, will you keep my ashes for him? Obviously, if he is not ready to have them or is scared by them, don't force him to keep them. But please keep them for him. One day, he WILL want them, and I want him to have them when he is ready.

Thank you, and once more, sorry for never quite having the courage to do the right thing. Hopefully it will comfort you to know that River was always happy and never wanted for anything. I did my best for him and it was more than enough. If he should ever ask, tell him that I always ALWAYS love him.

Best wishes,
Rosalie

Well... I suppose I do feel a bit better. I can't quite be angry with her after reading her explanation. Even though she didn't really say anything I didn't already suspect, seeing it confirmed somehow takes a load off my mind. Now I know for certain that she didn't have any ill intent against me. I can accept her apology and do my best to move forward from here.

And best of all, you spotted me typing this email while sitting on a bench keeping half an eye on the kids, and are headed this way to comfort and kiss me. So... I'm signing off now.

Love always,
Draco

Wednesday September 6th
Yes!!! Let's go to Australia! I mean, not right now but soon. Ok right now if you insist. It probably makes more sense to wait right? Seeing as Lainie just started school two days ago? Yeah we should wait. But probably not too long, I am sure River's grandparents will be anxious to see that he's doing alright, happy healthy and safe.

So I looked it up, and even without stops, it's roughly a seventeen hour flight! It's too far to portkey with babies, it's too early in the school year to take Elena out of classes for an extended amount of time, and it's too important of a trip to do without Elena. So, what if we went over winter hols? Similar to our trip to America last year, leave after Christmas Day, back home by new years eve. Or do you think that's too far away and we need to prioritize an earlier trip?

Yesterday at Unity Park was so fun! It was definitely a different experience than my birthday trip. When it was just my friends, I went young, wild, and free. I rode mostly roller coasters and scarier things. It was just my friends so I wasn't worried that someone would see me screaming in terror at one of the big drops or that it would get out that I turn a little green when I step off of spinning rides! But taking the littles was a completely different experience in itself, and then add the fact that it was open to the public made it different in a completely different way.

I know you were reading Rosalie's letter, and subsequently emailing me how you felt about it, and I know you needed that. But you missed some serious baby giggles while you were alone. I'll bet you're assuming it was Eris, because she's our passionate girl. She may be demanding and have very specific ways she likes things done, and be much fussier than Orion, but she is also the one who gives the biggest smiles, the biggest giggles (usually), and the gooiest kisses. But no, we went on this little ride, the one with the different talking animals I can't remember its name, and Ori would not stop laughing. It was gut-busting laughter! He sounded like a little man. I think he's just going to continue being like you, he's not going to smile as often as he smirks and he's not going to laugh as often as he chuckles under his breath, but when you do get one of his smiles or his laughs it lights up the room.
River stayed glued to my side all day. He has those big sweet loving eyes like you do, and I'm glad you told me what Rosalie's letter said, because I could have used that warning about how smart and mischievous he is! He had talked me into three different souvenirs and two ice cream cones before I realized he was playing me with the puppy dog eyes! I know that Rosalie's letter was a mother's fear that someone wouldn't quite be able to love her son if she was gone, but who would not have room in their heart for him? He's so sweet and fun. And he is inquisitive too! It was nonstop questions all day. I tried to give as many answers as I could, but some of his questions I just had no way to answer. So I told him to ask you. Good luck with that.

I wish we could have taken Lainie with us, but she's obviously not a half day Traditions kid. We'll have to bring her soon. I'm sure she would have had fun, but it was nice having all the Kids being similar in ages, we didn't have to spread out our time between the bigger rides and the smaller attractions. And the surprise that the Traditions Kids did by having a nice dinner ready for everyone when we got back was so sweet. You'd think they'd be jealous or resentful that they didn't get to go on a fun day trip, but no, they just used it as an excuse to have the kitchen to themselves and have waffles for dinner!

I was going back and forth about what movie to watch for tonight, I have a few options, but a lot of them were geared towards the younger set. Also, I was trying to keep River in mind when choosing and do you realize how many kid movies have the parents dying? It's a LOT. Well, after the big Kids were so kind yesterday, I think they deserve a more mature movie tonight! And so …. after me telling you all about it for over a year … you will FINALLY be seeing Star Wars!! We're going to start with Episode IV: A New Hope. Because that's the appropriate place to start.

As you know, I took River with me to Unity House today, he's going to have a nice long session with Yesenia. Hopefully she will have some insight as to how to transition him seamlessly into our family and how to help him grieve and remember his mum. She didn't leave River any letters did she? I hope we end up being a good family for him. Can I tell you something? I am already helplessly in love with him. I want to keep him forever! It's like, he walked into our home and my heart went "yep, that's the one, this one's ours."

I told everyone I was going to do paperwork while River was in his session, so I suppose I should at least attempt a little bit so I'm not a liar! I'll see you tonight for movie night, or earlier would be even better if you wanted to talk with Yesenia about River before she leaves for the day.

Yours in every way,
Harry

P.S. I'm forwarding an email I got from Neville. Let me know if it fits on our calendar ok?!

Tuesday September 5th
Dear Harry,

Charlie and I appreciated our invitation to your second birthday party a few weeks ago. We enjoyed ourselves and were happy to find out there were other people with similar interests.

We were wondering if you and Draco would have time this upcoming weekend to perhaps go on a double date? If this weekend doesn't work, we are both available the following weekend. Perhaps we could have a nice long discussion about our mutual interests?

If this sounds good to you, please reply with a good day, time, and location that will work for you.
Looking forward to your reply.

Sincerely,
Neville Longbottom & Charlie Weasley

Chapter End Notes

Hee hee hee :-D
Chapter 279

Chapter Summary

Draco loves planning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Wednesday September 6th

Ooo planning!

Planning I can do. It takes very little effort on my part and I don't have to talk about my feelings. I like planning, especially when my plans come to fruition.

Alright, so, today is September 6th, and I have the Autumnal Equinox ritual on the 22nd. SO, if there happens to be a day off at Traditions on the 8th, 11th, 15th, or 18th - that would actually be the perfect time to go to Australia. We could jet there on say the 15th - for example - and if it looks like we have to stay later than the 18th, send Elena home via a portkey with Dibly. ACTUALLY, if you really wanted to be a bit strict with her schooling, we could always get on the jet with the littles and have Elena and Dibly Portkey to us after getting out of school on Friday - once we've landed but before we actually track down the Lewises. And then send her back home via Portkey so that she can get some sleep and go to Traditions on Monday morning. Obviously, this is why having a day off would be best - do you and Hermione have a planning day or something? Not sure how it works, to be honest.

Anyway, worst case scenario, we make Elena miss a few days. I really don't mind, but I know how much she loves her school, and so, she would probably insist on Portkeying home anyway. And now I think I'm talking in circles. Sorry.

The 22nd happens to be on a Friday, and so, the Mabon ritual might be a little wilder than last year. Last year, it was our first ritual, and so even though we included nudity and firedancing, it was still a bit subdued because we didn't want to go overboard and ruin everything the first time out of the gate. That said, since the rituals were so popular last year, we have a tiny bit more freedom this time. For example, all of the parents approved the optional nudity and wine, so, we don't have to hold two separate rituals.

So, speaking of which, one of the days before the ritual - probably Tuesday, unless we're still in Australia - Macmillan, Bones, Patil, and Luna will be dropping in to do some hands on planning. Last year, we'd done most of our planning via Insta-owl and emails, but this year, we want to try getting together once to ensure that we're not trying to be too ambitious. That said, we're more than likely going to reuse most of what we did last year. After all, the traditions don't really change much, simply the weather and how they're enacted.

Side note: We're going to cast a spell to ensure good weather that day since the forecast suggests it might be rainy.

Alright, on to more recent planning. Neville and Charlie want a double date this weekend. I think we should start somewhere fairly neutral. What do you think about taking them to the Shard? It was such
a beautiful restaurant, and as a bonus, if the date gets friendly, we'll have the option of obtaining a room in the same building. But don't worry, I'm not assuming anything, just trying to plan for all possibilities.

But actually, if the date doesn't culminate with playtime in a room, we could always take a nice long stroll through London. I'll have your leash attached to your collar, and we can visit our favorite shop and buy you a tail. I haven't bought you one yet because I thought that might be the thing that pushed you too far and turned you off, but I must admit, I'm looking forward to seeing you with a tail. Are you thinking one of those long and whip-like tails, or a shorter, fluffier one? I can't decide which would be more appropriate.

We could always get you a curly little pug tail like Onyx has, hahaha!

Anyway, it's nearly time for the movie, so I'm going to sign off and Apparate over to you. I don't want to risk missing another one. Especially not this one!

You made me a, you made me a believer, believer, you break me down, you build me up, believer, believer, oh let the bullets fly, oh let them rain, my life, my love, my drive, it came from, you made me a, you made me a believer, believer,

Draco

Thursday September 7th
Ok ok ok, I figured it all out.

This weekend is out because we have plans with Neville and Charlie. I sent Neville a message saying we'd love to do a double date, and that we would meet him and Charlie and the Shard at 6PM tomorrow evening. I've already talked with Molly (didn't mention Nev and Charlie, that's their business!) and she wants all five of ours for a sleepover. I mentioned that Muffy could come get them at bedtime and they could go home to sleep so she could rest and you'd have thought I had slapped her. I have never seen her so offended. So that's that. She says she plans on having a long visit with her grandchildren and we shouldn't dare show our faces until at least noon the next day.

So the following weekend, I figured out how to have a nice trip and have Elena miss zero school and get enough sleep. But I don't mind if she misses a day or two of class for something important. So I say we leave that up to her. As long as Mr. Lott is able to fly us on these dates, this was my thought.
-You, me, and the four littles leave home at roughly 7PM Thursday night (the 14th), the flight is roughly 17 hours, but with the time change it becomes an even 24 hours. That puts us in Perth by 8PM Friday night. Just in time to get everyone a good night's sleep for Saturday festivities.
-Meanwhile, Lainie will go to bed as normal on Thursday, Hermione said she will come collect her from the Manor and bring her with when she goes to Traditions on Friday morning. Lainie will go to school all day Friday, when Dibly will collect her at the end of the day (roughly 3:30) and portkey her to our hotel. It will be roughly 10:30-11:00 at night by the time she gets there, we give her a sleeping potion so she can go to sleep with the rest of us, and then we all wake up ready to face the day on Saturday together.
-Spend all day Saturday visiting with River's grandparents, sightseeing, etcetera.
-Spend all day Sunday visiting with River's grandparents, sightseeing, etcetera.
-Monday morning we do a little visiting, relaxing, and at noon we send Dibly and Elena back home with a portkey. That will put them home around 5AM, she can take a short nap if she feels like it, and then Hermione will again pick her up and bring her to school in time for classes to start. When she gets home she can go to bed for the night whenever she's tired enough.
-We also leave at roughly noon on Monday, and with a 17 hour flight and the time change, it actually
will only be 11 hours different. So we should be home around 11PM or midnight and we go straight
to sleep.

All of this will put you on schedule to have gotten a full night's rest in time for an afternoon get
together with your ritual team on Tuesday.

If Lainie feels like she can miss a day or two, we keep the same timing schedule but she'll leave after
school Wednesday or Thursday instead of Friday.

What do you think?

I'm really quite excited for your Mabon ritual! You told me all about it, but I wasn't sure if you
wanted me there, so I never got to see it myself! This one sounds amazing. Ha, remember last year's
ritual is when you told everyone about Eris. And she's still just as feisty as when you used to call her
a demon. This year we will each have each other, and our five little loves to give thanks for.

Whew, now that that's out of the way, what kind of tail should I get?!? Ok, so are you sure you want
me to have a tail? Because you didn't get me one until now, are you sure you were just worried about
pushing me too far and it's not about you either finding it unsexy or you thinking I'm not a good
enough pup to have earned it yet? And you're my Master, you can pick whatever tail you think I
should have. I think I'd prefer one that's kind of whippy so I can actually wag my tail. But I bet a
fluffy one would feel so nice against my skin. Hmmm, I say you choose because you know best but I
THINK I want a waggy tail.

I do NOT want a curly pug tail! Not cool Draco, never say that again!

But now I'm getting nervous for our double date. What if they didn't mean double date, but they
meant talking in a public place so when Neville tells me I've made everything too weird and he
doesn't want to be my friend anymore that I won't cause a scene? Or what if they really want to play,
but they want to talk first because I'm such a terrible puppy that I'm embarrassing to play with and
they want me to be better before we play?

Oh bloody hell, I think I've hit the panic stage.

Ok breathe Harry, breathe.

I think River is settling in really well. He seems to really get on with Eliza and Bastian, not surprising
since they're all the same age. And I have a feeling he's not getting out of our bed any time soon. I
know initially he said that he'd stay "just until I don't miss my mum so much" but I think he's settled
in for the long haul. He is just such a sweet little snuggly sleeper!

I'm really glad we have a playroom upstairs because we might never actually be able to shag without
it!

OOOOOH, did you love Star Wars? It was such a hit that we are going to watch V: The Empire
Strikes Back next week and VI: Return of the Jedi the week after that (unless you and I leave before
movie night one of those weeks and then they will watch something else so we're all watching
together).

Ok, off to be a grownup and play at the Park with all of the Kids.

Love,
Harry
Okay, I didn't tell you guys this earlier, but every time we talk about our Pilot, I can't help but laugh. See, back when we were writing the part about going to a Scandinavian country, I said something along the lines of: "I feel sorry for our poor Pilot, he more or less has to drop whatever he's doing to fly us around because we can never manage to give him more than a couple of days warning." And Chrissie was like: "Oh our pilot, we LOVE him!" And I responded with: "Yeah, we love him so much we don't even know his name." And she came back with: "Sure we do! It's Pie... Lott..." LMAO! So in the very next email I wrote, I said: "So I had a chance to speak to Mr. Lott - our pilot - during the flight, and..." And so that's why I can't help but laugh every time I see his name, lololol XD
Chapter 280

Chapter Summary

In which Harry and Draco have a double date with Neville and Charlie ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday September 8th
My Harry,

Sounds like our plans are all set! I love how Elena's response to being given a choice was: "Are you SURE it won't be too much trouble to let me stay behind and not miss school, and then leave a bit early?" I feel like we have a highly artistic little Hermione on our hands, haha.

Of course I loved Star Wars! It was everything you said it would be - interesting, funny, a little weird, a little awkward at times, but it definitely kept my attention. I look forward to seeing the next one!

Sorry to cut this email so short, but I wanted to email now while I had some time, but if I don't make it quick, I won't have nearly enough time to get ready for our date with Neville and Charlie. Also, don't worry, I set out some clothes for you on the bed.

If I lose track of time in the bathroom or my closet, feel free to come in and give me an incentive to hurry up, hahaha.

Love as endless as the sky,
Draco

Friday September 8th
Master,

Well, the first half of the double date went wonderfully. But you know us, I just got out of the shower and now you're taking one yourself (we decided not to take one together so we didn't lose track of time!) so I decided to take this time to write out my thoughts about what we've already done and how I feel about what's coming up.
I got dressed in what you laid out for me; fitted black trousers and a deep plum button down with a few buttons undone so my collar is on display as well as the sleeves rolled up to just below my elbows. I sat around waiting for you while you finished getting ready. I also read your email, which made me laugh because I was already dressed in what you had set out, as if I wouldn't know that you would have had something in mind for me to wear on this date!

Then you came out, perfectly tailored and groomed and mine. I was dressed nicely, but you were dressed to kill. Wearing a perfectly tailored grey three piece suit, white dress shirt, and a plum tie that coordinated with my shirt. I love when we coordinate without being matchy. I couldn’t stop myself from kissing you, but you stopped me when my hands started moving towards your hair, "Ah, ah, ah, silly mutt, none of that. I won’t be messed up before our date."

I whined in your ear and breathed out a "Sorry Master, I know better." And your chin hiked up just a notch. That wonderful look you get when you start to get into your dominating headspace. Mmmm, I could wank right now just thinking about that look!

But I won’t!

Then we gathered up the kids, flooed over to the Burrow, and we started to give helpful hints and instructions to Molly. Which was immediately glared down, "I can very well take care of a few children!" Only Molly and Arthur Weasley would think five children was "a few"!
Once everyone was settled, we went to leave, but Molly stopped us and demanded pictures of us because we were so adorable. I felt like teenagers on our way to a dance! But she wasn't wrong, we looked fantastic and I'm excited to get that picture up on our wall.

That's when we apparated to the Shard. We got there a bit early and decided to reserve two rooms for the night. Either way we were going to stay seeing as we weren't allowed to pick up our children tomorrow anyway. And you thought it would be a nice gesture to Neville and Charlie to have a separate room ready for them. This way they could have as much fun as they wanted, not have to worry about apparating home drunk, and not feel pressured into doing anything with us as if we had done a suite of rooms.

We met them at the restaurant after that, sat down, chatted about nothing for a while, ordered some delicious food. Honestly, I have no idea what anyone ordered, I was so nervous about the upcoming conversation. I "know" that Neville and Charlie wouldn't stop being our friends, and I "know" it's highly unlikely that they would want to have a double date to tell me what a terribly pup I am, but I couldn't stop my brain from going through all of the worst case scenarios. I think you knew how nervous I was because you were covering me in reassuring touches.

I was really pleased to find out during our conversation was that Neville finally told his gran that he was currently dating a man. It sounds like she is holding out hope that he will eventually come around and follow her life plan for him, but she was supportive enough that it wasn't a fight and she wants to meet his boyfriend.

Finally after we had all ordered and we were all about one drink in, sweet brave Neville decided to lay it all on the line. "I think it's time to talk about the elephant in the room, or I suppose the puppies in the room would be more accurate." I could feel myself tensing and then you pressed your hand into the back of my neck and grounded me. Thank you for knowing me so well.

Neville cleared his throat and continued, "Charlie and I had a wonderful time when we joined you for your birthday afterparty. It was great to see no one judging us, and nice to know that so many of our friends and family see kink as normal and fun." He was talking about all of us, but he seemed to be aiming all of his talking towards you, very much a set of owners making plans for their boys, it was so hot. "We have had quite a few long talks about this whole situation in the almost six weeks since the party, and we think it's time to get my Charlie here on some playdates. I don't want a lonely pup."

This is when I thought he would start talking about wanting to come to another group playtime at the Manor, but I was wrong. "While that group was fun, and I dearly care for them, no one else is a puppy. They're kinky and sexy, but not exactly OUR kind of kinky sex. But Harry has the makings of a very good pup. So we were hoping to take this double date to the next level."

There went that slow, sexy, smirk of yours, "What did you have in mind Longbottom?" Merlin your posh drawl is so bloody hot.

"I had a few ideas, but we are willing to alter any plans that don't work for you. I have gotten all of my pup's gear at Regulation as I told Harry before, but I've gotten it alone because I was too worried about being caught. I thought we could walk our boys over there, see what they have, and possibly buy them some new toys. After that we could go our separate ways or we could find a place to give them the puppy playdate I think they've been craving."

I had to interrupt him, "That's perfect! We already got you two a hotel room!" Your eyes shot to me immediately, that eyebrow of yours an indicator of how naughty I've been. "Um, er, what I meant was we got you a separate room so you wouldn't have to worry about apparating home while tired or after a few drinks. No pressure." Your eyebrow went down some after I said that bit, but I had a
feeling I was still in a bit of trouble.

We ended up having a nice dinner, I think everything was good, but I was much too anxious to get to the next stage of the date that I am pretty sure I just inhaled everything without tasting it. I even turned down dessert! I don't think I was the only one anxious to go, no one else ordered dessert either, and there were some really yummy looking options!

When dinner was finally over, we got our walk to Regulation. We all enjoyed exploring and looking through the puppy supplies, Charlie picked out a few items, but you didn't let me see what you ended up buying, said it would be a surprise for when we got back to our rooms. Except here I am in our rooms and you still haven't let me see anything!

Once we got back to the hotel, we separated to go to our rooms, Neville and Charlie wanted to discuss their limits together before we started anything. We are supposed to do the same, but we already know each other's limits and I would bet a million galleons that our limits are going to be higher than at least Neville's so I'm not really concerned about that conversation. Which is why we decided to take showers and make sure we're squeaky clean and ready for anything. I know that they are going to meet us in our rooms soon, and the plan is to have Charlie and I fully pupped out. I'm just sitting here, naked and waiting for you to dress me up.

I know you brought the harness you used last time, but I see a bag full of fun stuff sitting next to the bed waiting for me! I'm not peeking, but it's getting harder to wait every minute you're in the shower! I hope there's a tail in there! Are you purposefully taking a crazy long shower to get me all squirmy and anxious?

Ahhhh! I heard the water shut off! See you in a minute!

Love,
Your Mutt

Chapter End Notes

WARNING! There's puppy play in the next chapter!
Saturday September 9th
Good morning my love,

Wow, last night was … wow. I was really right when I said that Charlie was a puppy much different from when I'm a puppy. But I really got a taste of it last night. And I don't want to be a puppy every time we play like Neville and Charlie do, but I really want to try it again. If it's something you liked of course. If not, I don't NEED it, I have loved what we've done so far. But, um, unless it was like squicky for you, I'd really like to do it some more.

I don't see a reply from you, and we pretty much passed out wrapped around each other last night, so I'm assuming you haven't read my email from last night yet. I guess I will just pick up where I left off … impatiently waiting naked (besides my collar and my ring as usual) for you to get out of the shower. I signed off my email, stowed my computer in my bag, and went to the sitting room and sat on the sofa waiting for you.
When you walked out of the bathroom fully dressed, although more casually than you were at dinner wearing dark jeans and a fitted long sleeved shirt in a deep royal blue, I knew I was really excited for the night. Obviously I love seeing you naked, but there is something about the power imbalance when I am naked and you're fully dressed (you were even wearing shoes) that just makes my subby side come screaming to attention. You stood across the room from me, and said "come Mutt." I started to stand up from where I had been sitting, but you cleared your throat and lifted your eyebrow again. Ohhhhh, we were starting already!

I dropped to all fours and crawled my way over to you, kneeling at your feet. I tilted my head up and said "I love you so much Draco." You gave me one of your beautiful smiles, crouched a bit so that you could be more at my eye level, but certainly didn't kneel, and cupped my face with your hands, "And I love you Harry. For always. Those were some very good words as your last human communication for the night. Puppies don't need silly words do they mutt?" God, I could have come right there. I whimpered a bit and leaned into your hand, but I knew better than to respond to that with words.

"Good boy, let's get you ready for your friend Charlie to come play with you, yes?" Again, I just started making noises deep in my throat, I hoped you would hear the unspoken "yes" in them. You started getting me ready, putting the leather harness on again, I really like that it has a collar built in, I love my collar and I love when you clip my leash to it for walks, and I know it's magically reinforced, but it seems so delicate for using it for things like tonight. I just like that it had the leather and ring so you could really tug at the lead if you wanted to. But only for fun, because I was such a good boy I didn't need a lot of reminders right?

Once that was on, you pulled out some lube and dug in the bag for my … tail! Yay yay yay, I have a tail, and you did get the whippy one I could wag. I may have started to wag a bit before you even got it to me. You chuckled a bit, "well that just looks silly without your tail, Mutt, why don't we fix that hmm?" I gave you what I hope were big happy puppy dog eyes and kept wagging. You took your sweet time working me open while I whined and moaned, and then you slid my tail-plug right in. Merlin it felt good in so many ways. I got really excited and let out my first bark. Which then shocked me into sitting down hard right on my tail.

I was getting myself so worked up I was afraid I would blow before my friend even got there. Which you definitely noticed and pulled out your next item, a ring that looked like a dog tag that just said "puppy." Quite torn between being relieved I wouldn't have to contain myself, but also knowing how much torture I was in for, I leaned onto my forearms and raised my arse up high so you could get to my bollocks.

Your final item for me was a set of puppy ears, they looked a bit like a headband but since they were magical (which I didn't find out until you put them on) they weren't cartoony lame ears like the muggles wear on Halloween. Once you put them on me they seemed to be a part of me and I felt my regular hearing change. They were actually temporary ears! I was a bit confused because all off the puppies I'd seen before had full leather face masks, so I cocked my head and tried pointing to my face. Luckily you understood, or used legilimency, whatever works I suppose. "Silly Mutt, why would I get you one of those masks that covers up that face I love? I can't have that. These ears will have to be enough." You then proceeded to scratch behind those ears, and I could hear myself rumble deep in my throat. That felt lovely.

You did actually kneel down eye to eye with me at that point, "Remember my love, this is about fun, if anything doesn't feel right you know your words and you know everyone here tonight will honor them. I love you. You're perfect. You're my good puppy." I could have cried at that moment, but that's when there was a knock at the door. I felt my heart jump up into my throat. What if I did this wrong, what if they didn't like me, what if I just ended up feeling silly and I make them feel bad?
That's when you smacked my arse, making my tail wag and had me letting out a huff, "None of that! You're my good mutt; wait here while I go greet our friends."

You answered the door and in walked Neville and Charlie, both fully dressed and looking normal! Fuck, they didn't want to play, I look ridiculous. But as soon as the door shut, Neville muttered a "Finite Incantatem" and the glamour fell off of Charlie and I saw he was definitely ready to be a puppy. He didn't have a harness like me, but he did have a thick black leather collar. He was also wearing a ring but his did not have a puppy tag on it, and he had a tail that looked a lot like mine, but shorter and more rounded. He also had kneepads and pup mitts. He obviously does this more often so he needs the protection on his joints. If this is something we end up doing more, maybe I should get some too, I don't mind it but my knees are a bit rugburned this morning. He had ears like mine and no facemask too! Neville must like his face too. But his ears were red like his hair, were mine black when they were on?

Before I could fully register what was happening, Charlie dropped to his knees with his hands in front, sitting like the pup he is. He seemed a bit squirmy too. Neville laughed, "Go Boy, this playdate is for you, go say hi." That was what he was waiting for and Charlie bounded over to me, circling me, looking at me from all angles, butting his head against me, and finally a big lick across my face. I looked up at you, waiting for permission, "Oi Mutt, get to playing!" And that's all I needed. I started circling Charlie too. The two of us letting out yips and soft barks and the occasional lick. Before I knew it we were wrestling a bit, and playfully growling at each other.

I always knew where you were, and I knew that you and Neville were talking, but I really got into the headspace and I was not registering any words being said. All I could think about was rolling around and playing and making sure I was being your good boy. At some point you or Neville must have dropped some toys for us because we were rolling balls back and forth to each other and playing a gentle game of tug of war with some rope. But not too hard, that would hurt my teeth! I was having so much fun.

After a while I heard a mix of "Boy!" and "Mutt!" being said. Ooh, one of those is me! I went crawling over to your side and laid my head on your lap, Charlie doing the same to Neville, both of you clipping our leads to our collars. Then we were both getting our scratches behind the ears. Calming down from our playtime gave me the chance to look around at what else was happening. Not only were both Charlie and I out of breath, but both yours and Neville's laps were quite tented and Charlie was rock hard, which made me realize how hard I was. Once I remembered, it was so hard it almost hurt. I started whining a bit, which made you pull on me a bit, "Oi Mutt! Be good!" So I let out a small apology bark (wow, I have an apology bark, weird) and started licking your hand.

I heard you groan and then, "Neville, this has been wonderful, I love seeing my little mutt so free and happy, but I have hit the point of the evening where I have to have him. You're both welcome and wanted, but if you want to leave before this goes any further, this is the point of no return."

I stopped licking your hand at that to look over at them, they stared in each other's eyes for a minute, and then Nev gave a nod and Charlie let out the happiest bark I'd heard from him yet. Neville started to undo his trousers, and you mirrored his actions. You were so wonderful, following his lead. I know that can be hard for you but you were so worried about their comfort level! You are the best Master, Owner, Handler, whatever … that there has ever been!

Holy fucking buggering shite! Neville is as hung as fucking Blaise. Oh my gods oh my gods oh my gods. To hell with Gryffindor's Sword, I think THAT is what he must have used to kill the damn snake! How did I not know this? I shared a dorm with him for six years! Huh, never seen him hard before last night, he's probably a grower!
Neville commanded, "Boy, put that puppy tongue to good use" and then I saw nothing but the back of a red head. At that point your cock was out and I stopped caring about anything else. I put my puppy tongue to good use myself. It was so surreal and wonderful. I still felt like a puppy, just a more grown up dog I suppose, and I could hear myself making little grunting and moaning noises, and I did more licking and less sucking than I usually do. It's almost hard to describe right now because I don't feel the way I did last night, and words aren't right to describe how I felt.

That's when you two owners started talking to each other, I may not have been paying attention to words while we were playing, but now I could hear everything! You were talking quite calmly, which seemed crazy because I was so hard and desperate. The two of you were talking about us like you were talking about the weather. It was driving me crazy, but you knew exactly what you were doing because it was twisting that part of me that knew talking wasn't for puppy ears. I would have shot off if I hadn't been ringed. You kept discussing what good boys you both had, how hot it was to watch us play, seeing our tails wagging, hearing our moaning and grunting, seeing all that skin on display, and watching us get progressively harder as we kept going.

Finally you spoke to me, "Mutt, you listen to Neville." Okay okay okay, anything you say. I whined and wagged and kept licking until Nev finally said "Stop! Sit!" so I did. You two finished undressing, I would have loved to help, but puppy paws aren't very helpful for taking off human clothes! Neville kept up with his instructions while you both got naked, "Both of you, all fours facing each other, so close your muzzles are next to each others' ear, and face forward!" We moved as quickly as we could into position. Charlie was panting into my ear, and I am sure I was doing the same into his.

I couldn't see you behind me, but I could see what Neville was doing behind Charlie. Everything happening at once, I felt you start to pull on my tail, I saw Neville grabbing Charlie's, and I could hear Charlie whining into my ear. I had a moment of emptiness when my tail and plug were gone, but that only lasted a moment before you slid in in one smooth motion. I think all four of us let out matching guttural groans at the same time.

Everything was so much, watching Neville's face as he buggered Charlie hard, feeling you pounding into me relentlessly, not being sure if I was supposed to still be a puppy or if we were switching. Then Charlie started barking and yipping and growling in my ear. Oh! Puppies. We're puppies. And I felt like such a good boy for earning my Master's cock. I started yipping and barking too. Well after what felt like hours of play time, hours of sucking you, and hours of being buggered, you came with a primal scream. I could feel you pulsing inside of me. Neville yelling out his release just a few seconds later, while yours was still going. I looked back at you with slightly panicked eyes, I didn't know what was going to come next and I still had my ring on.

Once your climaxes were done, you both pulled out of your boys, left us kneeling but pulled our backs to your chests, took off our rings, and started stroking us at a lightning pace. I had your arms around me, your hand around my cock, but I was staring at Charlie and Neville. They both looked as wrecked as I felt. Just when I thought I couldn't take another second, you whispered into my ear "come for me my good boy." And I did! Charlie and I were close enough that I shot all over his chest, triggering him to do the same to me.

I dropped back to all fours, panting like crazy. Then you and Neville proceeded to clean us up, give us water, and snuggle us until we were Harry and Charlie again. At that point I am pretty sure they went back to their room and you carried me to bed. I'm not completely sure because I think I was almost sound asleep by that point. I remember nothing until I woke up about an hour ago.

But you are still asleep, and writing all of this has made me horny as hell. I'm going to come wake you up and show you how thankful I am for last night.
Love you always,
Your Mutt,
Harry

Saturday September 9th
My darling mutt,

Well, that was certainly different. And I don't mean that in a bad way. I simply have never done that before. To be honest, I kept expecting Charlie to mount you. With your tail in the way, it wouldn't have been effective, but I still expected it for some reason. Plus mutual licking all over, but instead, you two acted like literal puppies. I think I hadn't quite understood what was going to happen until after it actually happened.

As I talked with Neville, he told me that he and Charlie were too new to playing around to go too far, and that's when I understood that I needed to be respectful and follow his/their lead. The rest of the conversation that you weren't paying attention to - which was just as it should have been - was mostly us talking a little about what had happened in Seventh Year. I'd already apologized to him, but I did so again. I also told him that I understood how hard it probably was for him to play in any sort of sexual manner with someone who used to enjoy half terrorizing him.

He shrugged and said that standing up for himself in Seventh Year is what helped him realize that he really was a brave Gryffindor. Had I not given him a cause to fight for, he wouldn't have found the inner strength to stand up to Voldemort and slay Nagini. He also admitted that he understood at some point that I wasn't doing it because I wanted to. The fact that I had locked up my emotions was so blatantly obvious that they'd actually speculated on if I was under Imperius.

When I read your email and how surprised you were at Neville's size, I had to laugh because you were obviously way too distracted at your birthday playnight to notice him then. He had gotten naked for a bit as he and Charlie played around. Thus I can tell you with all certainty that Neville is not as big as Blaise. Yes, he is shockingly close, but he's an inch or so shorter and less wide in general. That said, if you saw one and then the other, but not together, they do look the same size proportionally. Even funnier, Blaise had been fascinated by the discovery as well and nearly used his sex magic on Neville. He very much wanted that gorgeous shaft up his arse, but I reined him in because I knew it would be a bad idea to scare Neville off.

That came up in conversation too - while you weren't paying intention. Neville talked about how astonishingly friendly Blaise was. It doesn't seem logical to a person who was on the other side of the war in school, because Blaise was exactly as cold and ruthless as he had to be, but as you know, Blaise really is a lover and not a fighter. When I told Neville that I actually saved him from impossible to resist sex magic, he was grateful enough that he blushed and muttered thanks.

Then he told me that he's not adverse to shagging Blaise at some point in the future, just that he's not actually gay. Which was an interesting conversation in and of itself because - being Bi myself - I could understand his perspective and offer insight.

"I know it's sounds mental, considering that I'm in a serious relationship with Charlie, but I'm not gay," he said.

"You're not?" I questioned with a raised brow.

"No. I very much like girls, and I do picture myself marrying one someday. It's just that I fell for Charlie. HARD. It honestly was just playing around at first. I talked with him at one of the Weasley
family functions, and somehow, we got on the subject of fantasy and roleplay. I teasingly asked him if he had ever pretended to be a dragon. He got very quiet for a moment before saying: no, but I have pretended to be a puppy," Neville huffed a wry laugh. "And that was sort of a fantasy of mine. Er, having a human on a leash who was pretending to be a puppy, that is, not being a puppy myself. So I reminded myself that I'm a Gryffindor and suggested getting together to see what happened."

Neville paused and chuckled, shaking his head just a bit. "Well, it was already well known that Charlie's gay, so he had no problems with my suggestion, even though I assured him several times that I wasn't going to find it sexual so much as an odd bit of fun. Smirking, he muttered something along the lines of: whatever you say."

"I take it he was right?" I stated more than asked.

He snorted a laugh. "Yes! I don't think I lasted more than 20 minutes before I was all over him! Like I said, we were just playing at first, but every time Charlie came home for a visit, we'd get together. Then he started coming specifically to visit me, not even telling anyone else he was in town. At some point, I realized that I was so utterly in love with him that it hurt."

"So, if that's true, then why do you say that you're not gay?" I wondered.

"Because I'm not," Neville replied with a shrug. "I still think about girls all the time, and often wish I had one on the side. I resigned myself to - you know - not ever having one again, but then Harry told me much more than I wanted to know about his sex life one day, and I realized that maybe there is a way to have the man I love the majority of the time, and a girl when I'm in the mood."

"I'd say that you're probably bisexual, like I am," I remarked. "I'm utterly in love with Harry, and had slept with other men in the past, but I also like girls. Luna - for example - would probably be my wife if we hadn't realized that we weren't quite right for each other. I love her and love letting her peg me, and vice versa. We can really bring the kink out of each other. But I just..."

"Need Harry like you need air?" Neville asked with a knowing smirk.

"Exactly!" I stated in confirmation.

He nodded. "Actually, I love Luna too. I thought about asking her to be my girlfriend when I was in Sixth and Seventh Year, but at first I was still too shy, and then I was too busy with other things. When I did finally ask after the war was over, she gave me this look of understanding - of knowing - that only she can manage, and told me that we weren't meant for each other, but that if I wanted to, she wouldn't mind having a bit of fun until I found the one I was made for. I was so disappointed by the gentle rejection that I declined. I've always regretted that. I sincerely wish I had taken her up on the offer at least once."

I shrugged. "There's still time and I'm certain she wouldn't refuse. I wouldn't call her a slag - like Blaise is - but I would admit that she has an openness about sexuality (and pretty much everything else) that most people just can't understand."

Neville shrugged. "Maybe. But probably not anytime soon. Charlie and I have to settle more into this relationship and talk more about what we want and need. I don't think we can just flip a switch and suddenly be comfortable with playing around whenever the mood strikes." He chuckled and shook his head. "We only just moved in together, after all."

I nodded in understanding, realizing that this must be what triggered Neville telling his grandmother about them. "That's only to be expected. You didn't talk with Harry about sex when he was still insecure and uncertain. I was his first, so he didn't have any experience or know what to expect, and
then I was already talking about sleeping around before we even got together. He seemed to think that I would want others because he wasn't good enough for me, but once I reassured him that he was, and also we talked about both our kinks a lot, then he grew more open to trying new things. Basically, I've corrupted him." We both laughed at that. "But it took a while, and what you see now is the end result of a lot of opening up and learning to trust each other - no matter what."

He nodded in understanding and then tilted his head toward the two of you in a silent question. I nodded in agreement and we both called out to you two.

As for the rest of it, you already know how hot I think watching is, so watching Neville pound into Charlie nearly ended things for me in the first five seconds. I had to cast a subtle denial spell on myself to last. Once it seemed like Neville was nearing the end, I removed the spell and ended up going just before him. SO. HOT!!!

Yes I did carry you to bed, but since Charlie had also passed out - which Neville says is to be expected because after puppy play is over, the mind needs to reset - we tucked him into bed with you for a bit whilst we chatted a while more. This was more of the same, just general sex and relationship questions. He wondered how interested in puppy play I was, and would I/we be interested in doing this again in the future.

I told him honestly what I'm telling you now. I found it interesting. It's NOT my kink of choice, but I liked it enough to try it again. After all, it does actually encompass a few of my kinks - such as watching you with others, or just having fun and enjoying yourself. Not to mention being dominant and ordering you around. I also told Neville that there was just a tiny bit of weirdness for me in that you literally CAN turn into a dog, well, fox, which is close enough in my opinion. Which means that I can't ever truly and fully think of you as a dog AND be sexually attracted. I mean as much as I enjoy playing with you (non-sexually) when you're a fox, I can't be attracted to that. It's just... I don't. I'm not squicked by the thought, it's just not sexy. I've never once looked at your fox form and thought: Ooo, sexy! I should make him fellate me or see if I can fit in his super tiny hole!

Ouch! Actually, that part does sort of squick me.

Anyway, the point is that while I can and will pretend that you are a dog in the future during play, I will never fully get into the idea that you ARE a dog - like Charlie and Neville do. So, there will almost certainly be future playdates. Along the same lines, it was seriously fascinating to watch you and Charlie act like, er become dogs.

Most importantly (to my devious and depraved mind), the MOMENT it seems like Neville and Charlie are comfortable playing, I'm totally going to invite them to a playdate with Blaise and Luna because I want to watch any and all combinations that arise from that.

So, onto a bit of a sad note. It seems that Luna and Greg have broken up. They both assured me that this will not effect their work. It seems like it wasn't a bad break up, just that they realized that they weren't in love. They see the way we act, see what true love looks like (at least for us), and want that. So, they decided to split up and try to find that. Luna confessed to me that they'll probably keep shagging for a bit longer because that part was always really good. And Greg...

Well, one can never truly be certain what Greg is thinking. In this case, I THINK he's actually at peace with the decision. So, well, I'm not sure what's going to happen next, but I honestly pray that it's only good things. For the both of them.

Anyway, once Charlie woke up from his nap - he kissed you on the cheek, since you didn't realize that because you were sleeping - they left and I climbed into bed with you. No, I had not read your previous email yet as I was nice and lethargic and just wanted to snuggle.
I'm pleased you enjoyed your puppy playdate

You saw the best there was in me, lifted me up when I couldn't reach, you gave me faith 'cause you believed, I'm everything I am, because you loved me,

Draco
Sunday September 10th
My Dragon,

I'm so happy to be home and settled in with the kids. I love having date nights with you. I'm beyond thankful that our kids have loving grandparents that want sleepovers with them. But I miss them so much when I'm not with them. Some day Unity will run smoothly enough that I can just be a full time stay at home dad who brings them for playtime at Unity often. Right?

I was quite nervous about how River would take us leaving for the night. I knew he was safe and was going to be well cared for and spoiled mindlessly, but also worried that he would think we had abandoned him. He's so new to our home I didn't want him to think we were sick of him or something. My worries were thankfully completely unfounded though. We walked through the door of the Burrow and he came running towards us for hugs, and at first I thought I must have been right and he was thankful we came back. I know he was happy we were back, but he just wanted to tell us all about his fun time with Grandma and Grandpa. He was talking a mile a minute so I didn't catch everything, I know I heard the word biscuit a number of times and something about Arthur's shed full of muggle things.

Funny enough it was Viona and Eris who seemed to be the most annoyed with our absence. And by "our absence" I of course mean your absence! They have you wrapped around their teeny tiny fingers. Ok they have me wrapped around their fingers as well. I'd be embarrassed but we have the most amazing children to ever live, so what's the harm in liking them so much?

I asked Molly if Eris had crawled yet, she said no but she noticed the same thing I did, where she was up on all fours and rocking back and forth like she was trying to get somewhere. I've been reading a lot of baby development books, and five months is possible for beginning stages of crawling, but not common. Our little girl is so brilliant! It's probably from watching her awesome older siblings! And then we have the little professor who's smart enough to get his siblings to bring things to him without him having to spend any energy. Training for his future minions apparently.

Once we wrangled the kids out of the Burrow, did we decide to go home and rest? No, that would have made sense. Instead we took all five sugared up kids (I suppose only three of them were sugared up) shopping. We're certifiable.

We got all of River's things from his old home, but I think he must have just gone through a growth spurt because all of his clothes were nice enough but everything seemed about an inch too short. We have lots of kids clothes, but seeing as we didn't know he was coming, all of the clothes of that size are being used by Sebastian and Eliza. Oh no, now we had to go on a shopping spree. We have such a hard life.

You wore Viona on your back and had Eri strapped to your front while I wore Ori and held River's hand. Lainie obviously just walked herself.

River didn't have much input on what the things he wore looked like, a stark contrast to Lainie and Viona, but he had definite opinions on how it should feel. No itchy tags. No rough fabric. And he does not like clothes that touch his neck, I guess collared shirts are fine but turtlenecks are out. Once we found a few brands that seemed aimed towards kids who have those same sensory preferences it was quite easy to get him clothes that we liked and that fit his rules.

Then I insisted we go to the portrait studio and set up an appointment to get new family pictures.
taken. Not only are the almost twins getting older and looking so different from their newborn portraits, but we now have River. He needs to know he's a part of this family, so our family portraits need to have him in them! Next weekend we'll be in Australia, and the weekend after that will be the Mabon ritual (and recovering from the ritual) so we were able to settle on Julia coming to the Manor on September 30.

We did most of our shopping in muggle London, but we knew River would need some robes as well. Holidays were coming up, and we need to do a ceremony for him. I'm not sure about what kind of ritual we'll do for him since he is older, but we'll obviously do something special. This all meant heading into Diagon. It's not as bad as it was when the war first ended, and it's better now that we occasionally give pictures or tidbits to the paper, but I think we'll always be stared at a bit.

River was already holding my hand, but he started squeezing it quite hard. He whispered, "Why are they all staring?" That flustered me and I started stammering a bit, but you saved the day, "I'm quite good looking, it tends to distract people. You should get used to it River since you're just as handsome." Which got a solid giggle out of him and Lainie.

We ended up grabbing dinner at Café Exquis and headed home for some down time and bedtime snuggles. But now all of the kids are asleep, except for Elena who you're apparently jamming with a bit before bed.

I've had an amazing weekend with you, but as always, I am glad to be home and feeling normal. I love this life we have. I love you for making it possible.

Always,
Harry

P.S. I saw the Luna and Greg thing coming. I think he was really good for grounding her a bit, and she was wonderful for his self confidence, but I think they were a bit too different to be a forever couple. I think he was ok with her playing, but he seems more built for monogamy. She needs things a bit kinkier. Not everyone has to find their forever when they're eighteen! (Or even twenty.)

Wednesday September 13th
My beloved, snuggly husband,

Movie night was fun. I know I've come to really enjoy just about everything we watch, but tonight I think I fell just a little in love with the movie. It was called: An American Tale - Fievel Goes West. It's actually a sequel, but you skipped the first movie for now because Fievel gets separated from his parents in the first movie, and you didn't want to potentially trigger River. Even so, I like this movie. There's a song in it that the sister mouse sings that I've caught you singing to our babies at night. You know, when I'm pretending to sleep because I love listening to you so much and I don't want you to realize I'm listening and stop.

Dreams to dream in the dark of the night, when the world goes wrong, I can still make it right, I can see so far in my dreams, I'll follow my dreams, until they come true.

Alright, so I love singing and music in general, and when that mouse was mopping and got so into singing that she was snatched by a cat and didn't even notice, I was enthralled. I felt just like that cat; enchanted by a beautiful voice.

There is a star, waiting to guide us, shining inside us, when we close our eyes, come with me, you will see what I mean, there's a world inside, no one else ever sees.
And the best part of all was that even though we're getting rather crowded, we all fit on the couch. Except for Viona, who wandered off to 'chat' with Hermione and/or Greg. You sat sideways up against one arm of the couch. I somehow fit in your lap, reclining a bit so that both Eri and Ori could sit on my lap/stomach/chest. Thus I was in your arms and so were they, haha. River sat next to us the best he could with us hogging quite a bit of the couch, and Elena sat on a cushion on the floor right in front of us so that I could reach out and ruffle her hair when she immediately started singing the song under her breath.

Don't let go, if you stay close to me, in my dreams tonight, you will see what I see, dreams to dream, near as can be, inside you and me, will always come true.

Sorry, I just love that song. It's so hopeful and lovely.

When we got home, I invited River and Elena to dance in the ballroom with me as you volunteered to bring the littles to bed. I suspect I'm going to miss hearing you sing my current favorite song to them, but that's alright since you're going to miss me singing it with Elena and hopefully River. While we dance.

They're both finished with their bathroom break now, so off we go! See you if you manage to get the littles to sleep before we finish dancing and singing.

If I never feel you in my arms again, if I never feel your tender kiss again, if I never hear "I love you" now and then, will I never make love to you once again? Please understand, if love ends, then I promise you, I promise you that, that I shall never breathe again (breathe again, breathe again), that I shall never breathe again (breathe again),

Draco

P.S. No seriously. I don't think I'd be able to breathe without you. I tried it once and it did not suit me at all!

P.P.S. No, I wasn't trying to make you feel bad. Now I feel bad because I made you feel bad, grr.

P.P.P.S. Basically, just take that to mean that I love you so much that you are the air I breathe.

P.P.P.P.S. Fuck! If I had tried saying that two years ago, I'd've choked! Apparently, I've come a long way.
Chapter 283

Chapter by ladyroxanne21

Chapter Summary

Off to Australia!

Thursday September 14th
My amazing husband,

We're on our way to Australia and I am so excited! I was a bit sad saying goodbye to Elena and knowing that I wouldn't be bringing her to school in the morning, but I think this will be best. You know how awful she feels when flying. Actually, this might be a good plan in the future if we ever take longer flights like this. We can, and do, give her anti-nausea potions, but if we can just avoid the whole situation that is probably ideal.

I just put Eri, Ori, and Viona to bed, but you're still sitting up with River. He doesn't get sick like Lainie, but he's been really nervous since we got on the plane. He's never flown before and he just needed a bit of reassurance. Hopefully he calms down and can get a full night's sleep, if he can sleep through most of the flight that should help. I hope this is just nerves due to his first flying experience, it would be hard if one of our children fears traveling!

Oh! Speaking of upcoming travels, I know we just saw Grandmama and I don't want to do too much traveling too soon, but she might torture us if we don't introduce her to her newest great-grandson sooner rather than later. You remember how unhappy she was when you didn't invite her to the wedding!

Something that might give us a bit of an extension though, when we get our family pictures back we should frame one and send it to her with a bouquet of her favorite flowers. That way she knows we're thinking of her, but she's a parent herself, I'm sure she's well aware of how busy the back to school time of year is.

Ugh, Draco, I'm glad my singing doesn't hurt your ears, but it's not actually any good! I can't believe you listen to me when I sing to the babies. I'd much rather listen to you singing; to me, to them, any of your singing really. One of the happiest memories of my life was you singing to me at our wedding. That you were willing to open your heart in front of everyone, I just, if I hadn't been sure of you before that (I was) that moment clinched it for me.

Yes my love, you have really come a long way. You used to "Hufflepuff" me! Now you don't go a day without telling me you love me. You don't let our children go a day without knowing their Daddy loves them. Good thing you've retained your snarking, sneering, and sarcasm or I'd be worried that we had gotten rid of all of your Slytherin side!

Do you have anything planned for our trip, or are we just playing it by ear based on how much the Lewises want to see River? I did a little research and found out there are some really neat gardens. The Harold Boas Gardens is something I'd really like to see if we get the chance. And if we get the kids to sleep early enough and leave Muffy and Dibly to watch over them, do you think you'd like to go on a middle of the night date with me? The Pinnacles Sunset Stargazing Tours look romantic and
beautiful and I'd love to see such a sight from your arms.

I'm quite nervous to meet River's grandparents. How do you think they sounded in their responses? I know they're grieving their daughter, you don't think they'll try to take River do you? What if they don't want him anywhere near me? I tend to bring trouble everywhere I go!

Ok I'm starting to work myself up! I think I'll come out and see if you need a hand calming River.

You're my reason for living,
Harry

P.S. I knew what you meant about needing me like breathing, I didn't take offense. I love you Draco!

Friday September 15th
Darling Harry,

So the flight might have been long, but it was interesting. We had no choice but to spend the time together as a family. I mean we slept during the night, but that still left us with an entire day to sit together and read stories to the kids. And also watch a couple of movies - apparently River's favorite movie is Hercules. Since I dressed as Hades for Halloween, I'd say that we have similar taste in movies, haha.

I sang the songs to him, holding him in my lap - with Viona because she still has a look on her face like she's thinking: Who is this person on your lap and why must I tolerate him?

It seems that River is used to singing and dancing with his mum, so this didn't feel weird to him. I'm not trying to replace her, but I'm glad we were similar enough in parenting styles that he doesn't feel like I'm an alien or something. That said, I have to admit that it was rather weird to sing songs from Disney movies and NOT have Elena there to sing them with me.

We got to Perth and had dinner in the restaurant closest to the hotel. I may have booked us a five star hotel suite, but the restaurant was closer to a three star place, and so, I wasn't truly impressed. That said, they did have a good selection of sea food, so I wasn't really complaining either.

After we got back to our suite, we 'danced' the littles to sleep, then put them down, letting River stay up just a little later so that he had some time to just chat with us and get an extra story read to him.

After he was put to bed - with the littles in the bed that we *would* be sleeping in - expanded with a bit of an extension charm to fit us all - we had just enough time to shag on the sofa and then in the shower before Elena arrived. We gave her a sleeping potion and tucked her into her bed. Then we snuggled up and went to sleep ourselves.

This morning, we met with the Mike and Jackie Lewis. And by morning, I mean 11 AM. I agreed to wake up early, around 9:30, but we still needed to eat breakfast and get ready as a family before we could go anywhere. THANK MERLIN that the Lewises had visited their daughter and River about four months ago because it meant that I wasn't introducing them to a grandson they'd never met or hadn't seen in years.

We let the three of them get reacquainted for a bit. River told them a little about how his mum died. How they had been hiking and camping, how she had 'tripped and fell' and then wouldn't wake up no matter how much he tried to shake her and shout at her. The Medical Examiner had told me - when I went in to ID her - that she'd actually broken her leg badly enough that she bled out, but that she also had a bump on her head big enough to suggest that she'd been knocked out and not
conscious for the bleeding out part. This seems to match up with River's description.

After grandmother and grandson had a bit of a cry over this - and grandfather looked a little teary eyed as well, not to mention you sobbing like a waterfall - we went for a walk to a lovely park, and then to a nice café to eat lunch. The café had a large variety of fruit, and so, that's what we all ordered. It was at this point that I conducted the business I'd come for; I told them that they were welcome to come visit River whenever they liked, and that I would pay for their travel expenses. Also, that I'd be willing to bring him for a visit at least once a year. Lastly, I suggested that they actually come for a visit soon so that they could see for themselves that River was being well cared for, and thus, wouldn't have to worry if he was getting on with us.

Looking reassured, after lunch, they took us to a park perfect for River and the littles to play (with help in Eri and Ori's case), while Elena practiced some of her favorite dance steps. I found it amusing that news that *you* got married (to me but that's not the important part here) hadn't reached Australia. They HAD learned about you because of defeating Voldemort, but for whatever reason, that particular news hadn't reached them, so when they noticed your scar and mentioned that it looked like the one Harry Potter has, well...

Alright, so I couldn't stop laughing even though you were glaring at me. The fact that they now had the Harry Potter (now Malfoy) as a second father to their grandson was so shocking that they were gobsmacked. Mouths hanging open and everything! I loved it! I had to kiss the glare off your face too, hahahahaha!

And now, Mike and Jackie volunteered to babysit all the kids - along with Muffy and Dibly (and her kids) - so that we could go out on that date you wanted. I'm looking forward to it.

You're sailing softly through the sun, of a land I've always known, you fly so high, I get a strange magic, oh what a strange magic, oh it's a strange magic, got a strange magic,
Draco
Chapter 284

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco go on a date.

Chapter Notes

Went to the food shelf today and was able to take as many cartons of organic blackberries as I thought we could eat/use. The catch was that all the containers were approximately half moldy. So, I took two containers, and after picking all the good ones out, tossed the moldy ones into the areas of my new yard where I was hoping to transplant some of the raspberries from my old yard anyway. I figure that it might be a bit of a long shot, but those blackberry seeds might just grow :D And if not, the birds, squirrels, and bugs might eat them and, well, hopefully the mold kills the bugs, lol.

Friday September 15th
My Dragon,

I love being a wizard! I mean obviously there are so many reasons … Eris and Orion being two of them! But being able to do the stargazing tour our way was really nice.

Normally, the tour starts at 11:30 in the morning and goes through 10:00 at night, but we needed more family time than that. So instead of having them pick us up at the hotel and do the pre-stargazing activities, we were able to apparate to the group when we were ready, and then cast a subtle suggestion spell to make them think we'd been with the group all along. If we were going to be in Australia for longer than a weekend I would have had no issues taking 11 hours out of our vacation to have a date with you. But on this trip? Not so much.

We missed driving with a group of people in a cramped minibus, oh no! Sure, Swan Valley would have been a lovely stop, the Sculpture Park sounds awesome, you know how I feel about art galleries, sculptures in particular. A wine and food tasting at the winery? Sounds lovely, but it's not like we'd need to go to Australia for a wine tasting! And special stops at a store for honey and a store for chocolate? I love honey and chocolate as much as the next guy, but not high on my list of priorities.

If we are going to bring River for an annual visit we should plan a longer trip and even branch out and explore a bit more of Australia than just the Western side. And if we do that, maybe we can do a trip again and enjoy all of it, but what we got was so wonderful.

We caught up with the group in time to join them surfing down sand dunes in Lancelin! Wow what a rush! I did some wind surfing when I was in Greece, but sand dune surfing is a totally different animal. You, as usual, looked amazing; flushed cheeks, wind-blown hair, and that adorable nose up in the air because you caught on immediately and looked better than everyone else while surfing. I love you, you arrogant prat!
Then we rode to the final destination along the Turquoise Coast. Even taken out the window of our minibus, I caught some awesome pictures. Although definitely not as amazing as the sunset and stargazing pictures later in the evening. I did manage to see some kangaroos! I love seeing wildlife in its natural habitat!

The candlelight dinner was delicious, and the amazing wine offers made me feel better about having missed the wine tasting. I can't wait to get home and get all of the pictures I took (as well as the ones of the kids at the park earlier!) developed. I hope I didn’t annoy you too much with my photography, I know I tend to go overboard. I got an absolutely amazing picture of you with the sun setting behind you, your hair looking practically on fire with the lights dancing on it. You are so beautiful.

But once I got my fill of photographing everything, my favorite part was laying in your arms and staring at the stars. The guides' stories about Aboriginal Astronomy were awesome, but I did eventually just drown out the words and enjoyed laying with you. Not to mention sneaking my hand in your trousers while no one was paying attention and pulling you off. Yeah, THAT was my favorite part!

We just got back to the hotel room after picking the kids up from Mike and Jackie, and I thought I'd take this time while you're trying to get Viona back to sleep to write to you. Apparently she woke up on our way back and seems to have gotten a second wind!

When you're done I think I am going to make you shower with me, I may even take advantage of you!

Love,
Harry

Sunday September 17th

Harry,

This worked out well. After Spending another day with Mike and Jackie, it was time to send Elena home ahead of us with a Portkey and Dibly. We'd talked about this and provoked their curiosity. They'd assumed that we'd all take a Portkey back. When I explained that we didn't feel it was safe to Portkey long distances with so many littles in hand, they nodded in understanding and asked what we were doing instead.

So, now we're on our way back home in our jet. Mr. Lott tried to talk us into staying a few more days because he was enjoying his own mini holiday so much that he didn't want to leave yet, but I promised him a bonus so that he could go back, and that satisfied him. Mike and Jackie are on the jet with us since they were actually planning to come to England for their daughter's funeral - which they still have to plan. She's still in the morgue at St. Mungo's because they hadn't had time or opportunity to travel yet. I'd simply made it easier for them by already having a jet they didn't need to pay to ride.

So, I suppose the plan is - once we get home - to go to bed, get a good night's sleep, practice for my ritual, and then it sounds like the funeral is probably going to be Thursday. My ritual is Friday, so I rather like the fact that we will be going from a somber celebration of a life/the end of a life to a joyous celebration of life. I'm hoping that it will be good for River to know that it's okay to be sad, but that it's also okay to continue living normally. But if he's just not in the mood to celebrate anything on Friday, we can always leave him here with my parents - or his grandparents, I suppose. Maybe that would be the best for all three of them. We'll see what happens.
But right now, I'm going to sign off and go over and cuddle you. You're reading to the kids and doing these silly voices for the characters that I just love. I think I should definitely reward you with a kiss for being so wonderful. Maybe I'll even sing a bit.

You're the right kind of wrong,
Draco
Chapter 285

Chapter Summary

Draco practices the upcoming ritual with his team.

Chapter Notes

OMGs! I'm so sorry guys! I didn't realize that I let two whole days pass without updating, but I got really caught up in a shawl I was crocheting for my mom. I finished it last night, emailed Chrissie, and then went straight to bed, lol.

To make up for it, I *might* post twice today.

Here's a link to a pic of me modeling the shawl if anyone wants to see it :-) https://www.facebook.com/TheFalconbyRoxannePackard/posts/10204814012947229?comment_id=10204815847113082¬if_id=1532776410415408¬if_t=feed_comment

Monday September 18th
My Dragon,

Wow, I should not try to read your emails when I am tired and haven't had anything caffeinated yet. I was trying to make sense of a sentence in your email and I had to read it six … yes SIX times before I understood what you were saying. You were talking about River and whether or not he would come with to the ritual on Friday and you said "we can always leave him here with my parents - or his grandparents, I suppose" and I kept looking at it and thinking "I know your parents are our children's grandparents?" Oh! You meant his maternal grandparents! Yikes, maybe I just need the caffeine intravenously.

Or to not go on whirlwind exhausting trips to the other side of the Earth.

Yeah right!

We've had a busy month or so here at Unity House since the gala. Besides the craziness in our own lives. Besides the hectic mess that is the last days of summer hols and the first days of term starting. We've also had a number of adoptions come through (I think we should probably learn to expect it after our galas).

Also, Lina was able to go home. She had the baby a few weeks ago, they felt he had grown enough that they could do the C-section before it became too hard on her tiny body. The paternity test proved that it was the neighbor boy, and after a description of everything that happened, there were no charges pressed. So there was no reason to keep her from her home. We haven't heard much, I think Lina's mother is trying to keep her from becoming an attraction. I just hope everyone is getting the care they need.

So after all of the adoptions went through, we are down to fifteen Kids! And two of those are Beatrix
and Finn who are full-time boarding at Hogwarts and mostly full-time boarding at Traditions, respectively. How are we down to really only having thirteen Kids here?!? Before the half day Traditions Kids come back do you know how many Kids are here? One. ONE. The mornings consist of Seth, who's three, being the only child in this whole place! Although when Davey, Elsie, and Georgina come tumbling over at lunchtime they certainly disturb any calm or silence we had been clinging to!

It's a good thing you and I have so darn many kids ourselves or we would be bored out of our minds over here! It's also a good thing all of the staff here love our littles, can you imagine if they had to put up with four (five when Lainie isn't at Traditions) extra kids they couldn't stand just because they belong to the owners? It's funny though, each of ours seems to be attached to a different caregiver, Viona obviously wanders around ordering her Grey Grey when he's here, when Eri and Ori aren't strapped to me they are always with Luna (when she's here and not in meetings with you!), and in the few times I've brought him so far River seems quite attached to Maya. Lainie of course tries to spread her time around equally, but she seems to love Yesenia as much as I do. I hate to put too many expectations on our children, they can be whatever they want and they can change their minds a million times, but Lainie seems pretty adamant that she will be running Unity when she gets older and I think she is trying to learn every bit of wisdom Yesenia is willing to part with.

I was so happy to see Elena this morning. I know, I know, we weren't apart from her for very long, but it was very weird to not have her with us. It was a good plan, and I'm glad she didn't have to miss any school, but I get so anxious when I'm away from any of them. Especially as far away as we were!

I hope everything is going well with your planning committee. You seemed like you were worried that you were not only sending me with all of ours but also stealing Luna from us, but we are good! Once you get into massive groups things can get a bit hectic, but if you're talking about less than ten or fifteen Kids, the more Kids available to play the smoother things go. Taking care of five is so much easier than taking care of one. I think it's why Viona seems to be so much needier than the rest of ours, she's the only one that ever had us to herself. She is definitely confused as to why she has to share us (you) with any of the rest of them.

I should go head back to the group, most of the kids out there are ours and not actually Unity Kids, I probably need to be at least a little helpful!

Yours,

Harry

P.S. I tend to get embarrassed when you tell me that you listened to me sing, but I am super proud of my ridiculous voices when reading stories, so listen away!

Tuesday September 19th

My love,

I don't want to give too much of the ritual away before you see it, so I'm just going to tell you the bit we were actually practicing today. See, last year, we'd taught a variety of traditional dances from around the world, and we plan to do that again, except that when we were planning out last year's ritual, we broke the dances up so that each of us only had to know/teach a couple. This year, we figured that since we have more time overall - since we don't have to break this into two rituals for a 'clean' version, all the parents gave permission - we want to spend more time in teaching group dances.
So, we worked on making sure we all knew all of the group dances.

The other thing we decided on - and this is the ambitious part - was that we should do one cohesive poi dance - also known as firedance (the term I usually use) to open the ritual, and then another to close it. Patil had choreographed the dances over the last month or so, thus all we really needed to do was learn them and practice them enough to work together smoothly. We also practiced naked since we wanted to be certain that no part of the dance was going to accidentally light us on fire during the ritual. For example, Patil discovered that she needs to have her gorgeously long hair done up in a bun or a crown of braids or something because some of the spins she insists on doing singed her hair.

Elena 'snuck' into the ballroom at one point (making Macmillan blush, which Bones heckled him about, since we were practicing to do this dance naked in front of the *entire* student body), so that she could strip off and join in on the dance. I hadn't specifically taught her poi before, but I wasn't all that worried. If the girl can dance in general and do Krav Maga in specific, she can more than likely firedance without injuring herself. Plus I was on hand if an emergency arose.

I know that Elena can and probably *did* use your floo to come home when her curiosity got the better of her, but I also know that you had to be home with the kids at some point because Viona had Muffy Apparate her into the ballroom as well. I would have assumed that Viona actually made the order from Unity House (and thus would have paused to let you know you had an escapee), but near the end of the song, I spotted River peeking at us through the enormous ballroom doors.

He was blushing and twitching his head like he was trying not to look at the naked people (his mother must not have been a nudist, haha) while simultaneously watching the fire. I waited until he was watching Elena try something complicated, and then snuck up on him to snatch him into the ballroom and my arms. Kissing him on the cheek, I promised that he wouldn't be hurt by the fire and then danced with him through the rest of the dancers and their various fire accessories.

But apparently, he was actually supposed to be letting us know that it was time to take a break for dinner, and after a few minutes passed with us still dancing along, you came in to see what was taking us so long to come to dinner. That was my favorite part because you *tried* to sneak up on me, only I felt you coming and was able to spin around and snatch you into a dance (having put River down a few seconds before, as part of the dance I was doing). I also bent you backwards and snogged you rather happily.

When you were back on your feet, you were adorably flushed and dazed. It took you a few moments to remember what you'd come in the room for. But then you told us and we all summoned bathrobes to wear while eating. With the entire family. And Mike and Jackie. Good thing I'm confident in how good I look and didn't need to be embarrassed over my lack of clothing. Macmillan (and Bones this time, hahaha) were a little embarrassed to be having a semi formal dinner in bathrobes, but they soldiered on and soon forgot they were mostly naked.

After that, we finished practicing, with you watching and distracting the bloody fuck out of me! And so I 'punished' you by taking you to the playroom after everyone left and spanking you good and hard. Mmm... Which of course led to shagging you dirty rotten.

And now that I've recapped my day, I feel like I can sleep. Good night my beautiful little mutt, Draco
Chapter 286

Chapter Summary

Harry's nervous about the funeral.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: references to previous suicidal thoughts. Read with caution if this might trigger you.

Wednesday September 20th
My Strength,

I have been so focused on following my usual schedule when a new child arrives for our River. Basics, comfort, safety, love, biscuits, clothes, stories, therapy, etc. I usually take care of paperwork too, but that was all you. Then with it being our child, it came with the added part of making sure he has his own space, that he has time to get to know everyone in our home, and it included going to Australia to meet with his other grandparents.

Being so focused on what needs doing usually keeps me from getting caught in my own head and drowning in my anxiety or panic. But this time it made me avoid something I really should have thought about in the first place. The funeral.

Logically, I have strong beliefs in certain ideals. I think being comfortable in your own body and your own skin and having no shame in the human form is important, but in reality it took me a long time to not be freaked out at other people seeing my bits or seeing others' bits. I know it's important for children to have consistent rules and expectations, but in reality it's so hard for me to not see discipline as abuse because of my own abuse. And how I know how absolutely important education is, but I have a hard time sharing my daughter with the school!

So when I think of death, I know it's a part of life. I know it's natural and will come to us all, and to some of us more than once! I hope that when I eventually pass that my funeral or memorial or whatever is held is full of people I love and laughter and fond memories. I love the idea of funerals being a celebration of their life. But in reality, I have really horrible memories of funerals, and I am starting to panic about going to Rosalie's tomorrow.

When the war was over, there were a LOT of memorials and funerals. Being who I am, I was invited to anyone's funeral that I knew and to most of the funerals of people I didn't. I was exhausted emotionally and physically from the previous months. But I hadn't been to therapy yet, and I was still feeling as though I was guilty for all the losses we suffered. So while exhausted, and grieving, and emotionally really really unwell, I went to every single service I was invited to. I barely slept, I barely ate, and it wasn't until Hermione found me at Grimmauld in my bathroom, staring at … something that could have silenced the pain … that I realized how bad it had gotten. She asked me "Is there anything you'd like me to tell the Weasleys at your funeral? Have you written a goodbye letter to Teddy?" I just sat there with my mouth open, trying to reply but having nothing, so she continued, "I
can bury my best friend, or I can bring him to therapy, I have a preference but which one should I plan?"

Well, you obviously know which one I chose. I'm feeling wonderful, I handle expectations better, I have grieved all the people I need to grieve, and I have come to terms with not being responsible for deaths in a war I didn't choose. But I also haven't been to a funeral since that last one. I AM going, I will not let River go through his mum's funeral without me. But I am really worried about how I will react. I just, can we have a phrase or a gesture or something so if you notice me sprint away you aren't panicked? I know I can do this for River, but I also don't want to make everything worse.

And then I feel guilty and stupid for making Rosalie's funeral about me. I didn't even know her. I'm not her grieving parents, her orphaned son, I'm not her friend, I'm not an ex, I'm just a guy who has to go to a service. How selfish am I that I am making River's mum's loss about me?

Maybe I'm panicking over nothing? I mean, it's been over two years since the last funeral I went to, I'm probably getting myself worked up over nothing right? Right?

Ok, I have to go for a run and attempt to get out of my head. So when you come to bed after dancing with Elena and wonder why the hell I'm not in bed, that's where I am.

I love you,
Harry

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**Wednesday September 20th**

My beloved,

Oh Harry, reading that you contemplated suicide makes my heart hurt. That said, it reminds me that I still have at least one major secret that I just haven't needed to share yet, and...

So... Well, I did too. A couple of times, actually. Near the end of Sixth Year, I gave serious thought to ending it all. I nearly did it about a week or so before the day that we had a duel in the bathroom. The first time that I cast Cruciatius on myself in Seventh Year, I chose it over suicide because I was curious to see if it would work, and it did. And then, at one point after the war was over when I was drinking, doing drugs, and shagging in an attempt to feel better. I couldn't see the point in living if I was probably just going to go to Azkaban anyway. I think my mother realized this because she made me promise not to do anything drastic until after the trial.

So I completely understand what you were thinking and feeling. More importantly, if you're revisiting that place in your mind so much that you're still out running, then I'm going to catch up with you and run by your side until you feel better.

I love you like a flower loves the sun,

Draco
Chapter 287

Chapter Summary

It's Rosalie's funeral.

Thursday September 21st
My Dragon,

I'm torn. I am so thankful that you're so supportive, you joined me on my run just because you knew I wasn't in a great headspace and didn't give me a hard time over making today's funeral about me. But, on the other hand, I'm also having a really hard time learning that you had been dealing with suicidal thoughts in the past. It shouldn't have been particularly surprising, children growing up on the front lines of a war have a higher probability of suicidal or self harming behaviors, but I couldn't believe you'd never told me. And then I felt like an utter buffoon seeing as the trigger for you telling me was me sort of roundaboutly telling you about mine. It would be a tad hypocritical to be upset about that!

When you came up near me when I was running last night, I had one fleeting moment of panic where I thought I was being chased. But no, it was my super fit husband coming to supportively run with me. I know running isn't really your thing, but in case you were wondering, you look bloody gorgeous doing it.

Not having to talk, but hearing your steady breathing next to me, hearing your feet hitting the ground in the same steady rhythm as mine, was so soothing. Luckily I was just about calmed down anyway, so we didn't run that much further. Which meant you had plenty of energy to take me under the stars. It's been a while since we've had a good outdoor shag on the grounds!

I'm glad I had the adrenaline coursing through me at the time because I was thoroughly excited and ready and energized for shagging, but when we got back to our room I was so tired from my ridiculously long run that you had to carry me to the bath. That was the furthest I've ever run. It felt good, but I am quite sore this morning. Now I know I can do something I've been thinking about for a while; I've been wanting to run a marathon. I usually run in the morning, so I stop to get ready to work or spend time with our kids at a certain time, and I wasn't sure how far I could actually run at once. Last night I ran more than a marathon distance so I know I can do it!

There are a few marathons and half marathons nearby, and I think I want to do one of the Halloween/Spooky runs coming up in about a month. What do you think? Would you and the kids bundle up and come see me race?

Ok that's enough babbling about questions that do not need answering today. Today is Rosalie's funeral. And after last night I am much more prepared. I forgot about the biggest change between those other funerals and this one; I have you. How could I have forgotten that I can do anything with your hand in mine?

I'm going to go finish getting ready, then wake you up, and after that let's go support our little boy.

Yours in all ways,
Harry
Thursday September 21st
My love,

This morning was rather fluffy considering how somber it was. You woke me up stealthily, under the blanket orally commandeering my attention. Once I finished filling your mouth with a whisper soft gasp, I snuggled and kissed you until I was recovered and ready to wake Viona. You handled first Eris and then Orion, making sure they were dressed up adorably even though Eris stayed asleep and Orion smiled and cooed at you.

I held and snuggled Viona for a good ten minutes, quietly explaining to her why it was so important that I give most of my attention to River today. That I needed her to be a good girl for me and not make trouble for her grandmother and grandfather. I even told her that we decided that her staying home to play with Della was for the best since she was more than likely going to be bored at the funeral.

Once she grew tired of me repeating the same thing to make sure that she understood, she crawled away from me, and then more or less marched into the bathroom, presumably to use the loo. Smiling as I watched her walk away, I ruffled River's hair and kissed his cheek as many times as it took for him to wake up. I have no idea why, but kissing them when they are sleeping and seeing them wrinkle their noses in annoyance always makes me happy.

When River opened his eyes, I bade him good morning. Then I pulled him onto my lap and kissed his cheek again. Holding him in my arms, I reminded him that it was okay to be sad. That it was okay to cry. That I would hold his hand all day if he needed me to. That his mother's parents would be more than happy to give him all the hugs he could ever want. That YOU would probably cry with him, and hold him, and hug him, as much as he wanted.

He nodded several times and eventually told me that he got it and that I could stop explaining. That's a good sign, I think, that he's more annoyed by me than truly upset at the moment. But then again, it *has* been a few days since it happened and he's had time to process and talk to Yesenia.

After I got out of bed and found something perfect to wear in my closet. I helped River get dressed in a formal yet somehow even more adorable because of it set of dress robes. Then I strapped Ori to your back and Eri to your front. Elena popped in wearing a lovely black summer dress with a white sash and a white ribbon with a big bow around her neck with black shoes. She gave River a kiss on his cheek, and then we made our way as a family to the breakfast room where Mike and Jackie Lewis were waiting with my parents and siblings so that we could eat as a family before leaving.

The service itself was poignant and lovely. Rosalie was well loved by a lot of people. Her employees cried louder than anyone, but there were actually a lot of children there as the parents of the children she watched in her daycare felt that the kids would want a chance to say goodbye to her. This meant that the service was fairly quick.

It started on the front lawn of her daycare. A priest of her chosen faith - catholic (ironic because she was a literal witch) - said a few prayers and blessings, recounting some of the better moments of her life. Then the pall bearers picked up the canvas and wooden cot that her body was laid out on up off the bed that had been brought out to the front yard and carried it about 700 meters to a nearby lake. The cot was set on top of a pyre that had been prepared according to her wishes. Her parents took great care to get at least a little wood from each of the sacred trees.

Once her body was situated, everyone who had followed the pall bearers carrying white roses stepped up one by one to place their rose on the pyre and say goodbye to her. I feel a little bad about
it, but I thought it was adorable to see her little daycare kids all toss their rose on her body and blow her a kiss goodbye.

River was relieved to see that St. Mungo's had managed to spell the damage to her body so that it looked undamaged. I suspect that it was actually a series of subtle glamours. In any case, he held her hand, placed his rose in it, and told her that he would never stop missing her. My heart just about broke!

After everyone had given her a rose and said goodbye - even me, and in case I was speaking too softly for you to hear what I said, I told her how I had initially been angry that she'd never told me about River, but that I had forgiven her. I also told her that I wish she hadn't died, but since she had, to please rest in peace because I will definitely take good care of our son. You may think this a bit crass, but the last thing I told her was that I remember having a lot of fun with her before and during conceiving River, and that it was a shame we hadn't met up a few more times over the years. I'd swear I heard a soft laugh as the wind blew my hair.

Anyway, after everyone said goodbye, we all stepped back to a safe distance as the pyre was lit. Those who were crying leaned on each other for support, but River wasn't crying. He was holding my right hand while you held my left. You looked tempted to give me your signal that you needed to escape for a bit, but you didn't. Your hand shook a bit, but you remained strong.

River looked up at me and said: "Mama told me that when she died, she would go to a wonderful place called heaven. A place where she would never feel pain or suffering and would always be happy. A place where she would be able to watch over me. Do you think that's true?"

I smiled at him. "In my own way, I do. I call it The Elysian Fields, but it's the same principle. She's happy and will never stop loving you."

He nodded in understanding, and then surprised me. "Well, if she's in a nice place and happy, then I have no reason to be sad, right?"

"Well, maybe not, but you can be sad that she's not here with you," I told him.

"I know, but I'll see her when I grow old and die, right?"

Er... I don't actually know. Taking a deep breath, I sort of lied. "Of course."

Nodding with a small smile, he returned his attention to the pyre. The fire was nice and big now, and so, it was time for that last part of the traditional ritual. A part that Mike and Jackie hadn't really planned for, not because they didn't like or know about the ritual, but because they didn't think it was appropriate to flaunt pureblood traditions after the war. I had no such reservations.

Pulling a beautiful candle from my pocket, I held it out to River. It was a somewhat thick and tall pillar candle, pure white with gold words that read: ROSALIE, BELOVED MOTHER. Once River had it in his hands, I instructed him to carefully hold it out to the fire. It's a spelled candle. Once lit, it will remain lit and looking new forever, or until River blows it out. It is intended to be a visual reminder of his mother's love, which I'm sure will be important to him later on when he's older and not quite able to remember her as well as he can now.

That reminds me, we have a room in the Manor that's like a shrine - I supposed you'd call it - in which all the candles lit for family members who, erm, aren't recent, are burning. The candles won't go out unless blown out by a descendant, or the last descendant dies. They also won't start anything else on fire. There are actually a lot of candles that *have* been blown out in there too, but in any case, the effect is beautiful. I can't believe I haven't shown it to you yet. Although, you might have
stumbled upon while exploring the Manor.

The 'current' family members - those deceased recently enough that their child or spouse is still alive - such as my grandfather Black - do not have their candles in that room. My mother actually has the candle for her father in her private sitting room. And now I feel like I'm rambling, sorry.

My point is that I had River light the traditional candle for his mother, and then he held it with a slightly awed expression, clearly cherishing it already. When he is ready for Rosalie's ashes, I will give them to him. Not only are they another memento, but they can be used to create powerful protection spells if needed. For example, if River ever feared for his life for any reason, he could use the ashes in a spell to protect him from most harm. They'll only work for him though, and perhaps his children. I'm not entirely certain about that.

After the service/ritual was over, we adjourned to the front lawn again where food was served and things started to feel a little happier. Rosalie's friends and employees told her parents anecdotes about her last few years, and they told everyone anecdotes from her childhood. Laughter rang out rather frequently. A few people came up to you to thank you for defeating the Dark Lord and congratulate you on your marriage/children. You looked a lot better than you had, but still not entirely comfortable with the attention.

When it seemed like the focus had shifted from Rosalie to you, I pulled you into my arms, gave you a reassuring kiss, and then told everyone that if they were going to continue bothering you, they'd have to donate generously to Unity House for the privilege. I figured that would be win win. Either they would back off to avoid donating money, or Unity House would gain a bit. Unity House gained a bit.

When River looked like he could use a good nap, and Eris started throwing a fit, I made our excuses. This seemed to be the trigger because everyone else with young children sighed with relief and pointed out that their kids were growing impatient as well. So, we left Mike and Jackie communing with those without kids who wished to stay a bit longer.

As for our little family, we returned home and took a nap so that we'd all wake up refreshed and... less somber, I suppose.

All in all, it was a surprisingly good day.

When I wake up in the morning love, and the sunlight hurts my eyes, and something without warning love, bears heavy on my mind, then I look at you, and the world's all right with me, just one look at you, and I know it's going to be, a lovely day.
Draco
Chapter 288

Chapter Summary

It's Mabon!

Chapter Notes

After posting earlier today, I managed to not only make a double batch of chilli, but also fully updated my master file for this story and realized that we're farther ahead than I thought, so I decided to post again today because I'm bored and not sure what else I want to do. You're welcome XD

Friday September 22nd
Good morning my Love,

You have already left to start prepping for your ritual, and I'm the one at home with our crew. It's quite the opposite of our normal, you're ready and gone for the day and I am here in my jammies snuggling a just woken up Princess. She's the best cuddler, her cheeks are all warm and rosy from sleep and she's playing with my hair. Every once in a while I think about going back to short hair, just chopping it all off, and then I think of you and Viona and how much you love running your hands through it. Long it is!

Well, I suppose I don't have our entire crew since you took Lainie with to help set up and prepare for the ritual. Having her not miss any school for the Australia trip was a good plan, this way she didn't feel particularly concerned about missing classes today so she could come with. I think she would have felt guilty about missing a day for our trip because it wasn't educational, but she was able to justify missing today since she'll be learning all about a traditional magical ritual.

I am so very excited to experience this one with you today! I didn't go to last year's because I was still pants at communicating and thought that you didn't want me there, and instead of speaking up and just asking which you preferred, I just didn't go. And then we didn't end up doing the adults only summer solstice ritual this summer, with Beatrix being close to having her baby, our anniversary trip, Glastofest, there were so many things happening it just wasn't in the cards. And funny enough, the baby was born on the exact day of the solstice so I would have missed it anyway!

I can't wait to see Beatrix today! I know she's only been gone a few weeks, but I miss her, and Finn is definitely missing his best friend! I hope bringing the Traditions Squib classes works out well. It gives them the chance to participate in the wizarding world without having to have magic of their own. They will get a chance to meet some children their own age, and with the education of squibs and the muggle/wizarding hybrid businesses it's never too early to start making connections.

And because he takes classes with the squib kids, Antonio will be coming too! He's doing so well, I don't get to see him very often since I spend most of my time at Unity, but when I do he always has a smile and a shy wave for me. For someone who only a few months ago was full of rage and seemingly had a permanent scowl on his face, that soft smile of his makes my heart go crazy. I'll be
he's beyond thrilled to get to see you today!

There are a few Unity Royalty that now go to Hogwarts that we'll get to see too; Eric, Martin, and Guinevere. It will be nice to catch up with them as well.

Speaking of rituals! We need to do something to welcome River into our family. It's obviously too late for a naming ceremony, so should we do a welcome ritual like we did for Elena don't you think? We could always wait for a significant date, but we may also want to do it soon so that the Lewises could attend as well if they were interested. Not that they couldn't come back for it if we held it later, but considering the distance it may be easier to plan it around them already being in the country.

I think I need more sleep! I was so confused that you didn't lay out clothes for the Littles and me to wear for today. You always take such care in what we wear for important, and especially public, occasions. Then I went hunting in the closet for the perfect clothes, finally finding things for myself and the babes that would look lovely. And then my thick self remembered that most of this ritual was going to be in the buff. So I went back and found clothes that would be easy to take on or off instead! Not that they will be completely nude, I'm going to be wearing them, and as comfortable as I have become with nudity, I have not become comfortable with being peed on.

I wasn't sure if River was going to come with today. Especially seeing as yesterday was such an emotionally charged day. But he woke up this morning excited, and talking a mile a minute about how cool today was going to be. Rosalie having him with her at the daycare and being around a lot of children and a lot of caregivers really seems to have been wonderful for his social skills. He seems to love people and crowds and noise. For how much they look alike, he is definitely the opposite of Gavin.

Even though River is excited about today, I think he's a bit nervous too. He was asking who would be there, I told him that the entire fire dancing troupe that he saw the other day would be there. He knows Finn from going to Unity during music time. And then he asked about Maya, I told you that he seems particularly attached to her right? Well today is one of her days off, and I wasn't sure if she was planning to go to Hogwarts or not. Obviously I'm not going to force her to go, but I figured I could floo her and ask whether or not she was attending so River wouldn't get his hopes up.

Well, don't I have some juicy gossip for you! You are probably reading this and so mad that I waited until this far into the email to tell you. I don't know how I did it either, I am usually terrible at holding in secrets. Have you ever meant to floo one person only to find you accidentally floo called someone else and it's super awkward? I thought I had done that, I swear I called Maya's flat and then Greg's head pops up on the other side of the fire. Damnit did I accidentally say the wrong floo address? Nope. Greg was just having breakfast with Maya … after staying overnight! Eeeeeek! Greg and Maya are dating! Can you believe it? I did not see that one coming!

I almost forgot what I had meant to ask her, but eventually got around to it, and yes she was planning on being there. I told River and he seemed quite pleased.

But I had better get the Princess ready and head out. I don't want to even imagine what you would do if we were late!

If you read this before you start, remember, you are amazing and a natural showman, and also quite fit. I can't wait to see your arse … I mean your performance.

See you soon!
Harry
Friday September 22nd
Love of my life,

Today was nearly perfect. After casting a rather big spell this morning to ensure that the weather would be perfect for the first ritual of the year, the five of us (Macmillan, Bones, Patil, Luna, and I) walked around to make sure that all the areas that the students would be that day were clear. They were, Hagrid keeps the grounds well maintained, but I suppose that we just wanted time to go over last minute reminders without anyone other than Elena under foot.

Then, once everyone who was planning to attend showed up - this included all the parents of the students, you, our kids, my parents, their kids, Mike and Jackie, and all of the Unity and Traditions kids, phew! Once we were all ready, the five of us led the group to the orchard. The class part of the day started with us teaching the students summoning charms if they didn't already know them, and helping those that did know them practice. We even had to help a few parents who hadn't quite mastered it the first time around, haha.

Apples in hand, we all migrated en masse to the Black Lake where we all sat on the ground in a large sunny area. Rather than give a lecture like last year, we asked the students if they remembered anything about this day and why it was special. One know it all Ravenclaw girl explained in a rapid and nervous voice that it was the Autumnal Equinox, that it was called Mabon in certain traditions, and that it was special because it was one of two days a year in which the day and night were exactly equal.

Others took turns telling everyone about their various beliefs and traditions. For example, one older Hufflepuff boy fondly remembers his grandmother - when he was too young to come to Hogwarts still - baking apple turnovers and cupcakes and other treats to celebrate the day. A girl who grew up in the southern hemisphere before she was eight and her family moved to London, told everyone how it was spring there and they had basically the opposite traditions as we do.

Luna and I (wearing our old Hogwarts robes and nothing else), gave a magical presentation illustrating in bright colors how it used to be in days of old - and how it still is if one happens to be a farmer. In which crops and other plant based foods were planted in the spring, cared for and watered all through the summer, and then harvested in the fall. This is actually the second of the harvest holidays as the first happens before Hogwarts starts for the year. We showed how harvesting something is actually a rather labor intensive activity, and took care to remind everyone that it's very important because without well cared for food, everyone starves. Which was how we ended the presentation, by showing how the basket full of apples we picked would have been preserved in the old days.

Since hands on crafts and projects have been so popular, we gave everyone the option to turn their apple into applesauce and cider. This was actually fairly easy because there is a spell to juice an apple. The spell does what one of those muggle appliances - a juicer - does, by separating the juice from the pulp. Neither spell nor appliance is perfect at removing the juice, which is good because the pulp is simmered with a small amount of juice and a few spices (mainly cinnamon, but there was a variety to cater to individual preferences), until it is soft and 'saucy,' haha. The juice can be consumed right away, but the best thing (in my opinion) is to let it sit in an open to the air container which is covered by a cloth or paper towel to keep insects out of it. It will ferment just slightly in about 24 hours into non alcoholic cider, and if left longer, will morph into hard cider, then wine. Then vinegar. I look forward to asking the students at the next ritual how many of them remembered to check on their cider and drink it or bottle and store it before it turned to vinegar, buwahahahaha!

After the craft portion of the day was over, it was nearing 5 o'clock, and so, we had just enough time to pass out apple spice cake and cups of juice or wine. I know you know this, but I'd like to point out
that no student was allowed more than about half a cup, which is certainly not enough to get drunk from, or even tipsy unless they are seriously a lightweight. They were allowed to eat their cake but were asked to saved at least a couple of sips of their wine for the actual ritual. The same as last year, I had brought some good quality wine, but unlike last year, I kept with the theme and brought apple wine.

After eating my piece of cake, it was just about 5:27 PM - which was it - the equinox. Macmillan had more or less ordered me to be dramatic and announce the news, so I jumped up and roared (enhanced just a little with a mild sonorous): "Oi! Shut it!" The students gasped in surprised and fell silent. Their parents all snickered a bit that my method had been effective because it was a bit childish and they hadn't expected that.

Standing up on a tree stump, I looked around, acting as serious and dramatic as possible. "The plane of the equator has officially reached the midpoint of the sun. THIS is now Equinox, and so, the ritual begins!" The five of us pulled our robes off and tossed them into a waiting basket. The next moment, we held up our accessories - which for the opening of the ritual, we chose to all have staves so that we could remain synchronous easier - and cried out the spell to light them on fire.

Macmillan and I chanted guttural HA!s and HOO!s while Luna, Bones, and Patil let out spine tingling vocalizations. All the while, we danced and spun our staves. Part of the dance was made to look a little like sparing, and some of it was clearly working together - such as when we tossed our staves at each other, sort of like juggling.

When the dance came to an end, we got to one knee, 'planting' the staff and holding onto it as we bowed our heads respectfully. I was at the West Point, and because west is associated with fall (and water, but that's beside the point) AND is the closest representation of Slytherin if all of the houses were Elements/Directions, I went first.

"I call upon Dionysus, God of Harvest, Fertility, and Wine; and Hestia, Goddess of Hearth, Family, and Home! Hear me and join us in this celebration!"

Susan was at the North Point, which represents winter (and Earth) and a lot of the traits Hufflepuffs favor. "I call upon Ceres, Goddess of Harvest, Grain, and Motherhood; and Mercury, messenger of the Gods, but also God of Commerce and the Grain Trade! Hear me and join us in this celebration!"

Luna was at the East Point, which is associated with Spring (air) and Ravenclaw. She had chosen a rather eclectic selection of Gods. "I call upon Tammuz, God of Vegetation and Crops; Dagon, God of Fertility and Agriculture; and Pomona, Goddess of Orchards and Fruit! Hear me and join us in this celebration!"

Parvati Patil was at the South Point, which is associated with summer (fire) and Gryffindor. "I call upon the Goddess Parvati, consort of Shiva, Goddess of Harvest and Protector of women! Hear me and join us in this celebration!"

Which just left Macmillan, who was in the center, which represented the heart, spirit, soul, or what have you. "I call upon Lugh, God of Harvest, Skill, and the distribution of Talent! Hear me and join us in this celebration!"

Obviously, there were too many people to cast a circle around, so we hadn't done that, but even so, we could feel the energy swirling around us and the crowd somewhat compactly, letting us know that - if nothing else - the power was staying with us rather than flying off to do as it pleased.

It was my turn again. "I, Draco Malfoy, give my most heartfelt thanks for the many blessings I have received. The ones I am especially thankful for are my beautiful children - Viona, Elena, Eris, Orion,
and the son I didn't know I had until just recently, River. I'm also grateful for my parents who have tried their best to give me the world, my siblings - so many of them after an entire childhood alone! And lastly, but most important of all, I'm eternally thankful for and blessed by my husband Harry, who is the love of my life, the supportive rock I depend on, and the most brilliant shag ever! I thank you, Dionysus and Hestia, for all that you have given me and pray that you continue to bless us all for the rest of our lives!” As I said this, I held up my cup of wine (I could have as much as I wanted this year, but only needed a few sips for this). When I was done, I drank down all of the wine in my cup before handing it off to an elf.

The others took their turns calling out what they were grateful for, and then we all encouraged *everyone* to shout out their thanks and prayers to their chosen deities. Following our lead, the students and others ended their thanks and prayers by drinking the sips of wine they'd saved. I know you probably blushed a little at my words (still squicked by McGonagall and Hagrid knowing how good at sex you are?), but I have to admit that hearing your words in return nearly made me cry. IN PUBLIC!!!

I pointed to Elena and Ethan (yes, we somehow managed to get a muggle with no direct relation in the wizarding world permission to attend the ritual!), along with Beatrix, Finnegan, Antonio, Eric, Martin, and Guinevere. Those eight were ready and waiting, bravely stripping off to illustrate that the students could do so as well - IF they wanted to - before starting up on their drumming. The students and their parents were all given a choice to join in on the drumming (which is a *lot* of drums that had to be conjured!), or the dancing. The five of us taught the traditional dances from around the world, encouraging everyone to dance, take breaks by drumming and getting something to drink, and then dance some more, haha!

Once the sun set, there was an enormous amount of energy built up and it was time to close the ritual. Honestly, the build up had gone on much longer than necessary, and so, we'll probably tweak that part next year. Anyway, we closed the ritual by choosing different fire accessories (I had dual short swords, in case you were too drowsy by that point to pay attention) and performing the other dance Patil had choreographed. By the end of the dance, we had focused all the energy into the goal of being thankful for and multiplying our blessings, and then tossed our accessories and thus the energy onto the waiting pile of wood to release the energy to the world and start the bonfire.

At this point, there was nothing left to do but have fun. Which we did, well past midnight. Eri and Ori were sent home with Muffy when they were clearly too tired to remain, and so was River about an hour or so later when he also grew so tired that he literally passed out on his drum. So adorable! I sent him off with Dibly, but that left you, me, and Elena. She was having so much fun drumming and dancing and socializing that I don't think she would have noticed if we disappeared off the face of the planet. But I didn't mind because it gave me plenty of opportunity to dance with you, my naked and gorgeous husband. Sadly, we had to keep things clean.

Which didn't stop us from sneaking off at one point and shagging in the NON-forbidden part of the forest.

I love you Harry Malfoy, and I love this wonderful life we have built together. I'm not just saying it because it's part of the ritual, I really do. And now that I've finished recapping my day, I think I might be able to sleep. That said, it's probably three or four in the morning, and so, I'll be dead to the world until noon at the very least. And since you were up late too, I'm going to wrap my arms around you while we sleep, and cast an Incarcerus so that you can't leave the bed until I let you. Or you direly need the loo. Whichever comes first ^_^

And I want to thank you, for giving me the best day of my life, oh just to be with you, is the best day of my life,
Draco
P.S. Greg and MAYA?? Really? I didn't see that coming either...
Chapter 289

Chapter Summary

The boys go to a club with Blaise.

Chapter Notes

I took my hubby to the doctor today, and when we got home, I sat down and wondered if I had posted yet, then I saw that my computer hadn't even been touched, so that answered that, lol :-)

WARNING: This chapter contains het. Read with caution if het squicks you.

Saturday September 23rd
My Dragon,

Yesterday's ritual was absolutely gorgeous! And I'm not just talking about the weather. I had no idea there were spells for changing weather. It sounds like it took all five of you to do it, which is just as well because if we had the power to change weather patterns for whenever we want a sunny day, what would that do to the natural balance of things? Since it took all of you to accomplish it, it probably isn't done often enough to change things in a large way.

Your speech on everything you're thankful for was beautiful. I was much less embarrassed this year about you being thankful for my ability to shag. Less, but not completely gone, I'm working on it!

It's so surreal that two years ago at this time we weren't even really on speaking terms, and you had zero siblings that you knew about. Last year, we just had Viona that we knew of, along with our two on the way, you only had the one little sister at that point. And this year we have FIVE children (with NONE on the way!), and you have four siblings. What will our future years look like?

I'm sorry I made you cry in public. You know that wasn't my intention. But these rituals are important, I had to be honest. I love our children with everything I have, I can't begin to describe how thankful I am that I have the ability to make a difference with our Unity Kids, I love our Godchildren, I love our siblings, I love our families, I love our friends. My life is full to bursting with loved ones. But there is nothing and no one I am more thankful for than you. With one message, one olive branch of peace and apology, one outreached hand, you changed my entire life. I will never stop owing you or being thankful that your bravery put us on a path towards this life, your bravery to propose when most would have deemed it too soon pushed us towards our forever, your connection with Viona gave us our first child. Everything we have, this wonderful life we're living, wouldn't have been possible without you. You are the best parts of me.

Ok enough blubbering, I've made myself cry!

After I did my usual morning routine, without you of course my sleepyhead, I went to pick Viona up from Greg's house since he took her home with him when he left Hogwarts yesterday. I gave him a
bit of a heads up that you and I are going to pin him down and force him to tell us everything about him and Maya some time this week when we have more time! Then the Princess and I stopped off at Unity before heading home. Where I ran into Tabitha, who gave me our schedule so far for the next month or so.

It's a good thing you're sleeping in today, you're going to need to stock up on your rest. Bloody Hell will we have a busy end of September, October, beginning of November!

This coming weekend, we have Julia coming to the Manor to do updated family pictures. And to prepare for that, I know we have more clothing than anyone possibly needs, but we need to pick out some good coordinating outfits for all six of us as well as at least one coordinating outfit for the kids. If we don't have anything we love we may have to go shopping to pick something out.

Eliza's birthday is coming up on October 10th, so we need to get her a present. As well as, unlike Sebastian who just wanted a small celebration at home for his 4th birthday two weeks ago, she wants a big party. As not her parent, it normally wouldn't be anything extra on my calendar besides attending the party, but as the owner of Unity House where many of her friends still live, I will have to do some planning to get them to her party.

I AM one of Elena's parents, so her birthday coming up on October 22 IS my responsibility. Although that actually might not end up being much work for me at all since you and her are probably going to do all of the planning! I can't believe she's going to be 10!

We also have to pick a date for, and plan, River's welcome party. We've done naming ceremonies for the babies, we did a welcoming ceremony for Elena's welcome into the Malfoy family and introduction to the ancestors, but River already has a name and the ancestral magic knew he was a Malfoy before we knew he existed. So all we really have to plan is a party where we invite our friends and family to officially meet him and celebrate his coming into the family. Although I'd really like to do a small ceremony, maybe with just the six of us, to welcome him into the Potter family as well. Maybe right before his party? If he wants that of course.

And then Tabitha had three additional items and was wondering if she needed to add them to the schedule.

- Are you planning on doing a Samhain ritual at Hogwarts again this year?
- Are we doing a Kids friendly Halloween party again this year (please please please?)
- Are we doing an adults only Halloween party again this year (please, please, please, pleeeeaaase?)

If we're doing some or all of those things we need to pick dates obviously and we will have to do some serious shopping; goblin and demon costumes for the ritual, awesomely themed costumes for our family for the kid party, and whatever you pick for our costume for the adult party (are you really going to make me be Aphrodite in frilly pink knickers like you threatened last year?)

Either you didn't cast the Incarcerous you talked about, or my bladder canceled it out, but I had no problem getting out of bed this morning. But I just put the babies down for a nap, Elena and River are playing together in her music sanctuary, so I think I am going to climb back into bed with you and just rest my eyes a little.

Yours,
Harry
Sunday September 24th (about 2 or 3 am)

My sexy mutt,

Waking up to find you still in my arms (or apparently, again) was the best feeling. It's extremely rare that I wake up and you are sleeping. In my arms. I decided that this deserved a reward and also remembered that I had promised to lick and worship every part of your body. So I did.

Once you were awake and watching me through sleepy eyes, I had an urge to ride you, so I cast the quick prep spells on myself, straddled you, and took you as deep inside me as you could go. The last time I specifically did this - straddle and ride you - I had been (as you put it) sperm jacking you. Fear not, I DID NOT do that this time! I simply had fun riding you and stroking myself for your viewing pleasure.

Perhaps it's a good thing that we have different sleep schedules, because we might never get out of bed if we both woke up early each morning to find the other ready to be played with, heh heh. Especially if I consistently woke up before you. My somnophilia kink would surely take one look at you the moment I opened my eyes each morning and HAVE to have you.

So, by the time I woke up, finished shagging you, and managed to get something to eat - seasoned by plenty of kisses from you - it was getting on in the afternoon. Being a Saturday and knowing we'd be recovering from last night's ritual, we didn't have anything planned. Which means that when Blaise Insta-owled me to moan about his little tiff with your best mates, I had nothing better to do than commiserate. We I-Oed back and forth for a bit, and then he more or less ordered me to go out to his club with him.

See, much like I own but don't run a bunch of businesses, so does Blaise. One of the businesses he owns is a sort of dance club. It's *intended* to be a alternative club, not catering specifically to gay people, but for *all* sexual identities. So, gay, straight, bi - they should all feel welcome. Also, it's not actually a sex club. It's a dance club, but that said, it's owned by *Blaise* so it sort of happens to be a sex club too. People dance and shag right on the floor. Or the tables. Or the loo if they want a bit of privacy.

Obviously, this is the sort of club I can't fully enjoy unless I bring you with me, so, the moment we were done eating a family dinner, we left our kids in the care of the elves and took off to join Blaise in his club, deep in the heart of London.

Blaise sat us at his VIP table which had a good view of the dance floor and a dedicated waitress to bring us all the alcohol we could ever want. Except I wasn't in the mood to get drunk, so I simply sipped on mine. You drank a little more than I did, but didn't seem to want to get drunk either. I think your goal was to get a little tipsy and enjoy yourself, but not so drunk that you acted like you'd been dosed with a lust potion and begged to be buggered by everyone there, haha.

Blaise without even trying *is* a bit like a lust potion. Just sitting there watching others getting hot and heavy turned him on so much that his magic activated and *everyone* more or less started an orgy. Blaise resisted at first, preferring to watch, but you were being effected by his unintentional sex magic too, and dove right in. This pleased my sharing/watching kinks, so I stayed at the table with Blaise.

Besides, I'd clipped your intangible leash to your collar, so I knew I could yank on it and get your attention if you were talked into anything I knew you didn't actually want.

After an hour or so, you'd reached a point in which you were not completely shagged out, but definitely needing a chance to rest and recover a bit. You came to sit on my lap and snog me. Just when I was getting into it to the point that I was going to lay you on the table and shag the bloody
hell out of you, you slipped off my lap and sat at my feet. By this, I understood that you weren't quite ready for more sex yet, but definitely wanted to be my good little mutt.

Mildly disappointed - but not so much that I was upset or anything - I watched the orgy a bit more. I was trying to decide if I wanted to go full Dom and take charge, or if I wanted to go a little subby and find a Domme/Dom to punish me a bit. I love being the dominant one, but every once in a while, I'm in the mood for the opposite.

As I was debating this in my head, an older, silver haired goddess of a woman caught my eye and I wondered what it would be like to take her up on her clear offer. Suddenly, a pair of women our age wandered over and started rubbing up on Blaise. He was naked and stroking himself by this point. He loves to watch too, and hadn't yet gotten in the mood to join. He would, and before the night is over, he might just have everyone here, but before that, he likes to take his time and enjoy the build up.

As they kissed him, the dainty brunette half shouted - in order to be heard over all the noise - that her friend, the chubby blonde, was still a virgin and fascinated by the sheer size of Blaise's shaft. They wanted to know if he would take her virginity, to which I snorted and yelled that they were mad to have her try that her first time. He'd almost certainly rip her up! And not in a good way.

Blaise himself has had a bad experience or two in the past when trying to be with virgins, so he was not about to agree. That said, he didn't believe that a woman of twenty or so could possibly still be a virgin. She might have been chubby, but she was NOT ugly, and in fact, had a sort of softness to her face that made her very cute. I must admit that I also assumed that she had had at least one boyfriend/sexual experience in the past.

So, the dainty brunnette sat her friend on the table so that she could spread her legs in front of us and prove her claim as true. She actually did have an intact hymen, and so, probably was a real life virgin. Blaise and I were both fascinated by this while you barely glanced at it before returning your attention to a pair of muscular and fit brunetes hardcore fucking over a chair two tables away.

Blaise and I investigated her entire vagina with our fingers and tongues, careful not to actually break her hymen - in case she changed her mind. Blaise used a bit of his inherent magic to give her a screaming orgasm with little to no effort. Meanwhile, I was sort of massaging her hymen with my fingers. I know you do not find vaginas attractive in the slightest, but when she holds open her labia so that we can see the hymen, it really does look like a sort of flower. I had always wondered why it was called 'deflowering a virgin' and now I know.

After she came down a bit from the orgasm Blaise gave her, I couldn't help but want to give her another, so I used some of my impressive oral skills on her, making her whimper, whine, and beg before squealing so loudly that everyone in the club paused to look over to find out why.

"Just shag her already!" Blaise commanded.

"Yeah man, shag my best friend and give her an experience she'll never forget!" Her friend added in encouragement. "Two hottest men in the whole bloody club for her first time!"

I looked to you, and you grinned, letting me know that you were paying attention and looking forward to seeing me make her squeal again. So I got to have the special treat of a virgin. I am fairly sure you're the only one I'd ever had before, and so, had no experience with a girl virgin. I was actually a bit nervous, to be honest. I don't have a massive shaft like Blaise, but it could still be big enough to cause more pain than pleasure.

Thank Merlin and Salazar that she was so worked up and slippery by that point that I was able to
slide in relatively easily. I still had to push a bit to break her hymen, making her wince, but after that, she was like a wildcat, thrashing about, vocalizing, and even scratching my back. Clearly, she was having a good time. And so was I!

In order to get a better view, you ended up sitting on Blaise's lap, which meant that I was able to look over and kiss you whenever I wanted. I focused on her for a few minutes when it seemed like I was losing her attention a little, shifting so that I could press the pad of my thumb to her clitoris and rub it while I shagged her. This got her back on track to a glorious orgasm in almost no time at all. Just as she was getting tighter and it seemed about to happen at any moment, I looked over to find Blaise giving you a hand job with his left hand as he was working you open with his right. You had a somewhat glazed over look in your eyes, meaning that Blaise was probably effecting you more than a little. I don't *think* he was doing it on purpose, just that when he gets so bloody worked up like that, he exudes something that's nearly impossible to resist.

Seeing you look like you were also close to orgasm set me off. Remind me to make an offering to Zeus that dainty brunette wanted her friend to have a spectacular finish, and had started sucking on her nipples. This was apparently the last little bit that chubby blonde needed to ripple oh so wonderfully all over me while I pumped her full.

Just in case you were too distracted to be paying full attention, I *did* use a condom. Dainty brunette actually put it on me when it became apparent that I was too eager to get to it to remember. Plus, I had subtly cast protection spells, but being a muggle, she didn't know that.

Blaise must not have cast an orgasm denial spell on you, because you squirted all over my back while I was still resting inside chubby blonde. If I could have, I would have orgasmed again just from that! Then I noticed that Blaise seemed determined to have his way with you, and while neither of us would have objected, you looked just about shagged out, so I surprised him by snatching you off his lap, setting you in my vacant seat, and tossing Blaise over the chubby cutie so he could snog her while I buggered him from behind. Side note, I had made (a while back) and now had a chance to test a potion for instant recovery. It works!!!

I might have to test it a whole lot more though...

After thoroughly having my wicked way with Blaise, I sat in my chair with you on my lap so we could lazily/sleepily watch the rest of the show. Blaise being Blaise, he did his best to work his way through everyone in the club until even he had enough and passed out. Being good friends, we dropped him off at Ron and Hermione's before going home and snuggling.

So, of course, practically the *moment* you fell asleep, I seemed to catch a second wind - which I used to write this. I have a feeling it's going to be a lethargic and lazy Sunday for the both of us, haha.

It's much too late to save myself from falling, I took a chance and changed your way of life, Draco
Chapter 290

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco talk about what happened at the club, and Harry finds out what the Triad was arguing about.

Chapter Notes

I accidentally squicked a reader and since I don't want to leave anyone squicked for an entire 24 hours, I decided to post another chapter, lol :-)

Sunday September 24th
Morning!

I finally got my wish of going to a club with you! It was a little less glittery dancing and a lot more shagging than I had imagined but it was still so fun.

I didn't actually shag anyone on the dance floor. Just sucked so many hard shafts. And gave some hand jobs. And received so much groping. Knowing you were watching, knowing how much I was pleasing you by performing for you, feeling the occasional tug on my leash to remind me who I belong to, yeah serving you is just what I need.

And you know I'm not into the girl parts, but listening to that pretty blonde woman squealing because of you was so hot. While I loved seeing her frantic and lost in the moment, and seeing her scratch up your back was hot at the time, I healed up all of your scratches this morning while you were still sleeping. I have gotten quite good at sharing, I'm so comfortable in the knowledge that I'm the one who holds your heart, but I do NOT like seeing someone else's marks on you! I think tonight I'm going to worship your body and leave love bites all over your body. I love being marked by you, between my branding, my collar, and my ring, as well as any marks you leave on my skin, I feel so claimed. I don't normally need or even want to mark your beautiful skin, but those scratches had me wanting to claim what's mine.

Sitting in Blaise's lap while he stroked me and stretched me open was amazing. He's obviously a good shag, but it seems the more often we play with him the more he's learning our specific preferences. And apparently he has realized that my favorite thing is someone talking dirty to me. So the entire time you were shagging the blonde (and gods, watching you with blondes might be MY kink!) he was commenting in my ear. I think his mouth might be even filthier than mine!

I am going to ask him to try and avoid aiming his … allure? … at me. I thought I might have been able to throw it off, like I throw off Imperius, because I hadn't really noticed it before. When we've played in the past I have been extra turned on, but I have always written that off to the fact that, hmm how do I explain this? I know I've explained in the past that sharing or being shared is definitely not a kink of mine. You taking me in public or in a crowd is definitely a kink, but I am completely and utterly monogamous at heart, and would be completely content to never touch another person for the rest of our lives. BUT, knowing it's your kink, knowing it's not something that I would have chosen
for myself but that I am doing it for you, just remembering that I am doing something my Master wants, doing something that reminds me of how far He has extended my limits and caused me to grow, IS my kink. Being of service to YOU, completes something within myself that I didn't know was incomplete.

Oh, but anyway, back to Blaise's allure. In the past I have written off my lustful feelings to how blissful I feel when I am being submissive for you. But last night, being in Blaise's lap, I felt it stronger than I ever have before. Like he was trying to fill the entire room with his lust, but being that close meant I got the highest dose. Now thinking of it with a clear head in the light of day, I don't think I really like the feeling. It's not like I did anything last night I'm less than happy about. I don't feel violated. But my memories of last night are muddled. It's not like I'm missing anything, but thinking about it is like trying to see something through a fog. If last night was as fun as I think it was, I'd rather have clear memories.

Oh! I spoke with Hermione a bit this morning. Totally different story about what happened than Blaise gave us! Well, not totally different, but they were definitely fighting about two different things. War is ugly, and so many of the wounds it leaves are obvious, deaths, orphans, scars, etc. But some of the effects are invisible unless you look for them specifically. I guess the whole fight stemmed from Blaise thinking Hermione and Ron were trying to control him and make him settle down. Hermione might be good with words, but she is not great about describing things that aren't particularly logical. So when he didn't come "home" the other night, she and Ron teamed up against him and really laid into him. Of course, our Blaise freaked because he's already become more committed than he ever thought he would be and now he feels like he's being given a curfew or being chained down. What it really came from was that 'Mione was terrified that he was hurt, captured, or killed. So when she knew he was alright, she took all of that fear and turned it into an angry lecture because she's so comfortable with angry lectures!

She was crying this morning, "We don't care who he shags. I'm not his parent, he can go where he wants and do what he wants. I don't want to change him. I just want to love the pieces of him we have for whatever time we have them!" Then she barely whispered, "I thought he was dead." She had spent the entire night he was elsewhere imagining every worst case scenario about him being killed or tortured, and then he came in the next morning all smiles and brought some of their favorite pastries for breakfast.

Thankfully all is well for now. She was finally calm enough to be able to talk to him and she explained that she didn't want to hold him back, she wasn't trying to keep tabs on him, but for her sanity she'd really like a quick insta-owl if he wasn't going to come over on a night he normally would have spent the night.

Ugh, kids and their drama these days! Am I right?

Well I am going to go spend the rest of the morning in the garden. It's about time to start doing the autumn work, begin prepping our beautiful plants for the upcoming winter. I'm going to drag all the children outside with me while I work. So when you wake and come looking for us, we're hopefully all going to be filthy in the garden or sweaty on the playground.

All of my love,
Harry

Friday September 29th
My love,
Wow! This week just flew by! We decided to have as quiet a week as possible with nothing much to do except for you going to work. We spent the week basically playing with our kids and getting to know River more.

Plus, I also planned a party to welcome River to the family on Saturday - which is already tomorrow, yikes! It's more or less a circle dinner as well as everyone we would invite to that was invited to this party. That said, for a few hours before the party starts, we're going to get dressed up as a family (and in costumes as well, haha), so Julia can take our family pictures.

Mike and Jackie are staying for the party, so they'll be able to get a few pictures with River (and probably the rest of us), and my parents are going to take the opportunity to get a few family pictures of their own. Which means that we are probably going to have at least one big family photo. We're forever after going to be known as the branch of the family that went around the twist and decided to have more children than the entire family has had altogether in almost two hundred years! hahaha!

But tonight we attended a simple but beautiful ceremony to introduce Eliza to the ancestors. Gavin, being painfully shy, didn't want a welcome party, and he also didn't need an introduction to the ancestors - as they knew about him before we did (like River) - so my parents took a few minutes after Eliza's introduction to do the opposite - tell Gavin a little bit about his ancestors.

Gavin's come a long way. He isn't what I would a call a perfectly normal child - and may never be - but he's clearly a whole lot happier than he's ever been in his life. He's also getting used to our crazy family and starting to thrive. I even caught him running around the yard and giggling with River! It's sort of strange to think about, but he has someone to meet all of his needs here. When he wants to sit quietly doing almost nothing, he can sit and not talk to Sebastian. When he wants to run wild, he can do that with Della and Viona - and also River and Eliza. When he wants to be a big brother(uncle), he can 'play' with our babies, but when he wants to be a little brother or just snuggle, he can come to us. And then my parents have really impressed me by going out of their way to make him feel welcome and loved. I mean I knew they had it in them, but it's as if they have greatly relaxed in their 'old age' and are raising these children with no goals other than to be happy.

I'm grateful that everything I went through growing up has made me who I am, but I'm also grateful that my siblings and our children won't have to go through any of it. And it's all thanks to you!

Let it go, let it roll right off your shoulder, don't you know, the hardest part is over, let it in, let your clarity define you, in the end, you will only just remember how it feels, our lives remain in these small hours, these little wonders, these twists and turns of fate, time falls away, but these small hours, these small hours, still remain,

Draco

P.S. I didn't get a chance to tell you earlier, but watching you put love bites all over my body was probably the most erotic thing I've ever seen! I know you prefer my skin unmarked most of the time, but I really wouldn't mind it you did it more often ^_^
Chapter 291

Chapter Summary

A busy day consisting of a photoshoot and River's welcoming party :-) 

Chapter Notes

This is a picture post, and barring any glitches, it should be complete now. Keep in mind that the pictures are visual aid for the outfits described and not meant to be an accurate reflection of the kids' looks or ages. That said, I think some of them come pretty darn close, lol. Also, congratulate Chrissy for finding 'real' pics of Harry and Draco ^_^ 

Saturday September 30th
Husband Mine,

I hope I can do today justice with my descriptions. It was just one of those days that was so full of love and laughter and family that I'm not sure where to put all of my joy. It's been a while since I've talked about going back in time and telling Harry in the cupboard to hold on because amazing things are coming. At this point my life has come so far and is so full, that I am pretty sure Little Harry would call me a liar and ask what I was trying to sell him!

He was a teeny tiny cynic unfortunately!

Last night we got all five kids down to bed early. After last night's ceremony for Eliza, and knowing just how much we were trying to cram into today, the smart things was to make sure everyone was well rested. And I know you're usually a night owl, but I "forced" us to shag so many times in a row last night that you eventually passed out much earlier than your usual bedtime. I'm so very very "sorry"!

With all of our early bedtimes, we managed to have everyone awake, fed, and mostly happy earlier than I think our family has ever been ready. You were up in time to have breakfast ... at breakfast time! Which gave us plenty of time to get everyone squeaky clean and have all of our preplanned outfits ready for when Julia showed up.

We started with what I thought was going to be silly and ridiculous (and therefore a picture I knew I would love) but I think it actually turned into a beautiful portrait. We call Viona Princess, we've dressed up multiple times as some sort of royalty, and when we were planning our outfits earlier in the week, Elena said we needed an official Royal Portrait. So of course that meant getting coordinating floofy ball gowns for our three gorgeous daughters, matching dapper suits for our handsome boys, and of course nonmatching but well coordinated formalwear for the two of us.
The picture should have been ridiculous, but instead it shows my breathtakingly handsome husband sitting in a chair that might as well have been a throne in front of the grand fireplace, seemingly holding court. Two gorgeous babies, one fair-haired, tall, and sharp of feature, and one with raven curls, pudgy cheeks, and mischief making her eyes sparkle, sitting in your lap as elegantly as two not quite six-month-olds can sit. River, standing tall with a smile that is just sweet enough to not quite be a Malfoy smirk, is standing to your right, and I am behind and between the two of you, one bare hand resting on River's shoulder, my wedding banded hand on yours. Our Princess Viona, standing to your left, showing off her ball gown with her left hand while holding Orion's hand with her right. And our elegant Elena, standing so proper, almost a lady, just behind Viona.
Well we couldn't buy outfits just for one picture, so we took a few more while we were still all dressed up. We got a gorgeous shot of our three girls cheek to cheek to cheek, practically drowning in turquoise tulle. The sweetest picture of River standing with Orion in front of him, holding his little baby hands so they can both "stand" together. He's been here for such a short time but he's already such a wonderful big (and little!) brother! And the five of them, on the formal sofa, Orion in Elena's lap, Eris in River's, and Viona sitting center stage, I can't get over the sheer beauty and perfection of our family.

But besides the family portrait, my favorite pictures seem to always be the ones we didn't actually pose for. Julia managed to catch the most amazing shot of us. After our wedding portraits I think it's my favorite picture of us. I'm leaning my back against the wall, hands in my pockets, and you're doing that amazingly hot thing you do where you come in real close and put your hand on the wall next to my head and lean in with that leer where I'm absolutely sure you're going to devour me. It is so sexy but there's so much love in our eyes that it somehow manages to be sweet instead of filthy.
After that we changed into clothes that matched our personalities a bit more. Elena wore a sundress that was comfortable but dramatic enough that she could twirl in it, and cowboy boots of all things. Viona looked timeless in an old fashioned blue and white dress, knee highs, and mary janes. River decided to go with jeans and a cream sweater, almost exactly like my own jeans but my sweater was navy. You went casual … for you … and went with navy dress pants and a blue, cream, and yellow button down. And Eri and Ori wore their hand crocheted outfits that Molly made for them.
We decided to do the garden again. The gardens at the Manor are so extensive that even if it had been the same season as our last set of pictures, we could find plenty of backdrops that would look different, but the difference between the garden just as spring was taking hold and now just as it's preparing for fall is astounding. We managed to get gorgeous photos of all seven of us, of just the five kids, of the almost twins together, some of just the girls, some just the boys. We basically played in the gardens and were followed around by the kind of paparazzi I like!

We did those pictures, some absolutely ridiculous costumed pictures, and before we knew it we were getting into our more traditional wizarding wear for the big family pictures. River took some with his grandparents while we rocked the babies to sleep. In theory I would have wanted Eri and Ori to be awake for these group shots, but it was past their naptime, and we were cramming a lot of people into one big portrait. I think calm, sleeping babies in our arms would make for a better picture than two overtired cranky babies. We may have been able to get away with an overtired Orion, but I know Eris was probably five minutes away from a meltdown when she finally fell asleep.

We got the group shots, and a few smaller groupings. I particularly loved the one of you with your siblings. You're such an amazing big brother to those kids.

We all grazed a bit on fruit and other snacks while we took the pictures, but we had a bit of a late lunch when everything was done and it was time to regroup and prepare for River's party. But first I had to ask him something. I was so nervous. What if he didn't want me?

Luckily I had prepared what I was going to say, and I can neither confirm nor deny rehearsing it in front of our mirror at least a dozen times!

The babies were napping, and Elena was helping her Grandmas set up for the party, so you and I pulled River out to the lawns so I could ask him. You were there for support but it was all down to me.

Deep breaths Harry.

"River, I love you. You've been in my life for such a short time, but my heart can't remember a time when you weren't in it. I would never attempt to be a replacement parent, you have a mother who loves you even though she can't be with you, and you have a father who may have just met you but loves you so much already." I gestured to you and you gave him a big smile and a nod. "But I would love to be another dad for you. You're already a Lewis, and a Malfoy, and if you don't have any objections I'd like you to be a Potter too."
Wow, I can't believe I got through that without crying. Well, at that point at least.

River absolutely lit up. His grin lifted the worry I'd been carrying right off of my shoulders. "You mean I get to keep my family I already have but I get to be an official Potter too?! No way!" He started babbling (becoming a Potter already I guess!) "I get to be a Potter, this is so cool, none of my mates will believe this, Harry Potter is gonna be my DAD!" Aaaannnnnd, that's when the tears let loose. I was so shocked, and I had braced myself for a very polite "Thanks but no thanks Harry" and instead I got smiles and giggles. And a solid tackle that almost had me flat on my back! "When, when, when is this gonna happen?"

I got my balance back, stopped the tears, and told him that if there were no objections that we could make it happen right away. I had already talked to Mike and Jackie earlier in the week that I planned to ask him. I originally envisioned having just us and the five kids there. Then I thought we should invite the Lewises and then I thought if we invited them we may as well invite your parents and mine, and then I realized it was getting out of hand. So, as soon as he asked when, I knew I wanted it to be right now.

You cast a circle for us, I pulled the incense I had in my pocket in the hopes he would say yes and gave it to River, and the three of us sat knees together, tucked in close.

I began, "I, Harry James Potter Malfoy, call to my Ancestors; to James and Lily Potter, to Fleamont and Euphemia Potter, to Sirius Black, to Remus and Nymphadora Lupin, to Grandmother and Father Evans, and any ancestors whose name I never had the chance to learn, please join us. I call upon you to introduce you to my son, River. He is a son in blood to my husband Draco Lucius Malfoy, and I have called you here to see that he is a son in my heart. I ask you to accept him into our family, watch over him as you've watched over my husband, myself, and our four other children, Elena, Viona, Eris, and Orion."

I had to take a deep breath, because watching River close to tears made me worry I wouldn't be able to get through the whole thing. "Please guide him, help us to help him become the wonderful man we know he has the potential to become."

You gestured to the candles you had pulled out, and River held the incense to them to catch fire. Once aflame, we told him he was to blow the candles out, and if he had any messages to the ancestors he was to tell it to the smoke so it can carry the message. He stared at those candles for a solid minute or two and then blew them out, "Thank you Potter ancestors for wanting me and caring for me. I'll make you so proud, you'll see!"

I pulled out the small box I had grabbed from my vault the other day in the hopes that this would happen. "To help my ancestors find you, I present an official Potter family crest" it was the coordinating pendant with the Potter crest that I had given Elena at her ceremony, just a bit less feminine. I put it over his head, and he immediately started fiddling with it. He's part Potter already!

I gave thanks to the ancestors, bid them farewell, and asked for their continued guidance. You released the circle. And then the three of us stood there for a bit while I hugged my son.

Whew. I wanted to talk about River's amazing party with our circle. Laugh over the antics of the small army of children that were here tonight. Gossip with you over the information we squeezed out of Greg. Talk about our feelings after seeing Neville and Charlie together for the first time since our playdate. I'm just too emotionally wiped from the day and from rehashing it all in here.

I'm off to fall asleep. No idea what I'll possibly dream about, because every dream I've ever dared to dream has come true.
Some people search their whole lives to find a fraction of what I've found in you,
Your Harry

Saturday September 30th
Beloved,

I managed to shift everyone in their sleep without waking anyone so that I currently have your head in my lap so I can run my hand through your hair as I type. The littles and River are on the side bed, so if I feel like molesting you when I'm done with this email, I can without worrying about waking any of them.

Today was so fluffy that I feel like I should be nauseous but I'm just too happy to care. Despite being an official welcome to the family, this party felt more like a kid's birthday party. Everyone brought River little presents - nothing too big as obviously, this child will be spoiled rotten just like the rest of our kids. Little toys and the like that he can play with and bond with the rest of the kids at the same time.

Merlin! We have the most adorable kids and siblings and others on the planet! Eliza and Sebastian are both four at the moment (although Eliza is turning five soon), as is River. Gavin, Della, and Teddy are all two; Viona is not far behind at one and a half. The seven of them were running around playing - that's right, the SEVEN of them!!! Even Sebastian and Gavin!

See, what happened was I went a bit insane. After everyone had eaten at least one piece of cake, there was still so much left that I didn't quite know what to do with it, so I engorged it and let them use it as a VERY messy playhouse. It seems that not even our shy and reserved boys could resist the lure of jumping on three tiers of thick frosting, nor flinging fistfuls of cake at each other.

Elena, at nearly ten, felt she was too big for such antics. For about ten minutes, and then she caved and dove in too. Mac had already been in the fray, more than happy to get messy. Victoire - like Elena - had to think it over carefully before deciding that she just couldn't resist either. She looks just like her part Veela mother, and so, is understandably vain. I honestly didn't think she'd join in, but once she saw Elena (the only other dignified child at that point) dive in, she just couldn't resist any longer. She is almost the same age as Teddy, after all. I'm not sure any child that age could resist the sweet temptation for long, hahahahaha!

Which just left Eri and Ori - who are only five months and not able to go trampling through some cake yet - and Rod and Bianca - who are about two weeks older and *also* not old enough to play in a cake. Plus Daisy, who's just a little older and not quite able to crawl yet. Lucky for us! Can you imagine if ALL FIFTEEN of them were messy wrecks by the time they were done?! Oi… Although, eleven messy wrecks really isn't too different from fifteen, I suppose.

Grandmama and Kisa couldn't make it - and neither could Pansy and Ivan - but they sent River lovely gifts and cards to let him know that they are looking forward to meeting him in the future.

So, while the kids were having an absolute blast (my mother looking on in both amusement and horror, she NEVER would have let me get away with playing with my cake like that), you and I had a chance to chat with our friends. Charlie and Neville looked like lovey dovey newlyweds; so utterly smitten with each other that it was adorable. Although, I could clearly see that it was actually too soon for them to even think about marriage. There's just so much that they have to work through first - most of which is Neville's, erm, baggage? Is that the muggle term? He needs to come to terms with his grandmother's feelings of wanting him to marry a witch, his own feelings of thinking he is mostly straight and just in love with Charlie because they have the same kink, and just generally coming to
terms with the fact that he is going to have to be open about his relationship with Charlie - out and proud - if he wants to stay with him.

So yeah, definitely not ready for marriage.

That said, they were both all smiles for us. We had to be a bit covert about it, but we had a chance to talk about our double date and how much fun it was. It's not something they want to do all the time, but they informed us that they're already planning a little something special for about two months from now. So, we have at least one extremely interesting night to look forward to, hahaha!

Then we got a chance to sit down with Greg and Maya, and those two are fairly adorable as well. (Ugh, I'm rather disconcerted by how many times I've already used the word adorable in this email! Pretend I've replaced the word with something more manly but means the same thing.) It seems that Maya has been attracted to Greg since right about the time Della was brought to Unity House and immediately latched onto him as a minion and he just did whatever he needed to to keep her calm and feeling safe. But he was with Luna at the time and so she thought she had no chance. Then when he broke up with Luna, Maya barely waited a respectable two weeks before asking him out. Apparently, Greg had been working up the courage to ask her as he finds her pretty and just a lovely person all around, and so, was grateful that she asked him and spared him the mental agony of trying to ask her out, haha! They seem fairly good together, so I don't want to jinx it, but I am not certain that they are a forever couple. Greg is the sort who needs a firm hand on his rein - so to speak. Not a boss, but someone who can guide him to do his best, boss him around a bit when he needs it, and has the patience to explain things to him as many times as it takes for him to understand. Maya strikes me as the sort of woman who can only offer him two out of three of those things, and since she is a professional caregiver to children, I can see how she might eventually start to feel like Greg is just a big child and more work than she realized.

But as I said, I don't want to jinx it. Maybe I'm wrong and they are perfect for each other. I'll just have to wait and see, and give them my best wishes because I truly do want Greg to be happy.

Eventually, the cake was utterly destroyed and the kids were all ushered into the family bath. Which is another room we don't really use, and so I'm not sure if you've ever seen it. But back when the Manor was first built, having a bathroom in every room was unheard of. They didn't even really have plumbing beyond a basic well or two. So, there was one large family bath created. It had its own dedicated well and could be heated/kept warm with magic. Eventually, plumbing existed and the Manor was remodeled many times so that now, we have our own bathroom in our own suite. But the family bath still exists and is used whenever we have a large group of people over and a large bath is needed.

Actually, my parents used to host a party every two or three years in which the guests stayed for up to a week, and the bath was kept open and ready for a sort of naked, platonic, swim party. But I digress.

The point is that all the kids were levitated into the tub where they finished up their playing - this time getting clean in the process. A few of the adults, such as you and me, got in on the fun because playing around in an enormous tub is so much fun.

All in all, it was a great day. When River started getting sleepy, we had him say goodbye to all his guests. Especially Mike and Jackie - who definitely needed to get back to Australia. They have jobs, after all. The moment River was in bed, they said goodbye to us, thanked us for being wonderful fathers to their only grandson, and took a Portkey back home.

The rest of the guests also said goodbye, and all of the kids were sound asleep in practically no time
(must have plumb wore themselves out, hahaha!), so we had the opportunity to go to our playroom and have a nice leisurely session of lovemaking. Strangely enough, I was in the mood for vanilla. Well, as vanilla as two men can get, but my point is that I didn't want any kinks. I just wanted you in my arms and our mouths sealed together. I'll come to your office tomorrow and spank you then if you want.

I will follow him, follow him wherever he may go, and near him I always will be, for nothing can keep me away, he is my destiny. I will follow him, ever since he touched my heart I knew, there isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep, keep me away, away from his love,

Draco

P.S. My favorite picture might just be the one where all of us are sitting in the shade of a beautiful maple and playing with Onyx.
Chapter 292

Chapter Summary

Kingsley has some strange news for Harry.

Chapter Notes

OMGs you guys! I've been waiting what feels like forever to post this chapter ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday October 2nd
Good morning Harry,

I hope you are well and regret that I have some potentially disturbing news to impart. It seems that at some point during the last week, both Dumas and Mitchell were struck down with the same illness (despite being nowhere near each other) that required them to be rushed to St. Mungo's. The illness was too rapid to be treated and both died. Despite the fact that neither had any sort of immediate family, before I could send in a team of Aurors to investigate, both bodies were released to a 'distant cousin.' Apparently he (described as a stocky man with a thick Russian accent) had all the correct paperwork and it was in order, so the staff in the morgue had no choice but to release their bodies. They didn't realize that these two were of particular concern, and so didn't really question how two non related people had the same cousin.

I'm not entirely sure what to do at this point. Perhaps you should come in for a bit today to discuss the matter with me. I've got a decently clear schedule today (for once!) and so you can drop in at any time.

Sincerely,
Kingsley

Monday October 2nd
Draco,

I uh, hmm, I don't even know where to start.

Well I suppose I will start with Kingsley. I had an email from him this morning. So I dropped the kids off at Molly's and headed into the ministry. Well, the kids that were awake. When I left, you and Viona were snuggled up together and deep under our nest of blankets. That sneaky little thing, I don't even notice when she climbs from her side bed into our bed, usually climbing over me in the process to wedge herself between you and I.

Wait a minute. I am usually a fairly light sleeper when it comes to the kids. I thought maybe I was just so used to her snuggling in. But now that I am thinking about, you know how else she could
wedge herself between us without climbing over us? Flying. Oh but that would be crazy, it's not like she could fly …

That brilliant little sneaky Princess!

So anyway, Lainie was dropped off at school and the other three-fifths of our kids were being spoiled by Grandma Molly, I popped into Unity to tell them I either wouldn't be in today or I would be in late depending on how long Kingsley needed me. Seeing as there was only one Kid there in the morning and even after lunch there are only four Kids until Traditions lets out for the day, I was laughed at and told to take my time.

I got into Kingsley's office and had to keep a completely straight face while he gave me all of the details. I am so glad I have crafted a Malfoy mask over the last year and a half! Apparently, both Dumas and Gina Mitchell contracted an illness, were rushed to St. Mungo's and died within a few hours of each other. Even though their cells were nowhere near each other. Wow. I can not believe it. Whatever could have happened.

On top of that, would you believe that they had a distant cousin in common, who happened to be Russian, and had all of the appropriate paperwork that allowed him to claim their bodies and remove them from St. Mungo's morgue? You would believe that? Yeah, me too.

On an unrelated note, did Grandmama say in her message to River what she was so busy with that she wasn't able to come to his party? Asking for a friend.

Merlin I love her.

I think I was able to convince Kingsley that I agreed it seemed weird and suspicious but it seemed like there was unfortunately nothing to be done. They were confirmed dead, which always includes a check for Draught of Living Death, so he isn't worried that it was an elaborate attempt to break them out or anything. He seemed to have a bit of a "well, thought I'd talk to you about it since they were so connected to your life, but good riddance!" attitude.

But, this is where it got really weird.

Between him emailing me this morning, and the few hours it took for me to get to his office, a very weird thing had happened concerning me at the Department of Children and Families. Normally, a random inquiry in a small department is not exactly Minister worthy information. But alas, as always, I am the exception. Between my status as the King of Expelliarmus and the fact that I spend a lot of time in direct contact with the Department due to running Unity, they felt it important to let Kingsley know what was going on and when they brought it to his attention he told them he'd talk to me since I was coming in today anyway.

I'm sure there's an official owl ready to be sent out, but for now I think I got what I needed from Kingsley.

I'm just babbling at this point to avoid talking about it huh?

So there's an official request on file for a paternity test and subsequent child support for a four month old child. A child with deep black hair and bright green eyes. Yeah, not the mother of a blonde aristocratic looking baby making claims on the Malfoy money. Nope, a paternity test and an official claim of child support has been filed for ME.

I actually laughed when Kingsley said it. I thought he was messing with me. I've never had sex with a woman. The closest I have ever come (hehe come) was touching Hermione when you were with
her and being covered in Luna's essence when you got her off. Nope, it's all official. It even had an attached picture of the little boy. He looks just like me. What the hell Draco?

What are we going to do? I've never slept with a woman! I mean, I was a virgin until last year! For crying out loud, with the child's age they would have been conceived before we even started playing with any others!

Well, I went to the department and submitted to a paternity spell. But I haven't heard back from them. I'm sitting in my office at Unity panicking. I'm not breathing super great. I may be working myself up thinking about this. Is this what hyperventilating feels like? I'm freaking out too much to apparate, I don't think I should pick up our crew from the Burrow while I'm this worried. Maybe I will floo home for a bit and climb into bed with you and Viona, where nothing exists except warmth, coziness, and baby snuggles.

Yeah, that's what I am going to do. See you before you read this probably.

Love,
Harry

Monday October 2nd
Oh Harry, my Imzadi,

When I woke up this morning to find you snuggling with me, I was beyond elated. I didn't even question why you seemed a bit somber. Instead, I ordered Muffy to take Viona so I could snog you to my heart's content while frotting to a lovely conclusion.

I left you lethargic and drowsing when I got out of bed about an hour later to take a shower. By the time I returned, still naked and about half ready for a second round, you had migrated to the garden to - I realize now - sort of meditate while you 'pulled weeds.' I'm almost certain there are no actual weeds in the garden, but I suppose that the mere act of looking for them can be meditative.

Mildly disappointed, I sat down to eat breakfast and drink tea while I read your email. And now I'm concerned! My first response was much like yours - scoffing laughter. But then I realized that almost anything is possible with magic.

So then I thought that maybe someone had managed to steal a hair from you while dancing at the inaugural gala. They could have Polyjuiced into you and talked someone into playing around. That said, I thought I had read somewhere that while Polyjuice morphs you into another person, it *can't* change your DNA. If this is true, then that wouldn't work. The child would still genetically belong to the hair thief and thus look like him or her.

My second thought was that the baby could have been glamoured to look like you, but that immediately defeated itself because that wouldn't fool a paternity test, and so, would not be a viable tactic if the goal was to successfully extort money from you.

My mind then jumped to the most horrible (and hopefully unlikely) option: someone forced themselves on you with a lust potion or something, and then erased your memory of the encounter.

The final theory is the one I think most likely. It's still not particularly pleasant to think about, but would completely explain how this happened. Somehow someone stole or otherwise obtained your blood. It wouldn't take much - perhaps a spoonful. If this amount splattered on a person's robes during a duel or... an accident perhaps. Nosebleed? Or if they managed to steal it without you
noticing. Anyway, they could have easily added it to a potion that turns blood into semen - intended to help lesbian witches conceive without a donor. Well... male blood would still convert, and so, that could be how this happened.

Oh, I see you have decided to go for a run. You know, if you really want to train for a marathon, you might want to consider adding a run shortly after lunch. You could take a break from Unity, come home, and run. This would be perfect timing because it would almost perfectly coincide with me being not only awake, but fed and more or less ready to start my day. While it is true that running is not my thing, I did used to do it a lot. Especially seventh year and before the trial. I suppose I was trying to run away from my problems, haha.

My point is that we could run together. I would love doing so. And it would only push back my normal schedule by an hour or two at most. Salazar knows that I could probably use the exercise!

So, I'm going to catch up to you.

Everything that kills me, makes me feel alive, lately I been, I been losing sleep, dreaming about the things that we could be, and baby I been, I been praying hard that instead of counting dollars, we'll be counting stars,

Draco

P.S. I'm sort of glad I found this out in a relatively emotionless and rational email as you freaking and blurtout: "I had a baby without you!" would most certainly have come across the wrong way.

P.P.S. You actually HAVE had sex with a woman. Luna, but we both know it couldn't be her. AND when she and Hermione were both Polyjuiced into me, but being me (men) at the time, it probably doesn't count. Not to mention, you probably consider Luna an honorary boy because you only shagged her arse, come to think of it.

Chapter End Notes

So, now that you've read it, I just have to say that we'd already written this mini arc when someone commented with our boys just need two more kids to compete with the Weasleys, and I was like NO MORE KIDS! What do you think this is, fanfic? lolololol!

So what do y'all think will happen?
Chapter 293

Chapter Summary

The results are inconclusive.

Tuesday October 3rd
My Precious,

Thank you for going running with me yesterday! And for the great shag. And for the oodles of cuddles. And for just being you and being there for me. It was either go for an extra run or go to Molly and drown my worries in biscuits. I think I made the right call.

I really love the idea of going for afternoon runs with you. I do my usual morning run, I run a bit longer on weekends or on days that I don't go in to Unity, an extra afternoon run will be great for pushing my stamina. And getting to spend extra time with you each day? Definitely not something I am going to turn down. But what if I make you a deal? You actually run really well, good form and all that, but I know running isn't your preferred activity. I could take an exercise break every day and come home, and instead of running every day we could go every other day either running or intense dancing?

I woke up extra early this morning, my brain was just not willing to shut off and I didn't sleep very well. I did my usual morning routine, got Lainie off to Traditions, and now I am spending time at Unity going back and forth between playing so hard with the little ones at the Park to keep my mind off of things and sneaking in to my office to see if there's been any response from yesterday's testing.

Well this last peek had me seeing an official looking letter on my desk. So I decided to babble at you about an exercise schedule instead of looking at it. What is it going to say? Ok, I am a big bad brave Gryffindor, I can do this.

- 

Huh. So the results are inconclusive? They tested both my magic as well as my DNA. The magic test came back as similar enough to imply relation but it couldn't specify how. Which is really weird, normally it can get very specific, we both saw how Gavin and Sebastian registered as biologically half brothers. But this showed high enough levels that it accounts for more than residual relation due to all big wizarding families being related to each other somehow, but not high enough to be able to pinpoint a direct link.

This is where it is super weird. If the magic test had come up conclusively positive or negative they wouldn't have needed to complete the DNA test. With the magic results showing some connection but not definitive paternity, they went ahead with the next test. This showed that I was compatible on a genetic level with the child, but only 25%. Normally that would show that I was a grandparent, you get 50% of your DNA from each parent, who received 50% of their DNA from each of their parents. Obviously under no circumstances could I have had a biological child old enough to father their own child.

Once again, Harry bloody used to be Potter can't stop being an anomaly. I mean at this point I think I might have preferred a positive paternity test to "yeah, you're weird, you've once again become the
exception for something."

Without a positive paternity test, they aren't going to be able to force me to pay support, but there's no way I can just ignore this situation. That sounds like me don't you think? "Well, the test came back negative, I guess I can just forget about this fatherless child that seems to have stolen my face."

Do you mind if I tell Kingsley about all of the theories you came up with? Maybe the aurors will have dealt with a similar enough case that maybe it will trigger a memory?

Ok, on my way home for our afternoon sweat date!

Love you,
Harry

P.S. Yeah, I suppose I had forgotten about shagging Luna's arse. I guess I mean that I have never shagged any of those lovely (squicky) girl parts!

Tuesday October 3rd
Vozlyublennaya,

Go right ahead and share anything with Kingsley you think might be useful. I'll even try to come up with more theories when I have a minute.

And OH!!! You mean I get to dance with you every other day? Intensely? Does that mean I can whip your arse into shape and make a decent dancer out of you? heh heh heh heh heh....

About to get started on that now! See you in the ballroom >:-D

Excited,
Draco
Wednesday October 4th
My Dragon,

Wow, your intense dancing instruction is no joke. I like to think I'm in pretty good shape. I run daily. I work with weights and resistance a few times a week. I try to stick with the auror training regimen that got me in good shape. But dancing worked so many muscles I didn't even know I had! I'm a bit sore this morning but I'm mostly just really excited to add a new workout.

Then there was the extra work out I got when you were all done whipping me into shape. Getting a delicious mid-day shag after spending an hour or so dancing with my bloody fit husband is the perfect incentive. Are you subtly conditioning me by reinforcing your preferred behaviors? Are you using Muggle Psychology against me? I'm cool with it, because yay shagging, I'm just curious!

I went in to see Kingsley again this morning. I figured I would tell you all about it while we worked out, but then I figured I would be working on regulating my breathing while running, so this might be the better option.

I mentioned all of your theories. We decided to do a little investigation. We popped over to St. Mungo's mental spell damage ward. They are able to scan the brain and see if there has been a memory wipe applied. There are undetectable memory wipes, so a negative isn't 100% fool proof, but it's a place to start. Apparently the spells that don't leave a mark are quite complicated and hard to manage and are less likely to be used except by career criminals. Well it did come up that I had a memory incident but it was perfectly timed to when I had my amnesia episode. The test did not show any other incidents.

We figured this wouldn't have been the case because the paternity test would have shown up positive if it was a simple case of a sperm jacking and a memory wipe. But it was worth looking into at least.

The same thing with the blood to semen spell, if they had managed to accomplish this then the child would have ended up biologically mine.

Kingsley had the same doubts about polyjuice that you did, that it doesn't change your DNA and therefore shouldn't work for creating a child.

Neither Kingsley or I are particularly good with the potions end of crime, so we went to talk to the Ministry's official Potions Master, Warren Jeffries.

And now we have a potential lead. We asked him about the potential blood theft and he shot that one down rather quickly. It couldn't have been contaminated, so someone couldn't have gotten it from a robe, it would have had to come directly from me. Seeing as I'm pretty much clear on a memory
wipe, it's almost completely unlikely that someone would have been able to extract blood the way it would need to be extracted without my notice.

Kingsley and I asked about the science behind using Polyjuice, looking for him to back up all of us in our assumption concerning the potion not allowing the DNA transfer for conception. Well we barely had the question out before his eyes lit up and he started asking for the entire file concerning the situation. I had the letter on me that had the inconclusive results but he wanted to see the actual reports, the official child support claim, as well as pictures of me, the child, and the mother (who I still have not seen and don't know her name). He's going to need a few days to look over the results, but he thinks polyjuice just might be the answer.

All potions cases that go through the Ministry go through Warren. Every department from Misuse of Muggle Artifacts to the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes to obviously the Aurors has need for a Potions Master on occasion. He couldn't give me many specifics because it's part of an active investigation, but there is an altered polyjuice going through the black market that is longer lasting than a traditional polyjuice and has the potential for DNA shifts.

I am so impatient, I want the answers and I want them now, but I will have to be an adult and wait patiently to see if this lead brings us to any answers.

Ugh, I need movie night tonight. This is so stressful. I need to wrap my arms around my family, listen to the giggles of the Kids, and allow my brain to drown in Disney.

I'll see you in a bit for our run, but for now I am going to go play at the Park. Um, I mean, play with the Kids.

Always Yours,
Harry

Wednesday October 4
Oh I just can't wait~t to be Ki~ng!

Even though we've watched the Lion King before, I thought it was a really good choice for River. Sorry we've more or less preempted your Star Wars plans. You said we were going to watch all of the movies during Wednesday movie nights until we'd seen them all, but then River came along and we went back to Disney, haha. That said, Lion King was one of the first ones we saw, and I don't think any of the current Kids have been here that long. I don't think even Elena dates quite that far back.

In any case, River loved it. He's definitely like me in that he will sing if given even the slightest chance.

Hakuna Matata! It means no worries, for the rest of our days, it's our problem free, philosophy, hakuna matata!

And River *definitely* has something else in common with me; we both love *you* so much that we're a bit like puppies starving for attention following you around everywhere you go. Even to the loo, hahahahahahaha! I feel just a tiny bit bad because I at least focused on my reflection in the mirror and worked on my hair and face, but River just sat on the edge of the tub while you tried to do your business and chattered on and on about his favorite biscuits, how much he loves the 'applesauce' ones you make him, how much he loves just about everything Gramma Molly makes, and how he was wondering if you could help him make a volcano. This one alarmed me a bit until I heard you
tell him that you could cast a duplication charm on the baking soda and vinegar and make it *really* big and explosive.

OH! That muggle science stuff. Not nearly as alarming. At this rate, in order to win against you, I might have to conjure up a super tiny but REAL volcano at the edge of the south lawn, haha. But please don't take that the wrong way. I don't feel I actually need to win or that we are even competing in the first place. It's like Viona (and Eris too, I suppose) in that she clings to me. Well River clings to you, and I'm about 90 percent certain it's because you literally saved him from dying. That's going to leave a permanent mark on him. Believe me, I know...

While you were taking ages on the toilet - performance shy? hahaha - I had time to think over the theories that came to me last night as I was falling asleep. These are *really* unlikely, but I guess I was just trying to explain how you could be 25 percent related to this child - like a grandfather. My first thought was that maybe it's the other way around. Maybe your grandfather had an identical twin that he never knew about that was put in stasis at birth - for whatever insane reason this person who wants to claim paternity might have. And now that it seems like a good time to use this baby, he's being taken out of stasis.

Like I said, highly unlikely. Also as unlikely, but theoretically *possible* I suppose, is the other thing that came to me last night. What if Orion (or hell! Eris. Or ANY of our future biological children), actually did have a baby - many years from now - and the baby was snatched using a time turner to be brought back to now to use against you/us.

I don't want it to be either of those possibilities because it means that a part of your/our family was ripped away from his parents. Either a long time ago on the off chance that he would be useful, or at some point in the future because they know what happens in our lives and want to change it somehow. It's disturbing!!!

Then, as I was eating breakfast, I got a chance to read your email about how this actually *could* be from a perverted (as in tainted, not as in kinky as fuck... but I suppose that it could be both, shrugs) Polyjuice potion. In which case, the child has 25 percent of you from the potion and a stolen hair, 25 percent from the thief who used the potion, and 50 percent from the mother who honestly believes that she had a glorious night with a newly married Savior of the Wizarding World. Can't exactly blame her. I'd have slept with you every chance I got if you had married someone other than me.

Although, I would have then tried to get evidence of all that hot and kinky shagging so that I could bring it to that hypothetical spouse of yours and describe in detail how I am so much better in bed and deserve to have you and that they really have no chance against me and should just give up before I have to get ugly. And hex happy. And perhaps complain to Grandmama.

In any case, This woman clearly did not do that. AND she waited 4 months BEYOND giving birth (and thus 40+- weeks of pregnancy) before filing any sort of paternity suit. This sends up red flags all over my mind because A: If she was more or less the innocent victim of a hair thief using your identity to talk her into a one off, then don't you think she would have come forward a whole hell of a lot sooner?

Dear Harry Potter, do you remember me? I was the woman you had a one off with a while back, and as it turns out, I'm pregnant. I thought you should know and would like to talk to you about what we should do. Sincerely, nameless bird pulled from a club.

B: If she was torn up about the fact that she helped you cheat, and didn't want to break up your happy marriage, don't you think she *still* would have eventually decided she had no choice but to tell you anyway?
Dear Harry Potter, I honestly and truly don't want to cause problems in your marriage, but I'm pregnant with your child and can't do this alone. I won't tell your husband and I'm not trying to bribe/blackmail anyone for money, I just need your help and support so I can raise this baby.
Sincerely, NBPFAC

C: If she's NOT an innocent victim, but rather the person who stole the hair and fed the potion to a victim so she could shag *the Harry Potter,* then something is still off because that's the sort of thing that she would have tried to use to her advantage the first moment she had a physical baby to test for paternity.

Dear Harry Potter, you don't know this, but I had your baby. Don't believe me? Well I can prove it and will be filing for child support upon verification of paternity.

But she didn't do any of that. She waited. And that's what I find suspicious. Granted Rosalie *never* told me, and she had years, but the circumstances are obviously different. There had to be some form of intentional deceit in this mess somewhere, and until we find out more information, I don't know what to do. Other than to be there for you. At this point, what the hell?! Six can't possibly be more difficult than five. Right? (Please say I'm right.)

Which brings me to my last concern. This baby was born about a month after our twins, and so, would have had to be conceived around the same time as Eris, right? Or Orion, I suppose, if the baby was born late too. I just... I can't picture a time when someone would have had an opportunity to steal a hair from you. Unless they did it that week I was half dead from the flu and summoning a demon. I think they could have literally shagged you on top of me and I wouldn't have noticed, beyond a twinge of interest because of my sharing kink.

Side note, we have to do that! I can lay on the bed and you can lay on top of me (facing away), and someone can shag the bloody fuck out of you. I can be like a breathing bed for - OH! We could do it in a club! That way, we could be watched too!

Or... hmm... I have ideas, but I don't want to tell you and ruin the surprise.

But back to having babies. It seems I may have 'cursed' us when I drunkenly babbled on about having a hundred of them. Most people would be like: Fucking hell! Try to pace yourselves!" But apparently, we're doing what we're best at: rushing in head first with our eyes closed and a cocky 'we can do anything we want' attitude. We can, it just means that we're completely insane too, hahaha.

Speaking of insane, I had a weird dream last night. It started with me sitting on a muggle bus (of all things) watching you. And me. You were the same age as me - actually we were both older in my dream than we are now. Maybe thirtyish? And you were sitting with a me that was 16 or 17. In my dream, I remember being confused because we hated each other, and yet you were laughing and joking and hugging up on him as if he was your lover.

So I followed the two of you to your flat in this massive building stuffed full of tiny and cramped flats. Once there, I somehow watched you through the wall as you two clearly initiated some hot and heavy shagging. Alright fine, I like watching you shag others, and in the dream, I had the added bonus of watching you shag me.

BUT that's not what happened. I didn't stay and watch. This is where it gets weird. A man appeared out of nowhere and told me to come with him. That he would make me perfect for you so that you would want me instead of young me. So I followed him and let him strap me to a table and surgically alter me in horrifying ways. I think I must have been drugged up at some point because I didn't 'feel' pain.
Somehow, someone must have tipped you off as to what was going on, because you burst into the room just as he had finished fusing my arms together over my head. I was laying on my back and my arms formed a sort of box over my head. It wasn't the only thing he had done, but it was the thing I remember because it's what he was doing when you reentered the dream.

I sat up - looking definitely drugged up - and said something like: "Harry! Look! He's making me perfect for you!" I got off the table and tried to put my arms around you, but you looked horrified and ran off. So I turned back to the man and told him I'd pay him whatever it took for him to finish fixing me. And that's when he cut my arms/hands apart in a rough and jagged (heavily bleeding) manner so that I could run after you and catch you and do who knows what with you while he worked on me.

I woke up seriously confused. But then I ate and got distracted by your email. Then we went for a run, and just like you think that intense dancing is achy, so is running, but thankfully, only on my calves and feet. I have spells to heal that easily, so no need to feel concerned. I very much enjoy our running together and don't wish to stop.

As for the shagging, I'm not using that as a reward for you, so much as I got so bloody turned on by you dancing and looking like the hottest man to ever exist, that I couldn't help but attack and maul you on the floor of the ballroom.

In a related and somewhat embarrassing note, it seems my parents had come to the ballroom to do a bit of light romantic dancing and found us thoroughly defiling the place. Thankfully they left right away, but eek! Then I perversely can't help but wonder which part they witnessed? Was it one of my more impressive moves? Was it when you were begging your master to please let you have your orgasm? Or was it a relatively lackluster moment in which we were shifting positions slightly, and thus, gave them the impression that we're still awkward teenagers who don't know how to shag properly?

MERLIN! I don't want to know my parents saw me shagging, but since I do, I feel like I have to have been doing it as impressively as possible, otherwise I'm letting down somehow. How twisted is that?!?!

Anyway, after our run (and subsequent shag in the north field, you seem to be using sex as a reward for me too, hahah), you went back to Unity House - or possibly the Ministry - and I made it to a business meeting to hear a proposal for a new business. Sadly, this one was badly thought out, not planned very well at all, and wouldn't be lucrative unless a God owed them an immense favor. So, I had to turn the proposal down, but then I gave the pair of blokes a bit of advice on how to think the idea through better and how to do research to find their target market and cater to it.

My business concluded for the day, I returned home in plenty of time for dinner.

Can you feel the love tonight? The peace the evening brings, the world for once in perfect harmony, with all its living things,

Draco

Chapter End Notes

Okay y'all, I just have to let you know that the dream Draco has in this is *literally* a dream I had the night before writing this chapter. I tried to describe the dream as accurately as possible, but in a coherent way. Thus, I didn't mention how in *my* actual
dream, I went back and forth between being Harry and Older Draco. I also didn't mention that the dream culminated in a chase scene where drugged up and modified Draco was trying to catch Harry as they ran through either an apartment building or hotel lobby.

So, after waking up from this dream, I tried to forget it, but it didn't want to leave, so I added it to the email, and then sent Chrissie a message saying: Harry can try to interpret Draco's dream if he wants, but just know that this is a regular dream and not a prophetic: I have a son I didn't know about dying in the woods - sort of dream, lol.

Chrissie read it and responded with: "WTF did you eat before bed?!?!" lmao :-D
Chapter 295

Chapter Summary

Harry is disturbed...

Thursday October 5th
My Prince,

I feel like I start half of my emails with this phrase but it's appropriate so often!

I don't even know where to start. I think I will start with the most horrifying part of your email and work my way … less horror inducing?

Bloody Fucking Shite Draco, your dream freaked me out. I know I am barely older than sixteen or seventeen, but I promise I will never want a teenager. They're weird and awkward. They have no idea what they're doing. Most of them haven't grown into their knees or elbows. Yeah, no thanks. And you needed someone to make you perfect for me? Uhhhhm, you are already perfect, but even if you weren't I don't think surgically fusing your arms together would be one of the changes I would make.

Maybe we need to figure out what you ate last night before bed. Either that shouldn't be a night time snack anymore or we should see if the batch of whatever you had has turned!

Onto something "less" horrifying. You want your parents to know we're good at sex? Huh. That's super awkward Darling. You don't want them to see you shag but if they have to see it you want to … not let them down? Wow. Well, I guess I have to support my husband; you are so good at the sex baby, I am sure your parents were very proud of you. But in all seriousness, I talk about our amazing sex life every time your mother forces me to drink with your father. Do you not remember the "tell him I can take two, tell him it's a thing" fiasco? (Side note, it's been a while since I've taken two, are you "up" for it?)

It's ok that all of my Star Wars plans haven't come to fruition. That's the thing about working at Unity House, I know better than to pin my hopes on things going according to schedule! We'll get to Empire Strikes Back and Return of the Jedi eventually. If what's best for our River is to watch The Lion King, then we'll watch The Lion King. It's not exactly a hardship for me to watch one of my favorite movies of all time.

But you were wrong when you said that the first time we watched it predated Elena's arrival. I have to remember these kinds of things because I have to keep track of all of Unity House's records. Elena was actually our first or third Unity Kid. She was my very first interview, I fell in love with her immediately, I should have known then that she was ours! She was scheduled to come two weeks after her interview. She would have been the first arrival if Mac and Della hadn't been in unsafe living conditions causing them to come straight there. She arrived July 5, and our very first movie night was July 7. The Lion King movie night didn't happen for two weeks after that!

Speaking of those first movie nights, our first movie was The Wizard of Oz and with Halloween coming up I remembered that when we were planning for last year's Halloween party I talked about our family costume theme being characters from the movie. Are we doing a Halloween party this
year? Two parties again like last year? If we are doing a family friendly party what do you think of that theme? Elena could be Dorothy, Viona could be Glinda, Eris a teeny tiny Wicked Witch, River the Scarecrow, Orion the Cowardly Lion, I could be the Tin Man, and you could be the Wonderful Wizard of Oz! And and and … we could bring Onyx to be our Toto!

So you really think River likes me? I know he likes me, but you think he really cares about me? He's so much fun! He has so many fun ideas, and he's so full of joy and life. And have you noticed his little almost stutter? He gets so excited and it's like his brain is moving so fast, and he is trying to get out a million ideas, that at some point his mouth just can't keep up! And he has the same one sided dimple that Ori has! I can't wait to try out the volcano thing with him. Maybe this weekend. I love Muggle science. I never got to do fun science experiments when I was living as a muggle and Snape thoroughly killed potions for me so I didn't get to really enjoy blowing things up the way I would have liked.

Oh, speaking of potions. It's Friday afternoon, and I just got back from the ministry. Once I am done with this email I will do my rounds and then head home for our afternoon exercise, but I thought I'd get all of my thoughts out first.

There is quite a bit of investigation that the aurors still have to do. I will have to give a few statements I'm sure. And they have yet to catch the people truly responsible. The fun part is there are two completely unrelated criminal rings that caused this situation, I was just the super lucky person who managed to be caught in the middle of both.

I actually spent the morning viewing the interrogation of the woman, Fran Gorman, who filed the paternity claim against me. Did you know there's a black market for hair from "celebrities"? Yeah, there are perverted fucking weirdos who go around trying to get hair off of well known witches and wizards, they sell them a hair at a time to whoever is weird enough to want to have sex with someone polyjuiced as me, or you, or Ron, or Hermione … the list goes on.

While this is creepy, the group selling the hair don't seem to be particularly worried about the repercussions of this. According to Fran, she was even warned when she purchased my hair that she shouldn't do anything stupid like try to commit a crime with my face as any evidence left at the scene would turn back into her (or whoever was wearing my face) genetic material, and it wouldn't carry my magical signature. And she wasn't worried, all she really thought about was how hot it was going to be to have her boyfriend wearing Harry Potter's face while they shagged.

And here's where I try to figure out what I did in a past life to make me deserve this insane karma. They questioned her about how she made the polyjuice and what alterations she made to it, and is she sure she brewed it correctly, etcetera. Nope, she's not so great at potions herself and decided to buy it off of some guy selling it off a cart in Knockturn. That would be the ring the aurors have been investigating for a few months that are selling non ministry approved potions that have been altered. Like polyjuice that can maintain genetic and magical links from the donor.

Fuck my damn life.

Why, you ask, did Ms. Gorman wait until her child was already four months old before she attempted to claim paternity? Oh, because she was perfectly content raising this baby that was fathered by her boyfriend, with said boyfriend, until she caught him in bed with her neighbor three weeks ago. She kicked him out and filed for child support from him. But what do you know?!? His paternity test came back inconclusive.

No one knows what to do. There's no precedent for this. There's no protocol for what to do when someone takes a botched potion and accidentally makes a baby that has three biological parents. But don't worry, Warren the Potions Master is super thrilled about what this could mean for the future of
potions and what it could mean for Triads who would want to have biological children all together. So glad I could make this happen for fucking Warren.

So long story short, someone stole my hair and has made a career out of selling it to people who want to fuck while looking like me, there's a potions ring that is altering potions that can essentially sperm jack people, and I may or may not have a third of a child.

Tell Lucius to be ready to DRINK when I get home tonight!

Either that or I want whatever surprise you were thinking of where I get shagged on top of you.

Maybe one tonight and one tomorrow night.

And maybe we call Grandmama.

Love,
The Actual Harry

Thursday October 5th
Mon Coeur,

I got this email right after you sent it and want to respond really quick before you come home and thoroughly distract me with *your* fit body.

So, in response to this child that you're a one third parent to, how do YOU want to handle it? I can see this going in one of two directions: A - you let that woman raise her baby and only involve yourself in his life for birthdays, visitations, and general support.

I have met you and I think the chances of you taking this option are less than zero. Although, if you decide that this is what's best in the long run, I will support you fully.

B - We put our lawyers on the case and tell them we won't be satisfied until we have full custody of this baby. The mother and other father can have visitation if they are trustworthy and want it, but otherwise, this child will grow up loved and surrounded by his family. I think at this point - considering who you are and what you do for a living - there's not much our lawyers will have to do to convince the judge/Ministry/Wizengamot (whichever) that this is the best option for everyone.

I do not wish to inadvertently curse this woman, who more or less did nothing wrong and probably loves her son, but I somehow foresee at least a little time in Azkaban for knowingly buying and using illegal things (your hair) and things of dubious legality (the potion). So, gaining full custody might actually be prudent or even the only option - depending on how the other father feels.

So, having said my piece - that I'll support you no matter what you decide - I'm going to sign off and change into something more appropriate for running.

My eyes are so rootless, they wander, I follow, I keep staring, I can't stop it, I know I shouldn't but I can't stop it, S-T-A-R-I-N-G I can't stop staring

Draco
Chapter 296

Chapter Summary

Harry gets an email from a muggle woman.

Chapter Notes

When Chrissie goes on vacation, I seem to go into overdrive for ideas. I messaged her: "Hey, do you mind if I do something while you're gone to take up a bit of time?" And she was like: "Go for it!" lol :-)

Friday October 6th
Dear Harry Malfoy,

I'm writing to you because my nosy busybody of a neighbor gave me your email address. Amanda runs a foster home and says that she and her husband have sent you a couple of children - including one you adopted. At her urging, I'm writing because I have a big problem and she thinks you can be part of the solution.

You see, it all started when my husband died in a work related accident about a year and a half ago. His company gave me a large settlement for his death, and I received a lot of money from his insurance policy to care for our children, so that should have been the end of it. But unfortunately, it's not.

It started slowly enough. After my husband's death, after I put the children to bed at night, I'd have a drink or two to help me cope. That turned into three or four, which turned into eventually drinking so much that I passed out and couldn't wake up in the mornings. Then when I DID wake up, I started needing drinks to get through my day. I'm not entirely sure when it happened, but at this point, I'm nearly always drunk and never drink anything that isn't full of booze.

I LOVE my children, Mr. Malfoy. I was one of those mothers that *never* yelled at her children, no matter what they did, unless I had to to prevent something like running in front of a car. Now I'm one of those mothers that cannot speak to her children without shouting. I shout at them about things they didn't do, things they weren't even there for! They don't deserve this as they have done absolutely nothing wrong.

Amanda comes over once a day to check up on my children and make sure they've been fed, and also help clean up the house. My oldest - Jazmine - is nine, and she's become quite the little adult since her father's death. She has stepped up to care for all the others, cooking and changing diapers. My youngest is Carlos Junior - Carlito when I can even remember his name. He was conceived shortly before his father's death and is only a few months old. He has something slightly wrong with him because of how much I drank while pregnant and NEVER stops crying! I've had to drink myself to a blackout to cope with it and not strangle him or drown him in a bath.

My second oldest is Jenna. She's six and can help out by pouring cereal and milk when the others are
hungry. Then there's the twins - David and Sheila. They're two going on three and have gone from joyously happy babies to silent and terrified looking toddlers.

Mr. Malfoy, I don't like the fact that my babies are terrified of me. I TRY to get better for them, but I just keep on getting worse. I managed to stay sober after waking up - despite a nasty hangover - just long enough to write this email, and now, I'm already drinking vodka straight from the bottle. Assuming I remember to send this before I change my mind or forget, just know that I'm probably NOT going to remember asking for help and will in fact fight you if you try to come take my children from me.

But...

I NEED you to come take my children from me. To take care of them until I can gather up the courage to go seek help. I think the shock of having them gone so suddenly will be my motivation. I PRAY that the shock of having them gone will be the motivation I need.

But on the other hand, should I happen to drink myself to death, at least I can die knowing that Amanda helped me get my children to a place where they can grow up safe and happy.

Tipsily yours,
Brenda

Tuesday October 10th
Geliebter,

I know that you've been insanely busy caring for those new children you acquired a few days ago at Unity House - specifically the baby who will not stop crying or sleep for love nor money - unless *you* and only you have been holding him and walking around with him for hours. I also know that because you can't separate him from his siblings you've been staying at Unity around the clock for the last couple of days, but I have to admit that I'm getting lonely and jealous. I'm an adult and I can suffer, so don't feel bad for doing what needs to be done, just know that I miss you so badly that I've taken to talking to myself as if you were there and talking back to me.

Meanwhile, I've been having quite a lot of time with Eri and Ori. Viona goes off to play with Della and Gavin as soon as she can, and River gets along Eliza and Sebastian like a house on fire (sort of weird how that happened, since Sebastian didn't even seem to like Eliza at first). So, I have plenty of time to just tickle our babies and blow on their belly buttons. Eri seems to give me this look like she's thinking: "Really? You think I'll find *this* amusing?" Then she gives in and giggles a little so that I'll kiss her cheek and tell her that she's brilliant.

Ori, on the other hand, loves it. He'll give me these bright smiles and full bodied laughs. Then I play stinky feet with him and he loves that too. He's certainly easily amused, haha! Must take after you.

I miss you.

But I'm about to see you after all. You see...

Well, I gave the twins to Muffy and her kids to watch, and took River to the Owlry with Sebastian so that I could introduce River to the owls and teach him a little about hunting with them. Eliza got caught up in a tea party with Della and Viona - and an obviously reluctant Gavin, haha - and so didn't come too.
I took Melissande and one of the younger owls (one that my father reports is doing rather well and seems to get along with Sebastian) out into the North Field. Both owls were doing beautifully. And then...

Melissande returned with something in her sharp talons that I thought was a hairless animal or something at first. She'd picked it up in the field beyond our property, and from what I could tell from the distance, it was hidden under a bush. She handed it to me, as she's trained to do with all prey she catches during an official hunt (as opposed to her just out hunting for herself). I stared at it with horror.

It was a baby girl. I'm pretty sure she couldn't have been more than a few hours old, and had flakes of drying blood/fluid on her. She was so cold that I was certain she was dead. I felt incredibly sad, but had no idea what I was supposed to do. Take her to St. Mungo's? Bury her? Report her to the muggle police? All of the above? Feed her to Melissande? Alright, so I never really considered that one, but it occurred to me that she could have picked this infant up when hunting on her own and we'd have never known about her.

Then the baby whimpered. I was so surprised that I nearly dropped her!!! Then I called for Dibly to come take the kids back to my mother so that I could Apparate directly to St. Mungo's. Here's what I know:

The baby wasn't dead, and honestly, aside from being cold, was in more or less perfect health. Being only a few hours old, the baby hadn't had a chance to get truly hungry yet, much less starve. She *would* have basically fallen/stayed asleep until she died of exposure had she not been found, but since she was, it was a simple matter of giving her a few potions and casting a very gentle warming charm on her. After that, St. Mungo's COULD have kept her for a few days for observation before sending her to an appropriate place to care for her, but Rowe knows that there's no place better than Unity House.

So guess why I'm about to come see you? After I kiss you for at least three minutes straight, I'm going to hand you another abandoned baby. I'm almost certain that she's from a muggle family since there are no other wizarding families in the area, and if there were, I think they would have probably dropped the baby literally ON our doorstep, but that's not the point. The point is that muggle or not, this baby will be a Unity baby until she's either adopted or (likely forcibly) removed from your care and placed in a muggle orphanage.

Honestly, knowing how emotional you get about things like this, and considering how little sleep you must have gotten with that new muggle baby, I really rather hope that I find Tabitha and help her get this baby processed via the Ministry without disturbing you in the slightest. Obviously you'll learn about her in this email, but I can pray that it's at a time when you have a chance to take a break and rest, and thus, be less likely to cry yourself to sleep.

Let me know if you need anything, even if it's just my arms around you for two minutes.

Love eternally,
Draco
Chapter 297

Chapter Summary

Harry's quite overworked.

Friday October 13th
My Strength, My Life, My Own,

I've gotten through harder times. I have gotten through harder times. I HAVE gotten through HARDER times. Don't worry, I haven't lost my mind and now I'm repeating myself nonsensically, I just needed to remind myself of the fact that I have had and have gotten through much harder times in my life.

I'm so tired. I'm so thoroughly pulled in a million directions. I miss sleeping. I miss my home, I miss my husband, I miss my kids. Have the babies forgotten me? Do the older kids remember how much I love them? They've been coming by for at least an hour or two each day, so I know in my head that they haven't actually forgotten me. But it's so hard. I want to be a stay at home dad and leave them for the occasional night out with my husband and/or my friends, and now I've basically lived at Unity House away from my entire family for a week now.

Which baby did you mean that won't let me put them down for a minute? Do you mean Carlito, the baby with fetal alcohol syndrome? Yeah, I'm the only one who can keep him relatively calm. I brought him into St. Mungo's and thankfully, unlike the Muggle world, the Wizarding world has a cure for FAS. They weren't sure if it would work on him because he's a muggle, but it seems to have taken. Healer Rowe says it could take up to six months for all of the effects to purge from his system, it depends on what point of the pregnancy his mother began drinking. So for now he is still a bit high maintenance, but he is on the road to recovery.

Or do you mean the abandoned Muggle baby (who I have nicknamed Honey until she's adopted)? I brought Carlito and Honey in to St. Mungo's at the same time, two birds with one stone and all that, and made the terrible decision to snuggle up with Honey while Rowe was working on Carlito. And now I am wearing two babies while writing this to you. The good news is Honey had pretty much completely recovered from any ill effects of her abandonment. I knew she was fine, but seeing as we took her to Unity instead of them keeping her for observation it made sense to bring her in while I was coming in for Carlos anyway.

Well, that's only two babies, that shouldn't be too bad right? Oh, except my little mine/not-mine baby Harrison. What's that you say? The crazy woman who banged her boyfriend while he was polyjuiced as me and then became pregnant named her child Harrison? No, no one would do that, that sounds insane. Yeah, his name is Harrison. And he adores me. Luckily he's a sweet, calm, and happy baby, so he has been happily passed around between the other caregivers and some of our older Kids. But when it's time for napping, guess who is the only one he will allow to rock him to sleep? It's ME!!!

Why is Harrison here you ask? Oh, because both his biological mother and his "other" biological father, Mark Hoogervorst, are in Azkaban. For a looooong time if Kingsley has any say in it. When they questioned Gorman, she admitted to purchasing the hairs and the potion. Well, she was half truthful; she purchased the hair, but the potions were her design and being sold by Hoogervorst. Well
isn't that just lovely for the aurors that that wraps up half of their investigation all nicely?

I have a few meetings with the Department of Children and Families tomorrow. We are going to discuss the legalities of whether Jazmine, Jenna, Carlos, David, and Sheila are adoptable or whether their mother will be able to regain custody if or when she maintains sobriety. If they are temporary placements until she gets the help she needs, they can just stay at Unity until forever as far as I am concerned, but if she is relinquishing her rights or has them removed, we need a plan in place to keep them together. That would be hard enough no matter what, but add in their lack of magic and now we're looking at another set of obstacles.

We also need to discuss the adoption process for Honey. We don't know if she's magical or muggle. There's no definitive test, which is why some families go to extreme methods to scare the magic out of their children. So we can keep her and watch, we can put her into the muggle adoption system and just keep an eye on her in case she shows signs of magic in the future, or we can have her adopted within the wizarding world and do extreme vetting of our adoption applicants to make sure they would continue caring for her appropriately if she were to not have magic.

In my opinion, for what it's worth, I think we should look into the squib population for potential adoptive parents. Think about it, these children are already in our world, either they end up with a magical family and end up feeling as though they don't belong the way many squibs do, or they end up with a muggle family that they will essentially leave once they're old enough for Traditions or Hogwarts. With the growth in the squib community having a foot in each world, that may end up being the best option. Ugh, we'll see what they say at the DCF.

So now I have to decide what to do about Harrison. The Potions Master, Jeffries, sent me a message. Apparently once he had access to the altered polyjuice, he was able to make a …. neutralizer. Some kind of reverse engineering, or potioning I suppose. Harrison is healthy and happy and fine, but his genetics are "off" as one of his parents is basically someone who doesn't exist, the genetic equivalent of Hoogervorst and I having a child. Jeffries has figured out a potion that will neutralize the effects of one of our genetic contributions. It's like a reverse polyjuice, Harrison would drink the potion with my hair if we are going to keep me as the other father, or with Hoogervorst's hair if he was going to be the full father.

That would be an easy, 100% answer if Hoogervorst wasn't going to spend years in Azkaban (seriously, I guess the altered polyjuice was one of his nicer black market potions he was selling!). But it's my life, so why would it be easy? My choices are, make his father his full father, both he and Gorman are going to be stripped of their rights, and Harrison stays at Unity until he's adopted by someone else. Or, we make him fully "mine" and he comes home with us. I want there to be an easy or right answer. How the hell do we make this decision?

I mean, if it were a matter of this baby being mine and either coming with us or being with either of two criminals, then the answer is easy, he comes with us. But, if we could fix it so that his biology is in line with his true parentage AND he can get adopted by a wonderful loving family that DOESN'T already have … dammit I'm too tired, how many kids do we have again?!? Kidding of course. A family that doesn't already have five children. It's five right? What do we do?

Ok, I am going to find someone in this House that these babies will allow to hold them, and I am going to come find you wherever you are, find all of our children, and we are all going to snuggle up in a giant pile of limbs, and watch a movie. I need you, I need our family, and I hope you all still need me.

Yours if you'll still have me,

Harry
Friday October 13th
Harry,

Are you holding Harrison? If not, go pick him up, hold him, and look into his eyes. Can you honestly see anyone else raising that adorable green eyed boy? If so, then go ahead and give him the potion so that he's not yours, then have him adopted. He's a magical baby, and so it won't take long.

But on the other hand, if you *can't,* then give him the potion that makes him officially yours, finish up all applicable paperwork, and then bring him home.

Speaking of, having you home and in my arms for nearly an hour earlier today (before you got an urgent firecall saying that Carlito had worked himself into quite a state without you), was the best hour of the entire week. Fear not, the kids all remember you. They clearly miss you - as evidenced by their need to cling to you when they do manage to see you at Unity House - but they aren't dying because you are taking care of someone else who needs you. In fact, my parents and I took all the children in this house to Unity Park a couple of times this week, simply to wear them out.

Side note, we decided that having a tiny-child friendly version of a water park would be brilliant - as an alternative to a non water based amusement park. So, guess what I'm about to fund? I think I'll make it another one of my squib projects right off Diagon.

I know you and my father (and me, hahaha) just had a major drinking session very recently (my father is shockingly jovial when he gets utterly pissed!), but I think we might be due another one once all of this craziness dies down.

Oh! Before I forget, I ran across Julia at Unity Park. It seems that she's earning a bit of income on the side by offering to take pictures of the guests there. In any case, we got to chatting, and I told her all about how I found an abandoned baby girl - or rather, Melissande found her. I told her how the baby is almost certainly a muggle, but that we can't be truly certain until she does or does not get her Hogwarts letter. Which means that she might end up being raised at Unity House unless we (the Ministry) can find a set of parents who do not mind raising a muggle child. Unless she's passed onto the muggle system, but I doubt you'd let that happen, haha.

To my surprise, Julia grew very excited. She said that she has been considering having a baby recently, but that the whole process of obtaining a donation to her cause without any sort of strings attached has been daunting enough that she's put it off. HOWEVER, having a chance to adopt a baby would work out wonderfully, provided that the Ministry can overlook the fact that she is single. As a squib, she's in the perfect person to raise the baby no matter how she turns out - exactly as you said. And so, don't be surprised if you get a notification that a prospective parent has been found. And, you know, you might want to call up the Department and casually mention that you know Julia quite well and believe her to be an excellent potential mother. Coming from you, it might make a difference. Shrugs.

Out of curiosity, I talked with our lawyers about that muggle woman and her children. I also wanted to know what was likely to happen in regard to their adoptability, and was assured that unless the mother voluntarily signs away her rights, the children will not be forcibly taken from her (which in this case, means her rights terminated) unless she is proved to be completely unfit as a mother, and honestly, the fact that she has recognized the need to have them placed in safer care than she can provide at the moment proves that she is still more or less fit as a mother.

That said, if she doesn't successfully seek help for her drinking problem in the space of a year or two, you could apply to have her rights terminated, and at that point, considering that it would more than
likely be the Wizengamot handling the case, with your wonderful child care track record, you'd likely win. My point is that you should probably consider those kids as temporary placements that might very well stay at Unity for the next few years.

Of course, the DCF might disagree with our lawyers and do something different, but I find that a bit unlikely.

Well, since it looks like you're going to be at Unity House again tonight, I think I'll go out to Blaise's club with him and his lovers (meaning Hermione and Ron). It'll be interesting to spend time with them without you. Perhaps a test of whether or not we can actually get along without you there to motivate us to do so. I'll definitely tell you all about it (probably in an email) after I get home.

Love you like a fish loves water,
Draco
Chapter 298

Chapter Summary

Draco is convinced he did the unthinkable.

Monday October 16th
Draco,

You just always know exactly what to say to get me to pull my head out of my arse and see to the heart of the matter don’t you?

It’s very early morning. Or it’s very late at night. I guess it depends on your perspective. It is currently 6am, I’ve just woken up and came home. You on the other hand, are still out with the Triad. So either you have all figured out how to get along without me there and things are going amazing, or some of you are dead and the others are hiding bodies.

I was up most of the night. I finally caught a bit of shuteye around three and as I mentioned before I was up before six. I am going to send this email off and then climb into bed with all of these sweet snuggly babies. Has River been sleeping snuggled up to my pillow the entire time I’ve been gone? My poor little buddy!!

I actually got your email right after you sent it last night, but as I had my arms full of babies and a whole lot of information in your email to process, I waited until now to reply. I did however make time to write a lengthy letter to DCF recommending my friend Julia, the one who helped saved my life while I was amnesiac, for Honey’s adoption. Not only do I feel the squib population is ideal for any orphaned muggles or squibs that end up in our care, but that Julia in particular was something special.

I’m so glad you and the kids managed to have a fun couple of days while I’ve been occupied. I’m looking forward to this water park idea and can’t wait until it’s finished. It feels like it’s been years since we went to Tuscany and had the kids swimming. Just thinking about it is making me want to swim (and also run away somewhere fun on a magic carpet!)

I think we have finally found a method to keep Carlito content with other caregivers! We recorded me singing and humming my usual cycle of songs and lullabies, I left four or five of my shirts that I wore long enough that they smell like me but not long enough to be actually dirty, and the different caretakers are wearing one of my shirts and playing the recordings to keep him happy. It seems to have worked last night.

If it worked last night then why didn’t I sleep or come home? Oh because I could not stop thinking about this life changing decision we have to make. And YOU, being completely rational and loving and supportive, would not just make the decision for me! Rude.

I told the team at Unity that I needed a minimum of three full days at home with my family. Barring Unity House burning down or a Kid being in mortal peril, I am not to be contacted. I’m no good to anyone if I’m exhausted to an unhealthy level and worrying nonstop about failing my family. I am taking a few days to recharge my emotional batteries so I can return refreshed and ready to do some good!
But before I left, I did as you suggested. I looked into Harrison’s green eyes while I held him. I decided it didn’t matter if his eyes were green now, once he took the potion to delete my signature they’d revert from my mum’s eyes to whichever eyes he would have otherwise had. I thought about our wonderful family and how much I love each one of them and how complete I have felt since our River came to us. I thought about the absolute logistical nightmare of having six children. I thought about the fact that we already have an active toddler and TWO very young babies that need constant care. I thought about the fact that all of the children but Elena sleep in our bed - we currently have two adults and four children residing in our bed!

Every single argument I had for keeping him mine and bringing him home I was able to counter with logic and feel like it was the smartest decision to have him take the other potion and find him a different home.

And then I decided to ignore every ounce of that logic and had him take my potion. So if you could hurry up and come home so you can officially meet your new son I would really appreciate it.

If you can’t find any room in the bed, feel free to climb under the blankets and just sleep right on top of me. I’m pretty sure that even then I won’t think you’re close enough.

Hurry home to me,
Harry

Monday October 16th
My Harry, elske'de,

I'm writing this before crawling into bed with you and the littles - including our newest. We have officially beat my parents, hahaha! Sorry, that's probably a little bit of residual drunkenness from earlier.

So, I think, but am not entirely certain, but I think I have to beg for your forgiveness. Here's what I remember. I remember showing up at the club with Blaise, Hermione, and Ron. I remember being so depressed about you being gone most of the week - for a good reason, I know, I'm not trying to make you feel guilty - that I decided to get rip roaring drunk. I remember downing a few drinks, and then taking Hermione for a spin on the dance floor. I don't know if you knew this, but Blaise has been teaching her how to dance, and she's gotten rather good at it. The two of us actually danced for a good three hours - that I can remember - before I finally drank enough for everything to go blurry. We were bloody hot too! Nearly set the place on fire with our 'dirty dancing' haha!

But anyway, while we were dancing, Blaise was watching everyone in the club and making out with Ron. As they got progressively horny, the rest of the club succumbed to Blaise's magic and clothes came off. Groping got bolder. The air conditioning had to be turned up to prevent us all from sweating to death in a lusty pile.

I remember taking breaks from the dancing and actually talking to and laughing with them - even Ron. He can be rather hilarious when I'm drunk. But see, once I reached truly and utterly bladdered, I honestly do not remember a single thing that happened. I can guess...

Based on the fact that I woke up about an hour ago in a naked pile of bodies in Ron and Hermione's bed, I can only assume that I must have drunkenly succumbed to Blaise's impossible to resist sex magic. Part of me really wishes I could remember what had to be an amazing night (and yes, some of us were probably repeatedly burying at least part of each other's bodies, hahaha! Sorry, still half
After waking up and coming home, I've sat here trying my best to remember what happened, imagining what probably happened, and being mad at myself for being too weak to resist a form of magic I've always been immune to before. And Hating myself for betraying you. I've basically been mentally kicking my own arse for at least the last hour.

In my silent self-berating rant, I've gone in circles trying to figure out why I succumbed. Was it simply because I was drunk? And then I wondered if I was ever truly immune to it and if I simply thought I was because I knew it was happening to others and never seem effected before. But then I remembered that I've never been in a position in which I needed to resist it before. Drunk or not, if I was around Blaise and he wanted me - prior to marrying you - he just asked and I always said yes. Maybe I thought I was immune simply because he never needed to actually use it on me before.

But then it hit me. Kisa is more than likely his soul mate - or whatever you want to call it. She's immune from his magic as well - as far as I can tell. I've seen other kids give him *looks* (that he always ignores) if they happen to be caught in his magic, so I know simply being young isn't protection against the magic. But she *never* looks at him with anything other than impatience and the sort of look one gives a bug they don't want in their house.

So, then I wondered if maybe I had always been immune to him in the past and suddenly I'm not now because I'm her cousin and his magic accepted me as a sort of surrogate for her until the last time he saw her and sort of slightly awakened as a Veela for a moment. If so, then that could explain everything. Mostly. Doesn't really explain why I was immune the last time we went to the club, but... OR perhaps instead of being a surrogate, I'm just immune because I *could* have been his mate, but we both decided that I wasn't the right person. But then that doesn't explain why I wasn't immune tonight. I don't really know enough about Veelas to know how any of it works. And Blaise refuses to admit to the possibility that he really is, despite the fact that he *clearly* enjoys the benefits of being part Veela.

Anyway, none of this is solving my problem, and in fact, I think I'm rather just going in circles and avoiding it. So, what I'm going to do is get some sleep and pray you don't decide I deserve to be hexed so badly that you wake me up with one the moment the babies are all out of bed.

Lastly, I'm happy with the decision you made regarding Harrison. I know we're insane, that we have too many kids already, but hell, at this point, what's one more? Honestly, I know you couldn't have lived with yourself if you'd done anything else. You have the biggest heart, and it's what I love the most about you.

Hungover and remorsefully yours,
Draco

P.S. If I find there's not enough room for me in our bed, then why wouldn't I just cast an enlarging charm on the bed??? I mean I can still lay on you if you want, but I should solve the problem first, right?
Chapter 299

Chapter Summary

Harry's not sure how to feel about Draco's confession.

Monday October 16th
Draco,

I have had such a wonderful day with you. It's been so perfect just being with my family. No worries, no stress, just my favorite people on the planet spending time together. I've used what little occluding I can do to box up my worries about how Unity House is doing without me, and been able to just focus on my little world.

Why wouldn't I think to tell you to enlarge the bed? Well first of all, I am running on so little sleep that I literally didn't think of that option. Today was the first decent sleep I've gotten in ... weeks? Everything is such a blur that I truly don't even know what day it is at this point. I think I came home at some point with a few Unity Kids for Eliza's birthday party. I didn't miss Lainie's birthday did I?? Oh Merlin, please tell me it's not after her birthday? Carlito came on Friday sixth October if I remember correctly. It couldn't already be after the twenty-second right? Oh wow. I am not so bright. It's Monday the sixteenth. Whew, I can breath again.

Oh, anyway, why I didn't tell you to enlarge the bed? Because I wanted you to lay on top of me obviously! I could not get close enough to you today during our mid-day nap together. I would have cast a sticking charm to keep your skin from moving even a millimeter off of mine if I could have. I could have burrowed into your skin and not been close enough.

Thank you for pretending that Eris’ first time crawling was this morning. I know you were lying, she certainly didn't look like it was the first time, but it was nice to pretend I didn't miss it over the last few weeks. Oh well, I missed Viona’s first time crawling as well, apparently our children like to wait until they're really good at it before they show off to Daddy Harry. And show off she did; crawling and baby babbling her way into my lap. She had so many things to tell me. Obviously none of the things she had to say were in any language I understood, but I thoroughly enjoyed listening to her.

I think my little professor Orion is going to be super nice to me and wait to crawl until I am there to see it! He seemed completely content to just sit by me and chew on his toys. I've missed his little serious face, I missed his little old man laughs. Bloody Hell I have missed my family!

And Viona! What in the world? She seemingly went from a baby to a little girl overnight! She's speaking in broken sentences. She's barely doing her double speak. Where did my baby go? At least she's still calling me Mumda. Can you believe after all that time I spent trying to talk her out of calling me mum, after how adamant I was about never being called mum, that I would have been heartbroken if I had come home today and she had called me Dad? I hope she calls me Mumda forever.

Oh my sweet River. When he woke up and saw me snuggled up next to him in bed? He actually started crying! I made my sweet boy cry. And when I told him I was here for at least a few days straight? Well I am glad everyone was waking up anyway because his excited shrieks would have woken us all up anyway.
Oh Lainie my Lainie, I thought she would have a rough time, I think I will always have vivid memories of when I was back from my amnesia and her sobbing brokenly in my arms about never leaving her again. I thought we would have a repeat. Nope, "Daddy, you were at Unity, I saw you daily, you were just being yourself and caring for everyone." With a big dramatic sigh and eye roll. I suppose that's that.

And isn't our newest little Harrison such a sweetie? I think it's funny, for a while we were overrun with girls. I love strong females so I certainly didn't feel sorry for Ori being the only boy, but in such a short time we went from 75% girl to a full half and half situation. Once again you were right, I could not turn away from his big eyes.

Funny enough, after his potion, his features didn't seem to change at all. His mother was half of his genetics, and the two men were only 25%, but physically he was completely my little clone. Taking the other guy out of the equation didn't change his pudgy little baby face one bit. I think he looks so much like Eri (which makes sense since she looks the most like me) but without that hint of sharper features that you gave her. And definitely without the grey in her eyes.

So, um, I enjoyed our nap immensely. I loved spending the part of the day we were awake together. But I am glad I didn't read your email until just now after all the kids are asleep. I uh. Hmm. So, I am not mad. How could I be? You were under the influence of magic. It would be like being angry with you for succumbing to the imperius curse. I can't blame you.

But.

I'm, um, really upset. I love you more than anything in this world Draco Lucius Malfoy. Short of hurting our children, I don't think there's anything you could do that would make me stop loving you, or even lessen my love for you. Especially something you seemingly had no control over. I need you to know that. But, uh, I read what happened and I …. need to process this. I feel a bit like Narcissa "What was our ONE rule?!? Never forget the protection charms!" Well, our one rule, never without me there, was killed last night. I don't blame you, but I don't know if I can sleep in your arms tonight. I need some space.

I'm not heading back into Unity or anything. I said I'm going to be with my family for the next few days no matter what. I just need some time to wrap my head around all of this. I've already let Muffy know to wake me up for the babies' night feeds and such, but other than that I am going to sleep in the ivory guest suite. So if you need me that's where I'll be.

I'll see you in the morning.

Love,
Harry

Monday October 16th
Received via Insta-owl (and not read until Tuesday morning)

Hiya Harry! I just had a brilliant weekend. Molly took Rodi and Bee, letting Ron and I have a break. Most of Saturday was just lazing around and recharging our batteries, but last night was... I had NO IDEA how badly I needed that! Just going out and buggering around and being young!

I'm obviously taking the day off from Traditions because I have an extremely competent assistant who can see to things for one day. So, I was hoping that you'd come over and spend a bit of time with me, seeing as how word is that you're taking a few days off yourself. We can have a mini friend
date at a tea shop and just chat. It'll be wonderful, don't you think?

Then I can tell you all about last night! I'll give you the highlights now, to entice you into wanting to hear the rest. First off, your husband is a brilliant dancer. Blaise has been teaching me, and he's good too, but it's like Blaise dances as a hobby and Draco dances as a passion, and so, he takes it to a whole other level.

Second of all, the club turned into a massive orgy at some point. I think you have already been, so you can probably imagine, but it was interesting to just sit back and watch Ron and Blaise dive in and work their way through as many partners as possible. I stayed back and chatted with Draco. Here's the weird thing, he's not effected by Blaise's magic. Like at all! I hadn't noticed that before. I AM effected by it, but I'm so used to feeling it by this point that I can sort of ignore it when I want to.

Anyway, Draco and I were chatting and laughing - giggling over nothing and everything - when I noticed that Draco went from slurring to almost incoherently drunk. So, I did the responsible thing and ordered my boys to finish up so we could all go home. I didn't trust that any of us was sober enough to Apparate, so I had us all floo back to my place so that Draco could pass out and sleep it off. I was too drunk to remember the sobriety charms, so, sorry about that.

We'd naturally lost all of our clothes at the club, so the moment we got home, I had Blaise lay Draco on our bed and snuggled up to him. I was so ready to go to sleep by that point! He pulled me into his arms and murmured your name, making Ron snicker in amusement. He and Blaise snuggled up to me and each other. But - perhaps ironically - there was more room on the side of the bed that Draco was on, so Ron moved over to his side to snuggle with him too, and then we all passed out.

But Harry! You should see the memory of Ron and Draco snuggling! I'm going to put it in my pensieve and take a look at it whenever Ron infuriates me, hahahaha! Please come to tea so we can share this memory and laugh at our silly men.

Love you bunches,
Hermione
Chapter 300

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco are both relieved to learn that nothing happened.

Chapter Notes

EEE!!! 300 chapters and still going strong!

Tuesday October 17th
Oh 'Mione,

I am going to rain check on that tea date. I could really really use some Hermione time. Well, I see you all the time, but it would be nice to have some Hermione time that isn't revolving around Tradition Kids, Unity Kids, or our Kids.

But I think I messed up HARD. I didn't see your insta-owl until just now. I know, I know, they should be "insta" but I was so tired from my week and so focused on my family I had been missing, that I didn't see it until this morning. So even if you're taking today off as well, I will be much too busy groveling to my completely understanding husband.

I can't wait to see the pensieve of Draco and Ron cuddling. I need to figure out a way to create photos from pensieve memories because I need a copy of that.

Oh! Maybe I can get back into Draco's good graces by giving him a fun magitech challenge. He IS a brilliant dancer, and a wonderful husband, and I am a real berk.

Let's catch up soon,
Harry James Malfoy

P.S. I have a new son, you should come meet him soon.

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My perfect Dragon,

I am so sorry. I love you more than life itself.

It's 6:00 a.m. and I am once again the first one up. You'd think with a great big bed all to myself and no night wakings (damn you Muffy, I told you to wake me up for the babies' night feeds!) that I would have had a great night sleep. Nope, I tossed and turned. I kept picturing you writhing in pleasure with strangers, with my friends, with everyone but me. It was NOT sexy the way it is when...
we play together. I kept switching between sad and mad and frustrated with the whole situation and guilty about being upset over something you had no control over. Not even mentioning the fact that I can't sleep without you and I don't like waking up alone.

I woke up feeling stupid for punishing us both by sleeping alone. Then I saw I had an unread insta-owl from Hermione that I missed while we were all spending time together yesterday.

My love, you did NOTHING without me. You weren't effected by Blaise's magic, you were just utterly smashed. Hermione noticed, and decided her, you, and her boys were going to floo back to their place to sleep it off. You all snuggled up in bed and slept together. Yep, just slept. You snuggled 'Mione (and apparently called her Harry hehe) and eventually you were snuggling with Ron.

Nothing happened, you didn't break our rule, and I am so sorry I made such a big deal. I'm so torn, because I want to climb into bed with you right now but I feel like I don't want to risk waking you, and I don't feel as though I deserve to snuggle with you. So I am hiding in our closet, typing this email, and thinking about eating ice cream.

But I don't deserve ice cream. You've spent over a week caring for our entire family without me, holding down the fort, being supportive and loving and I have been a useless parent, an absent husband, and now a temper tantrum throwing nightmare.

I have now found the appeal of hiding under racks of clothes, while crying, and feeling terrible.

Oh! I am going to stop feeling sorry for myself, if you wake up and read this before I come back to the room, I will be in the kitchen baking up a storm. I'm going to make those ginger biscuits you love so much.

I love you so much it hurts,
Harry

Tuesday October 17th
Harry, mi corazón,

Wait, so... I *didn't* do anything???

Salazar buggering Slytherin! I'm *so* relieved! I really was beating myself up about it, trying to figure out how I could fix the fact that I broke our one rule. I NEED you to know that I don't want to break our rule because playing around *without* you is no fun at all, and when we do play together it's so bloody hot that I want to share you with the whole buggering world! I know, it's illogical, but there it is.

When I wasn't woken up to a hex this morning (I really was expecting you to wake up still furious with me and come hex me after all), I immediately checked my email in case you had left me a message telling me to give you some space today, and instead, I find that I didn't do anything after all. Merlin! I nearly cried when I read that, I really was that relieved.

But then I realized that you felt like you were at fault somehow for being mad at me. Oh, my love, don't go there. It would be one thing if I said something like: "Yeah you have a picture of me that looks like I'm shagging some random person, but please believe me, it wasn't me," And you didn't believe me only to find out that it was someone Polyjuiced into me - then yes, I would be justified being angry that you didn't believe me. BUT THIS isn't that at all. This was me telling you outright
that despite not remembering anything clearly, I strongly suspected that I had cheated on and betrayed you. You took me at my word and believed me, and were righteously and justifiably upset. I am not mad in the slightest that you didn't pull on your Gryffindor blinders and insist that I couldn't have done anything wrong when the only evidence I had more or less said that I did.

Bloody fucking bugging hell! I *cuddled* with Ron?!?! I have to pray that you are done baking in the kitchen by now (it is almost noon after all), since I honestly have no bloody clue where the kitchen is, because I NEED to come cuddle with and kiss you for a good ten minutes to erase any lingering essence of cuddling with Ron from my skin. I might actually have to take a shower first.

And then I'm going to do something special with you, but shh! That's a surprise - oh wait, what's this?

An owl just arrived addressed to you, but it's in Russian, and so I'm going to open it on your behalf because I'm dead certain that...

Yep. It's a skull. It's Randy Dumas' skull. I'm willing to bet that my father received Gina Mitchell's skull today too.

So, erm, if you come looking for me in the next ten minutes or so, I won't be here. I'm going to bring this skull to the family dark artifact vault in Gringott's and put it with the others. Don't worry, you'll never have to see it or think about it again. The vault is literally keyed to our blood, and so I couldn't bring you there to see it if you wanted to see the skull - which I'm certain you don't. And actually, I'm considering erasing this whole paragraph and the previous two so that you never have to find out that you now own a skull, but while I do keep a few secrets from you (not my secrets, other people's), I want to prove that you *can* trust me to always be honest with you, and so, I will leave the information in this email and let you decide if you want me to obliviate the knowledge from you.

AND THEN, I'll come back and hunt you down, even if it means I have to find the bloody kitchen, and take you out to do something special. Something you told me would be extremely hot and sexy to try.

Love with everything I have,
Draco
Wednesday October 18th
My Dragon,

Oh, waking up in your arms this morning was absolutely perfect. I know you told me to stop apologizing so I will, but I wish I hadn't slept elsewhere the night before. I was cutting off my nose to spite my face. I love just waking up with you … and five of our children.

Our bed is so ridiculously full. Even with the side beds for Viona and River it's so crowded. Not to mention the fact that they both leave their little side beds most nights and climb in with us at some point. I know that Elena wants and needs her own space. She loves her room. She is thrilled at the idea of having her own little music studio. But I hope she also knows she's welcome to climb in any time she wants. I know, I started this saying how our bed was so full and now I'm trying to make sure the only one that isn't in our bed knows she welcome. I might be insane.

It seems as though you had a lovely surprise intended for me yesterday, I can't even think of something I've told you would be fun and sexy to try that we haven't tried yet. I am so excited to see what you have planned.

But by the time you got back from the place I don't know about, to drop off the thing I don't want to think about from the person whose job I definitely don't know anything about, and found me in the kitchens, any plans we may have been hoping to do were thrown out the window.

I haven't had the chance to talk with you in person much, and even our emails I feel have been a bit rushed with how crazy things have been, so I suppose I left out some important information. The Aurors know everything about Harrison's case, possibly more than I do because I am not authorized to know anything about the investigation that doesn't have anything to do with Harrison and I. Kingsley knows everything. Jeffries knows everything. You know everything I know. Luna hasn't been told specifically but she always knows things before she's told so let's assume she knows. Your parents we told yesterday, it would have been impossible to hope they didn't notice a new human in their home. But, I uh … haven't told anyone else about Harrison being mine and coming home with us.

Similar to how we found out we were pregnant and kept the news to ourselves for a while, I was thinking a few days with our newest family member would be nice. And then I decided to tell Hermione we had a son she should meet. So while you were sleeping yesterday morning and I was baking up a storm, the rest of our circle was doing a little "Twilight Bark" and passing on the news.

Side note: we should TOTALLY watch 101 Dalmatians on our next movie night! Wait …. that's tonight!

Right around the time you came home from your bloody vault, all of the Weasleys and the rest of our circle that don't live in Russia started arriving. Everyone wanted the story, and to meet our little Harrison. He's such a social baby, he thoroughly enjoyed being passed around from person to
person. He had some extra big giggles for his Grandma Molly! It's probably a good thing I had spent the morning baking, we had a small army to feed!

And people stayed until it was time to get the kids to bed, and at that point you and I were so exhausted that we had one quick shag and went to sleep ourselves.

I woke up nice and early this morning. Got in a solid morning run. Had a nice breakfast with the family. Played with the babies. Read a few stories to the little kids. Got myself and the babies all squeaky clean. And now I am impatiently waiting for you to wake up. We have a few things to discuss, we need to come up with a name for Harrison. Obviously his name is Harrison and I don't really want to change it, but we should pick out a middle name. I was thinking maybe something nature based; we have Viona SKYE, and RIVER. And we need to speak with the lawyers about you formally adopting Harrison, you and I both know in our hearts that we are both his Daddies, but I want the safety net of knowing he's legally yours as well in case anything ever happened to me.

I also want to do whatever fun thing you were going to have us do! Seriously! Tell me tell me tell me!!

Ok, my patience has run out, prepare to be touched really inappropriately until you wake up!

Love you,
Harry

Wednesday October 18th
My wonderful Harry, amando,

You woke me up in the most delightful way this morning (it was still morning, right?), and then left me to myself to take a shower while you made me something for breakfast. Well, now I'm showered and you're not back yet. So, I'll reply to your email.

I had a thought about Harrison's middle name. I think I came up with something perfect... it means a shallow place in a River where people or things can cross: Ford. Ahahahahahaha! Alright fine, that's probably too punny for you. So, how about a long, narrow, deep inlet of the sea between high cliffs: Fjord. Hahahaha! Alright alright, no more jokes. Wells?

Alright, fine, I'll admit that I'm lousy at coming up with nature based names. All I can think are things like Cloud, trees such as Ash or Rowan, and little things such as rocks or flowers. Harrison Narcissa? Oh! Maybe an animal such as Raven? Harrison Raven?

As loathe as I am to admit it, Harrison James makes a pretty good combination.

Anyway, moving on, you're still not back with my breakfast, which means that you're probably making me something extremely delicious. But my stomach is growling and I'm not sure I'd care if I was eating Hagrid's rock cakes. I'm going to have to figure out where the kitchen is at this rate.

Which reminds me, you keep *saying* that I've been in the kitchen with you - a couple of times - and you even said I found you in there yesterday, but I have no idea why you think that. I have no idea where the kitchen is, I don't remember ever being in it, and I don't remember watching you bake or cook in the kitchen like you say I have. I've watched you do so in the Unity kitchen, sure, but never in the Manor kitchen.

Anyway, since I have no idea where to look to find you and the kitchen, I think I'll just have Muffy go tell you that I'd very much like you to bring me my breakfast.
'Cuz I want it all, or nothing at all,
Draco
-
Imzadi,

Today went perfectly! Mmm... so hot...

So, when I mentioned that I'd had sex in a library, you had a nice little fantasy that I did the same to you. Shag you somewhere public where we ran a big risk of getting caught, that is. So, that's what I did.

I didn't tell you that, at first. I simply took you shopping. You were clearly curious, but more than willing to shop - just the two of us, our brood being watched by the elves. First, I took you to Flourish and Blotts. I was going to try to recreate a 'shagging in the library' feel even though we weren't in an actual library. Well, you know how that ended...

I found a secluded corner and pushed you up against the shelf so that I could snog the bloody hell out of you. We got into it rather quickly, our hands up each others shirts in about two minutes or less. And then reality came crashing down on us like a ton of bricks.

"Excuse me, Misters Malfoy, Josh Hanson from the Daily Prophet. May I have a moment of your time? Also, you both seem very free with your affection in public. Is there a chance that this might wander into inappropriate territory, and do you mind if I get a few pictures?"

Well, didn't *that* just kill the mood?

So, after giving a mini interview and declining all pictures (except the one he'd already taken of us snogging quite passionately), I decided to go someplace muggle and Apparated us away. This worked out for the best because as we were wandering the Men's clothing section, I noticed one of those large circular racks. It was perfect!

Dragging you along, I made sure no one was looking, and then shoved you inside the clothing rack. It was displaying trousers on the bottom rack and shirts on the top, and so, it was quite covering. That said, we were a tiny bit cramped on the inside. No matter though.

"Remember, you can't make a sound," I warned you as you knelt in front of where I was sitting. I opened your trousers and proceeded to give you a thorough milking. I LOVE the fact that you couldn't quite hold back all your whimpers and gasps. That said, I don't think anyone heard us.

Then, after you'd given me quite a bit to swallow, I magicked both our trousers off to the side so that you could straddle me, taking my shaft inside you. I nearly forgot the quick prep spells in my eagerness, but thankfully, I remembered them just in time. I must admit that it was quite the challenge to make no noise as I helped you ride me. Especially since we could clearly hear other shoppers walk by the rack and all around the department. I *didn't* cast any sort of privacy charms either, since the whole point was to risk getting caught.

I was so bloody turned on that I thought for sure I'd lose my load in about a minute flat, but no. I think I might have been just a little too nervous about being caught because every time I heard someone come close to us, I'd lose all progress on my orgasm. Meanwhile, you were sucking on my neck to muffle your own sounds, and that made my toes curl and a hot wave travel all the way down my spine.

Then a woman - who was muttering measurements to herself as she looked - started riffling through
the rack we were inside. She didn't notice us for a couple of minutes, but then she did. I could see it when she realized what she was looking at because her eyes went wide and she slapped a hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp. Then she squirmed as one hand drifted toward her mini skirt. It was obvious to me that she wished she could play with herself as she watched the show. Especially since she stood rooted to the spot, staring at us rather than go alert someone as to what was happening.

I looked her in the eyes, gave her a mischievous wink, and then kissed you as I *finally* managed to pump you full. We both groaned louder than intended at that. This apparently caught someone else's attention.

"Mary? Something wrong?"

As she stammered and blushed, shutting the gap in the clothes so that she could look away and talk to her companion, I took the opportunity to summon all our belongings and Apparate us home.

MMM... we are SO going to have to do that again!

Honey, oh sugar sugar, you are my candy boy, and you got me wanting you,

Draco

P.S. Our lawyers are coming over tomorrow with all the necessary paperwork. That said, I suppose I may have forgotten to specifically mention it, but when I signed all those papers officially giving me full custody of River, one of them was giving you equal status as my husband. It's not exactly the same as adoption, as I understand it, more like acknowledging the fact that as my husband, you are his other parent - sort of the same thing as would happen if we each had a bunch of kids separately and then got married. The kids would legally be all of ours together. I can't explain it any better than that, so if you have questions, ask our lawyers when they get here.
Thursday October 19th
My Love,

I'm over at Unity taking a quick break from birthday party preparations, so I figured I would hide from our daughter and write you a bit. Seriously, I love her, but she's scary. I think she spends much too much time with her Auntie Hermione. Between her grandmothers and her aunts, Elena is going to grow up to run the world. I just wonder if she's going to end up a beloved leader or a ruthless dictator. There has been more than one occasion where I've wanted to ask her "Are you a good witch, or a bad witch?"

Fucking shite Draco, yesterday was so hot! I can't believe we shagged in a department store. And until I read your email I couldn't believe we managed it without being caught. And now I know we didn't! Mary is going to have such a lovely story to tell at her next dinner party!

Gods I love riding you. Whenever I think of the many positions we shag in, whichever one I am thinking of at the time I swear is my favorite. But I really do think that riding you is my favorite. It's basically the deepest I can take you, letting gravity do most of the work. Mmmm yeah, it's totally my favorite.

What was I talking about?

Oh, yesterday. So after we got home we had just enough time to clean up and then have dinner with the family before we had to head to Unity for movie night. I know I told you that I was taking three days for just us, but movie night doesn't count! I really debated whether to do the original animated 101 Dalmatians or the recent live action version. Obviously you know already that I chose the animated version. I don't know, when I looked at the trailers for the newer one I couldn't get past the creepy vibe I got from DeVil's thugs Horace and Jasper. I know they're supposed to be bad guys, but there's just something extra untrustworthy about that Horace character.

It's funny, when we first started movie nights, it was just you, me, and Viona. We had plenty of room. Then came our enormous bellies, in joined Elena, the bellies became squirmy babies, then River, now Harrison. We had to expand our chair. But now that we have six, it seems as though we have more room. Lainie wants to sit with her friends, River has taken to either sitting with Sebastian, Eliza, or Gavin, and Viona sits on her minion throne. So last night it was just you and I, and Eri, Ori,
and Haz. It's probably just as well, now that Eri and Ori are old enough for tastes of our food most of the night was spent hand feeding them pieces of fruits and trying to keep the same snacks away from Haz. He's too little but he thinks he's just as big as the almost twins. In his defense, he is technically bigger than Eris.

I was supposed to come back to Unity today, but skipped this morning and early afternoon for our lawyer meetings and then to help Lainie with this weekend's birthday party prep.

I understand the differences or distinction between my parental legality with River versus yours with Harrison. In River's case, he was simply awarded custody to his biological parent and it was easy enough to add my legal status as your spouse. A formal adoption was completely unnecessary legally or emotionally; River and I know who we are to each other. But with Harrison, because his biological mother's rights were stripped and he was relinquished to an orphanage before I took custody, the paperwork had to be more on an official adoptive level.

Although seeing as we hadn't picked a middle name yet, his middle name is currently blank on the paperwork. We will have to update it when we settle on a name. While you had some … really interesting name combinations … I thought of a "few" more that might work. I liked your suggestion of Rowan as well as the similar sounding Roan. Same with Raven. I definitely like how the R sounds after Harrison. I also like Reed. I like Terra in theory, or some way to incorporate earth, without sounding weird, maybe Terrance? I don't know, I don't like the way it sounds with Harrison. But I like the idea that we have air, water, and we would also have an earth. I like Vale or Dale. And we could do air, water, and fire and go with Ember. Then I have Strider, Cypress, or Winter. I think Forrest is a cool name. But I think my favorite, it's a bit "out there" for my usual taste in names, is Storm. I think I'd be happy with any of them, do you have a preference?

Speaking of children who need to be named, I have an official adoption request for Honey. It's Julia! I think it's going to work out. I'm so happy for her. I am a bit selfishly frustrated that it's all happening right now. We just had all of those family photos taken and we already have to update them! But Julia is going to be taking a few weeks off from photography to settle into life with a newborn. I'm not really frustrated, I just want my full family in pictures and I want them now!

Timing actually shouldn't be too much of an issue. We have to plan a naming ceremony for Haz, so by the time we get it written, planned, scheduled, and find a time that works for our entire circle, Julia should be ready to go back to work. Or at least be willing to take a day for her most favorite subjects. And this time Grandmama, Kisa, and Pansy should be able to come as long as Pansy hasn't hit the point in her pregnancy where she can't travel anymore. So we can get a full group picture.

Ok I think I have hidden from the terrifying not-yet-ten-year-old for long enough. I mean, gotten enough work done. So I'll head home now.

All of my love,
Harry

Thursday October 19th
Harry, annwyl,

Out of curiosity, I looked up that live action version of 101 Dalmatians and you're right; there's something off about that Horace chap, but I can't quite put my finger on what. The animated version was definitely the right call.

Out of all those suggestions for names you gave, I tried saying them all out loud with Harrison, and
the only two that sound like good combinations to me are Harrison Reed and Harrison Storm. Since Storm was your favorite and actually sounds the best, I'm thinking we should probably go with that, and actually, it's rather fitting, considering his birth - or perhaps existence - caused quite a bit of a storm for both us and his parents.

So, as I sat eating my breakfast this morning - what?! It was still morning. By about five minutes. Anyway, I was reading the Daily Prophet. I'm sending Melissande with the paper so you can read it for yourself. It unsettled me, and you know how much I HATE being unsettled.

You see, on the fourth page at the bottom (so, obviously not considered major news in the slightest), it was reported that the muggles are quite concerned about an egregious murder. A man was apparently kidnapped and tortured until he died. That in and of itself is unpleasant, but not particularly concerning to me (sorry, but a random muggle dying just doesn't concern me. It would be a different story if I knew him), BUT...

He was killed in an unusual way. His torture consisted of heavy and highly disturbing body modification - including fusing his arms and hands together and writing the word perfection across his abdomen. And so now, I'm freaking the fuck out!

Come find me in my closet and force my arse to get up and go for a run with you. Rattled and needing you,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so when I had that dream, that's really all it was - a dream - but then it stayed with me and I realized that I could turn it into something more, so... This, lol.
Chapter 303

Chapter Summary

Harry comforts and distracts Draco, and is disconcertingly happy to do so.

Thursday October 19th (or possibly Friday, depending on how late Harry stayed up with Draco)
My sweet Dragon,

I need to start what I am about to say with this; I am so sorry that you were rattled, I would do anything to keep you from needing comfort and distraction the way you did today.

But.

You needed me. You hid in your closet, sure, but took your computer with you to message me. You asked for me. In a moment of high emotion and turmoil for you, you didn't go destroy crystal, you didn't lock away your emotions, you wanted me. Again, I hate hate hate that you had to feel this way, but I feel so loved and secure right now.

I hope you are feeling just as loved and secure. Well, I hope you were before you fell asleep with your head in my lap.

I hadn't even left my office before I had the alert you had written me back. So I didn't even do my usual rounds, and just popped home to the closet. I did drag your fit arse out for a run. And then a very hot and sweaty shag in the woods. Which required a long relaxing soak in the bath. I thought some baby giggles might distract you and we decided to make it a family event. So your relaxing soak eventually turned into splashing, bubbles, and more baby giggles than we knew what to do with.

And apparently last minute decision making on color schemes and party itineraries was another good distraction. And getting annoyed at Harry seems to be a delightful distraction for both you and Lainie. Apparently "it's a birthday party not a wedding, do we need a color scheme?" was NOT the right thing to say! I was delegated to making party favors in the other room. I can't believe you two kicked me out!

Saturday cannot come soon enough. I can't wait to see these elaborate plans in action. Ten is an important age, two whole digits! I'm still secretly thrilled that she's turning ten and not eleven because that means we have two more whole years before we have to give her to Hogwarts.

Or come up with an education alternative that doesn't include sending our baby to a boarding school where you will never see her and I will have to live in a trunk.

Thankfully you all finished up with the planning and we could go back to Operation: Distract Draco. We had a very long jam session in Lainie's music room. Did you see River eyeing up the violin? He was playing with the little drum he was handed but his eyes kept darting over and his fingers were flexing like they were itching to pick up the bow. Do you think we should ask him if he wants to start official lessons?

Viona seemed happy to jam on the drum without secret glances at other instruments. But then again,
she's our Princess and wouldn't think anything of dropping the instrument she was given and demanding the one she wanted. The babies all had shaker-type instruments. Eri and Ori mostly chewed on theirs (I wonder if they're teething!) and Haz kept shaking his so hard that he would hit me in the head with it!

Oh, my sweet Harrison. Harrison Storm Malfoy. I love it! It has everything I wanted in a name, it's nature based, it flows beautifully with his other names, and it's a name all his own.

We had a nice relaxing evening with the kids. And then after they were all asleep we cuddled and I held you while you …. leaked out your eyeballs? I'm so sorry that this story scared you so much. I wish there was something I could have done besides hold you. I want to fix this for you. But if holding you and running my fingers through your hair is all I can do, then I will gladly do that.

You eventually fell asleep in my arms. I shifted to sitting up, but kept your head in my lap so I could continue to play with your beautiful hair in between typing. Don't worry my love, after I finish this email I will go back to holding you. I plan on staying up all night to scare your nightmares away! I will get up with the babies tonight, and hopefully you can wake up tomorrow well rested and refreshed to start a new day.

All of my love,
Harry

Friday October 20th
Dilectus,

Falling asleep with you carding your hand through my hair last night was somehow just what I needed. I slept well and did not have any bad dreams. Not to mention all day yesterday, keeping my mind off of how disturbing that article was to me - how it matched my dream so closely. I can't thank you enough.

So, of course, I did the stupidest, most Gryffindor thing possible today. After waking up and taking a shower, while eating breakfast, I came to the decision that there was only one thing I could do if I ever wanted to put this out of my mind and never think about it again. Well, aside from obliviating myself or extracting the memories of it. I...

Sigh...

I have to solve the murder. Or at least try.

So, I went to visit Auror Bletchly and asked him if he could help me look into this matter. Well now, wasn't that a surprise to him?! He actually dropped his donut when he realized that I wasn't there to talk about *anything* related to your case - or you in general. Apparently, I still give off quite the impression that nothing but you matters to me. This rather pleases me, so I was sort of at a loss as to how to protect this image while still pursuing the case. So... I told him that the case was alarming *you* but that you simply didn't have time to look into it, thus, I'm looking into it as a favor to you.

Once he heard that, he seemed to calm down. He nodded and summoned his donut off the floor so that he could finish eating it. Then he brought me to a muggle liaison officer. This is a woman who has worked with the Auror Department in the past - I think she's sisters with a muggleborn, but has no magic herself. In any case, she knows about our kind and does her best to help us (and vice versa) when necessary.
I told them about 'your' dream, and here's where it... Well, it was already strange, actually, so I can't say it got strange - or even stranger, but... So, well, they know who the victim is. He was a muggle around 30 years old, and he had been hopelessly in love with a man whom he'd worked with for nearly a decade, but that man was straight and had recently gotten into a serious relationship with a much younger woman.

The woman *had* been of age to consent when they met - meaning she was 16 - but he considered her too young to form a proper relationship with. Then when she turned 17, he apparently realized that they had real feelings between them and slowly deepened their relationship by taking her on dates and the like. By all accounts (including that of her parents), he was respecting the fact that she was quite young compared to him by keeping the dates light, bringing her home by her curfew, talking to her parents about how he felt about her, and maintaining more space than she wanted (as she seemed ready to get married already).

None of that's the point though. The POINT is that the victim saw all of this happening and grew very jealous. He didn't know what to do to stop things from progressing, or how to attract/interest a straight man. He literally stalked them in a desperate attempt to figure out how to ruin their relationship - or at least stop it from growing any deeper.

The last time the stalked man saw his work mate was... on a bus. He was on a date with his young girlfriend, when he looked back and noticed his work mate giving him a rather dark stare. He brought his girlfriend to his flat to cook her a nice dinner and watch some telly together - and had a feeling he was being followed, but when he turned to look, there was no one there. He didn't see his mate again, and then the mate turned up murdered.

So... It seems my dream... might have actually been... a vision???

I'm writing/sending this email to you from Auror Bletchley's office in the Ministry as a way to gather my thoughts before I come home and enjoy the rest of this fine Friday with you. I'm rattled again, but this time, I'm not, erm… in need of comfort. I don't feel like I need to hide from the killer like I did yesterday. I simply feel the need to run or dance or otherwise work the creepy feeling off.

So, I'm going to find you and we're going to continue with our new afternoon exercise routine. Dancing maybe, since it *is* my turn. Otherwise, I wouldn't mind running again. It somehow gives me a clearer mind.

And then we're going to have a nice cup of tea while I read through the three other files Detective Inspector Hannah Giles gave me. It seems this victim was not the first, he was just the first man. The 'Perfection Killer' has struck before.

Yours in determination,
Draco
Chapter 304

Chapter Summary

Harry can't believe Draco volunteered to help.

Saturday October 21
You're just. I can't. You.

Draco Lucius Malfoy, Slytherin Ice Prince, former bad boy, reluctant former Death Eater, now laughs in the face of his past. Supportive, loving husband - hands-on father of six - champion of orphanages - teacher of lost traditions - Godfather to half muggleborn, half blood-traitor babies - financial backer of squibs - inventor of muggle turned wizarding technology. Now we need to add investigator of muggle murders? Could you slow down just a bit? You're making the rest of us mere humans look bad!

And do we need to add seer to the list? When you were having visions of River, we chalked that up to his accidental magic begging for help and finding your blood connection. But I think we all know you're not related to any muggles, so why are you envisioning this murder?

When you were describing your dreams of River, at least the way they sounded to me, you were viewing the scene. You were able to give details about each person there and the surrounding area, the way an uninvolved observer would. But in that terrible nightmare turned reality, you WERE the victim. Also, you had me and a younger version of you as the people you saw on the bus, but it wasn't me and the younger partner not only wasn't you but was a woman. So it was not full of literal details.

As much as I am thrilled I did not become an Auror, I do think I would have done well as one. As with the different cases we have been a part of over the last year or so, I feel as though I made some connections and cracked portions of the cases that helped. But after our exercise regimen I sat having tea with you and looked over the case files as well. And I have nothing! I have a few random guesses, maybe the killer is someone who had access to people who want to change their appearance? A plastic surgeon or someone who works in a surgeon's clinic. A physical trainer at a gym where people are trying to alter their bodies into perfection? Even if I am right, it doesn't narrow things down very far.

The bright side of this whole situation? Seeing you try to explain away your giant heart by lying to people about who this is really for. You're fine with them thinking you are a sap who does anything his husband wants and needs, but Merlin forbid anyone think you have sympathy or care for anyone else. I don't think you have quite as many people fooled as you seem to think you do.

And speaking of people who have you wrapped around their fingers, I need to sign off and get myself ready for Lainie's party. Guests should be arriving within a half an hour or so, and I still need to get into whatever costume she has assigned to me.

No murder talk and no visions talk. We are just going to enjoy our daughter's birthday party today; play ridiculous games, spend time with our family, and eat way too much cake and ice cream.

Yours in every way,
Monday October 23rd
Harry, älskad,
Elena's party was surprisingly fun, considering that it was a party for a bunch of kids. It was definitely better than mine was, as I'm pretty sure I spent most of my party watching Vince and Greg eat cake, before chasing them around and pretending to hex them. Actually, I 'borrowed' my mother's wand and chased them with simple aguamentis, hahaha.

In any case, Elena designed her party so that everyone had something fun to do. That girl is a GENIUS! It's probably a good thing that she's determined to take over Unity House some day, as I'm dead certain you'd never find a better successor if you searched a thousand years.

Then Sunday was rather quiet - for us, anyway - as Elena went to play with her friends at Unity House, and River and Viona ran off to play with Eliza, Sebastian, Gavin, and Della. Which just left us cuddling and playing with three of the most adorable babies on the planet.

Eris was doing her best to get into *everything* while Orion and Harrison were content to lay on their tummies looking at each other and giggling. You were right about Harrison; he's just such a happy go lucky baby that I'm not sure much of anything could upset him. I'm very glad he's not traumatized and constantly crying like that Carlito is. That would be exhausting and possibly the straw that broke, well, me.

In any case, I needed that calm day with just the five of us doing not much of anything at all.

But now it's Monday. We've already had our hour long exercise date and I've just got out of the shower. Once I'm done eating breakfast and Insta-owling my team ideas for our Halloween Ritual (FYI, in case you somehow missed it, I gave Tabitha the job of planning out the kid friendly Halloween party at Unity, although I'm sure she's been asking you to approve things), I'm off to visit with DI Giles again. I'm going to have her take me to the work mate's flat. You pointed out that things in my dream were NOT the same - like they were in my dreams of River - but I have to wonder if they are similar enough that I might recognize the flat, and if so, maybe I can recognize the actual building the murder took place in, should I ever happen to see it. I'll email you again after.

With every breath I take,
Draco
-

Harry, dragi,

So we went to the flat, and yes, it does vaguely look similar to my dream. That said, there are a lot of buildings in this part of London that look similar enough that I can't be certain that this was the *one* from my dream. In any case, in the dream, from the flat, I followed a man to a different place, and nothing around here looks like that place did. Not to mention, it wasn't like I actually walked the route in my dream, it sort of skipped scenes. So, unless we just so happen to get lucky enough to walk into the exact building that the murder took place in and I recognize it, I'm afraid this is a bit of a dead end.

That said, erm... The work mate looks like you. Or at least, how I imagine you will look in ten years from now. He's a little taller than you and wider (and pudgier, but I'm not judging), and his girlfriend is... Well she's rather short and petite, BUT she also has very white hair that has purposely been
bleached on a regular basis so that she can 'frost' it different colors as she likes - such as pink or light blue. So, she somewhat vaguely looks like me, I suppose, if I were a girl and had nice breasts. So... Perhaps that's why I saw the couple in my dream as us.

I still have no idea why I would be the victim in the dream. He didn't look like me - having brown hair and eyes - and I didn't know him nor can I possibly be related to him, unless we had the same ape as a million times great grandfather. In which case, I'm arguably related to everyone in Britain.

So, I'm going to help DI Giles sort through all the information she has to see if there is any sort of connection between the victims that can point us toward the killer. See you when I get home.

You're waking meadows in my mind, making waves across my time, oh no, oh no, I get a strange magic, oh what a strange magic,

Draco
Chapter 305

Chapter Summary

Harry has a one track mind.

Tuesday October 24th
Draco,

I think I am a terrible person. Or it's very likely that I am a twenty year old man with a one track mind. In your email you wrote about our amazing children. You talked about a murder investigation you're a part of. You brought up some of your ritual teaching, and an upcoming party. And all I've been able to think about since reading your email is how bloody hot you would look with colored tips on your hair. I mean, you in one of your perfectly tailored posh outfits with the waistcoat, your hair impeccably styled, but the tips of it a beautiful blue color? I could mess my pants just thinking about it.

Screw it. I have a soundproof office and Tabitha is on her lunch break. I'm gonna have myself a nice wank thinking about how fit my husband is.

Ah, much better. Don't worry, I washed my hands.

When you got home last night from your day with DI Giles, you seemed too stressed to me. I know you said that Haz being like Carlito would be the straw that broke you, but I think the straws that haven't broken you have been putting too much strain on my love. Luckily, I had thought ahead and called Aya and asked her to come by and give you a massage. Weren't you so excited to see her? I think you were more excited to see Aya than you were to see me. I'd be jealous, but I get it.

I laughed so hard I almost wet my pants when Lainie asked if she could have a massage too, "Party planning is so stressful, I need to relieve this tension Dads!" She was so cute in her little robe, smelling the different oils so she could pick her favorite, and choosing her music. And the little snob; Aya asks her what she'd like to listen to, Lainie asks for Clair de Lune and when Aya says something to the effect of being surprised that she knows Debussy, our daughter actually says, "Of course I know Debussy, I'm not an animal!"

And who says posh pureblooded Grampy Lulu wouldn't be able to teach anything to his muggleborn granddaughter?

Oh! Again, I need to read your emails a bit more thoroughly. I always read them very well, but I do a quick skim of them first. That way if you end your message in an emergency like "ow ow, I've fallen and gone into labor" I won't have wasted a significant amount of time reading through what you wrote before the emergency. So as I was skimming and you mentioned Lainie's party being better than yours my feelings were quite hurt for a moment. I thought you had a great time at your birthday! I worked so hard to keep it a surprise, I wore that costume with the veils for you. Oooohhhhh, you meant your TENTH birthday party. You've come so far in those ten years since then. You used to chase Greg around spraying him with aguamentis and now your daughter, his Goddaughter, spent this entire party making him chase her around. Greg sure is quite smitten with our Princess isn't he?

Oh and speaking of Godparents, we need to pick some for Harrison. Now that he has a middle name
we can set a date and prepare for his naming ceremony. I absolutely want to name Neville as one. After that, I am pretty open to you suggesting the other. Charlie? Maya? George? Dudley?

Damn, we need more women in our lives, we have potential Godfathers coming out our ears, but potential Godmothers are in short supply. I always feel like our lives are full of women, but I think the reality is that we have less women than men but those women pack in so much personality that it feels like there are more of them.

You're off again with DI Giles, and I am really itching for a run. I won't abandon our midday exercise date, I will just get started without you! Come meet me on our usual running path when you're done!

Yours if you can catch me,
Harry

Friday October 27th
My love,

I brought Detective Inspector Giles home with me so that I would not miss our running date. She expressed interest in running too because it helps her think, and the Manor grounds are so much more pleasing to the eye than her Gym track. She'd barely shook your hand when she was already practically your new best friend, and so, we've somehow been roped into calling her by her first name.

Hannah is lovely enough, so I suppose I don't mind her being informal with me, but the excessive cheeriness is somewhat off putting. In any case, she damn near ran circles around us. I was surprised by this because you are bloody brilliant at running and I didn't think too many people would put the effort into being better at it than you are.

After our run, we had Muffy show her to a guest suite where she could shower while the two of us had a thorough discussion about and reenactment of your wanking session in your office - only out in the West Meadows. After which, I had a chance to sit and pet my peafowl for a few minutes. This year's chicks don't know me as well as last year's, but since the parents love me, the chicks aren't afraid of me. Plus, the kids play with them, so they are used to being handled by humans.

When Muffy brought Hannah back to us, she smirked - apparently finding it adorable that we were highly rumpled (but not naked because of your irrational fear of having your bits out near any animal) and obviously well shagged. Plus, she hadn't pegged me as the type to actually be kind to animals. I had to pretend like they were a special exception to the rule because they were our prized family mascot for centuries. (This made you cough into your hand to cover an impertinent snicker.)

Then Aster, Anise, and Zinna popped up with Eri, Ori, and Harrison. It seems Eris refused to let anyone feed her because she missed me, and so, I had to feed her so that she'd take a nap and give everyone a break from her snit. Not entirely sure why she was having a snit, but it had been going on for hours. Meanwhile, Orion was content enough to lay on the grass and play with his feet as you fed Harrison.

River had Dibly Apparate him to us 'cause he just *had* to have *your* special applesauce biscuits, and by that, he meant biscuits you'd already baked and had in your tiny pouch so that you'd have them on hand when playing with kids. River sat in your lap eating biscuits while you fed Harrison. So naturally, Viona sensed that I was with all of our kids but her (and Elena, who was in school being that it's Friday), and called for Muffy to go and Apparate her to us too. She sat in my lap and
pet Eri's head while babbling something at me that I'm sure made sense to her.

Peckish, I called for Muffy to bring me some caviar on sourdough rye crackers - which I shared with Viona - and Viona pointed emphatically at Muffy and demanded Pat-tay! I honestly have no idea how a girl so completely unrelated to me - having Vince and Olivia Crabbe as parents - could have inherited MY taste in food, but she has. Once she had her paté, she delighted in sharing it with me. The addition of tea made it quite the proper tea party, haha!

Meanwhile, you and River were thoroughly enjoying your biscuits and tea. And Hannah had asked for plain yogurt and a bowl of berries to dip in it. It seems as if my cold Slytherin Malfoy mask not only cracked and fell off, but melted in a dramatic burst of steam in Hannah's eyes, because she kept smirking and making comments that implied I was a bigger softie than she realized. No matter how hard I glared at her, she just would not believe anything else, which made you smirk and give me kisses. Which I quite enjoyed and decided to simply ignore Hannah.

Soon enough, my brothers and sisters had come looking for River and Viona, who went off to play some complicated and mysterious game they made up on the spot. By this time, Eris had fallen asleep, as had Harrison, so I handed her over to you and took Orion. He'd been fed and changed by Anise, but was still wide awake and blowing bubbles. I think this is possibly his baby version of singing since he also sort of hums as he blows them.

In any case, I summoned a wrap and tied him to me so that he was on my chest with a good view like he likes. You were initially concerned that I planned to bring him with me, but once I assured you that I wasn't going to be doing anything more alarming than looking at files of dull information trying to find a connection between the victims, you gave me a wonderfully passionate kiss and wished me luck. Your break over as well, you returned to Unity House to play with the Kids until their music lesson with Ethan.

Side note, I have to remember to give him a raise since he consistently gives stellar lessons despite being back in school himself and probably busy with homework and the like.

Anyway, once in Hannah's office, we made a little progress. I *think* we might have found a connection in an unexpected place. A mind healer, er, muggle equivalent of a mind healer. Two of the victims see the same mind healer. It's not perfect because the other two don't so far as we can tell, but it's a start.

Which means that Monday, Hannah and I will be going to talk to the mind healer to see if maybe she is the connection between all four victims. Don't worry, I more than likely won't be bringing *any* of the kids with me. Well... maybe Viona.

Can you try to come home on Monday right after I've woken up and eaten breakfast so that we can have our run or dance before I shower and get ready to go see Hannah? Please and thank you!

So you want to play with magic, boy you should know what you're falling for, baby do you dare to do this? 'Cuz I'm coming at you like a dark horse. Are you ready for, ready for, a perfect storm, a perfect storm? 'Cuz once you're mine, once you're mine, there's no going back,
Draco

P.S. Since you very much wanted to see me all dressed up in one of my posh business suits with my hair died blue at the tips, I chose a dazzling shade of deep 'metallic' blue and did exactly that. If I decide I actually *do* look good like that, I'll leave it that way until Monday or Tuesday at the very least. Unless you decide it doesn't looks as good as you thought it would. In the meantime, you'll have to come find me in our playroom if you want to see how I look. I have a nice book to read, so even if you take all night before reading this email, I have something to keep me occupied.
Saturday October 28th
Master,

My new favorite thing to do? Kneel naked at your feet while shining your shoes while you're not only still dressed but wearing the shoes as I shine them. Adding that your attention was resolutely on your book and not the naked boy at your feet just made the whole thing that much hotter. You being spotless while I had smudges of the polish on me from where you pressed your feet into me had just the right ratio of sexy embarrassment.

I am pretty sure it took everything in my power to not just rut up against you to get you to notice me!

I was right, I called it, I am the all knowing knower of things to be known. You are ridiculously hot with blue in your hair while you wear your posh suit. I can promise you that I will not decide it doesn't look as good as I thought it would. I think you're more likely to run the risk of me begging you to leave it on longer than Monday or Tuesday than to have me ask you to get rid of it. How did I get so lucky as to have the most beautiful being on the planet as my husband?

I promise I will not forget about our early workout date on Monday. But... can you not take Viona? I know she's an almost eerily good judge of character, but she's my baby. If I thought I could get away with it I would ask you not to go either. I know you can handle yourself, but the thought of you in potential danger makes me absolutely sick to my stomach. If something terrible goes down I want to know that you will only be focusing on saving your own skin and not splitting your focus between keeping you AND Viona safe. And let's just be honest with ourselves, you wouldn't split it particularly evenly (not that I'd blame you), you'd throw yourself in front of an AK for her.

I've already had such a wonderful morning with Elena. My sweet girl, she's so mature, she's the oldest, and I sometimes worry she's left out of things due to her age. I decided this morning would be her and I. So I started making crepes right before she woke up (don't worry, I made enough for you, just ask Muffy to pull them out of stasis when you're hungry) and she sat with me while I finished them and then we had breakfast together. After that I took her for a walk around the manor grounds. I just needed to catch up with her, hear how school is going, all of that. I learned some very important information; yes she has a crush and no she wouldn't tell me who it was on! Can you believe the nerve of this girl?

Then she wanted to watch a movie, and settled on rewatching The Nightmare Before Christmas. It didn't take long for the River, Eliza, Sebastian, Gavin, and Della to join us. Your parents were enjoying some quality time with the babies, and the Princess was still sleeping with you. I definitely love this movie, but seeing as I've seen it before I decided to write to you instead of giving the movie my full attention. Lainie doesn't seem to mind as long as I pay attention to the musical numbers. It works out well since the musical numbers are my favorite part of any movie!

DI Giles, Hannah, was quite lovely. I thought I would prefer running with just you, but damn she really pushed me to go harder than I usually do. Maybe we should invite her to more runs to get my
arse in shape. Not all of them mind you, I need you to myself most of the time, but just enough to spark my natural competitive nature.

Our little tea party was so fun. I just think it's hilarious that mask after mask keeps falling off and people are seeing a bit more of the Draco I see constantly. Perhaps it's good she only saw you with the children and the peafowl, can you imagine if she had witnessed you and your owls, or Merlin forbid see the way you dote on your teeny pug? Onyx probably would have been the final nail in your mask's coffin!

You and that ridiculous dog, I swear. "Harry, it's for the children, they will need a dog." Yeah, "the children." I may have been born at night, but it wasn't last night. Pull the other one.

Oh! I absolutely agree that Ethan needs a raise. Yes he has school and homework and other such things a teenaged boy should have. He actually brings his homework with to lessons quite often and will work on it in between students. Or he will sometimes do a bit of the easier stuff when he's set someone a task such as doing scales a certain number of times.

Gotta go, River has decided he is so scared and needs me to snuggle him to keep him safe. I suppose if I must!

Love,
Harry

P.S. It is not irrational to want to keep your bits from being pecked at by birds!

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Monday October 30th
Vozlyublennaya

As promised, you were right in time for our running date. Also as promised, I did *not* bring Viona with me, but honestly, neither of us would have been in the slightest danger. Hannah and I simply went to talk to the muggle mind healer to ask her if she happened to know the other two victims. Nope. She was only therapist to the most recent victim and one of the others. Thus, she is not our connection.

That said, we were sitting at a table outside the mind healer's office and we noticed something odd. There's a couple of other businesses in the same building; one of which is a specialty gym for women. When we double checked the list of everything the other victims paid for regularly, one of them had that very gym as a monthly expense. SO... we *might* have found the connection after all. This table.

We think the murderer might actually sit at this table and watch potential victims come in and out of this building. Especially since there's a park across the street in which the fourth victim took the children she was a nanny for on a daily basis.

While I was talking to Hannah, I broke down and admitted that the reason *I* was interested in the case is because I had a stupid dream that was eerily similar to the most recent victim. She asked me to tell her more about my dream, and when I told her that I was the most recent victim, that I felt not just jealous, but desperately eager to be made perfect for the man I wanted, well...

She thinks she might just know what the murderer looks for in his victims now. What their actual connection is. Low self esteem in their looks leading to a willingness to be 'made perfect.' Not that there is any such thing, but it makes sense.
So Hannah came up with a plan that she's going to bring to her boss for approval. IF it's approved, I've agreed to help her. Basically, she's going to have one of her coworkers go undercover as a mousy and mildly ugly stalker. SHE's going to transfer her gym membership to this one, and I'm going to play the role of her boyfriend. I'll meet up with her here everyday for the foreseeable future, and our stalker will covertly watch us. With any luck, our undercover stalker will capture the attention of the murderer, and he will attempt to go after her. Or him. I'm not sure if our stalker is going to be male or female yet, but either way, if the role is played correctly, it shouldn't matter.

Thus, don't worry, it won't be ME in any danger, but the undercover officer pretending to stalk us. The only thing I'll need to worry about is having permission from you to pretend to be an excellent boyfriend to Hannah - in public, so nothing too much, probably just snogging on occasion.

But in any case, while we wait for the plan to be approved, I had time to pop over to Unity House and talk to Ethan. When I told him that I was impressed enough with him that I wanted to give him a raise, he nearly fainted. Then he almost refused. I was frankly taken aback, but apparently, he's already earning enough money from these afternoon lessons that his parents are suspicious that something untoward is going on. So, before he will agree to a raise, he wants to bring his parents to Unity House to reassure them that he really IS teaching music lessons and that I am not some pedophile pervert paying him for the sorts of things I do to you.

This'll probably come off a bit... bad... but if I really was paying him for the sort of things I do to you, then he would be getting severely underpaid in my opinion! I accidentally blurted that out and made him blush about 20 shades of red, hahaha! But while he is 16 - and thus the age of consent - I'm dead certain he's still a virgin. I mean, just take a look at how he squirms and goes red whenever shagging is mentioned - virgin!

Not that I care. I guess I just feel a bit like an older brother since I'm 20 and easily remember what it was like to be a horny virgin obsessed with and embarrassed by the prospect of sex.

But moving on. You say Elena has a crush??? I'm going to have to have a subtle chat with her in which I look deeply into her eyes, and don't you dare warn her!

You don't wanna hurt me, let's see how deep the bullet lies, unaware that I'm tearing you asunder, there's a thunder in our hearts, baby,

Draco

P.S. I had a glorious time dancing with you after dinner tonight. Our occasional *intense* dancing lessons already seem to be paying off. Which is a good thing because we have an invitation to a Ministry function coming up November 3rd (or 4th, I forget which) that I haven't responded to yet because I wasn't sure if we'd have plans. So... want to go?

P.P.S. Sweet Salazar! The memory of you with shoe polish smudges all over your naked body is going to be wank bank material forever!
Chapter 307

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Halloween ritual at Hogwarts :-)
well as theirs, Lainie's, and my costumes for this party. All you have to dress is yourself and the three wigglers.

I do hope 10:30 isn't too early for you. I know last night was not a good night's sleep. I really wish you could talk to me about these dreams of yours. What are you afraid of? Do you think I am going to figure out a cause to your nightmares and go rushing off half-cocked like an impetuous Gryffindor to save and avenge my man?

On second thought, maybe that is what I would do.

I'm quite glad you let me comfort you when you woke up so scared and upset. You know how much I like being the little spoon, but it's quite nice to hold you every once in a while. And you know I could card my fingers through your hair all day. And all night as it turns out. Every time I thought you were finally settled down you would let out a whimper or a shiver or cling to me. I'm so sorry you had such a rough night my love.

I'd better run and get to the last minute details I came here to do! I can't wait for the party, I'll get to see some of our Unity Royalty, Andi is bringing Teddy, and Bianca and Roderick are coming. Eeeek I can't wait! Hurry up and be 1:00 already!

See you soon,
Harry

P.S. I am remaining neutral in all legilimency of our children. I will neither support nor vilify your choices.

Wednesday November 1st
Liebchen,

It's probably 3 or 4 Wednesday morning, and I'm too wound up to sleep. As usual, sigh. It's probably a good thing that recapping my day tends to relax me, calm me down, and help me get to sleep. I'm not sure if you knew this, but I actually didn't sleep very well before I started emailing you. Unless I took potions, drugs, or found someone to shag to near death. Anyway...

I'll start with the easier things. I think inviting Ethan's parents to Unity House later today for movie night is a brilliant idea. I actually told this to Ethan when he was at Unity House for the Halloween Party. He is excited because he feels that bringing them when he comes for the lesson and having them stay for movie night is probably just about the best impression we can make on his parents. But fear not, they're apparently fairly relaxed in general and not judgmental. After all, they seem to have actually half convinced themselves that their son is my rentboy, and rather than object, they're giving their son the freedom to make his own mistakes.

As for the Ministry Ball, it's a fundraiser because they are hoping to hire more witches and wizards to their response team - you know, when something happens due to accidental magic, these are the people who go in and try to fix it. It's not a very glamorous job, and so they've declined in numbers in recent years, but the Ministry would like to entice more people to apply for the job by having a better salary for them in their budget.

My parents habitually contribute to all Ministry projects that do not directly oppose their beliefs, so they'll be there as well. I personally don't care either way and would have probably just sent in my contribution, but since it IS an excellent excuse to dance with you in public and show off that I snagged you and you're *mine,* I don't mind going. I'll send in our confirmation after I wake up.
Now for a slightly less easy topic. … My nightmare. By the way, me refusing to talk about it last night *wasn't* because I was afraid you'd do anything. And now in the light of day, I'm not afraid of anything. I still don't really want to talk about it, but I will. It's just that last night, in the moment, I was irrationally afraid that talking about the dream would somehow alert the murderer to my presence - as if I was hiding in the corner of the room and didn't want him to catch me. In the light of day, I *know* that can't happen - that even if he did somehow sense me 'watching' him via my dreams, he couldn't get to me in my very well-warded Manor.

That said, the dream really was NOT pleasant. So... I was once again the victim. I was a woman, and I think I must have seen several days worth of things happening in an extremely sped up 'movie' version of events. I started by talking to him. Just pleasantly chatting in a park. Over time, I confided more and more in him, and he was not only sympathetic, but promised that he could help. Eventually I either trusted him, or simply felt I had no other real choice, so I agreed to let him 'fix' me.

That's when the scene shifted to the same - or at least very similar - place as the first nightmare. I was given drugs while on a table and there was a garbled conversation about the things I wanted done to me, and the things he wanted to do to me. I wanted a bunch of fat removed, and he wanted to sculpt me like a porcelain doll. As the drug kicked in, I agreed to more and more things, watching as he removed a few of my lower ribs and sliced fat off my stomach and thighs, which he added to my breasts, hips, and buttocks. Then he sliced bits off my cheek bones and nose, injecting something into my lips to make them plumper.

When a particular corset he wanted me to wear just didn't fit like it should have, he removed quite a bit of my intestines. Finally, it fit and I had a VERY slender waist line. I could feel an immense sense of pride as I slipped into a permanent unconsciousness. That's about the time I think I sat up screaming and you comforted me. When I was finally able to get back to sleep, images of him carving the letters for the word perfection into my skin over and over made me shudder.

Yes, it was a very rough night indeed. And honestly, I didn't really want to tell you all of that and ruin your sleep too. But it sounds like you must have been up with me for the rest of the night anyway. I'm so sorry! All I wanted was for us to snuggle up and go back to sleep.

So, onto much better, if more complicated, subjects!

The Halloween party at Unity house was adorable. A bunch of kids in highly creative costumes is strangely my cup of tea. Or perhaps not so strangely, hahaha!

And then it was time to go to Hogwarts for the ritual/party. We decided that since we were going to be doing an actual ritual this year - unlike last year in which we didn't because it wasn't the actual day - well, we didn't need to start/finish the party quite so early. Thus, we arranged it so that the students had a light feast before we arrived at the Castle.

Starting at 6PM, I called for everyone's attention, asking them to stop eating and listen up for a few minutes before they were to follow us out of the castle.

Macmillan, Patil, Bones, Luna, and I were dressed a bit oddly. We'd decided that since this ritual did NOT habitually include nudity, but that since costumes could be anything - preferably demonic in nature - well... You were there, so you saw. We decided to be naked and heavily painted/decorated so that we *looked* like a bunch of demons. The demon theme was important because it's part of the lesson.
"Everyone here probably knows that Halloween is a time when children dress up in costumes, but you may not know the reason *why* - well, it's because All Hallows Eve, which is more commonly called Halloween and less commonly called Samhain (pronounced sow-in or sow-een), is the night when the veil between the worlds is thinnest. This allows spirits and ancestors to visit us, which is a good thing, but it also allows bad entities to visit too, which is not good. So, to protect their children, parents used to dress them up as demons and other scary things to confuse the bad entities so that they wouldn't be able to prey on them." I explained.

"We sent out notices to everyone that there would be a most horrible/scariest costume contest," Luna reminded everyone. "The winner will be announced later on, in the mean time, each of you can vote by writing the name of the person wearing the scariest costume in your opinion on a piece of paper and slipping it into the magical tally box."

"We've come up with some really good prizes for the winners!" Macmillan announced to cheers.

After that, we passed out cups of seeds and led the students out on a nature walk, encouraging them to commune with their ancestors. The seeds were intended to be left as offerings to feed their
ancestors' spirits, but were also friendly to the wildlife. On this day, when the veil between the worlds is at its thinnest, literally talking to and receiving answers from deceased loved ones is fairly easy. For example, when I had a few minutes to myself, I talked to my grandfathers on both sides, and my grandmother Malfoy. My grandfathers both grumbled indistinctly, but my grandmother chatted on a bit about our kids.

She *normally* would be ashamed of me for having adopted children, but since I *also* provided quite a few blood heirs, she's decided to simply love them all and watch over them. I saw you off to my side about 10 meters whispering to the seeds in your hand, and so, I hope this means that you were able to talk to your parents and be reassured that they still love you and all of our children.

If this ritual was being performed by just the two of us, we could have called them all up and chatted with them together, but since this was public with a large crowd, that wasn't feasible.

This year, since it was the actual day of Halloween, we were able to do a ritual to call up the spirits of a few dead people. So that's what we did. To be honest, none of us had ever done this before, and so, to be safe, we decided to go for spirits that wouldn't be likely to harm us - such as Merlin and the Founders. This turned out to be *brilliant* because not only did it work, but they were all eager to pass on whatever knowledge they could. Seriously, who better to call upon during a school ritual than the Founders of the school?

After we thanked the Founders, offered them seeds to 'feed' them, and promised to call upon them again next year, we closed the ritual with a colorful dance. And I mean that literally. We'd practiced a dance (although I can't remember exactly when we had time to do this) that incorporated lots of colored lights and sparks emitted from our wands. Like streamers and fireworks. I thought it turned out rather well.

Which just left the party in the dungeon with the ghosts. We naturally encouraged the students to talk to the ghosts and get to know them - and there were even more in attendance than last year, so we had to use a LOT of warming charms! After about an hour, all the votes were in, and the top three scariest/most horrible costumes were announced.

The third place costume was a Fifth Year Ravenclaw girl that had decided to come as a half decayed corpse. I think she called it a Zombie. Her prize was a hundred Galleon gift certificate to spend in any shop in Hogsmeade.

Second place was a Third Year Gryffindor girl that had come dressed up as a harpy. Personally, I didn't find her all that scary, so I think she won the popular vote simply because she had also decided on a nude/painted costume and has a rather large chest. My guess is that most of the boys voted for her, hahahaha! Which makes me wonder how she didn't win first place. In any case, her prize was a 500 Galleon mini holiday in London at the Four Seasons George V Hotel, complete with dinner, shopping spree, and spa package. Probably a good thing a girl won that, hahaha. It can be used during Christmas Hols if she wants, or as far off as next summer.
As you might have guessed, I'm the one responsible for the prizes. It's just that I can afford to be extravagant and also, I'm honoring my ancestors and Gods, so I don't want to half-arse it.

The first prize winner was a Seventh Year Slytherin boy who wore a costume that was so legitimately scary that I'm not only not sure exactly what it was, but was a bit hesitant to look directly at him. If I didn't know better, I'd almost swear that he'd summoned an actual demon to wear as a costume for the day. But I do know better as that is specifically warded against. You probably read this in Hogwarts: A History, but very early on in the school's history, a bunch of students thought it would be a brilliant idea to summon up a demon. Possibly each. Which understandably caused a lot of mayhem and injuries. So, after the demon/s were banished by the staff (and our professors thought *they* had it bad, buwahahahaha!), many strong wards were added to ensure that no demon is ever summoned here again. And they're well maintained too, because Hogwarts students aren't known for their sense of self preservation - and I'm not just talking about Gryffindors.

Anyway, his prize was an all expenses paid vacation to Jamaica for him and his family this Christmas. I figured that 2 months was enough time to arrange for the time off from work (unless his parents work for unreasonable tyrants, which, well, is possible, I suppose).

After the winners were announced, you and I excused ourselves. It was about half ten, and our littles
were more than ready for bed. After dropping them off, we went to our final party for the night.

See, you had asked for an adult party too, and after giving it much thought, I decided that I just did not have it in me to plan *three* parties for the same day. That's why I gave the Unity one to Tabitha, focused on the Hogwarts one, and hinted to Blaise that he'd LOVE to throw an adult oriented Halloween party. Which was true.

So, after dressing you up as Aphrodite in a scanty and frilly pink outfit - and dressing up as Eros in nothing but gold body paint and gold glitter charmed to stick to my hair - we went to a party in which we had fun shagging until we were both exhausted. Which didn't take much for me since I had already had a rather long day following a rough night with little sleep. That said, I had a lot of fun. As usual, watching you play with and serve others was my favorite part. Only this time, you took the role of Aphrodite to heart and ordered anyone who wanted something from you - such as kisses or sexual favors - to DO something to earn it.

By Merlin, Salazar, and all the Gods, I love you so much!!!

I - I feel so light, this is all I want to feel tonight, I - I feel so light, tonight and the rest of my life, Draco

P.S. When we came home, I expected to pass out - exactly like you did - only I couldn't. I sometimes wish I knew why I can't sleep when I'm clearly tired, and have to actively purge my thoughts first. Anyway, I had a package from Hannah. Her sister has an owl, so she knew how to borrow it and send me things as necessary. As it turns out, the package contained a file on a brand new murder victim. … She's... pretty much exactly as I saw in my dream. Yeah, I don't think I'm even going to try sleeping for a bit. Whatever you do, DO NOT look in the file on my bedside table in the morning!!!
Chapter 308

Chapter Summary

Ethan's parents are quite relieved that he's not a rent boy after all.

Thursday November 2nd
Good morning my love!

Wow, we have had a busy week!

Halloween was long and exhausting and oh so fun. The party at Unity was perfect. I keep going back in my head to the way I wish things had been when I was growing up, and that party was exactly what I would have wanted when I was a kid. Speaking of people who need raises; Tabitha outdid herself. There was bobbing for apples. There were all sorts of yummy treats. Fun games. Cute kids in costumes. And the best part was that everyone seemed happy and excited and involved. No one sitting on the edges wishing they could join in the fun.

I know we have been so busy, and I know we have our own "little" family to worry about. But I worry that we aren't spending enough time with our Godchildren lately. Seeing Teddy at the party and how big he's gotten, he's just growing so quickly. I know we see him at movie nights and other family events, but we haven't really had one on one time (or two on one) in a while. I think we need to take Teddy on an Uncle/Teddy adventure. Maybe take him just us for a day at Unity Park. And it's funny, I tend to think of Rod and Bee as newborns even though they're older than our babies! Same as with Teddy, we see them regularly, but not just us. I think they are finally getting old enough that we could probably take them on a tiny adventure. Or at the very least have them over for the day while their parents get a break and I can feed them an excessive amount of biscuits and let them get filthy in the garden.

As usual, your ritual was perfect. You and your crew's demon costumes were both impressive and terrifying. Impressively terrifying? The trip to Jamaica for winning a costume contest may have been a bit overkill Draco! It's a good thing you're fantastic with money or I'd be worried that your generosity was going to put us in the poor house!

When I was reading your email, you said something so funny I couldn't stop laughing for a solid five minutes. "You probably read this in Hogwarts: A History, but …" You think I've read Hogwarts: A History?!? At this point I have probably had the whole thing recited to me twice over by Hermione, but NO, I have never read it myself. It's so long and dry and boring and long. No thank you, when I need to know something about Hogwarts I will go ask Hermione, it will probably be just as boring but she usually makes me coffee for the lecture so there are pros and cons.

The absolute best part of the ritual was talking to my parents. Yes, you were right, I did manage to talk to them. It was so nice. I have no memory of them, besides the memory of my mum's murder. I sometimes get flashes like Deja vu when I smell certain scents or hear certain lullabies, so I assume I have some memory in my subconscious but nothing I can actually remember. My only interactions with them have been when priori incantatem forced them out of Voldemort's wand at the graveyard, and when I used the resurrection stone right before I died. Neither of those interactions were particularly fun.
I know my parents loved me. No, I know my parents love me. But I think you understand, when your mum steps in front of an AK for you, or when your mum lies to Voldemort for you, you want to know that the life you're living is worth their sacrifice. There's always that insecure child inside of me worried that my mum is saying "I died so you could live like THIS?" Well, she definitely didn't say that.

I think I will pensieve my memory of talking with them. I think you'd enjoy our conversation. And I would really like to "introduce" you to my parents. Draco, they watch us. They absolutely love and adore our children. My dad thinks I'm a good dad! And my mum, she said, "Your Elena is so much like I was at her age, I get so much joy out of watching my granddaughter come up with all of those brilliant ideas." Her granddaughter Draco!

And my dad. He mostly spoke of you, "Your husband is something special. He stares at you as though you personally hung the moon and stars just for him." My mum sees herself in Elena, and I think my dad sees himself in you. Apparently, all either of you needed in order to become the best men you could be, was a set of green eyes full of love for you. And, you know, inner strength and the desire to be great.

Ok, must distract myself before I cry myself dehydrated!

Ooooh, the adult party. So hot. You in that gold paint? It made me want to tug you into a dark corner and suck you until you came groaning into my mouth. Oh wait, I did do that. Damn darling, we have a lot of filthy depraved friends! Speaking of, I am really getting quite anxious and curious to find out what fun thing Neville and Charlie have planned for us. It's already been a whole month since they said we'd do something fun in two months time. I don't want to wait, I want it now!!

Yesterday I was so tired that I dropped Lainie off at Traditions and came home to sleep for a few more hours. I keep going back and forth between feeling badly that I am not at Unity all day every day and feeling as though I need more time off. I had planned to be mostly a figurehead and a fun uncle at this point, so I try to not feel too guilty when I take a morning off. I would have taken the whole day to rest up but I wanted everything to be perfect for Ethan's parents to come for movie night.

You know since you were there last night, but I made way too many sweets, and may have excessively cleaned the place. What can I say, I stress clean. I blame Petunia.

I know it was the day after Halloween, but I decided to show the greatest Halloween movie of all time; Hocus Pocus. Wasn't it amazing? I know I know, the portrayal of witches in muggle movies is quite terrible. They get nothing right. It's insulting to wizard kind. But I can't help it, it's so funny. And the song Sarah Sanderson sings to lure the children? It's so beautiful. I think you should learn to sing it, I would let you take me away into a land of enchantment!

Weren't Joel and Kathleen so sweet? I can see that Ethan gets his infinite patience with children from both of his parents. They didn't bat an eye at any of the million questions fired at them from the Kids. I think they were mostly just relieved to show up and have proof their son was not a rentboy. After that relief wore off I think they were just super impressed that he had taken a job where he could bring music to children. They seemed especially taken with our Lainie. They obviously love music or they wouldn't own a music store, and they seemed to realize Lainie was a kindred spirit and loved music as much as they do. I heard Kathleen say something about sending some special sheet music to Unity with Ethan.

Eventually everyone had to be tucked in and we had to get our babies home and tucked in. After these last few busy days we weren't far behind following them all to dreamland. And now it's Thursday, I have all of ours with me at Unity (minus Elena being at Traditions of course) and you
are off with Hannah to discuss your recent dreams and the recent case file. Which I did NOT peek at, thank you for the warning!

I hope everything goes well, I hope there are more leads, and I hope they catch this guy before anyone else gets hurt.

Please be safe my love,
Harry

Saturday November 4th
My love,

As you requested, I learned the song for you. Then - because I am a terrible person - I waited until after you (and all the kids) were asleep, and sang it to you in my most creepily soft voice. It was meant to be an eerie lure to kidnap children with after all, hahaha.

Come little children, I'll take thee away, into a land of enchantment, come little children, the time's come to play, here in my garden of magic…

Anyway, it makes a lovely little lullaby too, so I'll sing it properly for you tomorrow when I'm rocking the babies to sleep. Only I might just sing the longer and darker version I found.

Come little children, I'll take thee away, into a land of enchantment. Come little children, the time's come to play, here in my garden of shadows, ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. Follow sweet children, I'll show thee the way, through all the pain and the rows. Weep not poor children, for life is this way, murdering beauty and passions, ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo. Hush now dear children, it must be this way, to weary of life and deceptions, rest now my children, for soon we'll away, into the calm and the quiet.

There's a rather long and beautifully haunting vocalization part here that I think you'd just love. And so would our babies. I might even be able to persuade you to sing it with me.

I feel this is the sort of song I should record myself singing and send to Kisa. I'd bet a small fortune that she'd just love it! Not to mention, she is the one who sang a different but also dark and hauntingly beautiful song to me that went:

I'd love to kill you with a kiss, I'd like to strike you down with bliss, I'd love to tie you up in knots, until your heart stops! I'd love to kill you with a glance, I'd like to put you in a trance, I'd love to drug you with my scent and use you in the moment.

And then there're those vocalizations again. I really love them so much. Anyway, I think you can see why I think Kisa would love this song you had me learn, haha. Note, Kisa wasn't singing the song TO me - as a lover might - but to me because she wanted to share a song she loved and thought I would like.

It's been a few days since I actually had to recap my day before falling asleep, so there's a few things I want to write down before I forget.

Ethan's parents were lovely. I have actually met them before - when I brought Elena into the shop to buy just about everything they had; before Ethan was hired on. It seems that my coming in costume and being highly eccentric was what made them wonder if (especially once Ethan told them I was married to a man) I was actually using him as a rentboy. I mean he'd talk about all the lessons he gave, the various children, and how much fun he had at events like the Gala or when we brought
him to Hogwarts for Mabon. It's just that his stories all seemed a bit TOO good to be true, and so, they suspected that he was making at least some of them up to cover the truth.

They actually apologized to me for their assumption once they saw with their own eyes that Ethan had been telling them the truth all along. The funniest part was that Ethan - KNOWING that he had to have special permission to learn about magic and our world - *didn't* tell them anything about our world. Or magic. So, they were highly confused, hahahahaha!

I mean imagine this for a moment: You're a muggle and have no idea that magic is real. Suddenly your only son - the apple of your eye, the precious fruit of your loins, the joy in your heart - whom you suspect to be doing indecent things to earn all the money he's earning for his college fund (he wants to master in music, if you can believe it, which requires a special school) - he brings you to a run down and dingy place. A pub no less! All the way up to a questionable room.

Suspicions confirmed???

But no! The room has a door that leads to a bright and cheery place full of kids. Those kids range in age from quite young to around Ethan's age, and somehow, all the windows show a spacious landscape with no London skyline in sight. Something weird must be going on, right?

This probably won't come as a surprise to you, but I did NOT explain things to them, acting as if I had no idea what they were getting at, buwahahahahahaha!

But yes, I agree that watching them watch their son was heartwarming. The pride they so obviously felt as he gave a real and full lesson, teaching difficult concepts in a way that even the smallest participating children picked up on fairly easily. And then being graciously invited to stay (well, they already knew they were invited for dinner and movie night, but Ethan has a sort of standing invitation that he accepts whenever he can, and this was part of the reason why they were suspicious. Teens often use the excuse of being at work while doing other things. Not that *I* ever did any such thing, haha), it was such a relief to them that their son was following his passions and dreams and earning real money as he did so.

Ethan came over at one point and I explained that he was refusing a raise unless his parents could see for themselves that he wasn't doing anything iffy to earn the money. They both have given music lessons in the past - as a job, not just to Ethan - so they know that it's a difficult field to earn a real living in, and yet, that it should be well paid when a person has real skill. Even so, they were a bit confused that I wanted to give a teenager a raise that would be - in essence - paying him what a fully trained and qualified adult would earn. But I told them that he teaches up to 30 (I think that was how many kids were being taught before the last Gala thinned out the herd) kids, goes to school, and basically goes far above and beyond what his actual job duties ask for. Thus, he *deserves* to get paid a lot more than he's currently getting.

When put that way, Joel and Kathleen not only agreed, but hugged their son in teary eyed pride for about a minute straight.

On Thursday night, I found a few minutes to have a chat with Elena. But if you're hoping I suddenly know who her mystery crush is, I must apologize. Despite have a minor moral dilemma about using Legilimency on our daughter, I read her mind as I specifically asked about a crush. She - not knowing that I was basically trying to read her diary (so to speak) did *nothing* to guard her thoughts. The reason I have no idea who her crush is is because several different people flashed through her mind in response to that question.

For one interesting moment, I thought she had a crush on Yesenia, but then I realized that it was simply great admiration and respect. Kisa popped up, making me wonder if Elena was gay and we'd
somehow missed the signs, but then I realized that Elena felt the same for Kisa as she does for Yesenia. With a bit of added love of cousins/family/aunt niece. Their exact relationship is Great Aunt/Great Niece, but that doesn't flow as well, and with them being so close in age, I think they consider each other more like close cousins or possibly even sisters.

A few of the kids that she spends time with at Traditions popped up for a second or two, but I didn't get a true sense of a crush for any of them. We chatted about other things, and after the entire conversation was over, I had time to think and realized something important... Ethan popped up in her thoughts a lot. With her being so very much into music, this didn't seem odd to me, but when I looked back on it, I really have to wonder if HE'S the one she has a crush on. That said, I didn't get the feeling - that warm rush of love - that I would associate with a crush, so... I have no bloody idea who she likes!

It sort of frustrates me too!

But moving on.

Thursday and Friday were spent going over the most recent victim's life and looking for any connection to the other victims. Talking with people she knew. Things like that. PRIOR to me asking to be part of the case and basically getting the Ministry to pull a few strings for me, the 'Perfection Killer' case had been assigned to different officers completely. They'd done their jobs, trying to solve the murders, but... I'm not entirely sure how to put this...

It feels to me as if they didn't have true motivation, and so, didn't get very far. I know that it merely LOOKS that way to me because they seemed to make no progress, but that they actually DID do quite a lot. Such as gather financial records and talk to people. Things that Hannah and I benefit from, but...

I guess I'm just frustrated that the case wasn't solved back when the first woman turned up dead.

Anyway, now that I'm helping Hannah with the legwork that the initial team of officers did, I can appreciate a little better why it's not so easy to just find a murderer. She doesn't usually work murder cases, but took this one because she's the unofficial official liaison between the muggle police and the Ministry, and that was exactly what I needed if I was serious about trying to help solve the case.

Just so you know, those strings the Ministry pulled for me weren't big or dramatic. Auror Bletchly simply looked up the contact details for the best Liaison for the circumstances, introduced me to her, and when she realized that she'd need to have the case transferred to her for me to help with it, made a call to her superiors, who asked for the Ministry to send an official request for it to be transferred to her, which they did, so it was. I am not obligated to pay for the favor in any way as Robards feels that if I solve the case (even if I only help a little) that will be more than enough payment for the strings pulled.

Even so, I sent him a nice bottle of rum for his help.

Meanwhile, Hannah's boss took some time to think over her proposal. He talked with a few officers he thinks might do a good job of going undercover and 'stalking' us. Once a well respected man agreed, the plan was fine tuned a bit, and I was brought in so that we could all discuss it. It wasn't until I convinced them that I could convincingly play the role of Hannah's boyfriend that the plan was approved.

Which means that yes, I had to act like a real boyfriend to her in front of her boss and the other officer, but that wasn't the thing that convinced them. It was...
Sigh...

I told them about my dreams. In detail. Apparently the detail of having a few of the lower ribs removed hadn't made it into the official file yet because that hadn't been discovered until the Autopsy, and so Hannah didn't know about it and her boss had only *just* found out. At first, that made me the most likely suspect, but since the actual murder took place after my dream - while I was conducting the Halloween ritual at Hogwarts with thousands of people who could confirm my whereabouts - I went from suspect to legitimate 'seer' in about 5 minutes. Which was how long it took for me to Insta-owl Robards and have him send along an official alibi on Ministry stationary. The muggle police don't know exactly what the Ministry is, but they know that it's a high ranking secret part of the government, and so, I was well and truly vouched for.

Side note, I hadn't realized that Robards was at the Halloween ritual, but apparently he has a nephew in Hufflepuff and came simply to see him for a few hours. It just so happened to work out in my favor, haha.

So, all of this is basically explaining how - starting Monday - I will be over the moon for Hannah and snogging her every chance I get. I promise to find it extremely yucky, but I *won't* make disgusted faces and ruin the act. Besides, before you get too jealous, she actually has a real life boyfriend who also had to give permission for her to be all lovey dovey and make out with me. Me and her get on, but it has a sort of brotherly sisterly quality to it, and so, I'm not actually attracted to her. I'm almost certain that if she showed up at Blaise's club the next time we were there and begged me to bugger her senseless, I'd probably decline because I'd feel weird doing someone I think of as a sister. But like I said, she's utterly in love with her boyfriend, and so, there's really nothing to worry about or be jealous of.

I. Love. YOU.

So now I finally arrive at the best part of this email. Tonight.

It was the day of the Ministry ball. We both looked fabulous in our dress robes. You in your glorious green and gold. Me in a soft shade of gold that just looks splendid on me. It was a good way to look coordinating and 'match' without actually matching. We're both gorgeous, so we probably would have attracted all of the attention even if we *weren't* Harry Potter and that Death Eater brat that somehow managed to ensnare and marry him.

Knowing that we were going to be at a Ministry ball, I focused all of our last few dance lessons on
the basic dance steps you'd be expected to use the most. The box step is the foundation of the waltz and other such dances, so knowing it ensures that you won't look stupid if you have to dance with someone else.

I was right, you looked beautiful when you danced with others. Don't get me wrong, you clearly need to practice more and learn a few more steps before you could attend a function like this on your own and keep up, but for your level, you are very graceful and much more confident than you were at last year's ball.

But best of all was that I could see it in your eyes when you wanted 'rescuing' and so, would excuse myself from my own dance partner to go over and cut in on yours. This happened so often (about a third of the times that you agreed to dance with others) that it became something of a fond joke the others told as they gazed at you adoringly. We danced together nearly half of all the total dances, and your skill improves dramatically when you're in my arms. Or at least I'm paying so much attention to your perfect green eyes that I completely don't notice what your feet are doing.

That said, I DID pay attention when you were dancing with my mother, and yes, you do have a solid foundation of dance knowledge. My mother knows that you are used to being led, and so, made it very easy for you to take the lead without feeling awkward. I think that's actually the reason you kept looking at me to rescue you - you aren't used to leading and would get a bit flustered if your partner silently tried to take over unexpectedly and 'teach' you more steps.

All in all, it was a wonderful date night. The part I found hilarious was when - toward the end - we decided to go add our contribution to the donation box. Well, we're a couple, and couples make a single donation. For example, my parents. My father pulled the paper voucher (I think muggles have something similar that they call a check. It's basically a thing that can be brought to Gringott's and drawn from the appropriate vault so that we don't have to carry large amounts of coins on us at all times) out of his pocket, handed it to my mother, and she gracefully handed it to the witch in charge of the donation box.

This was a simple way to show that the donation was from both of them. The witch expected this, nodded at them, and then slipped the paper into the box. This added step (not allowing people to put the voucher in the box themselves) is a security measure so that no one can touch the box and cast theft spells on it.

Anyway, when we decided it was our turn, we walked over to the box and smiled at the witch. I pulled a voucher out of my left inner breast pocket and handed it directly to her. She took a look at it and gave me a happy grin that I was being so generous. Then she turned her smile on you, implying to my practiced eyes that she was certain you had talked me into such generosity. Only you surprised and shocked her.

"I have my own fortune and am an equal in this marriage, so I do not let my husband make donations to charity on my behalf. If I feel like the cause is worth donating to, I donate to it," you informed her as you handed her a voucher from your vault. I gave you a possessive kiss because your slightly annoying need to spend your money on things you really don't need to - to prove that you are an equal when it's never been a question in my mind that we are equals in this marriage - well, it's endearing and one of the things I find that I love most about you.

The rest of the night was a bit of us drifting into our own world, dancing with mostly each other, and giving each other kisses whenever the urge struck. So, about once every minute or so, hahaha! I'm not sure anyone wanted to intrude, which might explain why we were mostly left alone and allowed to pretend like we were the only ones there.

The night ended when we just couldn't wait a moment longer. I was in the middle of a sentence to
Minister Shacklebolt - I don't even remember what we were discussing. Something about hybrid magical/muggle tech, I think - when I saw you giving me this adoring and slightly indecent smirk. Naturally, this cleared everything else from my mind, so I informed Shacklebolt: "So sorry, Minister, but I suddenly have dire need of my husband, and so, we will be leaving."

Chuckling, you added: "Bye Kingsley, I'll see you next Sunday at the Burrow!" By which I gathered that we'd apparently agreed to have lunch or dinner at the Burrow the Sunday a week from tomorrow.

He barely had a chance to return the: "See you then," when I grabbed you, kissed you, and Apparated us directly to our play room. One might think that shagging to utter exhaustion would have put me right to sleep, but you know me, that's apparently when my mind becomes the most active. Thus, this email.

But I think I can sleep now.

I love to watch you in your sleep, 'cuz you don't have power over me, and when you're awake I'm undone, under your spell... in... He~~~~~~~~~~~~ll, ooooooooooooooo... Draco
Harry cannot handle the idea of Draco being in even the slightest bit of potential danger.

Monday November 6th
My brave husband,

I am calm. I am calm. I am calm. Do you think if I repeat that often enough I will begin to believe it? Because I think I need to do something to keep myself from panicking.

It's Monday afternoon. Yesterday, we had an absolutely wonderful day all together as a family. It was one of those beautiful and rare fall days where it's warm enough to enjoy the outdoors, the sun is shining on all of the beautiful colors the earth is turning, and you can just start to sense the world preparing to sleep. Mmm I love fall! We finished getting the gardens ready for the upcoming winter. All of the kids big enough to play on our playground did so for hours. It was just a wonderful family day.

Except for the four and a half hours of running I did. I hated "wasting" that much time away from the family, but I don't have much time until my first ever marathon. I hope I didn't forget to tell you, seeing as you didn't know why we were going to see Kingsley on Sunday. I'm running the Cornish Marathon in Cornwall that day. Afterwards the entire family is invited to the Burrow for dinner. Molly's going to make treacle tart for me. There will be plenty of hot cocoa and other hot drinks to warm everyone up that comes to see me run. I invited Kingsley since he's the one that introduced me to the Aurors and pushed me to do their training regimen. I may not have joined the Aurors but the training gave me a love for exercise and running in particular.

I am so glad I didn't join the Aurors. But I am feeling a bit like the spouse of an Auror today. You left early this morning, and I don't mean just early for you, but actually early. You're off to bait a serial killer. No stress at all. I suppose you're technically baiting the bait. I could not sleep last night. What if the killer realizes you're not who you say you are? What if last night was the last night I ever got to hold you, kiss you, sleep with you?

Ok that won't happen, you're brilliant and cautious and not the actual bait. Not the actual bait. I am calm, you're not the actual bait. Do I sound convincing yet?

So this morning when you woke up, I got up. Gave you so many kisses I may have even reached YOUR limit of wanted kisses. We had breakfast, more kisses, and then I sent you off to save the world. I made sure to tell you before you left, but I will tell you again, you are my heart and soul, you are the best parts of me, I love you more than words can possibly say.

I got the rest of our family ready to start the day. With the exception of needing someone to talk to, Lainie is self sufficient in the mornings. River needs a little bit of help, a reminder to brush his teeth, telling him to turn his t-shirt right side out, things like that, but for the most part he's pretty independent as well. The babies obviously need everything done for them, but they're pretty easy, bottle, change the nappy, put on cute clothes, they're good.

And then there's the Princess. Normally I let you take care of Viona's morning routine. She likes to
sleep in like you do, you have matching skin care routines, she likes you the best, it just makes sense. So in the same amount of time it took me to get the other five ready, I spent getting Viona ready. "Mumdah! Want nana!" Excuse me Miss Demanding? "Mumdah, nana pwees?" And Merlin forbid I peel the banana for her. "No! Me do." So I have to peel it a little bit to get it started but not so much that she thinks I've done it for her like a baby. They all got baths last night so I didn't have to bathe her thank goodness, but she still wanted her creams and lotions and in the correct order. "No, Mumdah!" every time I tried to do them in the wrong order.

And then came the closet. I thought she was bad when she was tiny, she would pull faces and whine until I picked the right outfit. But now that she can walk, and has enough words to vocalize her displeasure? "No Mumdah, no bwoo" since when does she not want blue? She looks so stinking cute in blue! Hopefully she just wasn't in a blue kind of mood today. I finally managed to get her into a cozy knit sweater dress. But little miss "No, Mumdah, me do" had to do everything herself which of course took twice as long as if she had just let me help her.

Have you noticed her two favorite words? "No" and "Mumdah." And just as I was getting ready to attempt to pull out the Daddy Draco eyebrow arch, she grabbed my face and said, "Wuv Mumdah" and then kissed me. She wrapped me right around her little fingers and like a sucker I just fell for it. How do you ever say no to those big brown eyes?

After dropping Lainie off at Traditions we finally made our way over to Unity, where I was able to let River and Viona run wild at the Park with Seth, David, and Sheila. The five of them were watched over by Maya, which meant Viona had to find her "Grey" and force him to watch her as well. So Luna and I sat and snuggled with the Eri, Ori, Haz, and Carlito, and chatted away. I hoped that being at Unity would distract me from worrying about you, but instead Luna managed to get me to divulge all of my worries while we talked. I only stopped blubbering when Eris started fussing at me, apparently my sadness displeased her!

Luna put all four babies in the large pram, took them for a walk, and told me to take as much time as I needed to get calm. So I organized the music room, started a batch of biscuits, and came in my office to message you. I'm feeling a little better, and by that I mean I have stopped blubbering.

Better run before I burn something.

I love you Draco Lucius Malfoy.

Come home safe to me,
Your Harry

Friday November 10th
Beloved,

I have a whole week to recap, since I've been taking potions to help me sleep at a 'reasonable' time each night, and therefore, haven't had a chance to email before bed like I usually do. Monday morning I was up and out of the house at -Gods! What? 8 AM? 7AM? It was some ungodly hour that I *never* want to see again, unless it happens to arrive as I'm crawling into bed.

Anyway, the reason for the early hour was so that Hannah could take me shopping before our job officially started. I needed to look thoroughly muggle, and not quite so well off. So, I bought at least a half dozen pairs of jeans. Of course, I'm still a snob, and so, I didn't get *any* old pair - I bought some high end denim from Yves Saint Laurent, Gucci, and Armani - in various degrees of distress.
Then I bought some polo shirts, sleek jumpers, and button ups to go with those jeans and still look... well, a bit like I was raised a wealthy brat that has to make do with a budget, actually. But whatever, unless the murderer is well versed in fashion, all he should really notice is that I'm a little better dressed than most people.

Also, because I thought it was amusing and that you'd like to see me dressed, er, down actually, I bought a sort of strange, colorful, tacky shirt in a style called Hawaiian. I'll probably wear it once so you can laugh at it, and then have it burned or vanished, but I will admit that it made me smile when I saw how absurd it is.

Moving on.

After buying a new wardrobe and changing into something appropriate, Hannah and I took a bus to a stop about 2 blocks away from our target area. Hand in hand and humming ever so slightly, we walked to the specialty women's gym. This was our pattern for the entire week. We were putting on a show, yes, but our show was meant to give our stalker something to watch - which will in turn hopefully attract the murderer.

We arrived a little after 10AM and sat at the table to chat for a bit.

"My appointment's at half ten," Hannah said.

"And how long must you do this?" I wondered, knowing my lines by heart at this point.

"Until my strength returns to normal and I'm cleared to go back to work," she replied. That's our backstory - that she's recovering from an injury and is off work until she's better. MY part of the backstory is that I'm unemployed and looking for work in my chosen field, which is why I have so much time to just lounge around with her.

After chatting and being annoyingly lovey dovey for a bit, it was time for her appointment. She really had one, but unless the murderer is literally an employee of the gym, he shouldn't find out that her appointment is with a personal trainer rather than a physical therapist. This place offers both. That said, we all agreed that a person who has a lot of free time to sit at this table and watch people in the park probably isn't working in the gym.

During her appointment, I wandered the park to give Officer Edwards a chance to stalk me. I caught a glimpse of him a couple of times during the week, and wow! He *really* underwent a transformation! He was quite good looking at the meeting on Friday, but now, he looked like an overgrown teenager. Gangly. Awkward. Greasy. Definitely self conscious. He did an excellent job of maintaining a distance. I don't think I would have noticed him at all if I hadn't sort of been looking for him, but I never let on that I'd seen him because that would ruin both our covers. I'm not supposed to know him or realize that he's there.

As we worked, we all wore recording devices attached to our bodies. This wasn't so that a person could monitor us, but rather so that we could review anything we needed to. For example, if I talked with a person in the park, and then later that person goes missing, maybe there was a clue in our conversation. More importantly, we're all equipped with an alarm so that if Officer Edwards gets snatched - or I see him get snatched - I can activate the alarm and other officers will be able to track all the alarms, and thus, rescue him.

So, other than what I've already said, not much happened the whole week. After Hannah's appointments each day, we grab some fish and chips from a cart on the street (side question, how is this a thing???). It's cheap and almost too greasy for me, and I have no idea how it's considered fish, but I pretend to like it. It might actually be growing on me. After eating, we traipse through the park,
chattering on and on about how frustrated Hannah is that her therapy is taking so long, and how frustrated I am that no one seems to be hiring. Earlier today (Friday), my backstory progressed and I 'got a job' as a bartender working from 6PM to midnight at a Restaurant in Mayfair called Greenhouse.

By the way, when this is over, we should go to Greenhouse at least once. I had to visit it for research purposes so that I could talk about it and know what I was talking about, and it looks rather nice. Definitely something I think we'd both like.

Anyway, my fake work hours for my backstory give me plenty of time to be a good boyfriend to Hannah - meaning that we can still spend the hours of about ten to two at the gym and park and not be contradicting our story. On Monday, I'm going to have Muffy pack a picnic basket so that I don't have to eat those greasy fish thingies again. I may not be gaining weight because of them, but I feel off for hours after eating, and I don't like it.

And besides, sitting on a blanket in the park and eating a picnic will give Edwards something to positively seethe over, hahaha. Maybe it'll be the thing that helps the case progress. Chasing each other around and playing stupid little nonsense games sure hasn't. So far as we can tell.

The only other thing of note for the entire week is that while waiting for Hannah to finish her appointment, I end up playing with a couple of kids in the park. Kids too young to go to any sort of school but old enough to be taken to a park by their mums. While I play with the kids, the mums are naturally curious as to why a grown man is playing in a park with kids. Apparently, they all assumed one rather disturbing reason, and so, I had to explain that I have two brothers who have six kids between them. This allowed me to go on and on in 'uncle-y' pride about how adorable and wonderful my nieces and nephews are. Apparently you are not the only one who gets lost in prideful tangents when talking about our kids, haha.

Last thing before I sign off and go to bed, I'm excited to watch you run this weekend. I'll be wearing as many of our littles as I can so that we can all cheer you on. I might need to recruit Elena and River to help out so that I can have Viona duty - unless I have Muffy lurk behind Viona invisibly so that our Princess can't run or fly away when I take my eyes off her for a moment to watch your fit and sexy body.

And then next weekend is our second date with Neville and Charlie. They've made all the plans this time and won't tell us anything, so I still have no idea where we're going or what we're doing, but I'm certain we'll have a lot of fun.

But that's all for now.

And when you find yourself lying helpless in his arms, you know you really lo~~~~~~ve a (heh heh) good mutt, (HAHAHA!)

Draco
Chapter 310

Sunday November 12th
My Dragon,

I am so exhausted. But I am so wound up. I'd like to be lying in your arms and talking but you had to take your sleeping potion so you could wake up early tomorrow for the beginning of another week of undercover work. So email it is!

After our week of barely seeing each other I would have liked spending all day Saturday with you, but I needed to run a bit to keep myself ready for today, and you had some very needy children who wanted all of your attention.

Lainie was fine, she's at school all day anyway so she is used to not seeing you during the day. But she had some new songs and dance moves she wanted to show you. I love watching the both of you dance, whether it's alone or with other people, but watching you and our daughter together doing something you're both brilliant at and passionate about is wonderful. I should pensieve the memory for you, the two of you seem to be in a seamless competition. Both of you took turns adding a new element to see if the other would keep up. I managed to get a few pictures, there's one where you are both looking at each other with challenge in your eyes, your cheeks pinked up, Elena's curls flying about behind her. That one is going on the wall for sure!

River spent most of this week playing at the Park. He played well with the small Kids in the morning, but he had the most fun when the half day Kids came back from Traditions. He has developed quite the friendship with Davey, and the two of them spent the entire afternoon rampaging the Park. So when River had his time with you yesterday he wanted to show off all of his newly learned skills. I think he might be part monkey because he can scale our climbing wall in no time. I have to watch out for him or it won't be long before he takes over my title as the reigning champion of the climbing wall.

Unsurprisingly Viona was thrilled to have her favorite minion back under her control. Oh, were you unaware that you've become someone's minion? You're adorable. Even when you were playing one on one with the other children, Viona was right there with you. While you and Lainie danced, Viona was in the ballroom dancing to some tune no one else seemed to hear. While you watched River show off his new playground skills, Viona sat happily on your shoulders and watched with you. Whichever baby you were holding, she would sit next to you and babble while petting their hair. And while you were getting her ready, I heard her babbling at you from the closet and could hear a number of "Mumdahs" I assume she was complaining about my attempts at dressing her this week.

Ori and Haz seemed happy to see you. They snuggled with you. Orion showed off his ability to almost crawl, which means he would get up on all fours, rock a bit, and then give up by falling down and barrel rolling to wherever he was trying to go. Harrison, was just his usual sweet self, although a little moodier than usual. He cut his first tooth this week and the one next to it is still trying to pop through. You're such a good Daddy, as much of a snob as you are and you still let him gnaw on your shirt a bit to soothe his sore gums.

And Miss Eris, unless she was napping, eating, or showing off her mad crawling skills, was worn by you the entire day. She and I had so much fun together this week, but Monday and Tuesday in particular were pretty rough, she was not pleased to be away from you for so long. You think I'm a sucker for Viona's big puppy dog eyes? You should see the look on your face when Eris bats those long lashes at you. You are thoroughly smitten with this "demon" of ours.
Mmm last night was delicious. All week we've barely had time to do anything. A little bit of frotting, some hand jobs, and ONE decent full shag. I was going through withdrawals! But last night? Mmmmmmm.

Once the kids were all in bed, we went up to the onsen, cuddled under the stars, and talked. Merlin, I missed you. I could have stayed like that all night, but I did need to get some good rest before today's marathon and I certainly wanted at least one good long shag, so we made our way to the playroom eventually. You started off strapping me to my spanking bench and warming my backside. It's been a while since I've gotten any maintenance spankings, I needed that so badly.

Then came the torture. Ok it wasn't literal torture, although I could use a good night of torture. Mmm, you know how I like pain with my pleasure, I wonder what it would be like to let you torture me all night? Like the few times you've spanked my bollocks, I am picturing an entire night of spankings and plugs and clamps and crops and violet wands and mmmmmm. Yeah let's do that.

Where was I? Oh that's right, the torture. You pulled out the potion for instant recovery time. I figured you were going to keep recovering yourself and denying me an orgasm until the end. Nope, the opposite. You cast a denial spell on yourself and set the potion to the side. You kept me strapped to the bench and spent what felt like an eternity working me open. Fuck, your tongue and fingers are magical. I mean, I know they're magical because they're part of you, but there's something extra wonderful about the way you make love to me. Then you took me hard and fast. I couldn't touch my cock and the bench is set up so that I have nothing to rut against, so I eventually came untouched just from you hitting that perfect spot over and over.

That's when you unstrapped me and made me take the potion. This time you made me ride you. I don't know if you felt this when you took the potion, but it not only made me ready again, but frantic to come. Although thinking about it now, I am sure you were aware since you made me ride you slowly. I couldn't lift up until you told me to and I couldn't slide back down until you approved that as well. You made me touch myself softly and slowly. "Lift up mutt, no slower, just like that good boy. And back down, naughty mutt no slamming back down, just nice and slowly for me. Wrap your hand around your shaft, gently, yes now you're getting the idea, I want everything nice and slow and lovely for my good little mutt. Use the other hand to play with those pretty nipples of yours, just like that love." You just laid back, hands linked behind your head, looking like a bored playboy. If I hadn't felt that hard cock of yours twitching inside of me I would have thought you weren't enjoying yourself.

You finally let me speed up, making me spill over while riding you and tugging myself off. I came all over your chest and then you made me lick up my mess. Fucking shite that was filthy and embarrassing and so bloody hot. You certainly know me. When you were all clean I tried to snuggle up with you to rest for a moment. You gave the dirtiest haughty laugh, "Oh my silly mutt, do you really think I'm done with you? Take that potion and get on your hands and knees." Another instant recovery potion? In case you're keeping track of the potion's effects, the second time it's taken during the same session? Twice as frantic to fuck and come as the first dose.

"Hands and knees love." I scrambled quickly to get where you wanted me. You nudged my knees further apart than normal and started alternating spankings between my sore, swollen hole and my poor overworked bollocks. I was frantic, and harder than I think I have ever been before, and I started blubbering and begging you to fuck me. You did not disappoint. You slammed into me in one hard thrust. I think it took only three or four more hard thrusts and I was already coming again.

"Again already? You are an insatiable little mutt aren't you?" More babbling from me, "Yes Master, please please please just fill me!" And that filthy chuckle came again, "you think I'm done with you? Take that potion one more time love."
Oh my gods, no way could I do that again. "No Master, please don't make me, I can't take it." You stopped slamming into my arse, "Are you using your word Harry? I think you can do this but you know I won't force you. Can you do this for me?"

I'm your good boy and you had faith in me, "I can do this for you" I murmured before I took the last of the potion.

Fucking fucking fuck shite bollocks hell bloody buggering fuck. I started screaming and crying and begging and pleading. I heard you "finite" your denial spell and felt you speed up. You leaned into my ear, "Come for me my very good boy" and I did. My clenching and squealing must have tipped you over the edge and you finally, finally, filled me. After that everything was a blur, or a fog, but as I woke up this morning in our bed, nice and clean, with a hint of chocolate in my mouth, I have to assume you took very good care of me.

Between you buggering me into oblivion before bed, and either you or Muffy getting up all night with the babies, I woke up this morning well rested, refreshed, and ready for my first ever marathon. I had breakfast with all of you, although I ate some quite different foods than you did, no one else needed to start their day with that many carbs! I left you to get our whole crew ready, I gave all of the kiddos big hugs and kisses. And then I left to check in.

You were all planning on magic carpeting your way to the race, but I just took a preset portkey.

Wow, that marathon was no joke. I'm pretty pleased with my run time. Honestly, for my first marathon I was just happy to have been able to finish it. My time of 4:44 was not as good as timing myself at home, but I'm familiar with the terrain at the manor, this was a different area.

The highlight of my run, even more than finishing, was running past my cheering section. I knew you were going to try and bring all of our kids, but I was surprised to see so many of our circle come out to cheer me on. You didn't even need to have Elena or River wear the babies. Wasn't I surprised to see Hermione, Ron, and Blaise wearing Roderick, Bianca, and Harrison. Lainie was holding hands with River. And you were wearing Viona, she must have really missed you this week because she usually thinks she's much too big to be worn anymore, and she didn't seem to be putting up any fuss. Luna had Orion with her, and I was certainly surprised to see Ginny next to her looking all couple-y. But the biggest shock, was tall, strong, Kingsley, wearing our dainty little Eris. I didn't know he was coming to the race, I thought I would just see him at the Burrow!

And my celebration dinner at the Burrow? So fun! I love our circle dinners at the Manor. I mean, the Manor is home to me, it's where we're raising our children, I love it. But the Burrow has such a different feel to it. Cozy and warm, and people packed wall to wall. Kids running everywhere! As they weren't at the actual race, I had to give a full play by play of my run to Mac, Eliza, Sebastian, and Gavin. Teddy and Della wanted plenty of hugs and attention, but did not seem particularly interested in hearing me describe running for a long time.

But now we're home, you're asleep nice and warm and snuggled up in our bed. And after writing, I think I am sufficiently calm enough to fall asleep myself. I'll miss you again tomorrow.

Be safe, come home to me,
Harry

Monday November 13th
Dearest Harry, dragi,
I'm not sure, but I think progress was made today. As Hannah and I were enjoying a sickeningly romantic picnic in the park after her appointment, Officer Edwards was approached by a man who asked him all sorts of questions. It seems that Edwards' act is working. People are noticing him stalking us and mostly just leaving him to it because he's not doing anything alarming. That said, this man wanted to know why Edwards kept watching us in particular.

So Edwards went into his backstory. He went to school with Hannah - who hasn't changed her name or occupation because it works well with her reason for needing therapy. He's had a major unrequited crush on her ever since, but Hannah never notices him even though he follows her everywhere she goes. The man offered some reasonable advice counseling him to get over her and try to find someone else, since Hannah is clearly happy in her relationship.

At this point, Hannah and I had nearly finished our picnic and were playfully wrestling around on the ground. Hoping that this was the murderer, Edwards made a statement that suggested that he didn't think he'd ever be able to get over Hannah and sincerely wished that there was something he could do to make her realize that he was perfect for her. Then he grumbled on a bit about how I'm a lowly bartender and how Hannah deserved someone who could take care of her - like he could as a well-off game developer.

Not wanting to push it too far and overplay his hand, Edwards grumbled and walked away, leaving the man staring after him with a sort of suspicious expression. So...

The next few evenings will consist of Hannah, Officer Edwards, and me going over everything we can discover about that man. Prior to now, I've been home in time for dinner and a few snuggles with the kids before having to go to bed early. Tonight I will be late (I'm writing this from Hannah's office where we're working now that our daily show is over for the afternoon), because we need to know everything there is to know about that man as soon as possible. If he's the killer, Hannah is determined to find proof and arrest him before he can kill anyone else.

The only other thing of note that happened today was that one of the mothers in the park - while I was waiting for Hannah - was flirting with me so heavily that I nearly blushed! She was calling me things like gorgeous and hot and fit and - well, I know these things are true and you remind me of them all the time, but hearing it from a virtual stranger was not only flattering, but rather ego boosting.

Along the same lines, a different mother with a single little girl River's age told me that I was so good with kids that she wished she could hire me as a nanny - a man nanny? A Manny?? I took that as an invitation to gush all about my wonderful 'nieces and nephews' which made her smile fondly. I think that maybe after this murderer has been caught and I'm no longer undercover, I'll invite her and her little girl to the manor to play with our kids and siblings.

Which reminds me, are we neglecting our kids because we don't have regular playdates set up with OTHER kids??? Kids that aren't related to them and could potentially be future best friends? Should I hire an assistant who's sole job is to find other kids to bring to the manor for playdates?

And speaking of hiring people, I FINALLY managed to find a qualified dance teacher for Elena that I trust not to be a pervert or pedophile. Her name is Gloria and she's from Spain, so she can teach Elena those Spanish and latin dances that are part of their culture, but still teach the other dances as well because she's well versed in nearly all the dance techniques. AND - since you mentioned it - I found a teacher specifically for River, to teach him to play the violin. I took pity on poor Ethan and chose someone else since he's already so busy teaching all the Unity Kids - not to mention any of the Traditions Kids who stay after school to take the lesson too.

My mother has already been teaching River, Gavin, and Eliza how to play the piano, so she agrees
with you that River has musical aptitude and will probably quite enjoy the lessons.

But back to Elena's teacher, it seems that Eliza - while not quite as passionate as Elena is about dancing - DOES want to learn too, so it'll be the two of them learning, and probably Sebastian. I feel a little bad for him, but because he has basically refused to learn anything not directly related to potion making, our parents are insistent that he have some regular exercise that isn't simply playing with the other kids - when he consents to actually do so. Thus, the lessons will be the three of them, which is still small enough for them to all receive personal attention, but big enough to give them a little bit of natural competition to do well, and someone to practice with.

Bugger, it seems I've spent just a little too much time writing this email and now have to make up for it by buying something caffeinated and hot to drink while we work. See you when I get home. Love you!

I want to be where the sun warms the sky, when it's time for siesta, you can watch them go by, beautiful faces, no cares in this world, where a boy loves a boy, and a bo~~~y loves a boy,

Draco

P.S. Thinking about you and our divine night on Saturday created some problems in my trousers at the most inconvenient times today!
Chapter 311

Chapter Summary

Harry's moping and Draco's not making much progress.

Thursday November 16th
Morning,

I've spoken before about my logical side sometimes arguing with my emotional side. How I logically know children need structure and discipline, but in reality it's hard for me to be stern because of my childhood. How I know that sex is normal and natural and not something to be ashamed of, but knowing McGonagall and Hagrid know about my apparent level of sexual expertise has me flushing and embarrassed. Well, I logically know that I married the most amazing man; he's brilliant, and generous, and so concerned about others' wellbeing that he's helping to solve a muggle murder! But my emotional side is so lonely and misses you so much.

I know, I am being utterly selfish. I sometimes have to spend days at a time at Unity for one reason or another. I was gone for an entire week, no one knew where I was, and I was just living it up in a hotel in London and wandering the city! Ok, I did have amnesia and didn't realize I was doing that, but still. You loved me and supported me through all of that. You don't whine at all when I am taking care of babies at Unity and letting you care for all of ours by yourself. And I also feel terribly selfish because I want this killer found, and most of my reasoning is that I want my husband back as opposed to wanting a killer brought to justice before he kills again. I'm the absolute worst.

Neither I, nor the Kids, were happy about your absence from movie night last night. A direct quote from Hattie, "Draco's not coming? But who will make comments on the entire movie and then shush us because he's trying to pay attention?" And we watched Lady and the Tramp, there was an adorable romantic scene, and I had no one to snuggle up and give kisses to while the Kids all groan at our kissing!

Ok I will stop the poor me routine. I just wanted you to know that you are missed and loved and wanted. Also, I hear Hannah is the yuckiest and you should hate every minute of pretend dating her. I mean it, this time I am done!

Darling, I don't really have any issues with you inviting this random stranger from a park to the Manor when the investigation is over. I know you've probably already done a background check on her and I'm sure she's safe enough. But I have to laugh at you wondering if our children are neglected because they don't have regular playdates with nonrelated children? Oh my sweet silly dragon. No, I do not think we need to hire an assistant whose sole job is to find playdates for our kids. Like a friend pimp?

First of all, the babies do not need social interaction with their peers at their ages. That's not necessary until they're even a bit older than Viona. As babies, they don't need anything more than regular interaction with their family members. And keep in mind, there are three of them, even if they needed interaction with babies their age .... there are THREE of them.

Viona; she is definitely getting to an age where she should be engaging in some parallel play with children in her age group. And she does. She has Della, Teddy, and Victoire. She has slightly older
playmates in River, Gavin, Sebastian, and Eliza. She also has the Kids at Unity that she sees on a regular basis.

River has grown up with so much social interaction simply because of his mum's job, and now with Unity he has a very similar atmosphere. I promise you that if he were missing out on playdates he would tell us! If anything I think he gets even more interaction, because as an only child with his mum he went home to a much calmer house at the end of the day.

Elena has her friends at Traditions all day, she interacts with the Unity Kids and Ethan during lessons after school lets out, she has all of her siblings and aunts and uncles at home, she sees Kisa as often as possible, she hangs out with Mac at family functions, and now she will have a dance instructor. If anything Elena needs to hire an assistant to keep HER schedule straight!

I am not against playdates or attempting to meet other kids and parents at parks and other such places, but I promise you our children are getting all the play they need.

Gloria and Sherman (the violin instructor) have already come by this week. Seeing as you had already met them I suppose it's not a big deal that you weren't here, but I wish you had been here for after their lessons. Elena and River both came out of their lessons with huge grins on their faces and talking a mile a minute about how awesome it was. Eliza was also quite excited, and Sebastian wasn't exactly excited but he also wasn't upset so I am going to take it as a win.

Don't forget, we leave for our date with Neville and Charlie late Saturday morning. After we get the kids off to Molly, we are headed for the cottage they rented for our date! I'm so excited! After these last few weeks I need a day to be with you and turn my brain off. And I guess the cottage is close enough that while we will stay the night there, we can leave early Sunday morning and still be home in time to have a full day with the kids.

Eek, squealing baby alert! Miss Eris has awoken.

Love you,
Harry

Friday November 17th
My Harry, the most patient and understanding husband in the world,

It's Friday and I'm about to head home for the night. Disappointingly, not much progress has been made this week either. That man that talked to Edwards talked to him a few more times, trying to cheer him up I guess, but so far, he's completely clean. Meaning that we can't find anything more heinous than a speeding ticket on him, and so, if he's the murderer, he's keeping a *very* low profile.

Because of this, we've been even busier after our daily show in the park because we've decided to do background checks on everyone who's been in the park on a regular basis. It's grasping at straws, but all we have to go on is the educated guess that the murderer must watch his victims - who can all be tied to this area - and so, must be here at least some of the time.

That said, we have the weekend off, so I will definitely be home soon and plan to get a good night's sleep for our date with Neville and Charlie tomorrow. I've actually whispered some of the more scandalous details of our love life and playdates in Hannah's ear while we're pretending to make out and wrestle on the picnic blanket. It helps get and keep us both in the right mood for the act we're playing.
On Monday, we're planning to escalate a bit. I'm going to 'notice' Edwards stalking us and confront him a little. Nothing too violent, just a rough warning for him to 'leave us alone.' We're hoping that this - and the subsequent moping/brooding Edwards will do - will be the trigger that prompts the murderer to act. By trying to persuade Edwards to go with him, that is, not by up and murdering the man.

But as for now, my eyes have gone dry with looking at file after file trying to find *any* indication that the people at the park aren't quite as innocent as they seem. So far, no such luck. But it's finally time to go home! See you before you get this email, probably.

Love you more than words can express; I'm nothing without you,
Draco
P.S. I complain a LOT when you're not around. It's just that you're not around to hear it, hahaha.
Chapter 312

Chapter Summary

IT'S A PUPPY PLAYDATE!!!

Sunday November 19th
My Own,

I have been instructed by you to "Take a nap. You've had the kids all week, I am more than capable of spending a few hours alone with them while you rest." Which had me in bed for the last hour trying to nap but mostly tossing and turning. I've now given up, and I assume any attempt to join the festivities will be met with the same commands, so it's recap time!

You were home to go to bed with me Friday night. Yay, etcetera etcetera.

We dropped the kids of with Molly Saturday morning. It was cute, they love her, they were going to miss you but were bribed with homemade sweets. She actually knew we were going on a double date with Charlie and Neville and thought it was adorable. So cute, etcetera etcetera.

The date!! Squee!

Ok for all that we said it was a date, it wasn't so much a date as a weekend (or half a weekend for us) of being in an isolated cottage with our two (bloody fit) friends, where we could feel as free to be kinky as our hearts desired. And boy did our hearts desire some kink. Be warned, seeing as I wasn't allowed much talking during our date, this might be a bit wordy to make up for it!

Neville and Charlie had gone to the cottage Friday evening and aren't set to leave until late tonight. This gave them plenty of time alone both before and after we got there. I think this time of them expanding and learning their limits has been a nice, slow, gradual process for them. I think the before and after time was good for them to be able to talk about their expectations and limits before we got there and to reunite and talk about the experience after we left. We do the same thing when we're playing around, talk about expectations before and talk about how the entire experience made us feel afterwards, we just generally do it in email form.

We got to the cottage a bit before lunch yesterday. It was this adorable little lodge, not too far from civilization that I felt as though we were going to go "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" but definitely secluded enough that I knew we could enjoy our kink indoors or outdoors and now worry about scaring the neighbors. We may have scared the wildlife, but no humans!

When we came in Charlie was already setting lunch at the table, I told them it was sweet that they took time out of their mini vacation to make us lunch and Charlie could not stop laughing. Lunch yesterday was courtesy of Molly because, "none of you boys eats nearly enough, you're too thin!" while shoving a basket full of enough food to feed an army for at least a week into Nev's arms. We had a nice lunch, catching up a bit. They wanted to hear all about your investigation. I told you and them about some of the antics our kids and the Kids had gotten up to this week, just normal conversation.

No one ate overmuch, I think we were all quite aware that we didn't want very full stomachs during
our playtime activities. We made our way to the lounge with a glass of wine a piece, and moved on to negotiations. Like last time, Neville took the lead. I think we’re all quite aware that he’s the one that has been the most leery of playtime so it’s probably best that he set some terms. As with last time, he occasionally nodded at Charlie and I or referred to us, but the majority of the discussions were between the two of you. Fuck I just love that.

"Draco, I think we’re all aware that while Harry is such a good pup, it's not either of your primary kink," Neville thinks I’m a good pup! "so while our main kink is certainly pup play, I was wondering if you would be willing to share some of your preferred kinks with us?" Out came that slow filthy smirk of yours. Before you began to reply, he continued, "we would be absolutely fine if you were looking forward to a full day and night of watching a couple of puppies, but we’re curious to see if there is something new we can add either when my Charlie is a pup or on days he isn't feeling it."

You seemed to think on this for a minute and then, "I know my Harry would be so disappointed if he didn't get to be a puppy at all while we were here. It's not something we do often, in fact he hasn't even worn his tail since our last playdate, but I would love to show you a bit more of our proclivities and I think there might be quite a bit of crossover that you'll want to add into your normal everyday repertoire."

Well you and Nev must have talked about this beforehand and said nothing to us because seemingly out of nowhere you pulled a shrunken trunk out of your pocket, enlarged it, and began pulling out some of our favorite things from our playroom. You brought my spanking bench! And as soon as you had it out and set down, you duplicated it and now there were two. This was going to be so fun!

You immediately told me to strip off, that did not take me very long I hope I didn't ruin my clothes in my haste. I was in such a rush to be naked that I didn't even notice that Neville had said the same to Charlie. All of a sudden there were two naked subs and two fully dressed doms. You immediately turned on what I have dubbed your "professor voice" it's similar to the tone you use when you're teaching your rituals, with a heavy dose of haughty filth. My favorite. You proceeded to use me as a teaching aide and maneuvered me over my bench, explaining each step as you did it, so Neville could do the same to Charlie.

Once I was strapped into place you kneeled in close to me and asked if I felt as though I needed a gag or a ring. "A ring please Master, I don't want to come before you're ready for me to."

You ruffled my hair, "anything you need my good little mutt."

While you were putting on my ring, I turned my attention to our friends. I am not sure if Charlie wore a ring or not, but I saw him being strapped into the cutest gag!

You may punish me for it, but I know you prefer not to gag me, you like my noises and you like it when I'm mouthy. It just gives you more excuses to warm my arse.

"Neville, from what I have seen, your boy is a very good boy. But all puppies misbehave from time to time. And if you have a very naughty little boy, he may need regular spankings to promote good behavior. Or, if he's a masochist like my little mutt, maybe he needs some spankings for his good behavior." Fine fine we get it, I am a little masochist whose discipline consists of NOT getting spankings instead of getting them. Now give me my spankings!

You started spanking me, but they definitely felt like your warm-up spankings. This was going to get so good. "You can start out as hard as you like, but I find if I get him good and warmed up first and increase the intensity gradually, I can really make his cute little arse a beautiful shade of red." Oh my bloody hell, you were talking about me like I wasn't even there again. "Come over here and watch
this." Fuck, you were spanking me with Neville only a foot away from my quickly warming backside. The two of you started discussing technique and how to avoid getting your own hand too sore. And then, "why don't you give him a couple so you can really gauge how hard you can go. Don't worry, my Harry enjoys a flogging and even the occasional caning, you couldn't hurt him with your bare hand if you tried." Fuck, don't challenge the man!

Then my sweet, kind, flower loving, shy friend spanked me so hard that I heard the crack of his palm before I felt the pain bloom. "Fuck!!" I could not keep myself from shouting.

"This will be your only warning Mutt, if you can't watch your mouth, I'll pull out the gag to watch it for you." I whimpered just a bit but managed to keep quiet and calm while nodding. And then Neville just kept smacking away at me, alternating cheeks with each swat. "Yeah, just like that Neville, he has such a naughty little bottom, you're giving him just what he needs. You could even spank his bollocks a bit, if you want to see him really desperate."

And he did.

Thank fucking Merlin for this ring. I am so glad I requested it.

"You're doing great, I think you're ready for your boy, why don't you go try those techniques out on Charlie now? Although you may want to start a bit gentler until you see how much he can take."

After you said that, I watched Neville walk over to Charlie who'd been watching me receive my spanks with wide eyes. I was so engrossed in watching Neville start on Charlie that I didn't even hear you make any noise until I heard the swishing sound and felt what had to be my favorite flogger connect to my already sore arse.

The next little bit was a delicious fog of pleasureful pain. I was so happy, I felt so loved and secure, I was so hard from watching my friend get taken care of the same way you were taking care of me. I swear even with the ring I managed to leak out a small puddle onto the carpet. And then you were in front of me, and had pulled your gorgeous shaft out of your pants, pushing it in one thrust down my throat, "See Neville, this is why I like him untagged, look how the height of this bench is just perfect for a little impromptu face fucking." And then you just as quickly as you started, pulled back out and tucked my treat away! Not fair.

"Draco, this was lovely and look at how hard my boy is, it would seem he enjoys a good spanking almost as much as your mutt, but this seems to be a good punishment for after he misbehaves, what if I just want to keep him from getting into things before he has a chance to do something naughty?"

Well now I know you must have talked, he had such an evil smirk that I'm sure he had to have known exactly what was going to come next. And I did too. One of my very favorites!

You pulled a few bundles of rope out of that delightful trunk of fun you had brought for our weekend. "Well, you just have to tie him up then!" You casually walked over to where Charlie was still strapped to his bench, "Why don't you unstrap him, check him for any discomfort and make sure his circulation is where it should be then I can show you just how to restrain an unruly boy."

Neville did as requested and once Charlie was ready you asked, "Can I touch your boy, Neville?" With his affirmative answer, your sexy smirk came back and you began a basic harness on Charlie. After you had a bit done, you handed the ropes to Neville and instructed him on how to finish. You'd adjust things as needed, helped to make sure it wasn't tight enough to cause damage while making sure it wasn't so loose as to be a useless harness. Eventually Charlie was bound on his knees, legs spread, and hands behind his back. I was so turned on and so jealous that someone else was all tied up instead of me.

"Now, if you practice and practice and practice, you can eventually go from this basic harness we
have your boy in to something much more extravagant." Charlie looked absolutely subby and happy and fit, but I knew I was in for something so fun. You did the same thing for me, unstrapped me, checked my circulation, and then began one of my favorite harnesses; my calves strapped to my thighs, legs spread as wide as I could, ropes crisscrossing across my chest, and my arms thoroughly secured behind me. I don't think either of them thought my position was particularly sexy, yeah you had access to my rear end, but what fun could you have with me lying practically flat on my stomach. That's when you cast a spell on the ceiling, adding a large ring, and proceeded to suspend me from the ceiling.

"See? He's well supported, and I can lift him up to where I have access to his cute little arse hole, I can get to this gorgeous shaft, I can bugger him if I lower the height a bit, or lower it even more and I have unlimited access to his brilliant mouth. Harry, unfortunately for him, has access to nothing except for what I give to him." You proceeded to maneuver me until I was hanging next to Charlie with my head placed just a bit higher than his height while kneeling.

Neville got that smirk again, he has obviously been spending way too much time with you, "Ahhh, I see how useful this can be, so if there was something I didn't want him to get into or if I were doing something and didn't need an interruption, I could just tie him up like this?"

You chuckled, "Exactly."

Neville's eyes just lit up, "Alright, let's test that."

What? Fuuuuuck, what are you two going to do?

You both sat on the sofa we were facing, "So, if I were to touch you like this, neither of them could stick their little noses in between us," you murmured in that sexy professor voice of yours as you ran your hand up Neville's thigh.

"You're right, I could even do this," and he began snogging the hell out of you! Fuck fuck damn, oh hell, fuck. The two of you were kissing so hard and so hot, I could hear you grunting into each others' mouths, gasping for air when you'd slightly separate, and the wet sounds of tongues and lips entwining. So. Hot.

Charlie was gagged but I could hear him panting, I turned my head and he was leaning towards the two of you so much that I was a bit worried he might fall over. I wasn't gagged, but I think I was so shocked at seeing the two of you snogging, and groping each other, that I forgot how to speak. You paused to breathe a bit, you both looked over with kiss swollen lips and pink cheeks, "do either of you need to say your words?" we both answered you by emphatically shaking our heads "no" so you went back in and kissed Neville some more. This time much slower. Gods, if it was hot when it was heavy and fast, then this sexy slow business was going to kill me.

Then the two of you started to undress each other, buttons came undone, trousers came off, and hands started to slide into pants. Nope, THIS is what was going to kill me! You both stood up and helped the other shuck their pants, and before I knew it, I was tied up and helpless while I watched Draco Malfoy drop to his knees and suck as much of Neville Longbottom's cock into his mouth as he was able. Neville began thrusting his hips, not enough to actively control the situation but just those little juts when you can't control your hips because of the talented mouth around you. Believe me, I know those hip thrusts! And after what felt like an eternity, I saw him shudder, heard him groan, and heard the unmistakable sounds of you swallowing as much as you could.

You pulled off, wiped your face with the back of your hand, smiled evilly, and came over to me. Without saying a word, you kissed me hard. Oh, you swallowed most of it, but saved just enough in your mouth after he unloaded so that you could share a bit with me. You kept kissing me, I was
barely kissing back, I think I spent most of the time trying to lick the inside of your mouth.

When we stopped kissing you were still naked and hard, I thought I was going to get my treat back, but no, you two went back to sitting on the couch. Neville took you in hand, and tugged until you had come all over him. He licked a little of it off his hands, and then walked over to Charlie, "clean me up sweet boy." And he did.

Each of you walked to your sub, and you asked me, "Does my good little mutt want to come right now, or do you want to hold off just for me?"

Unnngggghhhh, I wanted to come so badly, but I could wait for you, "I can wait, but can I keep the ring on just in case?"

You assured me that you would let me keep my safety net, and started to slowly and carefully bring me down from the ceiling and untie me. You rubbed the circulation back into my limbs, and kissed every single spot that was deliciously rubbed raw from the ropes. I saw that Charlie had made the same decision to wait for later, and was either given a ring at that point or had had his placed at the same time mine was.

At that point we all got dressed a bit, mostly just into pants and shirts, rehydrated, and began getting ready for dinner. Yeah, I didn't realize how long we had been at it. But between the talking, the spanking, the tying, and the torturous teasing, we had been playing for a few hours and it was already time to begin dinner prep!

Once we were all fed and had plenty of water, relaxed a bit, you asked, "Well then, are our puppies ready to play?" Gods yes!! We each went to our bedrooms to get ready. I already had my puppy tag ring on, and you brought my tail and my harness, as well as those magical headband ears. But then I saw you had taken my request from last time, and gotten me puppy knee pads! You are so good to me.

We made our way back to the lounge area and waited for Neville and Charlie. Well, Charlie made his way into the room first, he came bounding in and went to me immediately. Apparently his initial patient demeanor last time was a one time thing because he was sniffing me, licking me, nudging me, and trying to get me to play immediately. I'm sure I was much less shy this time as well, because I got right into it too. Happy yips and barks, play growling, basically the sounds of two happy pups filled the air. This time, knowing it was ok, there was a bit more sexy licking and nudging than there was last time. And just like you thought would happen last time, Charlie did actually come up behind me at one point and rut up against my arse. Like you said, with my tail in the way it didn't do me much good, but it was still hot.

The two of you didn't let us play quite as long as you did last time. You didn't even pull out any toys before you were calling your mutt and boy to you. I was a little confused, and thought maybe we had been naughty, maybe you didn't want us to lick and grind on each other. But no! You were taking us for a walk! You clipped my lead to my collar, and Neville did the same to Charlie. I thought you would just walk us around in the cottage, until I felt the unmistakable feeling of a warming charm hit me.

You took us outside for a real walk! We got to go for an actual walk with our owners. Naked as can be, wearing a collar, on a leash, outdoors. We went as far as the two of you thought we could go without being discovered and then made our way back. The entire walk was full of the two of you owners talking, and Charlie and I barking and yipping happily, occasionally stopping to inspect something we were walked past. And then instead of going right inside, you let us romp around outside. Oh, there are our toys again. I lost track of time, but as I heard you call me, I noticed it had started to go dark.
We went inside, you turned on the little fireplace, in having a fun time I hadn't realized how cold I had gotten. The two of you sat on the sofa, and Charlie and I curled up in a naked little puppy pile at your feet. Again, I am sure you boys were talking about very boring owner things, and Charlie and I just got warm and nipped and licked at each other for a bit, just resting. Until I heard you ask if your mutt was ready for his reward for being such a good boy earlier. Yes, yes please, yes I'm ready!!

You laughed while I jumped up, wagging my tail like crazy. I was whipping my tail so hard I almost caught Charlie in the face with it! Eek, I didn't even realize it until he started growling at me. "Hey! None of that boy, it was an accident, he's just excited like you." Neville's words made Charlie stop growling, if he could have put that tail between his legs he probably would have.

"Oh, come on Nev, Harry was being much too rambunctious, I don't blame your boy for being a bit cross."

"Oh really Draco? Well then, I suppose I should let you handle him?"

I swear, how did the two of you know that one of us would need reprimanding at that point? I swear this whole thing had to be scripted it was so perfect.

"I suppose I will handle him, maybe you should see if you can do something with my unruly mutt?" You permitted with an impish smirk.

You had us stay on all fours, and muzzles next to each other like last time. But this time I was watching you touch Charlie and could feel Nev's hands running all over my arse, tugging on my tail, murmuring about how good I was being. I watched as you popped Charlie's tail out and started preparing him for you, I watched your fingers sink into him, I watched you scissor him open, I heard him moaning in my ear. And all the while, I am feeling the same thing happening to me and knowing it was Neville doing it to me. Neville kept going for quite a while, and added more fingers than you usually prep me with. I usually like a little burn and don't want to be prepped TOO much, but when I am about to get something the size of Neville or Blaise inside of me, I need a bit extra.

You each took our rings off as we were told that we had certainly earned coming as many times as our bodies wanted.

I suppose didn't actually know I was going to take Neville until I saw you slide into Charlie. But as I was watching and anticipating my own breach I felt Neville pull away from me. Oh no, was I bad? But instead he made his way back to the sofa, sat done, and told me to "come!" You don't need to tell me twice! I went to straddle him, you know how much I like riding you face to face in your lap it's one of my favorite positions, but he stopped me, "No, turn around little Harry." Ungh, never knew him saying my name could sound so hot. I stood up and turned around, he pulled me backwards and held his cock, lining it up with my hole, and I started slowly sinking myself onto the massive pole that he calls his dick.

He held me up by my hips as I slowly worked my way down until I finally bottomed out, sweaty and shaking and full. He whispered in my ear, "You took the whole thing, you're such a good boy Harry." I'm a good boy, I'm a good boy! There was so much to focus on; Neville talking dirty in my ear, hearing the sounds of skin slapping while you buggered Charlie, the huge cock inside of me, and as usual as soon as I started feeling overwhelmed you called my name and locked eyes with me and everything slid into place. Ohh, I can do this for my Master.

Neville grabbed me under my knees and spread my legs as wide as he could, ordering Charlie to come put his mouth to good use. The two of you shuffled over, you never leaving his arse, and wow does Charlie know how to put his mouth to good use! He was expertly switching between sucking me, licking me, and then going lower to lick and suck at my hole where it was stretched around
Neville. It did not take me long to cum screaming. Once I was done howling, Neville pushed me off his lap onto all fours and he started really plowing into me. You took this opportunity to pull Charlie up to a kneeling position. Perfect height for me to return the favor. I sucked, licked, and even gently bit at every bit of skin I could get to, eventually causing Charlie to find his release as well.

Once the two of you saw that we had both spent ourselves, you both started fucking ruthlessly, as fast and hard as you could. Coming deep inside of each of us. Charlie and I had each only cum once, but it was such a full day that we were spent. You gave Charlie and Neville kisses, I gave a few hugs and pecks on the cheek, and then I "let" you carry me to bed. I don't remember anything after that, just the feeling of warmth and coziness. Thank you for taking care of me.

The next morning we both woke up well rested and you in particular seemed ready to get home and get our kids. We had a quick breakfast with the boys, which was thankfully not awkward. I love that we can have this kind of fun and not lose our friends or make things awkward. Then we headed to Molly's, grabbed the kids, and came home where I was banished to our room!

I think I have probably taken enough time writing this out that I might be welcome back with the group. I love you Draco.

Love,
Your Mutt

Monday November 20th
Beloved,

It's Monday again...

Our playdate was SO hot! I described a bit of it to Hannah during our fooling around in the park, and it got us both so worked up we actually got called out by a few of the mums and told to clean up our act or have the police called on us! But I'll get back to that in a minute.

First, I want to tell you how I felt. I loved how we started by simply relaxing and chatting while eating lunch. It was the perfect way to have that last little bit of time to think about what we were going to do and back out if it seemed too much. Well, for them anyway, since the two of us have gotten quite comfortable playing with others by this point. Still, it assured me that they were 100 percent on board and ready by the time we started.

Snogging Neville is better than I thought it would be. I don't know why I thought he'd be a timid kisser, but I did. So, when he practically tried to own me via my lips, I was pleasantly surprised and oh so turned on.

But do you want to know which part surprised me with how much I enjoyed it?

You do?

Well...

Heh heh…

It was when we had you both on leashes and not much else and took you for a walk outside. On the one hand, I found it just a bit strange because you were on your hands and knees, but on the other, I... I'm not sure I can quite explain it. I wasn't turned on so much as I was thrilled. I want to do that more, but for the most part, I want it to be more like that time I walked you through London - only
naked.

Meaning, I want to have you leashed and bring you for a naked walk - somewhere semi public like a hiking trail that's not very busy, or maybe on a day when a normally busy trail is empty - but I want you to be standing up and walking normally. You could pretend to be a puppy if you want, that part isn't truly important to me either way, the important part is that I have you on a leash. Also, finding a good place or two to shag while we're at it wouldn't go amiss, hahaha.

As for your certainty that Neville and I planned out every detail before our date, well, that's not true. Not specifically. We did a little Insta-owling back and forth. He asked me about my favorite kinks, and I told him how I actually rather enjoy bondage - tying people up. I didn't think I would be quite as into it as I am, but once you requested it and I started learning the various techniques, I was hooked, hahaha.

Neville also pointed out that we have a LOT of toys in our playroom - a few of which he had never seen before. He suggested that it might be interesting if I brought a selection of our favorites. That was it as far as planning went. That said, one of those times you were so into your playing that you weren't paying attention to us talking, Neville told me that they were ready to try 'switching' and that if the opportunity presented itself, we should switch partners for a punishment. He seemed to want to see what I could/would do if given the opportunity to spank or otherwise punish Charlie while he watched and took notes - since I had let him spank you but hadn't spanked Charlie.

Anyway, when you got overexcited and Charlie started growling, Neville took the opportunity to implement the switching, and I decided that I wanted to go with bondage because neither of you had truly earned a punishment, and torture is always fun, buwahahahaha!

As I said to begin with: SO HOT!

But back to my day so far. As always, Hannah and I take a bus to a stop a few blocks away and walk hand in hand to the gym. We have a bit of time to loiter around and talk about the fictional little things that are happening in our lives. We occasionally sit at the table, but it gives off a better impression if we stand just a bit too close and murmur in each other's ears while holding hands and kissing randomly.

Then - while Hannah is in the gym - I wander the park, playing with the kids and chatting with their mums. I also have to fend off some rather shockingly bold advances. It seems that most of the mums in this park are housewives who have successful husbands. Which means their husbands are gone a lot for work related reasons, leaving them lonely and rather horny.

Apparently I seem like the perfect diversion for a few minutes or so. They even came to an agreement about it! If I should happen to agree to divert any of them, the others will watch that one's child/ren until we're done.

Thank Merlin I've been so blatantly lovey dovey with Hannah, because it gives me a believable excuse when I tell them thanks but no thanks. I explain that I'm being faithful to my girlfriend, and while disappointed, they accept this. Even so, it seems to increase my appeal in their minds, sigh.

The most flattering proposition so far has actually been from one mum who is apparently a photographer. She was a professional one before getting married and having kids, but now it's more or less a hobby in her spare time. She - knowing that I'm only a 'poor bartender' - tries really hard to get me to agree to model for her for a nice sum of money. That said, she wants me to model naked with a variety of toys in a graphically demonstrative manner - and she wants the photoshoots to culminate in orgasms for both of us.
I will admit to being rather intrigued by this prospect. IF I actually needed money, I might consider taking her up on her offer. As it is, I'm wondering if we could talk one of our kinky friends into doing such a photoshoot for us, and if so, which one? Maybe we can invite ALL our kinky friends and make it a group shoot?? And fuck! If we do that, we might as well just have an orgy and film it and then watch the film whenever one of us has to be away from home and the other is a bit lonely...

What was I talking about again?!?!

Oh! Right, the investigation, heh heh.

So, after Hannah finished her appointment at the gym, she met up with me in the park, giving me overtly possessive kisses to reassert for the mums that I am unavailable. Then we had our picnic and subsequent make out session (spiced up by my telling her about our playdate). Meanwhile, Edwards followed the plan by lurking closer than ever before. That triggered me 'noticing' him and jumping up to roughly demand to know what he was doing, etcetera etcetera.

Hannah had to pretend to be a bit weak and still just a bit sore from that injury she's supposed to be recovering from, but even so, she 'tried' to get between us, and then explained to me that this was someone she knew from her school days. That he tended to stalk her, but since he didn't ever actually do anything or try to interact with her, she considered him harmless. So I shoved him a bit and warned him to leave her/us alone.

Which led to Edwards storming off to brood rather darkly, muttering and grumbling about how I'm such an arsehole, and a loser, and how Hannah could do so much better than me. It seems to have worked because quite a few people watched him closely, and two men even dared to talk to him. Both advised that he try to find someone in his league, and both were blokes that we'd previously NOT done background checks on because they only come to the park once a week and we'd deemed that not often enough to be the murderer.

As for right now, we're in a larger room than Hannah's office that we've been allowed to take over for the time being because it has more room to sort through files and pin up anything that could be even remotely relevant to the case. After a week of drinking lots of inferior tea and that beverage I dislike - coffee - I've decided to make this part of the investigation a little easier on me. Or at least my tastebuds and sense of smell.

I researched online a variety of different coffees, choosing a few that were certified organic, fair trade, and roasted in smaller batches to preserve the best quality possible. Which means that I've brought in my favorite tea and these coffees - not to mention a rather expensive coffee maker that can do regular coffee but can also do something called espressos and lattes. Plus a grinder because the coffees are whole beans, and apparently how coarse or fine the grind is effects how strong the coffee ends up.

Anyway, my break is now over and I have about 2 or 3 more hours of looking at files ahead of me. Joy...

Come save me, I'm fading fast, why can't we be together? And maybe, I just won't last, if I'm not with you forever, now, I'm touching the stars and up here on mars, I can barely breathe, Draco
Chapter 313

Chapter Summary

Draco makes a bit of a stupid mistake...

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Contains a bit of dubious consent/non-consent - depending on how you look at it. It shouldn't trigger most readers IMO, but if dubious consent might trigger you, please read with caution.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday November 24th
Hey love,

Sorry I haven't emailed all week, I had a chance to read yours to me Tuesday morning, but things have been so crazy both at home and at Unity that I don't think I had a single fifteen minute window to write you. Well, I suppose I could have at night after I put the kids to bed, but I have to confess that I fell asleep with them every night. What? It's been hectic and exhausting here!

It's Friday morning, and I am already counting down the hours until I get you home for the weekend. I miss you like crazy.

Things probably would have been fairly hectic this week even if nothing crazy had happened, we do have six children and I run an orphanage, even a boring week can be exhausting. But it was extra hectic.

Tuesday morning I got word from Kingsley to expect an influx of children. I brought the babies to Molly, sent Lainie off to class, and just brought River and Viona with me. I contacted the staff and told them I had the heads up and gave them the choice to come immediately to prepare things or just be on call in case they were needed. All I knew was "influx" I had no idea if that meant two or twenty.

Or twelve, as the case may be. Twelve? Oh, wait twelve this week, and a potential six more next week. Yeah, eighteen new Kids by the end of next week.

I steer away from the press, with my history I like to keep what little bit of privacy I have. But since even before Unity House opened, people were asking why I was making this orphanage such a priority. As much as I wanted my privacy, I knew that talking about my own unhappy upbringing, which also led to the unhappiness in Voldemort's upbringing, could reach people in a way that they might not have listened to without the realities being pushed in their faces. I hate using my name or my status or my fame, but when it comes to my family or my Kids, I will do what I need to do.

Now that people know my background, and seeing the interviews or articles about the galas, about Unity Park, or about Unity House, I think the public has become aware of the ugly history of
ignoring or dismissing child abuse within the wizarding world. And because of that, apparently an entire subsection of the DMLE has been created specifically for investigating children's welfare. They work closely with the Department of Children and Families, but they have Auror training and are often the detectives the DCF utilizes when they have a report filed.

Over the last couple of months, these specialized Aurors have been looking into families of muggleborn children who either aren't old enough for Traditions or Hogwarts or have turned down their invitation. As well as doing some really noninvasive checks of families like Andi and Teddy who are raising a family member's child after the parents have died. I guess they spent the last few months doing a lot of documentation, and this week they were given the official go-ahead to remove a number of these children from the custody of their caregivers.

They range in ages from two through about fourteen. I'd say the majority are in that eight to ten range.

And unlike when we get our annual crop of muggleborns who come from orphanages or foster homes where the majority are just fine it's just that Unity is just a better fit for them, the majority of these new Kids are coming from unhappy, unsafe, unacceptable living conditions. The Kids we've gotten so far have needed a lot of comfort and support.

Wednesday night was obviously movie night (E.T. it was so good!!). George and Angelina brought Mac as usual. Poor kid walked in, breathed in the atmosphere, and immediately asked me why I hadn't called for him earlier. Oh my little buddy, this shouldn't be your responsibility! He asked his parents if he could take Thursday off to help his Uncle Harry help the new Kids. I tried to argue a bit, but George just laughed at me saying, "When our Mac gets the idea of helping someone in his head, there's no stopping him." And that was that. And then our stubborn girl heard that her cousin Mac was taking Thursday off and asked if she could take a half a day (apparently she had some exam in the morning that she didn't want to miss) to help out giving the tours and settling the Kids in. Sorry, I didn't check with you first, but I was pretty sure that between you and Elena, you would be the easier to talk into a day off of school. I figured if SHE was alright taking the day off, YOU wouldn't have an issue saying yes.

Not to mention you're a sucker for our girl and would have said yes regardless.

I know I try to keep weekends to family time, and I definitely don't want to give that up, I have missed you too much to be willing to share you for very long, but I'd like to bring you by for at least a little while either tomorrow or Sunday to introduce you to our newest crop. There are a few angry little people, and I know how good you are with them. Look at the miracles you worked with Antonio! Did you know that he's doing so well at Traditions that Hermione thinks that if he wanted to he could probably be ready for Hogwarts (although one grade lower than his age) by the time they go back after Christmas and definitely by the next school year?

That was the craziness at Unity, but home certainly wasn't peaceful either.

First, I am sure you will hear all about this from your parents, but Sebastian blew stuff up and your father tried to blame it on me! Apparently, Sebastian got it into his head that Snape's portrait, as well as mum and dad, were babying him too much and not letting him try any of the "big" potions. So he snuck into Lucius' study, found a potions book, and then snuck into the lab, and began making … something. I don't know what he was trying to make, but what he did make was a potion that when snuck into the sun room, made the sofa explode. Thankfully nothing was harmed except for the furniture and a little scorch mark on the rug.

Now your mum and I feel as though the blame rests on Sebastian who knows that he's not allowed to brew alone, as well as on Lucius who left potions books within reach of grabby little hands, left the
lab unlocked, and left the ingredients cupboard unlocked. Lucius, on the other hand, seems to think "If Harry hadn't given Draco that infernal portrait for his birthday, Sebastian wouldn't even care about potions!" Yeah, the man tried to blame ME for HIS SON getting into HIS LAB and HIS INGREDIENTS. How well do you think that went for Narcissa's husband?

That should be enough drama right? Wrong. Eris is no longer crawling slowly to see what she can get into. I think she's hidden rockets in her knees because she cannot be contained! She's lightning fast and has now ... learned to pull herself up. So she can not only reach everything she can crawl to, but anything that's been left on coffee tables, or sofas, she managed to get to River's violin he had left on the sofa (don't worry I talked to him about proper storage) and he was NOT happy about that.

It shouldn't be too bad, it's just one mobile baby right? No. Guess who started crawling after his sister on Wednesday morning? Oh that's right, Orion. At least when he's crawling after her they're going in one direction, the real fun comes when they spread out.

And poor Harrison. He was definitely teething, poor little guy has been fussy and clingy all week. I know we co-sleep, but this week Haz has had to be sleeping on top of me to get any real rest. Which mean Harry has NOT gotten any real rest.

Ugh, sorry for just ranting at you. I don't mean to complain, poor me, my happy healthy babies are meeting milestones and active. I just want to remember everything that happened so I can keep you in the loop.

I can't wait to hear all about any advancements you made in the case this week! The case, not how far into Hannah's pants you managed to get! I love you, I know why you're acting the way you are with her, I am not mad, but the jealous monster that lives in my chest does NOT need to hear about how much snogging with my husband she's gotten this week!

But ooooh ooooh ooooh. I have an idea! There's a mum who was a photographer and wants you to model for her? With toys? And sexy times? I know you're way out of my league and I'm not really model material, but would she be interested in doing a photo shoot of both of us? I was reading your email and got so un unbearably hard thinking about you and I being photographed while we did filthy things to each other. After the incident at the department store, reading about you doing things in the library, our actual exhibitionism, and now thinking about some voyeur getting hot while she photographs us? Umm, maybe I have an exhibitionist kink that I wasn't aware of.

And hell yes, let's talk our kinky friends into coming over and doing a group kink shoot! I know some of them would not be into it, but I'd bet just about anything that at the very least, Blaise and Luna would be into it.

Annnnd now I'm hard again!

Is it the end of your day yet? I need you!

Better get back to work, if I'm busy enough maybe the time will just fly by.

Love you,
Harry

P.S. You know that I absolutely love your beautiful sign offs. The poems, the sentiments in other languages, the song lyrics. But when you're out working a dangerous case and your husband has been panicking for your safety for weeks, maybe don't sign your emails anything that starts with "come save me" ok?
P.P.S. Don’t worry, not a single child that came in this week looks like a mini Harry or a mini Draco!

Friday November 24th
Sent roughly noon
My beloved Harry,

The good newssss is that the trakkin device werks. The baaad news is that I'm curr-rr-rently in the muggle bersion of Snaint Mungo's. I'm not hurt or killed-ded-ded, simply LOOOOOPPPPYYYY!!!

I'll splain later,

Lub you and SOOOO reddy to shagg u,
Draco Malfoy - aka yourre hussssbend

Sent at around 4PM
Beloved,

Let me try that again. I'm so sorry to have sent a confusing email that more than likely alarmed you. The important part is that I am NOT hurt in any way.

As I said, the good news is that the tracking devices work. Here's what happened:

So, after Hannah went into the gym earlier for her appointment, I was in the park with all those bold and horny as fuck mums. Knowing that you were highly interested in the idea that we hire the photographer to come in and do a kinky photoshoot of us, I decided to ask her in a roundabout way about the possibility.

She had passed the background checks and I'd had a chance to chat with her quite a bit over the last few weeks. So, when she suggested that the sort of conversation we were having would be better off with a bit of privacy, I agreed to go to her house with her. I was going to stay in character and pretend like I wanted this naughty photoshoot with Hannah, but then something happened that I didn't expect.

She asked the other mums to watch her kids for a bit, promising that we'd more than likely be back before Hannah was done with her appointment. The other mums agreed to this with a great deal of excitement and interest to hear every last detail when she returned.

She asked the other mums to watch her kids for a bit, promising that we'd more than likely be back before Hannah was done with her appointment. The other mums agreed to this with a great deal of excitement and interest to hear every last detail when she returned.

So, I got into her muggle car with her and she brought me to her house. It's not as large as the Manor, but it is a bit larger than most of the houses I've seen around London. Also, it was decorated in a way that suggested that they had new money, and that it was recent enough that they were still buying lots of relatively expensive things to show off their wealth. That said, it seems a lot of the decorations were chosen specifically to look good in photos, which makes sense considering.

Anyway, Lena naturally offered me tea. What I *didn't* see was that she slipped two different drugs into that tea. According to the muggle Healers, one was called Rohypnol - which is intended to make a person a little drowsy and 'pliable,' but more importantly, will take away one's memory of anything that happened between taking the drug and waking up again.

The other drug is called Ecstasy. It's apparently designed for the sole purpose of making one exceedingly horny and enhancing the sensations (such as during sex) to the point that it takes very little to reach orgasm. Unless the person reacts badly and freaks out.
In any case, since I didn't know these drugs were in my drink (the first one dissolves on it's own and the second had to be crushed into powder before being added to the tea), I downed it trustingly. After all, it was an excellent quality tea and among my favorite blends.

It apparently didn't take all that long for the drugs to kick in. At first, I remember being aware that I was feeling drugged. I have taken drugs before and recognized the 'symptoms,' BUT - the ecstasy in particular - was already working its magic and so I wasn't particularly alarmed that I was drugged up against my will.

I have to admit that it has occurred to me, now that I'm more or less sober again, that I may have just survived attempted murder. That scares me! I was stupid enough to - WHILE working undercover trying to catch a murderer - assume that I was safe because I'm not the target. And in doing so, I walked right into a trap.

Sigh...

Here's what happened next: Concerned that I'd just gone off plan in a major way, but also reckoning that I might actually be following a solid lead, Officer Edwards crept over to the remaining mums and listened to them chattering on excitedly about how, if I was willing to shag one of them, maybe I could be persuaded to shag them all eventually. This didn't truly alarm him, although he DID think poorly of me, writing down that I'm a cheating bastard in his case notes - before admitting that this could actually be an excellent thing to add to my backstory. Turn my character into an utter arsehole, so that his character is more justified in his assertion that I'm not good enough for Hannah.

Basically, Edwards trusted that I was acting for the good of the case. That said, after about 20 or 30 minutes, he was getting concerned again because even if I WAS adding to my backstory, my character should still make every effort to return before my 'loving girlfriend' finished her physical therapy/personal training. So, he hid and called in a warning that I might need to be checked up on. This activated the tracking device I had in my pocket.

Also, try to remember that the other thing we were 'wearing' was a recording device. It's actually an earring. Quite clever actually. It's close enough to my mouth to pick up on everything I say, but also sensitive enough that it can pick up on whispers in the same room I'm in, and non-whispered conversations on the other side of a door if I'm spying on someone.

So, the moment Hannah came out of her appointment and couldn't find me, she pulled out her mobile and muttered to herself about calling me in case I'd gone for a walk and lost track of time, but in actuality, she was calling to see if I had reported in a change of plans. This was how she learned of Edwards warning, and decided that no matter what else was going on, I *would* have made a herculean effort to return to the park in time, so she sent officers out to the location of my tracking device.

The officers made it to Lena's house at about the same time as Hannah - who pretended to have a conversation with me on the phone before leaving the park to meet up with me. At Hannah's insistence, they broke into the house and found me...

I'm not sure I should tell you the exact details. I think all you really want to know is that the drugs were doing their job and I appeared to be in a very compromising situation. Not entirely sure what to do at first, Hannah decided to play the affronted girlfriend. Being an officer is part of her cover story, so it shouldn't have been a shock that she'd burst into the room with a team of other officers.

Lena tried to pretend like she was the victim, that I'd talked her into cheating on her husband and how it wasn't her fault that she was so lonely and desperate while her husband was gone, but Hannah was screeching at me like an actual jealous girlfriend and I could only babble and slur
incoherently. This tipped her off that something was very wrong. So, she cut the drama short and called for a vehicle named an ambulance.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in St. Mungo's - er, well, the muggle version. I... remember most of it, but not very clearly. The doctors say it's because they tested me for drugs right away and found that I definitely had them in my system, and so, gave me the antidote - or whatever they call it. Something to neutralize the effects.

Meanwhile, while I was out of it, Hannah had not only gathered up my clothes and had Lena arrested on suspicion, but she'd had time to listen to my recording device and confirm that while I definitely was guilty of abandoning the plan, Lena was guilty of the actual crime of drugging me for illicit sexual purposes. She'd basically admitted it in exact words as I was, erm...

Anyway, she said: "I don't usually have to drug my lovers. I'm used to every man I see wanting me, but you presented me with quite a challenge, and when I'm done having my fun with you, I'm going to take as many pictures as I like with you playing with my toys, and then I'm going to show you the pictures the next time I see you and convince you that it's in your best interest to come back here and do all of this again without any drugs to dull the experience."

Her words and the drug tests gave Hannah everything she needed to get permission to search Lena's house. They found not only the drugs in question, but a hidden camera that recorded everything. So...

The important part now is that I'm going to be held a little while for observation - to ensure that the drugs are out of my system. Or actually, that I'm no longer actively being effected by them as apparently it still takes a while for my body to process them. The 'antidote' didn't get rid of them so much as counter their effects. But then, once I'm cleared, I can come home to you for the rest of the weekend. I suspect that I'll need to talk to Hannah before I leave, and that I'll probably have to go in early again on Monday to work out how/if this changes our daily act.

But I feel that Officer Edwards is right. This experience will tarnish my character and give his character something to seethe about. THAT might finally be the trigger that prompts the murderer to act.

I'm going to sign off now, but before I do, I need to try to explain something... See, I don't think this will make sense... But...

Okay, remember me telling you how I hid in my closet to avoid certain people, and that it usually worked except for when it didn't? And then I told you that they had raped me. Here's what you need to understand - THAT was traumatic. THAT was painful and horrible enough that I removed most of the memories from my mind, leaving only enough to know that it happened and that it was not good. This...

This was not. YES, it was undeniably rape, and yes it was an experience I did not/do not EVER want to go through again, but... it wasn't traumatic. It wasn't painful. It's already blurry and foggy, and so, I'm... erm... horrified that it happened but not traumatized by it. I don't need you to cry about it, and I certainly don't feel like it's something worth crying over. So...

Could you just sort of not mention it? I mean in person. In an email is fine as I can and will be reading that in private so I can decide what if anything I need to do to cope with what I'm sure is going to be some messy emotions from you. But in person? I need calm and unemotional detachment right now. Can you do that for me?

Love you with the intensity of a thousand suns,
Chapter End Notes

I have to apologize for Draco's stance in the end that there is such a thing as a non-traumatic rape, but try to keep in mind that he was on a drug to make him very much enjoy what was going on, and also, because he has actual traumatic experiences in his past to compare it to, he's made an active decision to not feel like a victim. I'm not saying his attitude is healthy or realistic, just that it's what he's decided for his own mental health. I really hope I don't offend anyone.
Chapter 314

Chapter Summary

Harry reacts to the news of Draco in the hospital.

Friday November 24th

Dragon,

Really quite thoroughly pleased that you gave me permission to be as emotional about the situation as I'd like in emails. I think if I completely freak out on you in here I may be able to contain myself when I see you in person.

Which may be never if Hannah's boss, Captain Jones or Johnson or Twatwaffledoucheanoor who cares I don't know, doesn't fucking get back to me about where my husband is! I may never see you again, and apparently I'm the only one who cares! Well, that's not true, Grandmama cares, but seeing as you don't actually exist in the muggle world, not having a birth certificate or a drivers' license or really any record of your existence at all, it's hard to find out which hospital is holding you hostage!

Yeah, Grandmama. She and I will both not mention a single thing to you in person, we will both be calm, cool, and collected. But somebody gonna die. I saw your first email and started freaking out, I couldn't get ahold of Hannah, no one in our families had any idea where you were. Hell, I didn't even know what gym and park you had been going undercover in. I couldn't freak out in front of your parents because I didn't want to make them hysterical, and I definitely didn't want the little ones to see me lose my mind, so I flooed Grandmama. Wasn't she surprised when my face came swirling into her floo and I started screaming that someone had hurt you and that I had no idea where you were?

She'll be here tomorrow and if we haven't found you by then, I am going to - Wait. I can do a point me spell. I can just go to London and do my "point me: love" spell, apparate a mile in whatever direction it points and then just keep hopping until I triangulate your location. I can do all of that from under my invisibility cloak so we don't end up with a ton of reports to the muggle police department about disappearing men. And maybe we do want a ton of reports to the police, maybe then Captain Crapforbrains will GET BACK TO ME!

Maybe they're not getting back to me because it's my fault you're there. You told me about a stranger who wanted to take naked pictures of you and what did I do? I told you it sounded like something fun we could do together! I sent you there! I sent you to the woman who drugged you and raped you and was going to blackmail you! I have failed as a husband and put you in jeopardy by thinking with my lower half.

I'm so sorry baby, I love you, what can I do? I mean, obviously I am going to murder her slowly, but after that? How can I make up for the fact that I sent you to that?

But wait, I told you we could try this AFTER the killer was caught. And we would have been together. I never told you to GO TO HER HOUSE!

She'd better pray Grandmama gets to her before I do.
Oh God, I just got word of which hospital you're at. Whipps Cross University Hospital still in ambulatory care for now. I will be there in a minute!

I love you always,
-H

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Saturday November 25th (sometime shortly after midnight)
My dearest love,

Seeing the reality of your condition, seeing you pale (well, paler than usual) on a hospital bed, monitors attached to you. Well all I can say is that I am so glad I have spent the last year and a half practicing and perfecting my Malfoy mask because otherwise I would not have been able to follow your request for calm, unemotional detachment.

I saw the keeper of my heart and soul, my partner in all things, the father of my children, my best friend, having been harmed and hospitalized. It took every ounce of self control to keep from flinging myself into your lap and sobbing while begging for forgiveness, or sobbing while yelling at you for going off on your own when you should have been amongst witnesses at a park, or begging and pleading for you to never leave me. I would not survive without you.

I know you asked for unemotional and to not mention your violation, but I figured I could at the very least hug you and tell you I love you and tell you how happy I am that you were alright. Well, moderately alright. We spent a few hours just cuddled up in your bed. I was only willing to let you out of my arms when the nurses made it clear that they needed access to your body to be able to assess your condition. Seeing as I couldn't take you home until they were sure you were clear of the drugs, I suppose I had to let them get to you. I wish I could have just apparated you to St. Mungo's without sounding some sort of alarm that I had kidnapped a patient.

It was surprisingly nice to have a few hours with you all to myself. The drugs were mostly worn off, you were coherent, and we just talked and snuggled and snogged a bit. Until your heart rate started to speed up and the nurses came in concerned that something was wrong. Yeah, something is wrong, I can't grope my husband without an interruption!

I really did like having the opportunity to catch up with you and tell you all about my crazy week, get you updated on the antics of our crew, and hear about how your week was before the assault.

You know, after further review, I think we should not use Lena as our smutty photographer.

Eventually you were discharged and I brought you home. Just before bedtime, it was timed fairly well, the kids got to see you and hug you, and then I got to tuck all of you into bed. I laid with you for quite a while, just carding my fingers through your hair, trying to relax you into a nice deep sleep. And then I spent quite a while staring at your sleeping face, as much as I could see through my tears anyway.

But now I am wide awake so I thought I would get some thoughts and emotions out. Especially since, until you say otherwise, this is my only outlet for emotional purge.

In our year and a half of marriage (almost a year and a half, Wednesday will be exactly a year and a half) I have never forbidden you anything. I have told you my limits and concerns as far as playing and flirting. Even when you were on magic restriction while pregnant with our Eris, I didn't technically forbid your magic use so much as I set a house elf on you to babysit you. I've never told you who you could be friends with. I've never told you which financial decisions you need to make.
I keep my nose out of your business dealings. Hell, I didn't even tell you no to getting pregnant again when you were trying to compete with your parents! (Side note: we beat your parents, but Molly and Arthur are still beating US.)

I'm still not forbidding anything, or even asking you to change your plans, but I need you to know that I do not want you on this investigation. I know that even without your dreams, you have too big of a heart to give up. You want this killer brought to justice and before they strike again. And even with all of that, I know you would abandon the investigation if I asked you to. Which is the only thing keeping me from begging you to abandon it.

I won't ask you to stop, but I am literally begging you, I know you can't see this because you're sleeping but I am typing this on my knees. That's how serious I am. Please, do not take any more unnecessary risks. I know you can't wear your wedding ring while on this assignment, it would be a bit weird for you to have a wedding band while "dating" Hannah. But I asked your mum if she had any spare, non-heirloom, jewelry that I could have for you. Oddly enough, Narcissa had a gorgeous muggle style watch. I layered protection charms on it and I turned it into an emergency portkey. I will not ask you to abandon this case, but will you please wear this watch and promise me you'll use the portkey feature if you are ever again placed in an unsafe situation?

I need you. Your parents need their son. Your siblings need their brother. Our friends need their friend. Our children need their father. I NEED YOU. Don't leave us.

I think I may be able to fall asleep, or at the very least I will just hold you all night and breathe in the scent of you safe and home.

Hope is seeing light in spite of being surrounded by darkness,
Harry

Saturday November 25th (around 2AM)
Sweet Buggering Salazar Sodding Slytherin!!!

You called Grandmama??! Harry! That's overkill! That's like trying to murder a fly with an Avada Kedavra when a swatting spell, or a vanishing spell, would be just as effective and use far less energy.

Sigh...

But I'm not mad. In fact, I'm sort of amused that your first instinct in response to a crime as minor as this was to go straight to Grandmama. I imagine that you did so shortly after receiving my first and admittedly very alarming email. At that point, all the information you had was that I was in the hospital, very out of it, and you didn't know exactly where I was. Not to mention, this happening during the course of a murder investigation. I assume that waking my grandmother up in the middle of the night (in Russia) to wail that I needed her special brand of tender loving care made the most sense in your panic filled mind.

That said, please try to remember that my parents are able to accomplish the same or similar results with far less, erm… force than an army of what amounts to trained assassins. Also, let's hope you wake up and have a chance to eat breakfast with my parents to explain the situation to them before Grandmama shows up as it is currently the middle of the night here (I woke up when the babies started fussing and found you sleeping while kneeling at the side of the bed and your head and arms resting on the bed and your laptop. Aww so sweet how much you're worried about me!), and she's likely to time her arrival for almost exactly the moment my mother is awake, dressed, and ready to
eat breakfast. My father will NOT be pleased...

Also, since you will see Grandmama long before I wake up, please tell her that I do not feel that this woman Lena deserves any more punishment than she will already be receiving from the muggle legal system. Her crime was not a violent nor traumatic one, and her sentence will be just, our lawyers will make certain of it.

If Grandmama seems overly blood thirsty and not willing to drop the matter, please change subjects and tell her all about our new baby Harrison and how he came to exist. I think that should work rather well as a diversion. NOT that I think his birth parents truly deserve the wrath of my Grandmama either, just that they did something more heinous in my mind - and DEFINITELY in my Ancestor's minds - by trying to steal a bloodline than Lena did by...

I didn't want to talk about it before because there's no good way to say this without it sounding incriminating against me. But she gave me a drug that is the muggle equivalent of a lust potion. So, while I didn't choose to do it and WOULDN'T have chosen to do it, I had a rather pleasurable encounter. That drug was potent enough that I would have begged everyone in the park to bugger me dry three times over had Lena not already been riding me rather energetically.

I just... I don't feel that deserves a death sentence...

Also, PLEASE remind Grandmama that I am helping someone catch a murderer, and that it would be such a shame if the woman that raped me turned up dead and I'm suddenly the only suspect and so, either arrested, or otherwise removed from the case.

I don't suppose that you could *try* to lie to Grandmama and just tell her that you were mistaken, that I'd gotten thoroughly drunk while fucking around with Hannah (non sexually) and sent you an alarming email as a sort or arsehole prank. THAT would make my life a bit easier all around...

As for this case, I'll wear the watch you spelled to protect me, but I won't just quit it now. See...

I was pulled from a dream by the babies' fussing, in which I was Edwards and following a bloke through a building. IF this holds pattern with the last two, and considering that I didn't dream about any sort of modification or death in my dream, I can only conclude that Edwards will be approached by the murderer very soon. If so, then I really want to do my part to solve this case and bring the murderer to justice.

I PROMISE that I will stay out of... huh... Hannah is calling my hybrid magic/muggle crystal phone. I haven't really used it since I tend to favor the Insta-owls, but I still have it - and the ones that have sold seem to work rather well. I suppose I should answer her...

Well... It seems that the tracking device for Officer Edwards was just activated and Hannah's been called in to join the team that raids the place his signal is coming from. I'm not allowed to join in on that, but Hannah would like it if I go to her office and wait there for her to return or call with an update.

Not to worry, I told her if all I was doing was waiting, then there was no actual need for me to leave home. Wait...

Oh... It seems that she wants me on hand in case they can't find Edwards - which could happen if he was stripped naked and moved to a different location. She's hoping that since I have *seen* the murderer and building he works in - sort of - in my dreams, that maybe I'll be able to recognize it if I saw it, and thus, lead them to Edwards if needed.
So... I'm about to kiss you goodbye and head off to help out if needed. I love you so much and promise I will do whatever it takes to return to you safe and sound. I'll break the Statute of Secrecy AND any law necessary to defend myself if I must, but I don't think that will be necessary.

Seriously, try your best not to panic. Take calming potions if you must. I'll be fine. You've watched raids before and know that they sound a lot more exciting and dangerous than they really are.

Calmly and confidently yours,
Draco

P.S. I levitated you properly into bed before kissing you goodbye, and you must be *exhausted* because you barely murmured something that sounded like thanks in your sleep before snuggling up to my pillow. So I kissed you again.
Chapter 315

Chapter Summary

Draco helps catch the killer.

Chapter Notes

Sorry y'all, I wasn't trying to leave you on a mini cliffhanger, it's just that I've been 
*really* into the tablecloth I'm crocheting and whenever I crochet, it's the *only* time I 
watch TV, and so I become a bit mindless and zoned out and forget the rest of the world 
exists. It's not intentional! Love ya! :-)
This morning has been just lovely so far. Andi and Teddy came over right around the time we were all finishing up breakfast. Oh, Teddy's new trick is controlling his metamorph powers and attempting imitations of others on command. Much of the morning was taken up with your siblings and our kids shouting out names while Teddy tried to match that person's features. Everyone giggled about the fact that his Harry and Harrison, as well as his Draco and Gavin were exactly the same. They yelled Harry, and then Harrison right after, you should have seen the confused look on Teddy's face when he tried to figure out what he could change.

Grandmama might be a teeny tiny bit in love with our Haz. And he took to her immediately. I don't think he's been out of her lap for longer than five minutes at a time the entire day. And yes, I did tell her all about how he came into our family.

Oh, I forgot to tell you some of this I think. Harrison was not a result of attempted line theft. I know it sounds crazy, why else would they have used an altered polyjuice and then had unprotected sex? Yeah, so Mark is apparently brilliant at potions dealing, but he's otherwise a moron. Under veritaserum this is how the story played out … They wanted to do some really realistic role play. That's why he purchased my hair (which is still being investigated, no leads yet!). And seeing as he already had perfectly good polyjuice on hand, they just made use of the altered polyjuice instead of making the non-altered version. And he cast the usual contraception spells, but he was so caught up in his roleplay that he was doing exaggerated gestures and trying to do my "accent" and so they didn't take.

So, Harrison was most definitely not planned, just a perfect, beautiful, amazing little side effect.

Thank you for putting me to bed last night. I thought I wouldn't be able to fall asleep at all only to fall asleep kneeling on the floor with my laptop still open! I woke up warm and cozy, wrapped around your pillow and breathing in your scent. There was no you in our bed, but everything else was cozy. And thank you for wearing the watch.

I'm hoping to hear from you soon. I took a break from the get together to put the babies down for their naps, and decided emailing you would be more productive than continuing to pace while thinking about worst case scenarios. I hope Edwards is ok. I hope you come home thoroughly pumped because you found the killer today. Mostly I hope this is over and I can have my husband back.

I suppose I should head back out there, I'm the one who invited our houseguest, I should probably go be social.

I WILL see you soon.

Come home safe to me,
Harry

Sunday November 26th
My heart,

SO. Tired!

When I got home, you were already asleep again, and it was about a few minutes after midnight, so this made sense to me. All I wanted to do was strip off and crawl into bed. But no, sadly, the moment
that the wards registered my presence (or perhaps Muffy or one of my parents' elves was ordered to let them know) I was required to attend a late night tea.

With not only my parents, but also Grandmama, sigh...

Which means that they got to hear the whole story before even you - no matter how early you read this email.

So, as I wrote in my last email, I was called in while you were still asleep, probably - oh, I don't know - about 2 or so in the morning. See, Edwards was really going above and beyond his duties by moping in the park and around that neighborhood at other times than just our daily show. He figured that the murderer might be hesitant to approach him when there were others around who might notice.

As it turns out, he was right.

Last night, as Edwards was drinking - water in a vodka bottle, having spritzed actual vodka on his clothes for effect - and brooding around the park, the murderer FINALLY approached him. At first, he seemed earnest and genuinely concerned. An actual priest!

Convincing Edwards that he simply wanted to help him sober up and talk through his problems in a way that might help, the two went to a church a few blocks away. Edwards was given coffee, which - not surprisingly considering what happened to me very recently - was laced with a potent drug. NOT the same ones given to me.

This one was actually designed as a potent pain killer. I'm not clear on if it's a high dose or a combination, but the drug also can influence a person to accept and agree with things they wouldn't normally. So, when the priest said that he was a *former surgeon* and could help Edwards become perfect for the woman he loved, Edwards agreed with very little hesitation.

At this point, the priest walked Edwards through some tunnels in the cave-like bowels of the church until they reached an exit near a building full of flats. They actually went into the priest's flat for a few minutes while the priest gave Edwards more of the pain killing drug. This time as an injection.

It was as he watched the injection go into him that something like an alarm or a red flag went up in his head and he activated his tracker. Unfortunately, the priest insisted that Edwards needed to change into a hospital gown. Once he'd done that, having no choice but to leave his tracker in his clothes, he was walked to the underground car park, helped into the back of a hearse, and brought to...

I hope you find this as morbidly humorous as I did. An abandoned funeral home. Located inside a large and extremely rundown building full of flats. Parts of this building were SO very much in disrepair that they had tape across them warning that they were condemned. Apparently, people with no other choice live in those parts anyway. It's rather tragic actually.

Once inside the funeral home, the priest took his time setting things up - sterilizing instruments and the like - before starting on the initial, relatively harmless, 'pretty' parts of the ordeal. The parts where he removes excess fat in 'problem areas' and corrects those things that are considered flaws. It seems he likes to start with the 'real' things before moving onto the 'creative' things.

Which unknowingly gave us the time we needed.

I arrived in Hannah's office about 15 minutes before she called me to tell me that they had arrived in the place where the tracker belonging to Officer Callum Edwards was active and all by itself - in a
pile of his clothing. Never having been there before and having nothing to visualize the place with, I had no choice but to wait as Hannah sped back to get me and rush me to the murderer's flat.

We arrived to find that a few detectives and a whole team of crime scene investigators were going over the place with a fine tooth comb - almost literally - to find *anything* that could give them a clue as to where Edwards was taken. Hannah was utterly brilliant! After a few *hours* of not knowing what to do, she located a loose hair on Edwards' shirt that I was able to use - after relocating to a private place - to cast a Point Me spell.

I have to admit that I felt a bit strange holding a single tiny hair and calling out: "Point me Officer Callum Edwards!" In a dark and dirty alley. But it worked!

Soon, Hannah was driving me around town on her police motorbike as we followed the light from my wand. When we arrived, I was... a bit awed, actually, as the place DID look like what little I'd seen in my dreams. We quickly but stealthily made our way into Shtupp's Funeral Home, me casting Alohamoras as necessary, until we found the priest and Edwards.

See now, Hannah is trained to do things in a certain order. 1: contain the situation if possible (meaning arrest, scare off, or otherwise deactivate the threat), 2: Ensure the life and safety of any victims, and 3: Take the criminal into custody. Meaning that ensuring the safety of Edwards took precedent over arresting the priest. So, when the priest ran off, Hannah didn't chase him, instead, calling for backup and medical attention ASAP.

That said, I was NOT about to let the man get away! I like nightmare free sleep, thank you very much! So I chased him.

Please don't panic as you read this part. First of all, I had the watch you gave me full of protection spells. Second, this was a muggle, and he wasn't even carrying a gun or any sort of weapon, unless you count a scalpel. Most importantly, I wasn't planning to get anywhere near close enough to him that the scalpel was even a tiny threat. I fully planned to stun him from a safe distance.

But he obviously had other plans. Rather than run out of the building and try to get lost on the streets - or make it to his car and drive away - he chose to run through the building. I can sort of see the logic in this plan, the building itself was highly dangerous. I *might* have actually gotten hurt if I didn't know all the spells I needed to cover holes and stabilize weak floors and ceilings.

I ran after him casting spell after spell - to ensure my safety and try to stun him. To my surprise, maybe because he knew the building so well, but he was able to run through the halls and up and down stairs in a speedy manner that I'd think was magic if I couldn't hear him breathing hard from the effort.

I'd LIKE to tell you all about how I caught him and saved the day. But I can't. He stayed just far enough ahead of me, rounding corners and changing directions as often as possible, that I couldn't hit him with a stunning spell. I chased him for quite some time. Long enough that even running and dancing regularly didn't prepare me with enough stamina. I have NO IDEA how he didn't just collapse from exhaustion! Perhaps being literally and certifiably mad made him impervious to how hard that must have been on his body, but he never truly slowed down, and I can only guess, but maybe he wanted me to catch him eventually, because he didn't ever try to leave the building.

If you wanted to truly escape from someone chasing you, don't you think you'd try to hide and then slip away? Well, I mean if you were a muggle and couldn't just Apparate away the moment you turned a corner and couldn't be seen.

Anyway, as I said, I didn't catch him. All I really did was keep him occupied for about an hour or so
while an ambulance came and got Edwards and Hannah coordinated with her coworkers how best to trap this murderous priest. They knew I was still chasing him because they could hear his insane laughter as he ran all around the building and my occasional non magical cursing in between mutters they couldn't quite make out - which was me making sure my path was magically safe for me to run.

After all of that, I think I might have improved the living conditions for a good half the building!

Finally, they managed to set a trap for him so that he ran right into Hannah. She took him down and arrested him. I'm generously being given credit for not letting him escape until he could be arrested, but I know that all I really did was let him toy with me until his luck ran out. I'm sort of depressed about this even though I'm elated he was caught.

This brings us to about, oh, 8 am or so. What, you ask, took until midnight for me to return home?

Well, the first few hours were me sitting in a room, unable to legally leave because I needed to give my statement/debriefing, BUT I had to wait until someone could take my statement as there were other things happening. Such as Hannah giving her debriefing. THEN word came in that Edwards was awake, and so Hannah and her boss both left to go check on him. They brought the pair of officers assigned to taking statements and debriefings with them to talk with Edwards too, so that they could get his full account while he was awake and able to give it. That's how we know details such as him going to the church with the priest.

When they finally returned, Hannah was allowed to tell me that Edwards was stable and going to make a full recovery, but would remain in the hospital for a while because real surgeons had to fix up the little bit of damage the priest had done. He had *just* started on the bad parts when we caught him, so mostly, nothing too bad had happened yet.

Then I was finally allowed to give my statement. And that led to me being considered a suspect again. Or at least an accomplice of sorts. I was even accused of chasing but not catching the priest on purpose as a way to eventually let him get away and claim I'd done my best to get him.

The reason I was a suspect again is that I couldn't quite explain everything. Such as HOW I helped Hannah find Edwards in the first place. She knows that the Statute of Secrecy is important, and so, had been a bit vague by saying that I gave her directions as she drove. When she realized that I was in trouble for knowing those directions when I really shouldn't, she claimed they'd came to me in a dream, but I was too tired by this point to think of such a thing and simply said something along the lines of: "I dunno, they just came to me while she drove."

And so, one of the officers came up with a rather elaborate theory as to how I'd been in on it the entire time. How my job was to keep the police off the murderer's trail. How I was able to warn the priest about our plans so that he'd avoid falling for the bait, but that Edwards proved to be so tempting that the priest lost all caution and took him anyway. Things like that.

It took probably about six hours of telling and retelling everything I knew, largely backed up by the recording devices (which other officers were assigned to listen to all of the footage and look for anything incriminating). Nearing 8 PM, Hannah finally lost her patience and confessed that I was a wizard and cast a location spell to find Callum - she calls him by name because that's just the type of woman she is. I personally dislike his name because it looks and sounds like it should be a proper Caelum, but it's not.

Also, don't I know someone, erm… weird, I suppose, with the name Edward Callum?

Not important.
Well, as you can imagine, telling a bunch of muggles that I'm a wizard did not go over very well. If anything, I look even MORE guilty, and Hannah was starting to look a bit like a suspect herself. But she convinced her boss to give her a chance to prove it. It took about 2 and a half hours, but she finally succeeded...

See, she called Auror Bletchly, told him what was going on (which probably took a while), and asked him to get someone to vouch for me. If nothing else, come in and make everyone forget about me because I don't deserve to be labeled a criminal when I'd actually helped them catch the murderer. Well, Bletchly called Robards, who conferred with Shacklebolt. It was agreed that I should be given permission to disclose any information necessary to clear my name. ONLY the information necessary to clear my name.

Bletchly showed up where I was being questioned, showed his credentials proving him to be another sort of police officer working for the government, and was allowed to hand me an actual permission slip. With that in hand and certain that I wouldn't be convicted by the Wizengamot of breaking the Statute, I pulled out my wand and cast a few basic spells such as conjuring up a cup and casting an aguamenti into it. Not to mention transfiguring the deucedly uncomfortable metal chair into a far better over-sized plush armchair. Then I summoned a bag of my favorite tea from my carry all, cast a warming charm on my cup of water, and had me a lovely tea and biscuit break - since I hadn't eaten since, erm…….

I don't actually remember.

THEN I pulled the hair from Officer Edwards out of my pocket and cast a Point Me spell on it, explaining that that really was how I managed to find him. Once we all went over my story AGAIN and all the previous discrepancies could be explained by magic - even my initial dreams, to a point - I was FINALLY allowed to go home.

And like I said, I was immediately summoned by my parents, which took another hour or so. So tired that I inexplicably couldn't sleep, I decided to write this email from bed while I fed the babies. So it is now about 3 or 4 in the morning, more than 24 hours since I last slept, and I expect that I will be dead to the world for the next 8 to 10 hours at the very least.

I love you so so SO much, but if you have any plans to cuddle with or stealth pleasure me in my sleep, please do so in a way that doesn't wake me. Perhaps cast a spell to ensure that I remain asleep before having your way with me as much as you want. You know how much I love somnophilia.

But there is one more thing I want to say before I sign off, and that's: I did as you asked in your email, picturing myself in Hannah's place as YOU were in my place, and I still don't think I would have called Grandmama. That I would have known with all certainty that calling her is a death sentence, and a particularly nasty one at that. Instead, I would have force fed a lust potion to the person who DARED to touch what is mine - because even though I have a sharing kink, I do have limits, and this is one of them. After she (or he, it could easily be a man too) was desperately begging to be buggered by everyone in the city, I would have brought her to a place I know of where the patrons like to be violent. VERY violent. I would have handed her over, letting them know that she likes it rough, and then I would have watched just enough to know for certain that she was being brutalized. Then I would have left because I don't want to see that and risk remembering details of what had happened to me once upon a time ago.

Basically, I don't think she deserves to die for what happened, although I do agree a harsh punishment is in order. That said, I was able to convince Grandmama of two things. First of all, I roundaboutly told her that you suspect but do not know for certain that she and her boyfriend are, erm… flexible in their morals. That you didn't quite understand what calling her would lead to. (I
also told her that I'd put the skull her minions sent in the dark vault without you even seeing it, so that part was true and she didn't think to ask if you knew about it). Secondly, I convinced her that death was not the answer in this case. That *I* should be the one allowed to decide and enact the appropriate punishment.

Since the mob believes very much in self justice, she agreed to this, warning me that she would take the matter into her own hands if I didn't accomplish the task in a timely manner. So now I just have to figure out what I want to do to Lena and how to do it while she's in muggle prison.

Perhaps I will let you decide. Tell me what you want me to do to her and I will do it. Because I love you more than anything and I can't stand that her actions hurt you so much that you want her dead. So I mean it, tell me and I'll do it.

You're the one I need, the way back home is always long, but if I'm close to you I'm holding on, you're the one I need, my real life has just begun 'cuz there's nothing like your smile made of sun, Draco
Chapter 316

Chapter Summary

Harry heckles Draco about catching the killer.

Sunday November 26th
My Brave Gryffin… Slytherin,

You ran after the killer? YOU ran after the killer? You ran after the KILLER? Just making sure I have that information right. What am I going to do with you, you brave, emotional, leaping before you look, big hearted, danger seeking, risk taker?

Sorry, I definitely cuddled you extensively without casting anything to keep you asleep. In my defense, I hadn't gotten out of bed or had a chance to read your email so I wasn't aware of your request. Although you were dead to the world and did not need any additional help staying asleep. I couldn't help it, I woke up at my usual time, and instead of a pillow that smelled like you and way too much room, I found my warm cozy husband! I did not attempt to have my filthy way with you. Maybe tonight?

I knew you had a somnophilia kink, but I thought that was just for having your way with me while I slept, I didn't realize you would like it the other way. I know you enjoy it when I get started while you sleep and wake you up in delightful ways, but would you like the same treatment you give me? You know me, while somnophilia may not be my kink, it's not a limit, and fulfilling all of your desires IS my kink. So I'm all in!

Thank you for giving me the entire story of your insane day of police work yesterday. I am thrilled that the killer has been caught. I'm glad Callum? is going to make a full recovery. And hey, if all the guy managed to do was a bit of lipo or something like that, silver lining: free lipo! But mostly I am unbelievably thankful that I will have my husband back. I have missed you so much. If we didn't have a crazy hectic upcoming week at Unity I would probably just take the entire week off just to be with you and catch up with you.

After you're rested of course. It's well past noon, I have already gone for a run, eaten breakfast, fed and played with the kids, and gotten the babies to sleep for their first nap. You are still sleeping. I don't blame you at all, you obviously need your rest. Before I started this email I watched you sleep for a good twenty minutes. I eventually stopped because I started feeling like a super creep, sneaking up next to your bed to watch you sleep. I would have just climbed in, but I had read your request to not wake you and while I was sleepy enough this morning to keep my hands off of you, I am pretty sure my hands would have a mind of their own right now.

It seems as though this case is wrapped up nice and neat. No more victims. Killer in custody. But there is something I still don't understand; why did you have these prophetic dreams? It makes sense that you dreamt of River, he's our son, you have a link to him. But you seemingly have no link to the victims, the killer, the area, why THIS murder? Why now?

So, on to Grandmama. I didn't initially call her to have her take someone out, I just called her because with her connections I thought she might be the best chance of finding you when all I had to go on was your drug filled nonsense email. It wasn't until I thought of what had happened that the
rage monster that lives in my chest decided murder was the right call. Now that I have had a bit of time to cool off, I don't think she deserves to be killed. That's not true, the rage monster still thinks so, but my logical self is overriding the other part and realizes that I cannot take justice into my own hands. It would be different if she were not being brought up on charges, if she were getting away with touching what is mine, but she's going through the legal system and I have to trust that she will get what's coming to her.

Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. I cannot keep convincing myself that vigilantism is justified and I should have the power to punish people. I know better than this, thank you for helping me stick to my own moral code when my emotions tried to push me over the edge. I love you more than anything, you make me a better man.

I do suppose the rage monster might be appeased by you casting some covert STD spells at her. She doesn't deserve death (shut up rage monster, she doesn't deserve death) but a healthy dose of Herpes with a side order of Crabs might be just the ticket. Maybe a little gonorrhea? I don't even know what that one does, but it's a fun word.

I'm hoping you wake up soon. It has been a nightmare trying to keep Viona away from you to let you sleep. It's one thing having to tell her you were working the last couple of weeks. But she knows you're here, she saw you this morning, I've had to stop her a few times this morning from waking you up. She's so sneaky, she'd be playing nicely with Della and then make a break for the door. I'd go pick her up and she'd start shrieking about "No Mum dah, my Dah!" I'm willing to take any and all of the kids with me to Unity tomorrow, but I have a feeling that unless you come with as well, at the very least Viona and Eris will NOT be coming willingly!

Hopefully you will be nice and well rested by next weekend, we need to get some Christmas shopping done. Christmas is already four weeks from yesterday! I will at least need to go and get started on shopping for my Unity Kids. That takes forever.

I also need to set up a meet and greet. I'm thinking for Friday 8th December? By the end of the week we will have 38 Unity Kids. Some of them will be headed off to Hogwarts as early as when classes resume in January, but I'm hoping we can get a good amount of them into their forever home before Christmas.

Ok, you've had so many hours of sleep. I won't try to wake you up, but I am coming in to cuddle. I can't stop myself!

Love,
Your Harry

Sunday November 26th
Mi Amor,

I'm not brave nor reckless. I didn't take any risks because I had just enough time to assess the situation and determine that the priest wasn't really a threat to anyone not drugged up and helpless. He had no weapons on him other than a scalpel. Chasing him held no risk to me other than twisting my ankle, but that's what the spells I cast were meant to prevent.

I wasn't the hero of this case, simply a helper. And I do NOT have a hero complex! I simply had a selfish motivation to have nightmare free sleep.

Speaking of, my mother and Grandmama both agree that members of our family will occasionally
have a prophetic dream. It's not generally something that happens often, and certainly isn't reliable
enough to qualify any of us as true seers. Neither can recall anyone dreaming about a random
muggle murder before, so, that's definitely unique to me. They think maybe you are rubbing off on
me and didn't appreciate it when I couldn't stop laughing and told them: "Not recently."

Anyway, you are currently off in the mysterious Manor kitchen making me breakfast - much to
Muffy's dismay. I'm going to sign off and take a shower so that I'm ready to go the moment I finish
eating. I'm quite looking forward to you dragging me around shopping. Maybe while we're out, we
can check up on the progress made on that water park I was telling you about. It should actually be
ready to open by Christmas if all is going according to plan.

Love you and seriously glad I'm no longer part of an investigation that tears me from your arms on a
daily basis,
Draco
P.S. Yes, definitely have your wicked way with me while I'm sleeping! Just thinking about it turns
me on so much!
Chapter 317

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco finally have a little time for fluff and smut.

Chapter Notes

Hi y'all! I feel I should apologize for the weird posting lately. While it's true that I've been focused on my crocheting, and thus zoned out and forgetful, the other part of the problem is that I've always had odd sleep issues. When I was younger and HAD to abide by the regular sleep schedule of awake during the day and asleep during the night, I would often find that I couldn't sleep at night until well after midnight, and so, would be perpetually tired because I'd still have to wake up at about 6am or so to go to school and then work when I was older. I built up a severe sleep deficit and my mother says that I've been an insomniac since birth, awake all night while she slept and just barely falling asleep in time to go to the childcare provider.

NOW, I'm blessed in that I am a stay at home wife/mother and can sleep when I'm tired and not have to try to sleep when most people are expected to. Also, my husband works second shift, and so it works out in his favor as well that I'm able to usually go to sleep when he does and wake up a bit after he does. If I didn't, we'd probably never actually see each other except for the hour or so before he goes to work each day.

Anyway, because of my sleep issues, I tend to 'cycle forward' (as I call it) so that I often stay up a bit later than I did the day before, and then make up for it by sleeping in later. This means that when I am cycling forward, I'm not sleeping at ANY set time at all. And this is what is happening at the moment. So, because of this, I've been waking up at about 8PM each night for the last week, and staying up until about 10 the next morning.

Since I am ALSO crocheting and zoning out to Netflix, I haven't really been thinking about much of anything else, simply basking in the joy of having my very own craft room for the first time in my life. That means that my habit of posting about an hour after I wake up has suffered since part of my wake up ritual these days is to make a cup of tea to sip on while I crochet and watch a docuseries (I've watched Secrets of British Castles and Warrior Women in the past three or four days, lol). Thus, by the time I am awake and would normally post, I'm so caught up in what I'm doing that I forget.

I really don't mean to and that's why I am suddenly posting in the middle of the night as that's when I end up taking a lunch break - so to speak - and remember I have things that are important to me to get done. I hope that my regular readers will bear with me until my cycling finally ends and I return to my 'normal' sleep schedule.

But - just so you know - that's the same reason I haven't been writing new other stories either. My brain feels like mush at the moment from the weird sleep schedule, lol. :-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Sunday November 26th
My Amazing Husband,

Of course you are neither brave nor reckless. My apologies dear sir for having the audacity to accuse you of such things. You were calmly assessing a situation, and were completely motivated by your keen sense of self preservation. You were utterly selfish in your motives, all of the work you have done lately has been to relieve yourself of unpleasant dreaming. You are most definitely not a hero.

Whatever you need to tell yourself to feel comfortable at the Slytherin Reunions my darling.

I've rubbed off on you. Hehehe, I'll rub one off on you!

I'm really pleased that me accidentally waking you when I decided I needed a snuggle was met with you just being happy to see me. As well as a quickie. You'd think after weeks of not much sex (well, at least less than WE are used to) we would have wanted to take our time and really draw it out. Nope, we were both frantic and tore at each other like we were starving.

And seeing as you obviously hadn't read my previous email yet, I mentioned shopping next weekend. For future reference, if snuggles and sex aren't enough, the prospect of shopping will get my spoiled prince of a husband out of bed. At least after he's been served "breakfast" in bed! I don't really think that eating a meal at one in the afternoon can be considered breakfast, even if it is pancakes.

You are just too funny, "Draco, we should do some Christmas shopping next weekend since you've had a stressful couple of weeks" and you come back with "Shopping? Why wait?!" The only decision we had to make was whether we were going to shop for our circle and/or the Unity Kids, or spend today shopping for our own kids. When I got back to the room with your breakfast, Viona and Eris had solidly wedged themselves in your lap and looked as though they had no intention of moving for at least a year. I guess that meant we were shopping for others!

We are completely insane, you know that right? We have an afternoon to get some Christmas shopping done, why don't we take all six children with us? Seeing as we have the best children on the entire planet, it could have gone much worse. You wore Viona on your back (when she wasn't walking herself) and Eris on your front, I had Orion, and Lainie wore Harrison. River just walked along with us holding whoever's hand he felt like at the moment.

I'm really glad I brought a list, or it may have just been a free for all of lunacy. I placed an order for trunks for each of the Unity Kids. Or all of them except for Finn, Chloe, and Davey. Each of them was there for Christmas last year so they already have their own trunks. So the next stop was the music store, instead of a second trunk, these three each received their own instrument. Just a little piece of Unity they can pack up when they move on to the next phases of their lives. At his age, Finn wants to just live at Unity until he's old enough to live on his own. But I am really hoping that, as much as I adore Chloe and Davey, they aren't around for much longer. I think they're the only Kids (besides Finn) who have been at Unity longer than a year.

And we couldn't get out of the store without new sheet music for our musical family. Merlin, Elena and River teaming up on me and giving me big brown puppy dog eyes? They should not be allowed such weapons!

Then we headed to pick out pajamas. Wow, last year was a bit easier on a number of levels. I ordered a new pair of pajamas for each Kid, but I have six Kids scheduled to arrive this coming week and I don't know anything about them. So I ordered all of the pajamas, and told the sales staff which additional six I wanted and that I would call in the sizes as soon as the new Kids got home.
And after I ordered those, I needed to figure out what our Christmas morning crew was going to wear. Last year I did matching pajamas for Teddy, Viona, Della, and Sebastian. And I was right, watching them on Christmas morning wearing them was beyond adorable. This year, we needed quite a few more! We needed them for all six of ours, all four of your siblings, and Teddy. I thought about getting some for Bianca, Roderick, Victoire, and Mac for when we went and had Christmas at the Burrow, but we all wear our matching Weasley sweaters there, so I figured it wasn't necessary.

After that, we picked out some gifts for the kids to give their grandparents and their godparents. By that time everyone was worn out, hungry, and we had some cranky babies on our hands. Which of course in our crazy world meant, let's all go out to dinner before we go home! A private room at Café Exquis was really all we needed. We got the babies a bottle each, ordered our meals, and by the time the food got there Eri and Haz were sound asleep and Ori was content to just take little bites of everyone else's food.

We obviously have a lot more shopping to do before Christmas comes. But I think that was a lot to get done for a first attempt. When we got home, the kids that hadn't fallen asleep at dinner were out like a light within fifteen minutes. I went to put away some of our purchases while you put the littles to bed and by the time I got back the kids weren't the only ones sound asleep!

But now that I have had a chance to unwind a bit - "Talk" to you about our day - I think it's time to take advantage of your unconsciousness. Now the only question is do I eventually wake you up or do I try my hardest to keep you asleep and just tell you tomorrow about all the fun I had with your body!

Stealthily Yours,
Harry

Monday November 27th
Mon Coeur,

Last night, mmm...

While I was sleeping, you Apparated us to the bed in our playroom. Then - deciding to give me something I asked for - you cast all the quick prep spells on me so that you could shag me before I even fully woke up. Which means that I was half certain that I was having the best dream ever until I realized that it was real.

Half asleep, I loved every moment of you pounding me into the bed rather enthusiastically. The moment you filled me up, I thought I would be content enough to drift back to sleep, but no. You weren't done with me yet. Starting with kisses that nearly made me swoon, you licked and worshiped every inch of my body. Watching you suck dark bruises onto my neck and chest made me purr. I know you don't want to do it very often, so I can only assume that you felt a need to reassert your territory.

After licking a path down my chest and abdomen, rather than suck on the part I *really* wanted you to focus on, you insisted that I turn over so that you could massage and kiss my back all the way down my legs and back up again to my arse, which you also covered in love bites - turning me on so thoroughly that I started snarling at you to just shag me again already.

But you STILL had other plans. Not letting me touch myself or rut against the bed enough to get off, you inserted two or three fingers inside me and continued to lick and bite my arse as you slowly stimulated me to a glorious climax. Mmm... I think I nearly passed out from that, but by that point,
you were hard and ready to go again.

I let you take your pleasure rather lazily for a while, but after about a half an hour, I got an urge to do something different. So, I asked you to pull out and lay on your back. While you watched curiously, I walked around the room until I decided on the perfect toy: a vibrating dildo that is actually a duplicate of me - meaning that it is the same size and shape (and feel) as me on the outside, but mechanically a vibrator on the inside.

As you said, it had been a while since you'd taken two, so before I could get to it, I spent a fair amount of time stretching you open with my fingers. Then the toy. Then the toy AND my fingers. Eventually, you were ready to take me and the toy - both together at the same time. The beautifully passion infused look on your face nearly sent me over the edge then and there, but I took a few deep breaths before moving.

Then I swear I found heaven. Something about you willingly being pushed to your limits by me simply because I want to see what you can handle, it just... It really does something to me. Makes me feel powerful, but... in love with the world, if that makes sense.

I can only assume that we BOTH orgasmed so hard that we passed out because we woke up still snuggled up in our playroom bed. It was early morning - the time of day I NEVER want to see, but Muffy and her children had handled all night feedings until our darling little demon realized that neither of us was in bed and threw an unholy strop.

So, to bed we went, each feeding one of the babies and assuring River that nothing was wrong and he could go back to sleep. After everyone was fed and sleeping again, I myself snuggled up to my pillow and yours, but YOU were awake for the day. It *was* your normal time to get up after all, but since I haven't bothered to check what day it is yet, I don't know if you're home or at Unity. After I sign off in a moment here, I'm going to ask Muffy where you are, and then get dressed and track you down. I don't plan to do much of anything for the next few days, but you had mentioned something about bring me into Unity House and having me meet the newest kids, so I think I'll do that too - perhaps before I even hunt you down.

That I would be loved, even when I numb myself, that I would be good, even when I am overwhelmed, that I would be loved, even when I was fuming, that I would good, even if I was clingy, that I would be good, even if I lost sanity, that I would good, whether with or without you, Draco

P.S. Nope, that line is wrong, there is only with you, without can't exist because it just can't.

Chapter End Notes

Here's a link to my most current progress pic of the table cloth I'm crocheting. It's on row 51 out of 82 and I've run out of yarn and have to wait a bit to buy more, sigh, so, I see another project in my future, lol. https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=10204918765485977&set=pcb.10204918765725983&type=3&theater
Chapter 318

Chapter Summary

One of the new Kids has anger issues that Draco can help him deal with.

Tuesday November 28th
My Love,

I just don't understand my brain sometimes. You and I kiss just about everywhere. Your father knows WAY too much about our sex life, because I tell him all about it any time I breathe near alcohol. We have shagged in public. We have both been heavily pregnant, proof that we shag. We have shagged most of our friends. But you showing up yesterday with obvious love bites and not attempting to hide them made me blush so hard I thought my face was melting.

I hadn't had a minute to read your email yesterday, and then you were there. Usually when you come surprise me at work it's by popping into my office. Otherwise you at least come find me and kiss me senseless before you get lost in the music room. So wasn't I surprised when I found you in the library, our two littlest newbies, Parker and Evie, snuggled into your lap while you read them a story.

Draco, I am madly in love with you and always will be, but seeing the way you are with children just puts my heart into overdrive. Every time I think I couldn't possibly love you more than I already do my heart seems to take that as a challenge! I just stood in the doorway for a bit, watching you. And the longer you read, the more Kids came in to listen to the story. You had a whole book club snuggled up in the cushions and bean bags we spread around the library. How dare you good sir? I aim for "favorite uncle" status, and you come in and become all of the new Kids' favorite in one swoop!

I can't exactly blame them I suppose, you are MY favorite. They just have good taste I suppose.

Sunday was such a great day with you. I got to go shopping with my snobby prat of a husband! You know what we haven't done in a while? Gone on a wardrobe filler trip. We did that big shopping trip to Paris when Viona was a baby, we bought tons of clothes for her, for Unity, and for the babies, and when we got Elena and River we made sure to fill out their closets a bit. But…. ok now that I'm listing all of our spending sprees maybe we have done enough shopping.

Anyway, long story short, we should go to Paris again. I was thinking about how much fun we had when we went last time, and trying to think of a time we could go again. But with upcoming holidays and other life plans, we don't really have much free time coming up. So, I know it's technically two months away, but we should plan a trip to Paris to celebrate Viona's second birthday at the end of January! We could do just a little dinner with cake and stuff for our families, you know they won't be ok with not getting to celebrate her birthday at all, and then take our crew to Paris for the weekend. Do some shopping and sightseeing as a family, and then leave the other five with Elena and Muffy in charge for a few hours and just do a Daddies - Princess date.

Hmm, seeing as the Princess' birthday is January 24, and Pansy is due the 27th, and I know you're going to want to go to Russia to see her and the baby as soon as possible, maybe that's too much all at once?
We have a while to figure that out, I should really talk about things that are coming up much sooner than that. I am so glad I have a Tabitha, because our life is so full (oh poor sad us) that there's no way I could keep everything straight otherwise. As we all know, I am terrible at keeping things straight. Hahahahahaha.

I'd apologize for my terrible joke, but I am a dad, it's in the job description!

Ok today is Tuesday 28 November
-Nothing scheduled the next week and a half besides our usual Wednesday night Movie Nights. (And seeing as we have a bit of an older crowd at Unity right now, we ARE watching Empire Strikes Back tomorrow!)
-Friday 8 December, we have a Unity Meet 'N Greet. Not sure if we're going to do a Movie Night or a Games Night. They've both done well in the past, but being so cold outside not sure if we should do movies because it's indoors or just layer an extensive warming charm outdoors.
-Saturday 16 December, Donna's family is coming here to celebrate an early Christmas and we've been invited to come out that Saturday and celebrate with them. And we'll get to see Dudley and Donna's new place, they moved out of their teeny apartment and into a house. So it's kind of a Christmas party and housewarming party all in one.
-24 and 25 December, will obviously be Christmas at home and a bit at Unity as well.
-26 December, we'll be at the Burrow to celebrate Christmas on my side.
-New Years Eve - New Years Day, we're taking the Unity Kids to London again for celebration and the parade like last year.
-Saturday 6 January, We've got Harrison's naming ceremony scheduled for that day and I asked Julia to come do updated family pictures AGAIN!

Whew, just typing that all out was exhausting, and we have to live it! And somewhere in there we need to fit in seeing your water park since we didn't have time on Sunday. Well we could have had the time but we also would have had some very cranky tiny people with us.

It's been a really nice morning so far at Unity. Per usual I took Lainie to school, and I have River, Orion, and Harrison with me. The Princess and my Cherub are with you, because they refuse to let you out of their sights. And the Princess was NOT in the mood to be awake so early this morning. Yes, I call Eris my Cherub. She's a teeny tiny angelic little cherub, she is NOT a demon!

We received three new Kids Monday, and one more today, Alicia who's 9, and as far as I know that leaves just two more to come sometime this coming week. The Kids who are old enough for Traditions that came last week started classes yesterday, and they all seemed happy enough to go for their second day this morning. Those that come this week will start next week Monday. Hermione, McGonagall, Yesenia and I had a short meeting last week and decided that all of the newcomers would spend this school year at Traditions even if they're old enough for Hogwarts. There's been so much disruption in their lives, a lot of them have some trauma to work through, and we all agree that giving them a safe space to live and heal was our number one priority. We'll reassess this summer to see whether they're ready for Hogwarts and if so which year they should start in.

Obviously if they are adopted before that time it will be up to their parents to make those decisions at that point, but I would hope that the potential parents would take Yesenia's recommendations per what's best for the child.

Well, I should head into the kitchens and start working on lunch. I promised River, Lee, and Davey that they could help me cook so I need to get some things prepped so it doesn't take forever. And I have to get out of this office chair either way, I'm still a bit sore from Sunday night! Mmmm, one of my favorite kinds of soreness. Maybe tomorrow I should be too sore to sit for my other favorite reason to have a sore arse.
You said you were probably going to come in this afternoon, so hopefully I will see you, Viona, and Eris soon.

Love always,
Harry

P.S. Ginny is bringing someone to Christmas at the Burrow! And I know who!

Tuesday November 28th
Imzadi,

It's always a bit weird when you get an influx of new kids at Unity. I always feel a bit like I just got used to the old kids - whether I bothered to learn their names or not - and then half or more of the old ones are gone and I have no idea who the new ones are. I wonder if this is how our Professors felt each year when the Seventh Years left and the new First Years arrived.

In any case, the younger ones are usually no problem. As you said, all I had to do to win them over was read a story. The official book I was holding was called something like Holler Loudly - which I did read to them - but once I was done with that book, I pretended that it just kept going and launched into an epic story about a poor boy who was raised in a cupboard, overcame numerous obstacles, hardships, and murder attempts to eventually save the world - the extremely abridged version.

At some point, Finnegan and Elena had rounded up all the kids since Traditions was over for the day and music lessons had been canceled since Ethan is sick and not feeling up to getting out of bed. By the way, I'm pleased to note that Insta-owls work for muggles too. I thought they might only work for magic users, but nope, we built them so that anyone can use them - which I'm inexplicably proud about.

Anyway, I had all of the Kids around me, listening with bated breath as I recounted the incident when the nameless Hero of the story - in his Fourth Year - was battling a dragon and had to defeat her without harming her in the slightest. It was a thrilling feat, accomplished with the help of the fastest broom in the world, when suddenly, you waded through all the kids and leaned over to look me in the eye.

"Stop telling them such rubbish! No one needs to hear such stories!"

I set the children who had crowded into my lap aside and stood up to pull you into my arms so I could give you a tender kiss.

"It's one of my favorite stories!" I informed you. "And one I think the Kids should definitely hear over and over until they've all memorized it."

You harrumphed and gave me a glare that was intended to be fierce but what actually so adorable that I couldn't help but kiss you again.

"UGH!!!" Most of the new kids groaned.

One of them went so far as to shout: "You bloody perverts! You're not allowed to do that at all, *especially* in front of innocent young kids! We should call the bloody police!"

And well... as much as my first instinct was to snarl like a dragon and go into rampage mode, I know *that* wouldn't have helped in the slightest. Before either of us could react, Elena unsurprisingly
stared the offender down.

"Those are my DADS your verbally abusing! Not only are they married, but I'll have you know that they bloody well ARE allowed to kiss each other - even in front of us! You're either going to have to get used to it, or you're going to have to suffer because they're never going to stop!"

Some of the other Kids - ones that have been there a while, including Finnegan - backed her up, saying things like: "Too right!" And "Those two kiss ALL THE TIME! It's annoying but it's perfectly natural!"

Huh... I guess we've inadvertently taught tolerance and acceptance to the Kids. I hadn't really thought about it before.

But our angry little accuser wouldn't back down. "I don't care if you're married or how often you do it, you're FREAKS and you shouldn't be allowed around children!!"

"Say that again and I'll punch you in your big mouth!" Elena screeched.

"Lanie!" You blurted out in shock as I grabbed the offender by the scruff - well, collar - and did my best to look stern as I marched him out of the room.

I love you beyond what words can express that you simply trusted that I wasn't going to do anything bad and let me get on with it. I could hear the other Kids - the new ones who don't know how things are at Unity yet - murmur something along the lines of: "UH-OH, he's in *so* much trouble, he's gonna get it now!"

Instead of any sort of punishment, I dragged the angry Kid to the sparring room - kicking and screaming the entire way (Lemme go! Gerroff me! I'll call the police! I'll tell them you molested me!!) - and I now have a strong idea as to why this one is so angry. Once in the well-padded room, I pointed to a practice dummy.

"THAT is a completely inanimate object. You can't hurt it even if you demolish it. I want you to look at it and see who or whatever you're angry at. Even if it's me at the moment. Once you can see it clearly, pick whatever you want - I recommend a staff to start with - and then go ahead and try to beat up the dummy."

After a long look of disbelief, mixed with a bit of residual fear from being alone with an untrusted stranger, and then a good look around the room, a bat was chosen and the poor dummy was subjected to the worst abuse possible. Along with a lot of screaming and cursing. Once again, I'm supremely glad that I'm not the one responsible for curbing the Kids' language because: "You rotten arsehole bastard sonovabitch!" emerged more than once.

When it seemed like the tirade was running out of steam, I had Muffy bring us two pints of Oats of this Swirled and a plate of hard biscuits to use as spoons. Then I sat on the floor and made a show out of eating mine while the other one sat ready and waiting. After a long moment of indecision, the other pint was snatched and torn open while he sat on the opposite side of the room and basically glared at me.

A few minutes later, you popped your head into the room and saw that literally almost nothing was happening. Encouraged, you walked over to me and gave me a hand up. Then we rested our heads together.

"Alright?" You asked with a concerned but encouraging smile.

"Everything's fine," I assured you.
"I knew you'd be needed," you whispered in my ear before kissing me.

"I love you," I murmured.

"Not as much as I love you," you countered. "Ready to go home?"

"Just about," I replied, giving you a kiss. I turned to the Kid who was watching us with equal amounts of disgust and interest. "Listen, Harry has gone to great lengths to make sure that Unity House is a safe place for everyone. That means no fighting, obviously, but it also means that if you feel angry and just want to punch something, well, this is the place to do it. Promise me that you'll NEVER hurt any of the other kids, and in return, I'll teach you how to defend yourself so that no one can ever hurt you again. Deal?"

I was eyed very warily for a long moment before he gave me a grudging nod. "Yeah... I'd like to know how to defend meself."

"Good. You'll probably meet Antonio tomorrow, and he'll probably be happy to meet you once he realizes that he's got a new sparring partner," I said. "But for now, I'm going home with my husband so we can cuddle with our adorable children. You should probably go talk to Yesenia for a bit, or if you don't feel like talking, find Luna and ask her to tell you how many wrackspurts are around your head."

"What're wrackspurts???"

Chuckling, we both walked away, you leading me on your rounds - or at least part of them - until you were certain you had everything done for the day and could go home. We grabbed those of our children that were at Unity House, and then went home where we definitely snuggled with them. Even Elena crawled into our bed with us for a little bit so that she could chat with River and play with Harrison.

It was the perfect end to yet another rather messy day in the lives of Harry and Draco, or so I thought until all the kids were asleep and you brought me up to our playroom again. Mmm...

It's not where you come from, it's where you belong, nothin' I would trade, I wouldn't have it any other way, you're surrounded, by love and you're wanted, so never feel alone, you are home with me, right where you belong,

Draco

P.S. I'll go shopping with you anytime, anyplace!
Draco convinces Harry that it's time to fill out some very important paperwork in his office.

Wednesday November 29th
My Strength,

Yep, you were most definitely needed. You just have this natural instinct with some of these Kids. They listen to you. They know that while you might be a snob, you're never going to talk down to them. I get the impression that you don't think you're great with most kids because you're not baking biscuits and singing traditional lullabies. But I think most of the children really respond to your honesty. You don't try to tell any of them that they shouldn't be angry, or upset, or annoyed, you just give them a better outlet for those emotions. Want to beat up your abuser? Beat the crap out of this practice dummy instead.

My first real experience with parental love was from Molly. It's why my first instinct when I see a hurting child is to force-feed them, smother them in hugs, and worry about them. While the feeding usually goes over well, and worry is practically my middle name, not every child is going to respond well to snuggles as a form of comfort. Especially those like Phillip, who you and I both suspect has had to deal with unwanted and inappropriate touch. A big hug from me probably wouldn't be particularly welcome.

After we left last night Phillip did go and talk with Yesenia. She and I spoke this morning and she definitely agrees that your particular brand of defense training and unleashing the anger in healthy ways will likely be very good for him. And this is just my take, but I think when he gets a bit closer to some of the other Kids and realizes that he's not alone in his traumatizing background he will do much better. Misery loves company and all that.

Hell, he already bonded quite a bit with Antonio just from a bit of camaraderie today. Can you believe how far Antonio has come since he was a little rage monster his first day at Unity? He's a shyer kid, he's never going to be a Lainie or a River who don't even need an audience for their monologues, but he's having full normal conversations now. He's come so far. And it has everything to do with his own strength of character and the amazing mentor he had in you. You may not memorize all of the Kids' names, you may not end up knowing all that many of them super well. Part of that is your own need to distance yourself from them before you end up bringing all of them home. And part of it I am sure, is that you do better one on one. You find a child who really needs you, and you give them all of your focus, and make a massive difference in their world.

While you were sparring with Phillip and Antonio, I did have a little chat with Miss Elena. You know there is nothing more important to me than our family. And while I don't condone violence (under normal circumstances, that Lena touched what is MINE, it's different!) I certainly appreciate when our children have the strength and confidence to stand up for our family and for their beliefs. And you know better than anyone how much I love a good public shaming for a homophobe. I mean, do we ever have better shags than after you outclassed and outwitted a moronic 'phobe in public?
However, I had to talk with her about threatening violence towards any of these Kids. "Lainie-Girl, I was so proud of you for standing up for us. You were right, he is going to have to get used to it or suffer through. But you can't go around threatening to punch people in the mouth."

"But Daddy," mmhmm she only calls me Daddy when she's worried about me like when I had the amnesia, or when she is trying to weasel out of trouble, "he called my Dads freaks. He was being hateful and ignorant!"

"Exactly sweetheart, he was ignorant," attempting to stay as calm as possible because our sweet little crusader was getting worked up, "ignorant means uneducated about something. He learned that nonsense rhetoric from somewhere. What's going to make him see the truth, that your Dad and I are just the same as any other dorky adults; continuing to be ourselves and proving that we are kind and loving people, or punching him in the mouth?"

"I know you've seen your Dad and I stand up to that kind of hate. And we haven't always been particularly mature about it. But we respond that way to adults. Adults who've had a lifetime to choose to overcome the hate they may have been raised to believe." I pulled her into my arms at that point, "Let's give kids a little room to grow in a better direction, ok?"

I got a very sweet hug back and a promise that she wouldn't threaten another kid with violence. Yeah, she specified that she wouldn't threaten another kid … so I'm pretty sure she's going to take that as permission to threaten ignorant adults with as much violence as she wants.

The rest of the evening went quite well. 'Mione left her babies with Molly for the evening. I think she wanted to make herself available to the new Kids if they had any questions or concerns about Traditions. She likes having the authority but I know she also wants these Kids to realize she's more than just a headmistress. Which is all well and good, but our Viona saw that she was baby-less and used her free lap space to commandeering her Godmother for herself. Sorry everyone else, better luck next time. During the scene where Leia is directing the pilots I heard Hermione say something along the lines of "That's Leia, she's the boss because she's smart and brave, you'll be the boss someday."

After the last few weeks of barely seeing you, even though I've had a few days of having you back, I was pretty much super-glued to your side the entire night. And it seems as though you've already made a difference with Phillip, he kept eyeing us and he certainly didn't look like he was happy about our cuddling, but he didn't make a single comment either. I'm going to count that as a win!

After the movie, I did my rounds while you brought six sleepy little Malfoys home to get them to bed. When I got home the littles were already asleep, but you've been locked in Lainie's room for a bit. I assume you two are having a wonderful little heart to heart. She's really missed you.

Anyway, I'm about to head to bed then.

Ha! Just kidding! I'm going to the playroom. I'll be kneeling, naked and ready for you whenever you're done Master. Hopefully see you soon!

I love you,
Harry

Thursday November 30th
My heart,

I swear! Every time we spend a few hours in our play room, I'm always left thinking: "I'm so
lethargic and sated and such a puddle of goo that I don't think I'll ever be able to move again, much less shag." And then I get a good night's sleep, wake up and want you beyond reason all over again.

I woke up a bit early for me to find my little cherubic demon pulling on my hair - demanding my attention. It seems she and Viona were left in bed to finish sleeping with me, only hunger woke her up and she wanted to be fed "that instant!" Lucky for me, Anise was prepared and popped into the room with a bottle. I sincerely hope we still have plenty of breast milk in stasis. I know that my ancestors built up that stash over centuries, but I really don't think they anticipated us having FOUR babies needing to eat it more or less all in one go. And if we're running low, I'm going to have to hire a mum or two to pump her excess and give it to us.

I should probably do that anyway because even if we're not low right now, we're probably going to be soon enough.

But back to my point. After feeding the girls and going through our morning routine - side note, I know you know this, but whenever I have any of the kids with me, I always bring them to the bathroom when I go and give them a chance to go as well, and because of this, Viona stands while she pees. Well, Eris seems to think this is what she's supposed to do as well and is highly frustrated that she's only able to stand for a little bit and is highly wobbly while she does it. It makes it hard to go, I imagine, and I have to conjure a handle bar that she can hold onto, but I seriously have to wonder if maybe she should go to the bathroom with Elena from now on to make sure that she learns how to sit while she goes.

Anyway, as I was saying, after our morning routine, I brought the girls to Unity with me since I plan to be there as much as possible until after Christmas - aside from my quarterly business meetings tomorrow - and dropped them off with the other littles taking advantage of the warming charms on the park under the supervision of the caregivers. Then I surprised you by finding you in the Kitchen with some of the, erm… mediums? Not littles but not exactly bigs, but medium usually means seer, and that's not what I mean either, so, erm, I'm not sure what to call them. Half pints, maybe?

I love watching you try to bake with far too much "help" and have no idea how anything gets done at that point. It's probably the fact that a couple of the other caregivers are on hand to surreptitiously mix batters and do actual work while you lead the Kids through a recipe. I suppose that the point isn't to actually produce anything edible but rather to give them something to do that makes them happy and imparts valuable skills at the same time.

Unable to hold back any longer, I walked over to you, spun you around a bit and forced you to lean backwards while I demanded a possessive kiss, and then - when you were nice and flushed and unable to think straight - I reminded you that you had something very important to do in your office - promising the half pints that you'd be back soon enough.

It seems you couldn't quite wait until we got to your office either, because as we were still in the hallway leading to it, you jumped up and wrapped your legs around my waist. I was so busy snogging you that I almost didn't see where I was walking, and so, nearly tripped over Antonio and Phillip. I only managed to avoid them because I heard Antonio sigh as if put upon by an embarrassing father.

"We're going to have to wait until they're done, erm, filling out very important paperwork in Harry's office," Antonio grumbled.

"That's not what they're doing," Phillip stated, sounding like he thought Antonio was incredibly stupid if he honestly believed what he'd said.

Antonio snorted in amusement. "No, but that's what they call it."
"I'll try to make this quick," I promised them in between kisses. "Ten minutes. Twenty tops!" And then we were in your office with the door shut and no patience to go any further than the back of the door. I magicked our trousers and pants off to the side and cast all the quick prep spells so that we could get to it as soon as possible.

"I'm really not sure if I should shut up and watch the show, or let them know I'm here," Hermione whispered.

"I usually just watch the show," Tabitha replied, also in a bit of a whisper. "Since they never notice me and my sex life is pathetic compared to theirs. I need a bit of vicarious thrill from time to time."

Surprisingly, you tore your lips from mine, place a finger to them, and: "Shh! Shut up and watch the show! Or, you know, join in if you like. Anything but interrupt us!"

HOORAY! I've completely corrupted you!!!

Hermione lamented not having prior permission to play, and Tabitha simply remained silent, and so, they both watched as I shagged you quite enthusiastically into the door. I'd like to think I did well enough that the show was worth watching because a respectable ten minutes passed before I reached the end... for me.

After pumping you full, I pulled out of you and led you to your desk where I proceeded to spank you in the exact manner you love the most. Fuck! I love hearing you cry out in that sexy combination of pain and begging for more. I didn't cast any denial spells on you because I'd made a promise to be quick. So, when you started sounding like you were close, I said: "Come for me, Harry. Go on, make a mess all over your floor. Should I make you lick it up when you're done?"

And that apparently was just dirty enough to push you over the edge. You came with a groan of profound relief even as I continued to spank you. When you were empty, I pulled you back into my arms and rewarded you with a tender kiss.

"Love you."

Purring, you rested your head on my shoulder. "Love you too."

After that, we both got dressed again and I gave Hermione and Tabitha each a flirty kiss before leaving your office. The rest of my day was spent sparring with the boys. Funny enough, even River joined in for a bit. As did Elena. So, I had a rather productive day.

In your eyes, I see the world as it's meant to be,

Draco

P.S. I know who Elena's crush is!!!
After a long day of business meetings, an email from Harry makes Draco drop everything and return home.

Good news, I'm posting twice tonight to make up for being so spotty lately, lol :-)

Friday December 1st
My Devious Man,

Do you really know who Elena's crush is? Or are you just messing with me so that I tell you about Ginny bringing her girlfriend Luna to Christmas at the Burrow? What? What's that you say? Ginny and Luna? No, can't be! But it is. So weird right?


Ahhh, with our sex life, I have obviously expanded my limits. I have a sex-positive attitude. I am kinky as hell. I've had so many of my ingrained inhibitions stripped from me, as well as having my clothes stripped from me on a regular basis! And in the moment, everything is so hot and so good. I was so frantic to have you yesterday that I told Hermione and Tabitha to shut up and watch the show, then offered to let them join in as long as they shut up! And then they shut up and watched the show. Which included being taken against a door and then being spanked until I came all over my office floor. At the time it was so hot, but now that it's no longer the heat of the moment, I feel a bit embarrassed.

But the embarrassment is hot. I don't know how to explain the way my weird mind works when it comes to sex. No matter how much I want it, I am often embarrassed by my needs and wants. But the embarrassment only adds to the experience. The idea of licking up my own release off of the floor sounds like the most humiliating thing I can imagine. But at the same time, the humiliation of being ordered on my knees to clean it up and then doing it because you ordered to me, is so filthy that I am currently sitting in my office rock hard. And then adding in the element of other people seeing me respond to that order? Seriously, my pants are painfully tight right now.

And unlike yesterday, there's no chance of you popping in and relieving the tension. You're currently at your quarterly business meeting. As usual, you took your guard baby, Viona. I suppose she's too big to be considered a guard baby … guard toddler?

I had quite the long morning. I had our four littles that weren't with you. Unity had its usual seven littles that are too young for Traditions. And we had the additional five Kids that are old enough for Traditions but aren't starting until Monday. And then right before lunch we had the four half-day
Tradition Kids show up. It was just a bit hectic around here! When the Traditions Kids came in about a half an hour ago, you'd think things would be more chaotic, but everything seemed to settle a bit. Finn took most of the Kids for some music lesson time since Ethan is still feeling under the weather.

I thought Lainie would help him run the show, but apparently she and a couple of the other older girls kidnapped all of the babies. I think she loves having her siblings to show off. She's just the perfect big sister. She doesn't seem to resent any of the attention the little ones get. She's sweet to them. Loves them. Cares for them on the few occasions we've asked her to watch them for us. She's just such an amazing young woman. I am so proud to be her Dad!

And since I had my arms free for the first time all day, I decided to take a break and come email you. I hope your meetings are going well. Is it just updates, decision making, or discussing new ventures or investments? Obviously you take as long as you need, but I had ordered a bunch of muggle board games a while ago and they were delivered today. So if you get home in enough time tonight we should have family game night. I got a variety of age level games, so everyone but the three baby-babies will have something they can play. I already mentioned it to your parents, and they are willing to join in and have your siblings come as well.

Yes, I talked Lucius Malfoy into spending the evening playing muggle board games with his children and grandchildren. No, I can't believe it either.

But, I haven't mentioned anything about it to the kids themselves. That way if you don't get home in time to have game night we'll just do it tomorrow or Sunday instead. They can't be disappointed about a change of plans if they never knew the plans in the first place!

Ok, I've been holed up in here long enough, better head off to feed the tiny army before they resort to cannibalism.

All of my love,
Harry

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Friday December 1st
Oi Hottie McHotpants,

Oi! You with the hot arse! Yeah, you. I love your cock.

I love you and your heart and your face and your brain.

But I really really really love your cock. And not just what it does to me when you're buggering me. But that's amazing. It's just the perfect size. Deep enough to really feel it. Thick enough for a nice stretching burn. I can always feel it the next day, but it's not so intense that I feel the need to shoot healing spells up my bum.

And not just how good it feels in my mouth and down my throat. And it tastes so good. I could literally just kneel at your feet and keep it safe in my mouth. I wouldn't even have to suck, you wouldn't even have to be hard. I mean, picture it, you're at your meetings. You're sitting at a desk. And your little pet is on his knees under the desk keeping your beautiful shaft all nice and wet and warm for you. No one would have to know. Or you could tell everyone. It could be whatever you wanted.

And it's so so pretty.

Shut up Luci, dicks CAN SO be pretty.
Ugh, why is he always arguing with me about your penis? Harry can't take two. Harry can't think penises are pretty. Harry doesn't really have a missing gag reflex. He's being a right prick about … pricks.

Oh yeah, anyway, more about the breathtaking perfection that is your thick, swollen, hard, velvety, beauty of a penis. I love the color, that pale tone similar to the rest of your skin but pinker. It's so much like the rest of you, long and lean and MINE.

But anywhozles. So you're still at meetings. These are some late meetings. Wait, you sent me an instantlyowlification earlier. You went to a second set of meetings and took the Princess. Hmm. I hope they are going well. Mostly because we have the so many kids and I like to know that we can keep feeding them! Seriously, we have so many.

Did you know I made your daddy cry? I promised I wouldn't tell you, so make sure you don't know this. But we started talking about all of our kids. And we have so many and your parents have so many. And they're all the best kids in the entire world.

Fact.

But he got to bragging about his babies, all five of them, yes he called you his baby. And then I said nu-uh, he's MY baby. And then that felt weird because if anyone in our relationship needs constant care and affection it's me. Plus my spankings. And then I got weirded out.

Wait what? Ok so he was bragging about all of you. And then he started bragging about his grandchildren. And then I told him that those grandchildren were my children and so I like hearing nice things but he certainly doesn't have to talk ME into thinking they're the best thing since pumpkin juice. And then he got all weepy and said he was so happy, and he's so happy that I make you happy, and he's so happy that my Unity House brought him all of his other children, and he's so happy that we made this beautiful family together.

No!@ JStop it! STOP Luly, this is my coiapioina;dsun;k

Son, this is your father Lucius Malfoy. No Harry, I have to say Malfoy, what if he thinks it is another Lucius? I did not cry. I did not use the term happy so many times in a row. I merely stated that since Harry came into our lives that everything is better and we have the perfect family and he's my favorite son in law.

Sincerely Yours,
Lucius Malfoy

Ugh, your Daddy took my computer. He's naughty. I should tell your mum he needs spankings! Ha! She's his boss. He's all subby like me. I wonder if he's a good boy or a naughty boy?

I'm a good boy. Right? I'm so good. Right?

I know! I am going to be so good for you. I am going to go lay down and take a nap on the rug by the floo. That way you can see me as soon as you get home and know that I missed you and I waited for you. And maybe then you'll carry me to bed. Because I like it when you carry me. It makes me feel safe and loved and harder than bloody granite.

Shhh nighty night

Harry James Malfoy
(Your Husband)
(It used to be Potter but now it's Malfoy because we're married)
(Being married means we can shag any time we want to)
(I want to shag all the time)
(You are the best shagger)

Friday December 1st
Sweet Salazar sodding Slytherin!

There I was - in the middle of a meeting with Theo, Blaise, and Derek (who'd kidnapped me and forced me to attend to some business with them since our company is doing well but plateauing again) - when I received your utterly hilarious email. I take it you were drinking with my father again.

So, I naturally dropped everything, told my friends that I positively HAD to go home - minor family emergency (which they took as code for you needing to shag me that moment, hahah!) - and apparated home (handing Viona off to Muffy) so that I could just watch you and my father drink each other under the table. You were both in a stage where you were entirely pissed, but still more or less coherent. Apparently, you were trying to win a contest of who's done a more perverted thing.

"No I win because I've got to suck off all my friends when they were Polyjuiced into Draco!"

"No, I WIN because I've been tied up and forced to orally please a werewolf - while he was transformed, but he was restrained, so I was in no danger of being turned."

"Fuck! That IS perverted, but I STILL win because I've been in the middle of a sandwich with Draco and a WOMAN!"

"That's not perverted, that's normal!"

"I turned into a puppy and had a playdate with another puppy!"

My father looked a bit queasy at that. "Alright, maybe you are more perverted..."

I looked to my mother with a brow raised questioningly. "He really has been forced to please a werewolf, I was the one to force him, and so I knew the situation was as safe as possible."

"UGH! That's not what I wanted to know! I was wondering why they're trying to win some sort of contest to determine who's more perverted," I inquired with a mildly disgusted groan. Really didn't need to know that about my dad, thanks mum!

So... Does orally pleasing a werewolf interest you? Because I have to admit that it sort of intrigues me...

But back to the recap.

You were very excited to see me, acting like I'd been gone weeks rather than hours.

"Draco! My incredibly hot husband! I've been burning up from the need to have you ALL DAY!!! Take me, take me now!"

I loved the fact that you threw your arms around me and demanded several passionate kisses, but it's a bit disturbing that whenever you get drunk with my father, you seem to want me to shag you right in front of them. This time, you jumped up and wrapped your legs around my waist so that you could bite my neck and try to tear my shirt off.
"Wait a minute!" I cried out in dismay. "Let me Apparate us to our playroom first!"

"NO! Onsen! South lawn! I don't care where, just somewhere where I can see stars!" You insisted, still trying to tear my shirt off.

"The onsen is bound to be warmer," my mother advised sensibly, sipping on a cup of tea. "And I feel you should thank me for directing the conversation so that your husband got in the mood to try to strip you naked at first sight."

I rolled my eyes and smirked at her. "You mean that your plan to make my father think about all his naughtiest exploits so that HE was in the right mood worked, and this is merely a happy side effect."

"If you say so, darling," she murmured in an innocent tone.

Chuckling and sort of harrumphing at the same time, I Apparated us to the onsen because my mother is right, this time of year, considering that it's charmed to permanently maintain its temperature, it's definitely much warmer than shagging on the south lawn would be.

I think you were so eager to shag that you simply vanished all of our clothes, all I know for certain is that we were naked and in the onsen - you riding me like a jockey in a champion race - before I had a chance to think about anything at all.

It seemed like the moment we both reached our climax - crying out rather obscenely - you basically rested your head on my shoulder and passed out. So, I Apparated you to our room, cast drying spells on both of us, and put you to bed. Then I grabbed my laptop and climbed in bed to recap my day while you sleep.

I feel like my day lasted weeks! I know that my quarterly meetings are long and dull, but it really seemed like they would never end today. For the most part, it really is a matter of simply listening as the many businesses I own but do not run are reported on. Occasionally, one is having a bit of a dry spell and needs advice on how to turn things around and make a profit again. The nice thing is that with so many business managers in one room, they all brainstorm solutions, which tends to make them all more successful in the long run.

Honestly, I have so many businesses now that I should maybe consider breaking these meetings up into two days rather than squeezing them all into one. But then again, I tend to forget half the meetings, heh heh. They're supposed to be quarterly, I think I've made ONE since I found out that I was pregnant with Eris, but I don't actually know. The only reason I remembered this one was that Tabitha reminded me.

If we end up bankrupt, it'll only be because I forgot I owned businesses and let them fall apart. Thankfully, that's not likely to happen because they're all independent enough that succeeding benefits THEM far more than it does me.

On Monday or Tuesday, I plan to go check up on YOUR businesses, but every time I receive a report on them, things seem to be going well, so I don't anticipate any problems.

Anyway, after that first meeting let out, I figured that I'd skip dinner and check on that water park I'm, erm, having built. This one is different because most of the businesses I fund are like Unity Park - I may own them, but someone else takes care of them like it was their baby. THIS one, I didn't have anyone interested in doing while I fund it and actually had to hire a team to research what I want done and make it happen. So this one I will fully own, but it will be managed by a competent team of people who believe that this Water Park will genuinely make people happy.
It's doing well and only about a week behind schedule - which means that it'll open on New Years Day. There are a few different pools to swim in - complete with slides, one of which is practically vertical and makes me a bit queasy to think about. There's an area called a 'splashpad' suitable for kids of all ages, but especially the younger ones who don't know how to swim yet. It'll have teachers giving swim lessons and basically something for everyone. The price will be less expensive than Unity Park, so it should be easier for people to afford on a regular basis. The fact that it's indoors means that families can go to it even during winter (as evidenced by the fact that it's going to open on New Years).

JUST when I was finishing up there, Blaise and Theo showed up to abduct me. I'd Insta-owled them a few times during the day, talking a little about my various businesses, and they decided that since I was already in business mode, that I absolutely HAD to meet with them and discuss our company too.

Basically, they like when our products bring in a lot of profit and HATE when it starts to plateau. So, they wanted to brainstorm if nothing else. As it turns out, this meant eating a delicious meal Blaise ordered in from Café Exquis and drinking wine as we all blurted out things that might be lucrative. The squibs we have working for us whose sole job is to keep track of all new muggle tech have reported that the newest trend in muggle technology is actually COMBINING mobile phone technology with that of Insta-owls - which they call text messaging.

Thankfully, Theo doesn't see the point in that just yet because I can already picture the nightmare it'll be to combine the crystal phone with the insta-owl. I don't think I have the sort of time to commit to such a project at the moment. That said, after the Hols are over and my calendar clears up a bit, I look forward to trying my hand at it. In the meantime, I told them about your suggestion.

So now, I'm assigned the research necessary to see if it's even POSSIBLE to make something that can scan a person's memory and create pictures of things. I'm thinking perhaps some sort of modification of a Pensieve, but I have to look into it and give it more thought. That said, the others are going to do a bit of research too, finding all books that might help and reading them before passing them along to me - and Pansy. Even from Russia, she can keep abreast of the research and help come up with theories to test and ideas to try. Plus, she's at that part of her pregnancy where she is starting to obsess over the baby's arrival and would like something else to think about from time to time.

But now I'm suddenly very tired, and so, I'm going to try to go to sleep.

Everywhere I'm looking now, I'm surrounded by your embrace, baby I can see your halo, you know you're my saving grace,
Draco

P.S. I must admit that I wondered if something was going on between Luna and Ginny when they came to your marathon. But it's sometimes hard to tell the difference between regular female friendship and acting like lovers since women can stand together and even hold hands in public, give each other kisses and the like, and NOT be accused of being gay. Not that they were doing anything more overt than standing close enough to whisper in each other's ears, but still. And I think you might have wondered too since you joked that they looked all couple-y. Kind of interesting to know that they really are an actual couple.

P.P.S. I almost forgot to tell you! Yes, I really do know who Elena's crush is, and I didn't even have to Legilimize it out of her. As you noted the other day, I was in her room with her for a bit, and for the most part, we were talking about music, but Elena also wanted to know if she should get a hair cut or wear a different style or something. So, I was casting spells so that she could see what she'd
look like with different styles, and I asked her if she was trying to look nice for a boy. Well, she blushed a bit and sort of shrugged, which made me half demand to know WHICH boy she wanted to interest. As it turns out, it's... Antonio. She's really impressed with the way he's went from an enraged murderer to a considerate and thoughtful boy who's decided that he wants to grow up to help troubled children by learning more fighting techniques - martial arts and the like - and teaching them to kids who feel they might need to learn how to defend themselves. I told her that I'd invest in that when he's ready, perhaps set up a scholarship fund to pay for kids who come from families too poor to afford such lessons - as most of the kids he'll need to teach will likely be.

P.P.P.S. Don't worry, I'm going to have a nice chat with Antonio when I next see him and remind him that I can kick his arse if he ever tries anything inappropriate with Elena, but don't tell HER I said that as I don't want her irate at me.
Chapter 321

Chapter Summary

Elena's not speaking to either of her dads.

Saturday December 2nd
Best Husband in the world,

How can I thank you for the hangover potion you left next to the bed in stasis for me? I would offer to do anything for you, fulfill any fantasy you have. But I suppose the con of being such a perverted little sex demon means that I really don't have anything left to offer for a special occasion. I promise I will have completely vanilla sex with you maybe?

I swear I didn't mean to get quite that smashed last night. Right after I sent that drunken email, I had every intention of napping on the rug by the floo like I said. But looking at last night with a clear head and a bit more logic than I had then, your mother is the mastermind behind all of our drunken shenanigans! I went to go curl up on the rug, Lucius started to keep me there because he didn't want to drink alone, and your mum goes, "Oh let him wait for Draco, you know how he gets, he's probably in the mood to ravish our son when he gets home. Harry IS much more open to nontraditional physical expressions of desire than you are."

She poked at his and my competitive nature! She played us like a fiddle. She's the real winner, not only did she have built in entertainment for the evening - she had a front row seat to finding out just how freaky we are - but she got her husband in the mood to "win" a competition by giving her a ridiculously kinky night once you got home and took me away. I can't believe I told them I was a puppy!

But, on the bright side, I WON. I am the most perverted! I deserve a medal or a trophy. It was a really tight race and a tough contest to win. I mean, your mum forced him to orally please a transformed werewolf! And speaking of, of course I would be willing to try that for you. I know you would never put me in any danger, so I trust that it will be safe and I will not be in danger of being turned. Anything for you Master.

I also think that your mum is the one who brings up computers when your father and I drink. Don't you think it's interesting that all the times I've had drinks with Lucius without you I've ended up nonsensically rambling in emails? And last time when you and I drank with him together, there was no computer anywhere in sight? Yeah. Narcissa is bloody devious.

Normally, after a night of drinking with Lucius, I re-read my drunken ridiculousness and am quite embarrassed. But, I will say, I stand by everything I said. I may have said those things with your father reading over my shoulder, but none of it was untrue. You do have the nicest cock in the world. And I would totally do that thing under the desk. Is that too weird?

And um, so, huh. Well, ok. So here's the thing. Those weeks where I barely saw you because you were out saving the world, I would get all of the kids to bed, and wait up hoping you would come home soon, and you didn't always come home particularly soon. So, I took to um, "researching" some things that we may want to try. Not that I don't think we have a very full and very satisfying and very extensive sex life. We definitely don't need to spice things up. But, I also know how much
you love pushing my limits and introducing new ideas. So, there are some ideas I heard about that I would be willing to... discuss? Attempt?

None of these are things that I immediately went "Oh, yeah, wow that's amazing and I want to do it" but the idea of trying each of these definitely made me glad I was wearing loose lounge pants. I already told you the one, the idea of cock warming. I don't know if either of us would be very good about not turning it into an immediate suckfest because that's my natural reaction to your gorgeous shaft near my face, but it might be fun to try.

I also really like the idea of wearing something you told me to wear under my clothes as I go about my day. Either on a regular basis or for a special occasion. Being plugged and ready for you, wearing a ring so I can't release except with you, or even that cage you bought me because I thought it looked shiny and fun. Although the cage I would NOT want to wear on any sort of regular basis. No thanks. But I would wear it again for you if that's what you wanted. And um, please forgive me if you think this sounds filthy and disgusting, but um, I could wear a plug to be ready for you … or to um, well, after you already have me I could wear it to not waste any of your cum. Ya know?

I think what a lot of these things come down to is you having complete control over me. Control of when or if I cum, control over whether I can even get hard. Being able to shift and feel a plug and knowing I am doing it for you, I think it would give me that sense of being loved and cherished and owned the way wearing my collar feels. I know that with my personality and our lives, a 24/7 total power exchange would not work for me. But I do find myself wanting to find ways to give you control of me. To not have to make any decisions? To know you'll do what's best for my body? I can't even tell you how that makes my heart pound and my thoughts calmed.

Ok, on to the next idea, so you know how much I love wearing satin or lace or just pretty knickers for you. And I really like seeing all of your pale skin highlighted with shiny scraps of material. But, and again not on any sort of a regular basis, but do you remember that costume I wore at your birthday party? The harem outfit with all of the flowy veils? And then I wore that bit of kohl to darken my eyes. Well, seeing as you are attracted to both men and women, would you ever want to see me dressed a bit more femininely? Like with the knickers, but all the way? Stockings and heels and a slinky little dress. I would do that for you.

And we could always tie that in with some roleplay ideas. I absolutely adored it, I mean at least top five wank bank memories, when we were in Hogwarts and you did the Professor with a misbehaving student thing. But what if I wore the full uniform …. but the girls' uniform? Pleated skirt and knee highs and all that? My hair is even long enough I could tie it into braids or something like that.

Oh! And do you remember the second event in the Triwizard Tournament when I was underwater? Well, I took gillyweed for that. I hadn't thought about it in forever until you started regaling all of the Kids with my childhood exploits, but you sparked my memory. I was thinking about the tournament and the trials and remembered being underwater. What if I took gillyweed while we were in the pool or our bath and sucked you or rimmed you or whatever while I was underwater? Or what if we both took it and we shagged underwater.

Ok, so this is the one that I am actually embarrassed to bring up. There are enough things I just listed that I figured I could leave this one off. But, it's probably the one that made me the hottest and seems to very much fit into your kinks so. Ok, I am a brave Gryffindor, I can do this. So I was reading this research I was telling you about. Ok fine, it was porn! Porn Porn Porn! Fine, I was hard and sexually frustrated and I hadn't had you in two days. TWO DAYS Draco! Ok so the story was basically that a poor college student was hired by a professor to be his assistant for a class he was giving. The guy thinks it will be easy money, and worst case scenario maybe he would have to be a nude model for a
sculpting class or something. Except it ends up being a science professor and the thing he needed assistance with was a live model to physically display normal reactions. So the guy ended up being spread out on a stage, a group of students watching as the professor touched and teased and groped and fingered to show his class how the human body responds to stimuli. Eventually he even called up students to take a closer look and touch and see hands on how the reactions happened.

Obviously you're not a professor and I don't think you should find an auditorium full of people to watch you grope me. But what if we went to a club, or asked our kinkiest friends, and we did something similar? You could tie me up, restrain me, spread out and completely exposed, while you methodically touched me in an effort to get a physical response but not to actually bring me off or even truly bring me pleasure. You can show off how I respond to different touches, soft, hard, strokes and gropes, and even pain. And if you wanted to share my body with the group, you could invite people up to inspect your property.

Ok, I have to stop now. The big kids are playing with their Aunts and Uncles, the babies are napping, and you are showering so we can all get on with game day! I can't go play board games while sporting this tent in my pants!

Hurry up and get out of the shower! I want to try out some games, I need to kick Lucius' arse at something besides being a perverted little sub.

Love you!

Harry

P.S. I'm glad Elena finally confided in one of us about her crush, and Antonio is very nice, although he's three years older than her.

P.P.S. You cannot give Antonio the shovel talk! He hasn't done anything! Or has he? Nevermind, I'll give him the shovel talk.

Saturday December 2nd

Annwyl,

I'm in love with all of your suggestions! I'll definitely think them over and see when/if/how we can do them. In the same vein, I've already arranged a little something special...

MERLIN! We have some kinky friends!

So...

Remember how I, erm, got myself in a spot of trouble recently? Because I mentioned something special and you really liked it, so I stupidly went out practically the next moment and tried to make it happen for you... Well, it's still a brilliant idea, so, Saturday December 9th, I arranged...

Picture this...

Neville and Charlie. Blaise and Pansy. Luna and Ginny. Ron and Hermione (Ron and Charlie plan to work out a schedule that works for both of them to avoid squickiness). Theo and Derek (not as a couple, haha), Greg and Maya, and Tabitha are all coming over. Plus Theo is bringing his girlfriend Daphne and she's bringing her sister Astoria.

Julia will be here with her camera as it seems her mother had insisted on having Honey - now named Arietty - all to herself that day. There will be costumes. There will be nudity. There will be toys. And
there may even be shagging.

Yes, I talked all our friends into having a fun and kinky - and probably at least mildly perverted - photoshoot with us!

Side note, I originally didn't plan to even mention it to Pansy, but she's already going to be "in town" that day anyway as she's going to be visiting her family for a bit before Christmas.

Buggering hell! Second side note (before I forget yet AGAIN), Elena came to me (probably because she knows I have a hard time saying no to her) to ask if SHE could GO TO Kisa for a visit starting the day after Christmas and coming back the day after New Year's, bringing Kisa to stay until for about a week until her school starts back up. I blurted out that I have no problem with this before it occurred to me that you might, so I amended my answer to be that I'd talk to you.

Keep in mind that you've already planned for us to be here for this new crop of Unity Kids, and so all of us dropping everything to go to Russia for a week isn't the best idea. Besides, River asked if we can make a 'weekend' trip to Australia the day after Christmas so that he can see his other grandparents and give them his presents for them. Why do they always ask me these things? I suppose they probably assume that you're willing to drop everything and travel at the slightest suggestion, and that I usually plan it out.

Yeah, I'm going to go with that and NOT the fact that I can never say no to my children.

Anyway, so, Meet and Greet on the 8th and Kinky Photoshoot on the 9th. Party at Dudley and Donna's with her family on the 16th, my yule ritual on the 21st, and all sorts of holiday festivities on the 24th through the 26th. Plus New Year's Eve fun with all of the Kids in London

I'm quite looking forward to being busy for happy reasons and NOT murderers, rapists, extremely fussy babies, and just being there for a bunch of new kids from bad situations. Even though that last one still sort of applies.

OH! Another thing I wanted to say before I forget is that I had a chance to talk to my father and I find it hilarious that the reason you won the so-called perverted contest by admitting to puppy play is because he is *convinced* that you meant you turned into your fox form and shagged another fox or a small dog. I was laughing so hard that I didn't quite get around to correcting his assumption, buwahahahahahahaha!

My mind is so completely derailed at this point that I've completely forgotten what the point of this email was, if there even was one So, I'm going to tell you the last thing I have to say for now, and then sign off.

So, I've planned out something special for just the two of us. It's a surprise, but basically it's an opportunity for the two of us to just be together for a night or two. The only problem I'm having is that I have no bloody idea as to WHEN we can do this. Our schedule is so full already. So... Monday and Tuesday the 18th and 19th??? Or Tuesday and Wednesday? That might work better.

We'll figure it out, I'm sure.

Some say love, it is a river, that drowns the tender reed, some say love, it is a razor, that leaves your soul to bleed, some say love, it is a hunger, an endless aching need, I say love, it is a flower, and you, its only seed,
Draco

P.S. I was only going to casually mention that Elena means the world to me and that I'd have to beat
the crap out of anyone that hurt her - you know, for general reference - to Antonio. BUT you decided to have a talk that amounts to: "I have a very handy shovel and an extremely big back yard - if you hurt my daughter, I won't hesitate to use both to bury your body." Well, it seems that Antonio was so confused by this that he asked Elena what in the bloody hell you were talking about, and now Elena is refusing to speak to either of us because how dare I betray her trust by telling you and how dare you go directly to her crush and basically tell him how she feels by threatening him?! Sigh... sometimes, being a parent sucks...
Monday, December 4th
Okay okay okay okay. Things did not go down the way you and Elena seem to think they did. I was kidding about giving Antonio the shovel talk. You know how much I love him and I would never hurt one of my Kids. And I would never betray a trust, even a second-hand trust, by telling someone my daughter had a crush on them. I was subtle and cautious. He must have just asked Elena what it was about because he knows she's my daughter and thought she would be able to translate my actions.

So he and I were chatting a bit when you were having a bit of solo spar time with Phillip on Saturday. We were talking about how great it is that Phillip is learning to defend himself. How wonderful it is that Antonio has a healthy way to defend himself and his mother in the future. And that led to me talking about how Lainie has been learning Krav Maga with you and Kisa. And that led to me saying, "I'm glad that her having the strength and knowledge to defend herself against anything means that I will never have to have the shovel talk with some kid before they break her heart."

"Uh, shovel talk?" he questioned.

"Yeah, you know, I have a shovel and a big back yard, I won't hesitate to use both if needed." And that was the end of the conversation! I swear I never said Lainie had a crush on him, I never said I would use the shovel on him! Ugh, parenting is hard.

Maybe we can get back on her good side when we tell her she can go to Russia with Kisa. Except I want to change the time frame a bit. She wouldn't be able to leave the day after Christmas as that's the day we'll be celebrating Christmas at the Burrow. But she could leave the day after the day after Christmas. And I assumed she'd want to do the New Year's Parade with the Unity Kids. So before she picks dates I'd remind her of that. But I suppose if she doesn't mind missing it, she certainly doesn't HAVE to go. So, she'd leave the 27th and come home either early morning New Year's Day or sometime on the 2nd? That works for me. And you KNOW my answer to Kisa coming back with her and spending time with us.

And then River. Of course we should take him to visit his Grandparents. I suppose the exact travel plans will depend on whether we want to bring the entire family (minus Lainie of course) and therefore need to fly, or if we should just make it a one to two day portkey trip and leave all of the littles with a set of grandparents or with their godparents.

Oh! Godparents! We have Haz's naming ceremony set for Saturday January 6th and we still haven't picked Godparents. I want Neville for sure, but other than that I don't have to pick the other one. What do you think? Charlie? Dudley? George? Theo? Derek? Maya? Ginny?

I would absolutely love to have a nice solitary, surprise included, date night turned into date day and night with you. How about Monday, Tuesday, AND Wednesday? Well, Wednesday morning at least? Heading home from wherever we are on Wednesday morning will give us an extra night.
together without taking up an entire extra day. That way we can be back in time for the annual Wednesday night that isn't movie night at Unity but instead is Christmas Tree decorating night! Would that work for your secret plans?

And our super fun plans this weekend? I am so excited! Did you get us special costumes? New knickers? Leather pants for you? Eeeek, I am so excited! I know I already said that, that's how excited I am. But as excited as I am, I think my favorite part of hearing you tell me this fun fantasy of mine is going to come true? You starting out your story saying "Picture this..." Haha, get it? Picture?!

I crack me up.

Unless you said that on purpose, then you crack me up.

Alright, before I get my brain set on our fun Saturday activities, I should really prepare for my Friday night event. Eeek, Meet 'N Greet time! I am really hoping we get some of these Kids into a loving home in time for Christmas! And on a much less important detail, we are pretty well maxed out at 38, we could use a bit more space!

Gotta run, all my love,
Harry

P.S. So how are MY businesses going? I should stop in for a bit today for your meetings shouldn't I?

Monday December 4th
Good news, moya serdtse,

So I went to go talk to Elena last night about going to Russia, only to find her bedroom door shut and locked. Apparently she's serious about not talking to either of us! So, I knocked on her door.

"Elena, my love, will you please open the door?"

Nothing.

"Elena? I can't talk to you unless you open the door."

Still nothing.

"Open the door before I have one of the elves open it for me! Seriously, I can't talk to you about going to visit Kisa in Russia unless you open the door!!"

That worked as the door immediately opened a tiny crack. I could see Elena's fierce eyes studying me from the other side of the crack. Biting back a sigh of relief, I smiled at her a little tightly.

"Your dad agreed that you can go, so we just need to talk timing and - "

I was cut off as she flung the door open and threw her arms around me. "I have it all planned out! If I leave here at 8PM on the 26th via Portkey, I'll arrive at 7AM that morning in Kamchatka and I'll have the WHOLE DAY ahead of me. I'll probably need a nap at some point, but still. I'm so excited!!! Kisa's told me all about the Little Cottage and I CAN'T WAIT to see it! Is there really a geyser inside a room???

After chatting about Kamchatka for a few minutes, we were sitting on her bed by this point, I had a
chance to change the subject.

"Your dad didn't say anything incriminating to Antonio, I hope you realize. He was actually talking about how he was glad he WOULDN'T have to have the shovel talk with anyone because he was so proud of how you can defend yourself. It seems that Antonio didn't really know what this meant and asked you about it and you jumped to the conclusion that he'd told Antonio that you liked him."

She narrowed her eyes and grumbled: "Well still, YOU shouldn't have told him something I told you in confidence."

"Alright, that's fair. Please forgive me, I'm new to this parenting thing and I haven't had a lot of time to make all the mistakes and learn what I'm doing that I would have had if you were born to us and we'd had ten years of practice," I explained.

She took a deep breath, held it for a moment, and then exhaled a long sigh. "Fine. I forgive you. Both. It's not like Antonio likes me in return. He's utterly gaga over Kisa. When I mentioned to him that I'm going to visit her, he tried his best to finagle an invitation to come with me, even going so far as to ask his mum if she'd let him go. THANK MERLIN that she said no - that she didn't think it was appropriate for a boy to spend a week with two younger girls in a place she's never been, with people she's never met. I'd have reassured her if I actually wanted him to go, but I don't want to have to watch him drooling over Kisa the entire time."

SO, I managed to get us BOTH back into Elena's good graces. You can thank me appropriately by giving me a blowjob the next time you see me.

But anyway, my break is over. Your businesses are doing great and if you want to stop in before this meeting lets out in a couple of hours, I know all these managers who run your businesses would positively LOVE that. And it would also give you a chance to kiss me in front of them all, so bonus! Although that blowjob should probably wait until we're alone, hahahaha!

When you walk into the room, you pull me close and we start to move, and we're spinning with the stars above, and you lift me up in a wave of love,

Draco
Chapter 323

Chapter Summary

Harry attends the meeting of his businesses and Draco gets a call from Healer Rowe.

Chapter Notes

I'm using a wirewheel to take off the paint/flakes from the ledge around my house, and while the work is not hard, it's time consuming and makes my whole body feel a bit shaky and numb. So, when the wheel I was using ran out, I told myself to come in and post a new chapter so that I had to sit down and take a break for a minute. I think I'll make a cup of tea too, lol. Hopefully, it'll recharge my batteries :-)

Wednesday December 6th
My Dragon,

The meetings seemed to go well, despite your attempt at ruining the idea of showing up for me. Seriously, "that blowjob should probably wait until we're alone"? Yeah, that's going to make me want to show up. I can't believe you're turning down a public blowjob from your husband! Marriage has really changed you Draco Malfoy! Kidding of course, being professional in a professional meeting was definitely the right call.

I have made a point to have met all of the people running "my" businesses at least once. But between our lives and the fact that Unity is my number one business priority, I certainly don't know these people all that well. Well, except for sweet Rubella Nott. She's just amazing. I am only twenty, and there are days I wake up and feel like everything is falling apart. Those mornings generally coincide with nights we've had to be up with the babies all night. Merlin, am I glad Haz seems to be done teething! Not to mention how adorable he looks when he smiles with those teeny teeth! Not that he didn't look cute without them, you know how adorable I think Ori and Eri are with their gummy smiles. And Ori's dimple? I can't get enough!

What was I talking about? Oh, Miss Nott. Yeah, she's 124 years old and acts like she may just jump up and start dancing at any moment. I love when older people decide to make old age their bitch. I certainly don't want to wish away our lives, but I imagine us like that, over a hundred years old and still dancing around the ballroom. Thoroughly annoying our children, our grandchildren, and our great grandchildren with our over the top flirting and public displays of affection.

I generally make it a point to stop in Ruby's bookstore at least once a week. I'll wrap up a baby or two, take a Kid or two with me, and we look for new books to add to Unity's Library, or that Kid's personal book collection. It's actually become a tradition that on their birthday, I take the Kid out to pick out a new outfit, a toy, and a book. It gets them out of Unity for a bit, and I think it gives them a sense of normalcy that can't always exist for children who don't live with their own set of parents or guardians. And at the beginning of the school year, I've brought the Traditions Kids for their books, as well as those of my Kids that have already headed to Hogwarts, like Beatrix.
But I usually go there without you, when you and I go places and take our kids, we're more likely to head into Diagon itself, so Ruby has hardly ever seen you and I together. I popped into your meeting while she was presenting the annual information, and sat myself right in your lap. She didn't even bat an eye. Just kept going. It's a good thing I already knew the store was doing well, because you were giving me those warm, wet, kissing-bites to my neck. It was very distracting.

I really thought this whole "not keeping our hands off of each other" thing would eventually start to fade. They call it the honeymoon phase for a reason. But eighteen months in and I think it's harder to keep my hands off of you than it was in the beginning. Before we ever slept together I knew you would be amazing in bed. And then I started to have you and knew that you were amazing through first hand experience. But you just keep getting better. I'm never going to have enough of you.

Anyway, there are a few reasons I already knew the bookstore was doing well; first, because even if I were the only customer I buy enough books there to at least keep it open and running, second, almost every time I'm in the store there seems to be quite a lot of customers with their arms full of books, and third, because I ask Ruby how things are going when I go in and she always tells me "things are going well enough to keep me on my toes!" Although seeing the numbers and hearing specifics it seems to be going really well. I'm certainly not a businessman but when all of the graphs and charts and numbers are going upwards, that has to be a good thing.

Financially speaking, the daycare is not really bringing in much, but it has a consistent income that covers all of the costs related to running it and at least a small profit. Seeing as I wanted this business, not to make money, but to fill a need that the wizarding world was missing, I will take my small profit and be happy about it. It was much more important to me that working families had an affordable way to keep their children safe and happy while they worked.

The Post Office seems to be doing the best financially. That was another business where I felt like it was needed, but didn't think of the profit end (that's why I have you Darling!) and figured if it made enough to cover the costs that would be enough. But I think the entire wizarding world seemed to underestimate how wonderful it would be to have a post system that could communicate with the muggle world. And I guess there's been a large network of wizards that live elsewhere in the world that have family here, all it takes to be able to send them post is for the other person to open a post office box from their local muggle post office. Dealing with a slight delay due to muggle post is nothing compared to having your own owl gone for a few days while it delivers internationally and having that owl need a day or two to recuperate before you can send it anywhere else.

Well, it seemed like a productive meeting on my end. I didn't hear from George, but seeing as he's family we can just discuss the business any time we get together. George is brilliant and devious and hilarious, I don't ever worry about him being able to turn a profit with WWW.

I'm so happy that you managed to get us back in Lainie's good graces. I swear I didn't mean to embarrass her. Good thing you never told her that you tried Legilimency on her, she may have never forgiven us! She seems really happy to be going to Russia, but did you manage to talk to her about New Year's? Again, it doesn't really matter one way or the other, I'd just like to know if I should be planning on her and/or Kisa to join us or if we'll be getting them back a day or two later. You know how much Tabitha likes to keep things organized on my schedule!

Tabitha! So when I read about the photo shoot you set up, I did my usual skim first thing. And then I was so distracted about having upset Elena that the guest list didn't even register in my brain. I have a couple of questions. So, Tabitha? I suppose I shouldn't be too shocked, I mean she has watched us shag more than once, I certainly knew she wasn't a prude. But she also never joins in or really says much about it, even that one time I was so turned on I invited her and 'Mione to join. It was just the one time right? I re-read the whole description of the plans and noticed that Ron and Charlie are
coordinating schedules to avoid squick, but Ginny is coming and neither Ron nor Charlie is coordinating times with her? Or are they not aware that she's coming and are going to get a hilarious surprise when they see her decked out in like full dominatrix gear or something?

Oh, as much as I do not find women attractive, and even the inclusion of women in our play has not managed to train my brain into being attracted, I am really interested to see what kind of photos Pansy takes. She's over seven months pregnant so the poses and costumes and themes will be quite different than some of ours will be I'm sure. I just keep thinking that we should have done a photo shoot when you were pregnant. I always find you fit and sexy, but when you were pregnant? I had never been more attracted to you than I was when you were growing our child inside of you. I wish I had photos that capture your beauty at that time in more than just my memories. I know we have random pictures from that time of different events, but none of them were portraits that captured just you in that stage of creation.

I've got to get back to work. I need to set up for tonight's movie night (two Star Wars weeks in a row, we're going to round out the original trilogy with some Return of the Jedi tonight) as well as a bit more prep for Friday's Meet 'N Greet. Our super fun foray into muggle board games at the Manor this weekend went so well, that I decided to do a games night. The first meets were movie nights, and the last one was outdoor games, I wanted to do more interactive the way the outdoor games night was, but with the cold that wouldn't have been great. So, indoor board games is the best of both worlds!

See you tonight in my lap,
Harry

P.S. I am jealous of our daughter! I forgot about the geyser room at the Little Cottage. We need to go back and visit soon!

Thursday December 7th
My living proof that I have a heart and it lives in you,

Since tomorrow is your Meet and Greet and you are currently at Unity House making sure everything will be ready tomorrow, I've had a bit of time to sit and think today. Elena naturally went with you to help out - well, after she got out of school - and River is also there with you, probably underfoot in the kitchen. Sheesh! You'd think we never feed that kid!

Which has left Viona, Eri, Ori, and Harrison home with me. Oh poor poor me, having to stay home and play with the most adorable babies on the planet. I naturally brought them all to the bathroom with me when I first got up, and then again when Viona said: "Pss! Pss!" Indicating that she had to go. Well, Eri has been crawling longer and trying to stand whenever she can, so she simply gripped the handle bar and stood up to do her business. I'm just going to have to accept the fact that our girls think they are boys, heh heh.

Anyway, you usually bring Ori and Harrison with you in the morning because they are awake when you're ready to go. Eri is about half and half in that she'll be awake to go with you about half the time and asleep and thus home with me and Viona the other half. Thus, I don't really know what if anything you do for potty training the boys, but I assume you must do something because when Viona and Eri were doing their thing, I was helping Orion to stand - he's so tall for his age! - and making the Pss sound to let him know what I was hoping for, and HARRISON took this as his cue to go.

Poor Dibly! He had taken Harrison's nappy off and was holding him for me to work with next, and
so, got covered in pee! I tried my best not to laugh. Much. My side aches a bit now.

That said, Ori seems to prefer going in his nappies for now, because the moment I gave up and had him back in one, he went then. Lucky for me, I have a Muffy to change him.

But that's not what I was thinking about - when they went down for a nap and Viona went off to play with her Aunts and Uncles. I was thinking about your suggestions for who Harrison's other Godparent should be, and I've decided on...

Luna. I know she's already Eris' Godmother - with Pansy - but I don't think there's a limit. I mean we could have actually just chosen Hermione, Pansy, Blaise, and Ron to be the Godparents of ALL our kids. It's not like there's rules.

That said, the reason I want Luna to be the other Godparent is that she has a unique and often undervalued look at the world that I think is important to have around a boy that was created via potion accident by criminal parents. Sure, he won't remember that, but eventually we'll have to tell him, and I think him having someone with Luna's perspective to talk to will help him work through any trauma he might feel when that day comes.

Besides, I genuinely love Luna and think she's just a lovely person all around.

That said, if Pansy asks why SHE wasn't chosen, I'm going to tell her that YOU thought Luna was perfect for all the reasons I just listed, and that I agreed with you because this is technically your baby. I might have to promise her the next one though. And don't you DARE tell her that it was actually MY idea!!! I like living, ta ever so.

As for Ginny, yes, her brothers coordinated with her to avoid squickiness. It seems that Charlie and Neville will be arriving around noon and doing the first two hours with us, then they will probably leave when Luna and Ginny arrive. Blaise thinks he might show up about the same time they do since he wants a few pictures of him and Luna. Around 4, Ginny plans to leave so that Ron can come over. Hermione might show up with Blaise, or she might wait for Ron. Tabitha said that she'd LIKE to show up around two since then she can chat with Luna and relax a bit, but that she's not sure she'll be able to make it until later. Pansy and Derek (who have no squickiness issues, despite being cousins), will probably show up around five or six - as will Theo, Daphne, Astoria, Greg, and Maya.

OH! I forgot to tell you! Well, naturally, Pansy is bringing her husband Ivan with her, but Dimitri is in town with them and she felt it would only be polite to bring him along too, ahahahahaha! I'm dying as I picture the look on his face when he sees just what perverted freaks we all are!

I hope he's rather scandalized - oh, hold on, I'm getting a firecall…

Alright, so, that was Healer Rowe. It seems that she tried calling you directly, but that you're not in your office (probably in the kitchen) and neither is Tabitha (probably out helping with other preparations), and so, she called me to see if I was home. See, much like in the muggle world, St. Mungo's has a policy that if someone drops a baby off within a few days of birth, they can do so anonymously without repercussions. Rowe said that a woman (likely Polyjuiced to hide her identity), dropped a baby boy off about an hour or so ago.

The boy has been checked over and is in good health. He's simply a crier. Whether he's frightened or what, he won't stop crying, not even to eat, and they're sure he's probably getting hungry by now. In any case, because there is nothing wrong with him, it's their duty to pass him along to you (or another place if there WAS another place). So, you COULD come get him whenever you want, even as late as tomorrow or the next day, but since this gives me an excellent excuse to pop in and
surprise you, I'm going to go pick him up and bring him to you.

I'm quite looking forward to it! "So Harry... it seems we have yet ANOTHER baby..." ahahaha!

Nothing I can see but you when you dance dance dance,
Draco
P.S. NO, that was not an invitation to keep this one!
Chapter 324

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Unity Meet and Greet, and then, the kinky photoshoot ^_^

Saturday December 9th
What do you mean we can't keep this one?

Kidding! I am of course kidding. I'm good with our six for now! This little Peanut is sure cute, but our hands are full! And Muffy's hands are full. And Dibly's hands are full …. of baby pee. Poor Dibly.

Yes, I take the boys into the bathroom with me when I have them. I don't always have the time to actually take off their nappies and have them try going, things can get a bit hectic in the mornings at Unity, but at the very least they're watching from their perch in my wrap. The few times I have tried to take off Orion's nappy he looks at me like I have lost the plot. I think he finds the whole thing a bit too undignified for him! How did I give birth to an elderly gentleman?

River wasn't underfoot in the kitchens, he was actually quite helpful. He gets ingredients for me when I need them, he is great with measuring, he even washes dishes! And as long as I make sure to have a bowl filled with fruits and veggies for him to nibble on while we're in there, he doesn't even sneak tastes of whatever we're making at the time. Either he's fantastically well-behaved, or sweets aren't a real big deal to our kids because I always have some sort of homemade treats available. I'm going to go with well-behaved because he is.

So the Meet and Greet went well I think. Obviously we really won't know much of anything until the requests start coming in next week, but the turnout was great. I had a few people question why we always had these events on Fridays which means they can't go into the Department of Children and Families until the following Monday. I like knowing that some of these prospective parents feel strongly enough about knowing these children are theirs that they hate having to wait the weekend to bring them home. But I think, and our Mental Health staff seems to agree, that giving these parents a full weekend to think about the decision means that it will be less likely that this huge decision will be made on impulse.

I know that most of the prospective parents have probably agonized over the decision of whether to adopt at all, and wouldn't have come last night if they weren't invested. But we want to avoid someone just choosing a child because they want to be done with the process or because everything was happy and fun that night, and then getting home the following morning and not being ready for the reality of parenthood. Game night is so fun, but there are logistical things that need to happen to bring a child into your home, so they go home, look at their house, wait impatiently, and have time to really think about what a child coming into their home will need.

And sometimes they don't know which child is going to be theirs until they get there. We've had a number of parents come into Unity with a specific age, gender, feature, whatever that they were looking for, only to find that their child didn't fit that original plan. Sometimes they need to go home and figure out how to return the board books and pick up a set of chapter books instead. How to safely transfigure the crib into a child sized bed.
It was really nice to see some of our Unity Royalty's parents. It seems as though we have a few families that have been so happy with how a Unity Kid has changed their life that they came back to continue building their families. Both Katie Bell and Oliver Wood were there last night. I do think Oliver was a bit disappointed when he realized our last event included quidditch and he had to pick the one with zero quidditch activities! But with the way his eyes softened every time he looked at Parker, I have a feeling he's not really all that disappointed with his choice. I cannot believe how big Cassie has gotten! She was still only a year old when she lived here, and now she's a big rambunctious three-year-old! It's great that Oliver and his husband brought her, I can't imagine falling in love with a child only to bring them home and find out your older child does not get along with them.

We've been so lucky that all of our children absolutely adore each other. I see the way Viona is with "her" babies, the way Elena patiently helps River read his storybooks, the way Eris and Orion still occasionally fall asleep holding hands with each other, how excited Harrison is to just giggle at Ori while Ori crawls circles around them, how patiently River sits at Viona's tea parties that he has no interest in attending, the way all five of the littles look at Elena like she hung the moon, and my heart just aches with how full it is. Obviously they squabble and we get the occasional battle for Daddies' attentions, but they all love each other so much.

Board games was a really good choice for last night! There are so many different options depending on the child's age, that it really gave everyone a lot of time to interact. We had the real basic board games like Chutes and Ladders, Candy Land, and Memory for the littlest Kids. Some more medium range games for the 7-10 year olds like Apples to Apples, Uno, and your basics like checkers and chess. And we even had some older games for some of the tweens and teens, Scattergories, Catchphrase, we even had an epic battle of charades going for a while.

You know how much I love movie night, but between this event and the last one, I think the ability to talk and really get to know each other was really great. I think it gives these parents the ability to see how much fun and creativity they can have with an older child. It's easy enough to look at a baby or a toddler and fall in love with their giggles and big eyes, but sometimes these older Kids just need to be pulled out of their shells a bit. I certainly wouldn't trade our older child for anything in the world!

The different between games day at the Manor and games night at Unity was glaringly obvious. Everyone at Unity seemed on their best behavior. It's like taking the Malfoys and our competitive streaks out of the equation changed everything. Who'd a thought? Watching Lucius pout because no one could tell he had drawn a unicorn during Pictionary will be a memory I cherish for all time. Seeing Sebastian try to comfort him was everything; "Papa, it doesn't look like a Unicorn, but it's a lovely drawing of a rhinoceros."

A rhinoceros. I love that kid!

And I love the idea of having Luna be Godmother to our Harrison. Your reasonings are perfect. She will be just as amazing of a Godmother to Haz as she already is to Eri. I mean, my reasonings, this was all my idea, you would have suggested Pansy, Luna was completely my idea.

Did that sound convincing?

But speaking of Luna, I should probably finish getting ready for our big photo shoot day! I need to get the Littles off to Molly, and Elena is actually spending the day with a friend from school.

Eeeeh! I'm so excited and nervous and ready and excited. I already said excited. Ahhh!

See your smoking hot ass soon!
Saturday December 9th
My love,

Julia earned practically her weight in gold today!

Neville and Charlie were the perfect people to start the photoshoot with because they wanted relatively simple photos. For the most part, they just wanted Charlie in his pup persona while Neville was dressed up rather nice. I'm mean, obviously he was wearing middle class muggle clothing, but what he chose to wear was semi formal and looked good on him. Plus, he's seriously gotten better looking since Hogwarts considering that he started First Year as a pudgy and awkward thing and now is confident and rather fit.

Charlie is muscular and fit in a whole other way, and they look good together. Julia started by doing some 'owner walking his dog' shots of just the two of them, and then the same shots of all four of us. There's one that I just love in which you and Charlie are playfully wrestling on the ground (only *after* I'd put up strong wards to keep all the animals away and warm the area since early December is not the ideal temperature for being naked outdoors). Meanwhile, Neville and I are sort of smiling at the two of you in fond amusement while chatting with each other. If the two of you weren't human and naked, it would have been a completely normal and picturesque photo.

Once the two of you were ready to go inside, we Apparated to our playroom and took some shots of you and Charlie being whipped with your favorite flogger. Neville wanted one shot of him buried deep inside Charlie, and one of him pumping his load all over Charlie's face. I have to admit, I still don't get the face thing, but whatever makes them happy, shrugs. Their photoshoot ended with a few shots of them snuggling rather romantically, just two naked men in love.

Since you and I had a whole day ahead of us, we opted not to do the sex shots yet, but we did get a few of us snuggling up to Neville and Charlie in all our naked glory too. Then we used the last fifteen minutes or so before 2 o'clock to have tea and just chat as friends. Fully dressed. I'm pretty sure Julia took a few pictures of that as well - candid shots, I think you call them.

Luna and Ginny arrived right on schedule, Ginny heckling her brother a bit and asking to see some of their photos. I think she was just curious as to what kinky things her brother gets up to, rather than being interested in seeing pictures of him naked and shagging. Regardless, Charlie refused and told her to mind her own business.

Then he kissed Neville goodbye and left because Neville actually wanted to get at least one shot of him snogging Luna in whatever costume she felt like wearing for her kinky photos. As I understand it, he honestly did want just the one shot, but Charlie had given him permission to do whatever he liked if things got carried away, and they did a little. Or a lot, heh heh heh.

Luna and Ginny were both in the mood to be dominant and so changed into leather corsets (green for Ginny and blue for Luna), matching black lace knickers, and shiny black thigh high leather boots. Because doing anything at all with Ginny squicks you - apparently you don't mind watching her with others, just shudder in horror at any sort of play with her - you decided to sit off to the side for a bit while Luna dominated Neville and Ginny dominated me.

Which means that Neville got a picture of him kissing Luna like he wanted, since she started by bending over and granting his request. But then he also got a few pictures of her torturing him and being 'forced' to eat her out.
At the same time, Ginny was ordering me to unlace and remove her right boot and give her a bit of a foot massage before putting her boot back on and lacing it back up again. That was actually hotter than I thought it'd be. However, as you saw and smirked at, Ginny doesn't have the experience or talent for domination that Luna has, and so, I was a rather naughty sub, disobeying orders by doing extra things like licking her thigh teasingly and pinching her when she looked over to see what Luna was doing.

Blaise showed up all by himself and was delighted to find Neville naked and submissive. He asked for permission to get a few pictures with Neville in which he was being 'forced' by Luna to orally please Neville. I think Ginny grew unexpectedly jealous at that point, because she insisted that she and Luna get a few simple pictures of the two of them that got progressively more erotic until all of us - except for probably you - were hard as rocks and wishing we could be inside either one of them.

It didn't take much, but Neville persuaded Blaise to do a little bit of bottoming. Blaise had already been eager for that from your birthday party. The only thing that surprised me was that Neville didn't intend to orgasm. He simply wanted to go for a leisurely ride for about ten minutes before taking a break to watch in fascination as you insisted on getting pictures of Blaise preparing you to bottom for him, and then actually bottoming.

Luna took the opportunity to suck on and bite your nipples while *I* showed Ginny want a real Dom was like. Funnily enough, I didn't use any sort of whipping/spanking/punishment on her. Instead, I simply commanded her to do things in a tone that fully expected to be obeyed. She seemed torn at first between trying to take back control and surrendering to me. It took less than two minutes for her to surrender, and whenever she performed a task correctly, I'd reward her with a kiss.

I think Julia got a picture of when I ordered Ginny to lay on her back and spread her legs wide and simply wait for me to decide what if anything I wanted to do to her. The catch was that she had to submit to a blindfold spell. Her breathing got interestingly ragged as I hummed in thought and traced a finger lightly over her body. Then I decided to insert my fingers inside her and stimulate her to a gushing orgasm. A *screaming* gushing orgasm.

Hearing that - her screams of pleasure - apparently added that little something extra you needed to shoot your load. This caught my attention, and I looked over to find that Blaise hadn't even fully gotten inside you yet and wasn't about to stop now. Luna asked if she could lick up your mess and use her tongue to keep you hard and ready, and - sounding ragged and full of lust - you agreed; probably because a mouth on your shaft feels glorious no matter who that mouth belongs to.

Ginny gasped in astonishment when I also kept going, stimulating her so that she would gush over and over until she begged me to stop. At that point, it was nearing 4 o'clock and she was so sated and lethargic that she simply asked to have a house elf Apparate her to a guest room to sleep it off.

At 4, Hermione and Ron arrived, and we all took a break to get something to drink and snack on so that we could recover a bit from what had already happened, and plan out costumes and the like for the next part of the shoot. Neville left because he felt that he'd done more than plenty already, but then Tabitha arrived earlier than she thought she'd be able to make it.

Ron and Hermione got a few completely non-sexual shots of just the two of them before changing into sexy lingerie for a few shots. Blaise joined in on the fun just as Greg and Maya arrived. Once Julia was ready for them, they got some rather romantic shots of their own. Tabitha got a few odd pictures with Luna. It wasn't erotic or loverly, but it did have the sort of feeling of two very good friends who didn't mind dressing up in lingerie and flirting with each other a bit for the camera. Not entirely sure how else to describe their photos. They were lovely nonetheless.

At this point, we'd all dressed up in kinky or erotic costumes and took a few group pictures. Just as
hands were wandering indiscriminately, the rest of our guests arrived. Pansy, Ivan, his brother
Dimitri, Theo, Daphne, her sister Astoria, and - surprising to me since I hadn't thought to invite her -
Pansy and Daphne had insisted on bringing Millie. Thus, practically our entire Year of Slytherins
was there.

Pansy did a rather lovely (and extensive) shoot of just her nude body - including a few out in the
warded and warmed area we'd used earlier. She wanted to showcase her gorgeous baby bump and
rather than wear anything, had decorated her hair so that she looked a bit like a goddess. THEN she
put on some lingerie and posed for pictures with her husband and some with Daphne before doing a
few with just Ron and Hermione. I'd almost forgot that she'd visited them quite a bit before she got
pregnant.

Quite honestly, I have to confess that I completely lost track of who was doing what at that point. I
KNOW we all got pictures as one big group and in all possible combinations of smaller groups. I
know we took more or less innocent pictures in kinky outfits, and I know that we slowly devolved
into an outright orgy that I'm pretty sure Julia abandoned the attempt to photograph and simply set a
camera to record video so that she could dive in too. But seriously, it became a blur at some point.
Just a pile of wriggling arms and groping and licking and sucking and full on shagging in so many
combinations that I think I personally must have been inside everyone there at least once - which sort
of disturbs me when I try to remember if I did Greg or Theo who are both straight and not likely to
agree to that.

You - on the other hand - did a rather good job of setting and sticking to your boundaries. No
kissing. No sex with women. Groping and handjobs/oral seemed to be fine to a point, but you
definitely stuck to your rules, which I'm happy about when I think back on it because I was so in lust
that I felt a bit like I was under the influence of something. I actually cast a spell to check and nope,
not drugged or potioned up, simply extremely turned on.

It seems to me that we might have to make this a yearly event, hahaha.

You mean the world to me, you are my everything, I swear the only thing that matters, matters to me,
oh baby baby baby baby baby,
Draco

P.S. Damnit! I completely forgot to look to see if Dimitri ever had a scandalized expression on his
face.

P.P.S. Apparently it wasn't weird or squicky for either Ivan or Dimitri to participate in the same orgy
at the same time. Although I am fairly certain they kept to opposite sides of it and never interacted
with each other, hahaha.
Chapter 325

Chapter Summary

The boys go out on a date and then McGonagall talks to Draco about a boy suffering the consequences of a shocking dare.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monday December 11
My Love,

I really thought about just having a relaxing day at home yesterday, our upcoming weeks are going to be crazy with Christmas prep. My next week or two at Unity is going to be a circus of receiving adoption requests, packing the Kids up, saying goodbye to some, and drying the tears of those who won't have found their forever home yet. And Saturday, while absolutely wonderful, wasn't particularly relaxing!

And while we did have a nice calm morning and early afternoon, I just had to take you out on a date. You do so much to make me feel special, and I've been itching to take you out this way for months. I didn't want to do a full day away from the kids, they had already spent the day before with Grandma Molly (or her friend Lexi's house in Elena's case) and all I could really handle away from them was a few hours for our dinner date.

You know me, I'm nothing if not over the top, so I actually left the Manor when you were getting ready. That way I could "pick you up" for our date. I thought it was fun, but knocking on my own front door was a bit strange. When you answered the door you seemed quite confused as to why Muffy was telling you to answer it. And you opened to me with my arms full of flowers for you. Your eyes lit up at the flowers and after you'd pressed your face into the bouquet you seemed to take in the rest of the view. I was taking you someplace nice, so I had to be dressed up enough to be let in the restaurant, but I couldn't be too tailored in something that might wrinkle while we traveled.

Your eyes got that sexy glint in them when you saw I was wearing some very fitted black trousers and my leather jacket that you love, and then I thought you might have a heart attack when you saw my motorcycle parked behind me. Yes, I decided the best warmup to our delicious dinner was to spend 45 minutes on this vibrating bike with your arms wrapped around me, your chest molded to my back, and your groin pressed hard into my arse. I was so bloody frustrated by the time we got to the restaurant that I almost canceled our reservations to take you somewhere and have my way with you instead.

But it really was such a lovely place that I am glad I resisted that urge. We went to The Dower House. The food was absolutely delicious. The atmosphere was lovely. And I had the most beautiful man in existence on my arm. And the hotel it was attached to, The Royal Crescent looks like it has an amazing spa. We should definitely come back again when we have time to take advantage of the spa.

It was nice to have you to myself for the evening. I always get a bit this way after we play. I really enjoy our playtime, it's amazing and fun and sexy, but I definitely feel a bit territorial for a bit
afterwards. We just chatted and caught up with each other. It was nice to hear a bit more about your businesses. I'm not the business minded one, so we rarely talk about much outside of your inventions, but you get so cute and passionate when you talk business. And when you practically fellated your spoon during dessert I knew it was time to leave!

We got back on the bike, got a ways out of town, and that's as much patience as I had left. You seemed a bit confused when we stopped, until you saw the look on my face. I don't think I've ever been so quick with my wand. Before you could finish your smirk, I had you stripped, a warming charm to ward off the chill, the quick clean and prep spells shot at your arse, and bent over the motorcycle.

You don't bottom very often, it's usually my thing, but I had to have you. Fuck, you were so hot and tight, I had to cast a denial spell on myself or it would have been a delightful ten seconds of pleasure! Instead I just aimed at that spot that makes you see stars, and reached around to stroke you until you were painting the side of the bike. Once I felt you clenching and squealing, I took the spell off and followed you over the edge.

Once we were cleaned up and redressed we headed back home. The vibrations and the close proximity had me ready to go again by the time we got home. When we pulled in, I parked the bike, and cast the same spells as before, but this time at myself. It was my turn, and you made it wonderful as usual.

All of that ended just in time to get inside and read a few stories and have a few cuddles with the kids before they went to bed. And I wasn't too far behind them. I knew how early I had to get to Unity today and I wanted to get a solid night's sleep.

I got out early this morning, and have been sitting at my desk writing to you while waiting for the owls to start coming in. The first pile just arrived, so I am off to start the adoption marathon. Wish me luck!

Love always,
Harry

P.S. I sent a message to Luna and Neville to go out to dinner Thursday evening. We can ask them to be Godparents then. Café Exquis ok I assume?

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Friday December 15th
My heart,

As you know, because we talked about it during dinner last night with Luna and Neville at Café Exquis (were you really THAT worried they'd say no? Seriously, you looked rather green, and I have no idea why you were so worried since the chances of them saying no were less than zero), I had a meeting today at Hogwarts with my partners to do a bit of planning for the upcoming Yule Ritual.

Like last year, the actual day of Yule - and thus, the ritual - is after most of the students go home for the holiday. So, we had to work out feasible transportation to get all of them and any parents who wish to attend as well back to the castle. We had most of the groundwork laid from last year and simply had to make sure it still worked and also fine tune the dances that Patil choreographed for us.

I won't bore you with the details. The important part is that McGonagall called me into her office when the meeting was over and the others were leaving. Macmillan even went so far as to heckle me
for getting in trouble with the Headmistress despite no longer being a student, hahaha.

You must have been worn out with helping the last of the recently adopted children pack up and leave today, because you were already asleep by the time I got home. Thus, you'll more than likely read this tomorrow before I wake up. Unless you snuggle with me until I wake up and drag you off for my plans.

So, well, McGonagall had a very unique problem. One so unique she thinks it may have only happened once before in the entire thousand year history of Hogwarts. A boy has gotten pregnant.

Apparently, he was dared to drink a random potion out of the restricted potions cabinet in Slughorn's office. Usually the security measures on the cabinet are sufficient, and so, it's not like Slughorn was negligent in leaving this potion lying around. The group (the boy won't name names) broke into his office during dinner one night and unlocked the cabinet, selecting a potion at random. The label was vanished before anyone had a chance to read it, and this boy - Miles Meaney - was under a lot of pressure to drink the potion.

My first question - as I'm sure your first question will probably be and McGonagall's first question was - was *why* in Merlin's malodorous sphincter would anyone drink an unknown potion from a cabinet that could very easily contain deadly brews?!?! Well, it seems that Slughorn had mentioned that over the years, students had an alarming habit of breaking into his cabinet and stealing the potentially deadly potions to threaten each other with. Such as: "Do my homework for me or I'll feed your cat this Daught of Living Death!" SO, he replaced all the deadly and grievously harmful potions with firewhiskey dyed to look like the correct potions. Thus making his cabinet safe except for since he mentioned THAT to his students, they now break in in an attempt to drink the firewhiskey.

Quel choc, pas!

Well anyway, I'm sure you can guess by now what the potion was that Miles took. Being a Hufflepuff, Miles wasn't quite sure how to refuse the dare, and was extremely relieved when seemingly nothing happened except that he felt a bit queasy for a while.

That would have been the end of it, except that later that night, Miles - a 16 year old Sixth Year - shagged his boyfriend, Colm O'Brian. Or rather, let his boyfriend shag him. Hence, pregnant.

He had no idea and may well have gone several months before things progressed to the noticeable stage, except that he passed out for no reason during Charms Class one day and Flitwick had the sense to have him brought to Madam Pomfrey. She scanned him for all possible ailments and was shocked when he lit up as pregnant, hahaha.

Sorry, I probably shouldn't find this so funny, but I can't help but find it hilarious when I try to picture the look on her face - or even McGonagall's really - when they found out that Miles was pregnant. Miles himself refused to believe it possible until he saw the holographic spell that showed the baby inside him.

Here's another little tidbit I find hilarious. It seems that this dare occurred on the very first day of classes - so, Monday September 4th, and he happened to faint and be discovered as pregnant on Monday December 4th - exactly 13 weeks gone to the day (or, well, 15 because as you remember, pregnancy is counted from the day of the last period, even for those of us who don't have them, haha).

But here's where the story takes a somber turn. Miles was a happy and regular little boy until his parents died when he was about 5 and his mother's brother took him in. As far as anyone can tell, his
uncle treats him neither good nor bad. Raises him mostly without complaint and isn't exactly mean to him, but at the same time, he's not really loving either. More like indifferent. Well, McGonagall had to go meet with Mr. Leery to discuss what would be best for Miles, and it seems that Mr. Leery is of the opinion that having a gay nephew - a pregnant one at that - is untenable and refuses to let Miles ever come back.

This places McGonagall in a hard position because while Miles could naturally stay at Hogwarts during every Holiday except the summer one - were he not pregnant - he only has one year left before he'd graduate and have to find a new place to live anyway. Then add a baby into the mix and it doesn't look good for poor Miles.

Also, Wizards may reach the age of majority at 17, but muggles mostly have to wait until they're 18. THAT said, there's a law that muggles who are 16 and have a job can live on their own, and so, when McGonagall asked what Mr. Leery expected Miles to do during the summer, she was told rather rudely that he can get a job and rent a flat.

I promise that I did NOT send an unpleasant instant diarrhea hex to Mr. Leery via owl post.

But getting to the point. McGonagall feels that if this were his O.W.L. or N.E.W.T. year, she'd go to the necessary lengths to accommodate his pregnancy so that he could focus on his studies, but since this is his Sixth Year, it might be easier on him all around to be removed from Hogwarts. Which was why she decided to talk to me before talking to you.

She was hoping that I would be willing to 'sponsor' Miles by hiring and paying for a private tutor. She has no doubt that Miles would do his homework even if he was all on his own and taking lessons via owl, but she hopes that he will excel if given the support he needs and a tutor.

Not to mention, I actually got an O on most of my N.E.W.T.s, so she thinks I could help him with his homework if he needs it. I rather got the impression that she was hoping *I* would adopt him. Heh heh heh, no! Sorry, but we have enough kids, ta ever so!

That said, I have no problems sponsoring him. I'll hire him a tutor, and if he finds staying at Traditions or Unity House unbearable, I'll even let him stay in the Manor. But I really do hope that he finds at least a temporary home in Unity seeing as how the Kids are used to others having weird backgrounds and how they're all taught to be sensitive to others who may be having a hard time.

I haven't met Miles yet, but I'm hoping that he's not too upset and angry about his uncle basically disowning him. I'm sure he is at least a little, and also mad about being transferred out of Hogwarts, but hopefully not so much that he needs to join Antonio and Phillip in Krav Maga lessons. If he does, I think I'm going to have to Insta-owl Grandmama and ask her to send one of her better teachers to come stay at Unity for a few months. Because - as you've said - I do better one on one. Having two students plus Elena when she feels like sparring already pushes me to my limit. Plus, I'm always so busy with other things that Antonio has mostly had to practice on his own, and even now that Phillip has the basics down, they mostly just practice with each other.

Fuck, I just realized that if they really are relying on me to keep them improving, they're not going to improve! Maybe I should bring in a teacher for them anyway. That way, other Kids could take lessons if they wanted. Not *everyone* loves music after all...

Hmm... this gives me something to think about.

At any rate, McGonagall said she was going to visit you on Monday, so, knowing you and guessing what she'll do, chances are good that she'll show up right after she finishes her breakfast in the Great Hall and you're just about finished reading this email, hahaha. Unless you read it this weekend (but I
plan to take you shopping without the Kids, so you might not have time). Probably a good thing I won't be awake to pop into your office and suck you off, buwahahahahaha!

I'm a slave for you,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

To be certain I was stating the situation correctly - That Miles could get a job and rent a flat at just 16 - I looked up the law. I actually thought it was 17 and was surprised to find that it was 16. But here are a couple links to prove that it *could* happen, not that I'm saying it does often, but for people in Miles situation, it might, sigh...
https://fullfact.org/law/legal-age-limits/
Chapter 326

Chapter Summary

Harry explains why he was so worried and Draco geeks out about a magical toy shop, lol.

Saturday December, 16th
My Dragon,

I wasn't nervous that they would say no. I mean, I KNEW Luna wouldn't say no. And I didn't think Neville would say no. But what if he had? It was really important to me that he be Harrison's Godfather. But what if he was offended that we waited until our fourth child to ask him to be Godfather? I know, Haz is our sixth, but seeing as we didn't pick Godparents for Lainie or River, he's our fourth that needed godparents. What if he was offended that we asked him but didn't ask Charlie to be the other? Especially since we were asking Luna for a second time.

Obviously, it wasn't an issue. They were both quite thrilled. And as usual, dinner at Café Exquis was … exquisite. And now that Haz is finally old enough for tastes of solid foods, he enjoyed bites from everyone's plates. He seems to really be taking after his Daddy Draco and his big sister Viona, he likes anything and everything. I think we're going to have another open minded foodie on our hands. And he definitely enjoyed his snuggles with Nev and Luna. Although I think he was a bit confused when we took him out without any of the other kids, he's used to our entire circus and doesn't really get you and I to himself.

Although we certainly made sure to bring home some of the other kids' favorites so they didn't feel left out when we got home. I missed the others while we were gone, but it was nice to have some Daddies/Harrison two on one time. I think once the Holiday season is over and we're not so booked up, we should try taking the others out on some individual little dates more often. I love them as a group, but I need them to know that we love them individually and for who they are as their own person. Ya know?

I'm looking forward to hearing from McGonagall on Monday. I just can't believe a guy could accidentally become pregnant! What kind of man takes a fertility potion ACCIDENTALLY and then gets knocked up? It sounds absolutely crazy. Maybe when we meet Miles we should introduce him to Ori!

Do you think he will actually need a private tutor? Or do you think his learning at Traditions should be enough? I figure we can present all of the options to him; he can live at Traditions with the squib boarding students, he can live at Unity or the Manor and go to Traditions or have a private tutor, or he can even do what Finn does and have a place to stay at Unity and stay at Traditions throughout the week. I think introducing him to Finn might be the best plan regardless, if anyone can help someone cope with feeling like a second class citizen in your own home, or being disowned by those who should love you, it's Finn. And I'll be there for him if he wants it, I can relate to being an orphan, being raised by a really crappy Uncle, and then getting pregnant on accident. Are you sure his name is Miles and not Harry?

Anyway, yes I was asleep when you got home last night because I was absolutely knackered from the long week of packing up Kids. We had thirty-nine Kids before the Meet 'N Greet, and we had
nineteen adoption requests. So we're down to twenty Kids at Unity. When you keep in mind that five of those are the unadoptable muggle Kids, and the other is Finn who is almost old enough to be considered an adult, we're actually down to only fourteen adoptable Kids.

I've had a lot of long talks with Finn, he isn't interested in being adopted anyway. He's sixteen, and won't turn seventeen until during the next school year. He plans on going to Traditions this year and next, and then he's hoping to go to muggle Uni. He and Ethan are pretty close, both in love with music, it sounds like they plan to go to Uni together, possibly getting a flat together, and getting a degree in music. They're both really great young men, I think they have some very bright futures in front of them.

I was right, and Oliver and his husband adopted Parker. And Katie Bell is going to make Hannah and Lauren big sisters by adopting Seth. And we are again twinless, as Declan and Shea were adopted. Obviously the newest little peanut was adopted right away, I barely even needed to give him a little nickname it was so quick! And our two longest lasting Kids, besides Finn who isn't interested in adoption and Beatrix who's at Hogwarts, Davey and Chloe finally found their families! I am of course torn between knowing how much I will miss them and being thrilled for them. At least I will see them both at Traditions.

I'd better make this quick, we had a full day at Dudley and Donna's, and you said you had to get a few things ready before we begin our shopping spree. I knew I'd have at least a little time to write since it normally takes you quite a while to get ready, but we are also headed to shop so you may speed through the readying process to get shopping sooner.

Today was so much fun! I really do adore Donna's family, they're warm and welcoming, and I don't know if it's because they're American or because they have a beloved child who's a squib, or if they're just great people, but they are so accepting. They don't care that their child is a squib, the don't care that she's married to a muggle, they love their granddaughter and don't seem to care what level of magic she ends up with, they're great to us, they were very sweet to our kids, I'm just so happy to know them and happy that Dudley can see what this kind of family feels like. I definitely got the worse end of the deal being raised by his parents, but it wasn't so great for him either. They gave him terrible eating habits. They taught him to be spoiled and judgmental and a bully. He's had to work very hard to unlearn a lot from his childhood. You know how hard that can be!

The last time we saw the Cullens we didn't bring any of our children (and we only had four) with us, and the time before that we only had the one and were pregnant with two. So, they've only met Viona. Well, as ours, they met Lainie during New Year's at the fireworks and parade, but you hadn't admitted she was ours yet. Any time we go anywhere with our six children, it becomes a bit of a production. But I feel like we barely saw the children for most of the day. We arrived and it was big hugs for everyone, Elena, River, and Viona ran off to play immediately, and the babies were grabbed immediately and passed around for everyone to ooh and ahh over. Eventually Eris demanded to be back with her Daddies, but for the most part Haz and Ori were pretty content to flirt with everyone there.

Daisy has gotten so big! She's a cutie, looks just like Donna. Dudley's not so bad looking now that he's stopped his childhood eating habits and smiles often, but I definitely think Daisy got lucky with Donna's features! She certainly seemed to like the little ride-on toy we got her, Dudley sat her on it immediately and she threw herself off and used it to pull herself up and walk it around the room. She was so busy with that that she didn't seem to care about the books as much, but Donna seemed really happy to see the mix of muggle and magical books. Since she's descended from the Peverell family like I am, I think it's really important that she has her own copy of The Tales of Beedle the Bard.

It was really sweet of the Cullens to get gifts for our kids too, I wasn't expecting that. River in
particular seemed really happy for the sporting equipment, although we are going to have to teach him that that weird shaped one is NOT a football, a football is black and white and round, that is for North-American Football. And Elena could not have been happier with the music, seeing as Minnesota is one of their homes, they think that everyone should be introduced to Prince's music as soon as possible. He is beyond amazing, and I don't know if there's anything quite so lovely as "When Doves Cry" but I'm not sure how I feel about her listening to "Soft and Wet" or "Darling Nikki".

Oh! That's you! I'm about to be whisked away on a shopping spree!

Love,
Your Harry

Saturday, December 16th
My reason for living,

Two words: Magical Child.

Alright, so it's technically three words THE Magical Child, but it's seriously the best magical toy shop in the world! Every single child friendly magical toy is in that shop, and they're all brilliant and fun to play with. It's a relatively new shop as it's only been around a few years, but when I was planning out a shopping date for the two of us in my recent spare time, I went into the shop to check it out and learned that they were having management issues leading to bad money management, misuse of profits, and mild disrepair of the premises. I thought it would be such a shame for an otherwise successful business to fail because of bad management so...

I sort of took it over. I don't mean that I will be managing it personally or that I own it, but I DID invest in it with the stipulation that I will be hiring a new manager to run the place in tandem with the current owner. Also, I plan to fund the opening of other branches around the world in the future.

Please keep in mind that I'm doing things for the best of the business because it does me no good if it fails and I end up wasting money, but in taking over the business, I told our lawyers to draft the contract with several clauses in it that I would have considered negotiable, except that the couple that owns the business is so terrible at any sort of management that all they really heard was that I would be giving them money to fix up and maintain their shop AND be hiring someone to handle the actual managing of the shop and they were sold.

Which means that they didn't object to the clause I put in there that 10 percent of the *profits* will be given to Unity House each month. The rest of the clauses all had to do with the franchise aspect in which they were basically selling me the rights to use the name of their shop on all new branches opened in the future, even though each shop will have their own owners/managers.

So today, after we returned from Dudley and Donna's family party (I'm not sure if you noticed them, but your Aunt and Uncle were hiding in one of the corners, not entirely sure how to interact with a family that wasn't just *wizards* but *Americans* too, hahaha. Donna told me that they were offended that Dudley didn't want to invite them at first because he didn't think they'd be comfortable, but they felt a family party ought to include them too, uncomfortable or not, hahaha. Shrugs) and I'd finished getting ready, I brought you to the Magical Child.

I LOVED watching your eyes light up as you saw all the toys. I'd restrained myself from buying anything when I was taking over the shop, but now that you were there, I was putting one of just about everything in our basket.
"Elena will love this self-playing drum set! And River will love this neverending waterfall! And Sebastian will love this Wizarding Chess set!"

"Draco, do the babies really *NEED* every single infant toy in the shop?"

"Of course they do, don't be silly!"

"But this is just a bunch of floating lights! Oh, wait, they're shaped like lightning bugs, and they're adorable too. Alright fine, but they DON'T need this rattle that play Brahms Lullaby... and Clair de Lune... and All the Little Horses - alright fine! BUT -"

I pressed a finger to your lips. "Hush, love, they need it all. Having a wide variety of things to play with will stimulate their curiosity and intellect."

"No, it'll teach them to get bored easily and move on to new things that only seem more interesting."

"And besides, we need to buy something for all the kids in Unity House. And Traditions?? Should we buy presents for the Traditions Kids? I feel like I should try to buy them muggle sciency toys." I pressed a finger to my lip and thought this over for a moment. "OR! I could give each of the Traditions Kids their own Chore Control device..."

Shaking your head and looking sort of exasperated and amused at the same time, you kissed me, and then tried to argue me out of some of the other infant toys. Why don't you want our babies to have enormous mountains of toys???

Despite bickering profusely, we managed to reach an agreement on which toys to buy our kids, and the Unity Kids. I think we opted against the Traditions kids simply because you turned an alarming shade of green and said you were feeling nauseous. Even though I'm quite certain that you'd taken something from one of those Skiving Snackboxes, I agreed to pay for what we had and bring you home so you could get some rest.

I sincerely hope nothing is actually wrong with you because we're supposed to go shopping in PARIS with just Elena, River, and Viona tomorrow while my parents and the elves watch the babies. Side note, did you hear that with all the new kids my parents have, they finally broke down and ordered their elves to breed. So now, Jacy (my mother's elf) is pregnant with one (she's been checked), and they've actually hired a couple of the younger elves that were fathered by Kreacher when he received permission to procreate as he liked and the Hogwarts elves asked for it too. This makes the young elves around the same age as Aster, Anise, and Zinna, but since that's the equivalent to a human teenager at this point, they are perfectly capable of helping to take care of my siblings.

Other side note, Muffy is positively dismayed. She feels that she had Aster for Viona, Anise for Orion, and Zinna for Eris (or vice versa), and not only have we NOT given the elves to their master/mistresses officially, BUT we ALSO now have Elena, River, and Harrison that will need elves. Muffy is convinced we need her to get pregnant with another three babies - and now that I think about it, her thinking that she needed to have three babies because we had three babies might actually be how she managed to have triplets in the first place. It could very well fall under the magic that lets an elf do just about anything their master orders them to, hmm...

Well, since you seem to be sleeping peacefully and it's not my bedtime yet, I think I'll sign off and go practice my firedancing. Specifically, the routines that Patil wants us to perform at Yule. I'm going to try to go to bed early tonight, so you have my permission to attempt to wake me early in the morning. You can try having your way with me while I sleep - gaining in vigor until I wake up - or you can whisper plans to go shopping in Paris in my ear and see how fast I leap out of bed, haha!
You're the one that I want,

Draco

P.S. I think McGonagall's concern that prompted her to ask me to sponsor Miles with a tutor is that while Traditions is currently providing an excellent education to Squib children, it's not exactly set up to offer N.E.W.T. level classes to a Sixth Year Hogwarts student, and so, he'd need someone that could teach him potions and advanced charms and the like.

P.P.S You realize that if we manage to find a Tutor capable of teaching N.E.W.T level classes, we might just have a viable alternative to sending Elena to Hogwarts. That said, I somehow get the feeling that Elena would murder us both in our sleep if we tried to tell her that she couldn't go to Hogwarts simply because you didn't relish the idea of living in her trunk for 10 months out of the next 7 years.

P.P.P.S. Salazar's little curly arse hairs! I completely forgot about Miles when buying Christmas presents!!!
Chapter 327

Chapter Summary

Harry's not feeling so well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday December 17th
My understanding husband,

You know how much I love waking you up in your favorite way. And you know how much I love shopping. But I just threw up everything I think I’ve eaten over the last year.

I think I’m doing better now that I’ve

Nope, not better. I found more. I’m climbing back into bed. Maybe by the time you wake

And again. Hopefully I’m all cleared out by the time we need to leave for shopping.

Love
H

Sunday December 17th
My beloved moron!

WHY didn't you simply order Muffy to bring you an Anti-Emetic Potion?? By the time I woke up and noticed that you were still in bed with me, you were so dehydrated that you were actually listless and unresponsive. So, I summoned robes to cover our naked bodies, cast a levitation spell to gather you into my arms without jostling you, and then Apparated us straight to St. Mungo's.

The bad news is that while Healer Rowe initially thought you had a simple muggle flu that could be treated easily with a potion, she cast an array of test spells and found out that you have Pneumonia in addition to the flu. This is easy enough to treat with potions, however, the risk of making one or both of the lungs collapse is real enough that these potions are designed to be subtle and take a few days to do their magic.

I really had a hard time understanding why the potion couldn't be increased in strength and work instantly, but here's what Rowe told me: Pneumonia is an infection of the lungs in which the air sacs - called Alveoli - fill up with water or pus, making it hard to breathe. On it's own, it can be a sort of silent illness that the body can either fight off or eventually end up needing medical treatment.

Healer Rowe says that she's fairly certain you had that - a viral version of Pneumonia that was silent inside you for a while, but then suddenly made its presence known when you *also* caught a regular muggle flu (which is what triggered the sudden and rather violent vomiting). The reason that she can't just give you a single potion to instantly cure you is that these infections are both viral and even potions are hit or miss when it comes to getting rid of viruses.
Thus, she needs to give you a potion that will help to clear your lungs and keep them clear, and another - more or less nutritive - potion to support and improve your body's natural immune defenses so that you can fight these viruses off on your own.

She currently has you under a sedation spell, but since you should be beyond the contagious stage by tomorrow or the next day, she'll let you come home to finish recuperating at that point. I look forward to making a nuisance out of myself as your tender loving nursemaid the moment you come home.

That said, I thought it only prudent for everyone else in the house to be checked to see if they'd already caught anything from you and...

I had a bit just beginning to try to invade my body, but if I take nutritive immune boosting potions, I *should* be able to fight it off before it turns into either the flu or Pneumonia. Our babies were all miraculously clear of infections - but are still going to get immune boosting potions and some colostrum I'm buying from a farmer down the road - to be absolutely certain that they STAY healthy. This includes Viona.

Elena had a bit of a regular cold coming on, but a Pepper-up potion cleared that up in no time. Which just leaves River... He caught the same combination of viruses as you did, and so, is currently spelled asleep in the same bed as you. I love how Rowe understands why it's important for us to keep River with you. In any case, she says that the same treatment given to him should work even faster since he was just coming down with the infection and there isn't as much for him to fight off yet.

Rowe also remarked that she found it nearly miraculous that you work with a lot of children on a daily basis and haven't gotten sick prior to now. It means that you have a rather strong immune system to begin with - likely fueled by your strong magic - and that you probably fight off most infections quickly, it's just that these two combined to kick your arse.

I know you probably can't feel it because you're asleep, but I'm currently holding your hand and kissing it frequently as I type this. I'm going to sign off now and go home for a bit to check on our other kids to make sure they're still fine.

Every beat of my heart belongs to you,
Draco

P.S. My parents and siblings were all checked as well and seem to be fine except for a couple of minor colds that were just starting to crop up.

P.P.S. I called Tabitha to let her know that it's probably a good idea to have the caregivers round up the Kids and have them all checked out too. No need for the same viruses to run rampant over them all.

P.P.P.S. I'm having Muffy make up a large batch of Garlic Lemonade to help boost everyone's immune system and get rid of these viruses! Before you make a decision on whether or not you want to try it, it's simply garlic minced and steeped in hot water like tea to transfer the super healing and immune boosting qualities of the garlic to the water. Then the juice of freshly squeezed lemons is added for it's own immune boosting properties - along with just enough sugar or maple syrup to make the whole thing lightly sweet to the taste. It's rather delicious, in my opinion, and I hope you won't fight me on drinking it because I might just have to pour it down your throat when you're sleeping if you do.

P.P.P.P.S. Love you!
Note: An anti-emetic is different from an anti-nausea potion in that anti-nausea means that it will settle the stomach and curb queasiness. An anti-emetic will literally stop excessive vomiting. For example, a tea made from fennel and mint will help a person stop vomiting if they are unable to stop otherwise. Or at least it did for my son when he was sick as a baby, shrugs.
Chapter 328

Chapter Summary

Harry's only staying in bed because River has to.

Wednesday December 20th
My caring nursemaid,

I am on day … three?? of my recovery. So I have hit the point where I feel so much better, but I'm still forced to stay in bed, and so I feel like climbing the walls. The only thing keeping me in this bed is the knowledge that if I ignore healer's orders and get out of bed then my sickbed buddy will do the same. So I suppose I must stay here to make sure River gets as much rest as his poor sick body needs and he doesn't push it to get out of bed too soon.

You have been such a wonderful caregiver. Taking care of me and keeping me company when I need it. Reading my behavior and being aware of when I need a few minutes to myself. You are definitely much better than I am at that, I have a propensity to smother. Bringing the kids to visit and play with River and I when they needed Daddy or when River and I needed company. And I know I say this every time something crappy happens to us, but the silver lining to this illness is how much time I've gotten to have with you and the rest of our family.

I am so sorry I scared you love. Believe me, I know how terrifying it is to wake up next to your normally full of life husband and instead see him listless and unresponsive. I wouldn't have wished that terrifying memory on my worst enemy, let alone my best friend. I'll be honest with you, waking up in St. Mungo's was pretty scary as well. The last thing I remembered was climbing into bed with you early Sunday morning, and all of a sudden it's dark and I'm in an unknown place that's obviously some sort of clinical environment. Lucky for me, I had you holding my hand to ground me, and could hear River's deep breathing next to me. It was just enough normalcy that I didn't panic.

Once we were able to come home to finish recovering, I have had such a fun couple of days with you and River specifically, and then with our other kids and our siblings as they came in and out to visit. Sunday and Monday morning weren't great, I was still feeling much too awful to enjoy anything besides resting, and seeing my poor sweet sick boy next to me and knowing he felt just as rotten was hard. But once we hit that sweet spot of being sick, where you aren't recovered but you feel well enough to sit up and play games and eat snacks and watch movies, it was kind of like a fun pajama party that lasted a few days!

It wasn't nearly as fun as shopping in Paris would have been, but we made the best of the situation I guess. Hopefully we will have time to go to Paris soon, work it in amongst our crazy holiday season plans. If not, it's not like we won't ever get a chance to go again! I'm just glad we're all on the mend and our sickness won't ruin any of our holiday plans. I would have been so upset if I wasn't able to have Christmas morning with my family. Three of our babies are having their first Christmas ever, and two of them are having their first Christmas with us.

I feel a bit like you must have last year, I'm sitting wrapped up in bed, submitting owl orders so I can have all of my shopping done in time. I can always send you and Lainie out shopping the way you sent Hermione and Lainie out for your shopping last year. River's been so helpful, helping me pick out special things for each person on my list. But now he's napping a bit, and I'm not feeling sleepy
enough to need a nap myself, so I decided to message you.

You kept putting it off so you would be here for us, but deemed us well enough today that you felt comfortable meeting with your Ritual team to practice or prepare for tomorrow’s Ritual. I am so so sorry that I won't be well enough to go, but I can't wait to hear all about it. Well, I think I am well enough to go, but apparently my very handsome blonde jailer agrees with my healer that going tomorrow would be pushing it unnecessarily. I would normally whine and moan and complain and possibly sneak out and go anyway, but the risk of setting back my recovery and therefor messing with our Holiday plans or our trip to Australia just isn’t worth taking.

Oh! I have the most amazing news! To keep the boredom at bay, I have also been insta-owling everyone I know who also has an insta-owl. While chatting with Donna, I found out that I am not the only one who was at their party with this combination of illnesses. Oh no, I feel so badly, who did I potentially infect? Daisy? Donna's little sister Jenny? Nope, Petunia and Vernon! Ha! Ok, if they were so ill they were in danger of dying or something I am not a terrible enough person that I would enjoy that. But knowing they not only feel like absolute garbage but that they have to get through the lengthier muggle recovery process, well it has helped with my recovery!

Does that make me a terrible person? Imagining Vernon wrapped around a toilet and not being able to eat his favorite foods or get a good night's sleep.

I'm so thankful that I have such a great immune system apparently. I suppose I never really thought about all the germs that our sweet little petri dish Kids carry, but it probably is unusual for someone to spend that much time in a school, an orphanage, and in a home with 10 children and not get so much as the sniffles for a year and a half. I'm glad that the health check at Unity just turned up a few Kids with colds. No one but River and I had reached pneumonia and no one else seemed to have the stomach flu either. Just a few days that the caregivers had some drippy noses to wipe, and a potions cabinet that needs a restocking of pepper-ups.

Ugh, my muggle upbringing struck again, of course I didn't think to ask Muffy for an anti-emetic. I didn't think about anti-nausea potions through months of morning sickness either. I am going to blame it on the brain fog, all I could think of Sunday morning was my warm cozy blankets.

**VIONA SKYE**

How cute is that? Viona just climbed in my lap, I told her I was writing to her Daddy and she wanted to try. She stuck out her little pointer finger and I directed her little baby hands to all the right keys. Adorable, writing to her Daddy by letting me help her peck at the keyboard just like you!

But now she is demanding my attention, so I had better run. Hope the prep is going well, can't wait until you're home!

Love,

Harry

P.S. Thank you for the garlic lemonade. It's not something I will drink with any regularity as it wasn't my favorite, but it was definitely drinkable for the benefits you say it has.

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Friday December 22nd
Mon Coeur,

Due to a strong sleeping potion I gave you last night so that you'd be fully rested for today's
festivities, you were still sleeping when River woke up an enormous ball of energy. He went bouncing around the room for a bit, trying to be quiet so that he didn't wake you, before I finally told him to go eat breakfast and play with his aunts and uncles. Viona decided that this was a good idea too, and Muffy took Harrison while Anise and Zinna took Eri and Ori so that they could be fed with the rest of the family while I woke you up.

Deciding to play it safe in case you weren't fully recovered, I decided to wake you in one of my favorite ways when you do it to me. Taking your shaft in hand, I worked you up. My mouth joined in on the fun when you were about half mast. You moaned very softly a few times, but didn't wake up as I did my best to make your toes curl. One of my hands wandered toward your tight pucker, but I didn't finger you for one very important reason...

I noticed that during your sickness, probably in the stage when you were in the bathroom a lot, you seemed to develop a personal problem on your anus that would make any sort of playing painful, and not in a fun way. Lucky for you, I had a magic infused healing ointment for that, so I summoned it and rubbed it in while I was still sucking on and using my other hand on you. After all, I can't have my favorite toy unable to be used when you're finally feeling up to full sex again.

I'm not entirely sure when you woke up, but it seemed to me that you weren't fully awake until you were gasping and crying out erotically with your orgasm. I was so happy and overflowing with love at that moment that I simply had to kiss you. I'm seriously grateful to you for being in my life and making me so ridiculously and outrageously happy with this crazy and fluffy life we have. Never once did I ever think I'd be only 20 still and have an enormous family that includes Weasleys.

I can't remember what our plans are for today, but it's the last Friday before Christmas, and so, we probably have a celebration to attend somewhere, and if not, we can get all our last minute shopping done. Maybe I can stay up a little late tonight and make all the Kids at Unity House toy wands - wands that have a couple of spells preloaded into them - such as Aguamenti - so that they can have fun playing hide and hex, but nothing serious. Bonus, these would be able to be used by squibs too, and so, they could ALL have fun with them, haha.

But honestly, the moment you get out of the bathroom, I'd love nothing more than to snatch you back into bed with me and snuggle for the rest of the day.

When I think of you, my heart overflows so much that I fear it's going to burst right out of my chest, Draco

P.S. The Yule Ritual was beautiful, the highlight naturally being the dances that Patil choreographed for us. I won't go over the whole thing again since I spent an hour or so after I came home from it laying in bed telling you everything - since you were awake at the time and the kids were all asleep, so we had some unexpected alone time together. But I just wanted to remind you that it's another perfect time to give thanks for the best things in our life, and I spent the entire ritual being so thankful for you that I nearly got choked up a couple of times. Thank Salazar that I can pull on my Malfoy mask when I need to hide my messy emotions in public! You once said that I was fine with people thinking that I'm a sap who does anything for you but that I don't have sympathy or concern for others, and actually, it's so true. I don't mind people seeing my mask slip when I'm clearly thinking about you, and thus portraying myself as a sap utterly gaga over you, but I still very much need that mask for everything else. Could you actually imagine what it would be like if I ran around in public willy nilly without it??? It would be sheer chaos! hahaha.
Chapter 329

Chapter Summary

It's the day before Christmas and Harry's feeling better.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunday December 24th
Happy Christmas Eve Draco!

I am so glad I listened to the healer, and by that I mean I am so glad you forced me to listen to the healer, because this morning I woke up feeling 100% back to healthy and ready to take on the holiday festivities. If I had pushed it I probably wouldn't feel as great as I do and I wouldn't have been able to have as much fun as I am sure I am in for. I even had enough energy to go for a short run this morning. I went slower than usual and didn't run as far as I usually do just in case, but I continued to feel wonderful.

You thought we may have had something planned for Friday, but not only did we have no plans for Friday, but our Saturday was blissfully empty as well. So we had plenty of time to spend shopping for a bit, and we were able to program those wands for the Kids, and you even got some time to test out how healed up your "favorite toy" was. That lovely medicinal "massage" I woke up to Friday morning really did the job because there was no discomfort outside of the usual stretch and burn that I love.

I'm relieved that even with my illness, we were able to be finished with our shopping with a few days to spare. I was able to pick up the last of the Unity Kids pajamas and books that I wasn't able to get during the first run since we didn't have sizes or interests for Kids that hadn't arrived yet. You managed to pick something out for Miles since you didn't get him anything at The Magical Child (which I don't think I mentioned because of how terrible I felt, but I absolutely loved it!). And as always, it was nice to go out to lunch all together as a family. I was in such a good mood to be out and about after so much time being cooped up that I didn't even mind (much) when that photographer snapped a picture of us.

The only thing I really had to get done before today was to check in at Unity. Being sick this week I not only wasn't there for my usual responsibilities, but I also missed the Christmas Tree decorating on Wednesday, and I missed Miles' arrival. I hate not being there for new arrivals, but the nice thing about a sixteen year old is that they're old enough to understand why someone with pneumonia isn't there to greet them!

I'm so disappointed that River and I missed the tree decorating, we were really looking forward to it, but I'm so pleased that you were able to go and take the rest of the littles. Lainie has been very understanding of the limitations my illness placed on her normal routine, she seemed fine having you or Hermione take her to and from school this week, but if she had missed Wednesday night I think she would have been really upset. I got to look at the pictures that were taken, and it looks like everyone made an enormous mess, decorated a beautiful tree, and had a blast. The picture of you stringing popcorn strings onto the tree while Viona sat at the other end of the string eating the popcorn off of it was hilarious.
It was really important to me to head to Unity to do the more responsibility things before today, that way today can just be about fun. Miles seems very sweet. I hope he's settling in well. I got to sit with him for a bit and I told him all about my own accidental pregnancy. We had a good laugh about probably being the only two blokes ridiculous enough to accidentally get pregnant. He won't start any classes or lessons until January so he's just been taking the time to settle in and get to know some of the older Kids. As of right now he thinks he will want to stay at Unity full time until he's ready to go back to Hogwarts, but I told him he's welcome as long as he'd like and he doesn't have to make any decisions immediately. He can see how he feels once school is back in session.

Now you know I am not against you tutoring, or hiring a tutor, and I know that for the most part Traditions has been for either magical children younger than Hogwarts age or Squibs. However, because of the more recent additions to Unity that were kept from Hogwarts, and children like Beatrix or Antonio who needed some time to catch up before they were ready to join their age group at Hogwarts, we do actually have a proper magical Tutor/Professor on staff at Traditions. I don't know which classes Miles was taking, so I can't say that all of his educational needs will be met, but we're much more qualified to teach the older magical child than we ever were in the past.

And that's something I set up a meeting with McGonagall for when we're back from the holidays. She and I did a bit of owling back and forth while I was stuck in bed since I wasn't exactly available to sit down with her on Monday like we thought I would. Well, not only did we talk about Miles, we spoke about those newer Hogwarts aged Kids, Beatrix, Antonio, and what we've got going on at Traditions. I may have been a bit delirious from being ill, but I basically spilled all of my fears and concerns and emotional worries about Lainie going away to Hogwarts. I told her that I felt I was being a bit silly seeing as it's still over a year and a half away, but that I can't imagine sending my baby off to boarding school.

Well, apparently this is something that has been coming up from many parents. Sending kids off to Hogwarts has always just been the way things were, and during both of the recent wars it seems many parents felt they were sending their children to a safe place (HAHAHAHA). But now that we've settled into peace, there are many parents like us, that simply don't want to not see their children for months at a time. On Monday 8th January, I have a meeting set up to talk with McGonagall, as well as the board of governors, to discuss what if anything can be done in order to keep Hogwarts as a safe haven and a boarding school for those who want that type of education, while having an option for children to still go to Hogwarts but either come home every night or at the very least every weekend. I really hope we're able to come up with a reasonable alternative which will allow our Elena to enjoy everything Hogwarts has to offer without me having to live in a trunk!

All the kids are with your parents, apparently there is something they're doing that we aren't allowed to see, so I am going to repay you for my brilliant wake-up on Friday morning. Maybe I will get you hard so softly and slowly that you won't wake up until I've fully impaled myself on you.

Love you!
Harry

P.S. It's a good thing no one reads our emails. If you think being a sap for your family is chaos, can you imagine what people would say if they knew you used the phrase "willy nilly"?

Sunday December 24th
The best part of me,

I LOVE when you wake me up!
I hope you didn't set that appointment with McGonagall for the crack of dawn, because I very much want to go with you. Actually, I'd been toying with the idea of setting such an appointment with her myself. See, after dealing with the logistics of having a large amount of people arrive for the Yule rituals after having gone home for the holidays - without using the Hogwarts Express - I think I have a few usable ideas to make it feasible for students who want to go home each night or weekend.

You're currently in the bath with the littles getting them ready while I'm in our closet with Viona and River. I think we all know that aside from me, Viona takes the longest to get ready, haha. I'm looking forward to today, which is why I'm telling you this in an email I know you won't read until later and NOT in person...

I'm not feeling very well. I think I might have come down with a basic cold or flu - but don't worry, I already checked for Pneumonia and it's not that. SO I'm going to have a mini potions cabinet in my pocket today and take things like a Pepper Up or an anti nausea potion as needed so that I seem normal and not sick at all, but try not to die of shock if I go to bed early tonight so that I can get plenty of rest for tomorrow. Although if I'm right and all this is is a basic cold, then the potions should actually clear it up by the time I go to bed anyway.

But the strangest part of all is that I have a bit of minor cramping (probably related to the flu or cold) and I'm craving chocolate like I'll die if I don't get some, and so, I feel like I'm channeling Pansy when she's having her time of the month. Maybe it's long distance sympathy pains and she's gone into labor?

Sod it! I'm going to have Muffy bring me some dark chocolate with caramel, sea salt, and pecans. Mmm... so good...

I'll be sure to kiss you while I still have chocolate breath, hahaha!

'Cuz I may be bad but I'm perfectly good at it,
Draco

Chapter End Notes

Nope, Draco's NOT pregnant, I was simply having my period that day, and so, Draco got to suffer with me, buwahahahahaha!
Chapter 330

Chapter Summary

Fluffy Christmas family fun.

Monday December 25th
Happy Christmas Love of my Life,

Yesterday was wonderful, and I think today will be even better.

But it's now 6am on Christmas Morning, and the only people awake are Lainie, River, and I. I'd be willing to let the kids wake you up today, it's Christmas morning, I know you aren't an early riser but early wakeups on Christmas morning are part of the parenting requirements. I might even be talked into waking up Ori or Haz if they were somehow the last ones still sleeping. They're easy enough to put down for a nap if they get overly tired later. But there is no way we are waking up the Princess or the Cherub. Nope. Nope. Nope.

So I bribed them a bit and they're currently all snuggled up with mugs of hot cocoa, some ginger biscuits, and watching How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Merlin, I love our children Draco. They're all so wonderful and perfect in their own ways. I was just staring at our two oldest, sharing a blanket and giggling over a movie together, and couldn't stop myself from crying. When Lainie looked over at me, gave me a big grin, and then rolled her eyes at me I figured I needed to stop staring and decided to write to you. I have a few more short little holiday movies I can keep putting on and Muffy has an endless supply of cocoa, so I think you all have at least a few more hours to sleep in at least. I can't promise we'll let you sleep in as long as you usually would, but it should buy you all a little more time.

I had such a nice time at Unity yesterday, I am really looking forward to heading over there a bit later today. Their concert they put together was so much fun. And it both broke my heart and then filled it with joy to see these children, many of whom have never had a real Christmas celebration, getting into their new jammies, baking biscuits, singing carols, and going to bed with hopes of finding something fun under the tree in the morning.

I remember the first Christmas I ever woke up to gifts that were for me, it's amazing to finally feel at least a little normal. We won't be there this morning when they open all of their gifts, and it wouldn't be fair to ask them to wait just because we wanted to be there for the opening, so I asked the staff if they could take a million pictures. I did at least get to see them all open their pajamas last night, and when we go over later I am sure we will have twenty-one little giggling faces trying to climb over each other to be the first to show off their loot. I'm so glad we went a little overboard with the gifts this year.

I can't decide which was a more moving sight; seeing you at Unity with a few Kids in your lap and the rest surrounding you listening to you read The Night Before Christmas, or sitting in our home and watching you read it to our children and siblings. I'm just so proud of the man you are. I am by far the best chooser of husbands. I can't even pretend to be humble about that. I am the best!

I was really relieved to read your email this morning explaining about your not feeling well yesterday, I was concerned yesterday when I saw you downing potions. Today is obviously not the
day to bring this up, but I have been really worried about you ever since your assault that you're not
dealing well with it emotionally. I know you don't want to spill your secrets to a stranger and go to
therapy, but your occluding and bottling you do to unpleasant feelings really scares me. I am so
afraid that one day you're going to lock up your emotions and not be able to get them back out. I
think you're beautiful, but that's not enough for me, and I don't think I could survive without your fire
and passion. After the holidays I'd really like to revisit this conversation!

Anyway, on to better things to talk about! I bribed Lainie and River to keep them from waking the
rest of you, but I can't figure out how to bribe myself! I want you guys awake and I want you awake
now! I want to see my beautiful children with bright eyes and flushed cheeks shriek and giggle over
their gifts. I want to see their excitement when their family members open the gifts they picked out
for them. I want to see all eleven kids in their matching snowflake pajamas. I want to see the babies
ignoring their gifts and paying all of their attention on the scraps of wrapping paper.

Ugh, I will be patient, I want all of those fun things to start already but I also want everyone to be
rested enough to have fun.

Oooh! Sebastian, Gavin, and Eliza just snuck in to join us, time to start the next movie, The Year
Without a Santa Claus.

I should put you under the tree because you are a gift to the world,
Harry

P.S. My meeting in January with McGonagall is at 1:00 in the afternoon, you should be awake for
that I'd hope!

Monday December 25th
Bringer of Joy,

I know you were literally sitting on your hands to stop you from waking us early, but River snuck
away when you weren't looking and woke us up about an hour earlier than we normally prefer. I
don't mind though because he woke me up by giving my cheeks a thousand tiny butterfly kisses.
Then I was able to lay there sleepily and watch as he gave a thousand more kisses to each of his
sisters. Viona woke up with a rare smile, which was beautiful to behold, but Eris - my little cherubic
demon - woke up giggling. She clearly loves her older brother, which makes me so happy.

I'd like to think that if I had siblings at River's age, I'd have gotten along with them just as well.

Deciding that Christmas morning is NOT the time to take an hour or so washing up and getting
dressed, I simply pulled a robe over my naked body and let River wear Eris as I carried Viona - both
still in the pajamas you bought them - so that we could join the rest of you as soon as possible. To
my delight, I saw that breakfast was ready and waiting, and being devoured by Elena and my
siblings while you tended to a waffle maker off to the side so that you could continue to make a large
stack of waffles for us to eat as we liked.

I grabbed two waffles and gave you a lingering kiss as a reward just as my parents entered the room.
They looked a bit disgruntled to be awake already themselves, but I'm almost certain that an elf had
been ordered to wake them up when their kids started on breakfast so that they didn't miss any part of
the day.

After breakfast - in which I'm delighted to say that all the kids followed my example and ate more
berries than actual waffles. Actually, piling berries on top of the waffles and drizzling just a hint of
pure maple syrup over them and then adding a dollop of hand whipped cream was a bit like heaven on earth, mmm... Anyway, afterwards, we migrated over to the tree and the two of us curled up in a loveseat, me laying with my head in your lap, as we watched the elves pass out the presents. The sheer joy in their eyes as all of the kids opened their gifts was bliss for me. It makes me happy even as I am simultaneously sad to think about how the majority of them (actually every single one except for River, Eri, Ori, and Harrison) came from terrible living situations prior to coming home. Well, to varying degrees.

I honestly have absolutely everything I could ever want or need, and so I wasn't really all that interested in opening any gifts myself. That said, I knew how much you love opening gifts because you still remember a time when you never had any. So I shifted so that I could watch you open your gift from me with my head in your lap. It was a simple envelope with a golden bow on it that was a physical representation of a complicated locking spell you had to delicately undo lest you destroy the present, ahahaha.

Tomorrow, when Elena leaves for Russia, the rest of us are getting on our jet to go visit Mike and Jackie in Australia. We're only going to be there overnight, really, because we need to come right back in order to be here in time for the New Year's Eve festivities with all of the Unity House kids. On Tuesday the second, Elena is coming home and bringing Kisa with her. They will technically be leaving there around 8PM on the First Kamchatka time, and so, will be arriving home early in the morning. This is good for us because as you now know - having taken a good ten minutes to successfully unlock the spell on your present - your present is a brochure detailing a fabulous trip we're all going on starting Tuesday the second.

Well, we'll be getting on the jet on Tuesday, but once we arrive and settle in for the night, it probably won't be until the next morning before we really do anything. Even so, it's exactly what you wanted, even if you didn't know it, haha. To my purring delight, you thanked me with a kiss so heated that my father had to eventually clear his throat and remind us that we had an avid audience of young children watching us. Spoil sports!

In any case, after all of the presents had been opened and the kids initial giddiness to play with everything THAT SECOND faded a bit, my parents gathered up their brood and we gathered up ours so that we could all go enjoy the crisp cool air for a traditional Christmas morning walk around the Manor grounds - and subsequent snowball fight - followed by the wonderful contrast of a bath in the onsen.

Maybe I'm just weird, but having the entire family naked in the onsen on a cold morning... well, it's just one of those things that makes me happy and I'm not even sure why. One might think that having the same family bath in the little used communal bath IN the Manor would be more appropriate - and warmer - but that contrast of nice warm water and steam that hovers thickly in the air above even the tallest head against the cold air that blows through from time to time, bringing in freshness and, hmm... a certain je ne sais quoi... well, it's a bit like perfection in my mind.

And now you're enthraling all the kids by reading them an energetic story and doing all those lovely silly little voices you do. I'm going to sign off now and help my parents finish setting up the magic laptops I gave them. I think the only reason they hadn't bought any already was that they weren't quite sure what a laptop could do other than email - which they felt could be accomplished by the Insta-owls. So now, I get to show them the joys of solitaire and online shopping, hahaha!

Love you!

Joy to the world, all the boys and girls, joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea, joy to you and me, Draco
P.S. Muffy told me this morning that she'd taken my original permission to breed as she liked as continued permission, and so, visited Kreacher practically the moment she found out that my mother's elf was pregnant. Thus, Muffy is now pregnant again. It's too soon to know how many, but considering how dismayed she was that we had three more kids in need of elves, I'm dead certain she's about to have another set of triplets. Also, I officially gave the first three babies to their master and mistresses this morning. So, we have three highly ecstatic elves now, haha.
Chapter 331

Chapter Summary

Harry is not fine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday December 26th

My Strength,

I'm fine. I am fine. What? Of course I am fine. Is that believable? I can't believe I just said goodbye to my daughter, handed her a portkey to another continent, and then got on an airplane bound for a different other continent. We sent our little girl, by herself, to Russia. What if there's a mistake with the portkey and she's now scared and lost and alone in, I don't know, Madagascar?

Ok, perhaps I am overreacting, we sent her hours ago, we would have heard from Grandmama and Kisa if she hadn't arrived at the scheduled time. Right? She's just so far away! Alright, I need to take my mind off of things. So, Christmas!!

Another wonderful holiday on the books! On Christmas day, after our afternoon of onsen-ing and relaxing and letting the kids enjoy their new gifts and way too many biscuits, we headed over to Unity. I was right, we had roughly twenty-one little faces clamoring to give hugs and show off their new treasures. The Kids that are old enough to realize that many of their presents were from us were saying thank you. I even saw Phillip giving you a hug! He has already come so far, I can't believe he feels safe enough to give physical affection.

It was a great little visit, but after such an early morning, too much sugar, and a day's worth of holiday adrenaline, it was nice to get our littles home in time to crash in "their" own bed(s). I probably wouldn't have been so concerned about getting them to sleep if I didn't know we had an equally full day at the Burrow scheduled for today.

My life is so full. Harry in the closet would be so happy to know that I have so many people to see for the holidays that it takes multiple days to fit it all in. We got to the Burrow just in time to be forcefed a huge, delicious, lunch from Molly. They had to have cast a strengthening charm on the table to hold up under the weight of that feast!

The most memorable part of lunch was definitely when the toasts were all given and after everyone had taken sips of their drinks. The horrified look on Molly's face when she realized we all sounded like chipmunks was funny, and then she turned to scold George for his prank. Only to see George with his arm around Mac, their heads tucked into each other's, while they laughed hysterically at their own mischievous brilliance. I haven't seen George that carefree with his laughter for a long time. I didn't even realize how hard I was crying until my vision went blurry.

Damn it, I miss Fred so much.

I hate to become so maudlin, but all of these wonderful days have just a hint of bittersweet when I think about all the people who should be here, but aren't. It's hard to see Teddy tear into his gifts with
glee, knowing his parents never got to see him open a single gift. It's an ache in my chest when I hear our children talk to their Grandma Molly and Grandpa Arthur and know that they have a Grandma and Grandpa that they won't have met. And it's terribly selfish of me, but I think of how Elena's first set of parents used to watch her giggling, curls bouncing, excited over her Christmas gifts, and I am torn between thankfulness that they created our amazing daughter and not nearly sad enough that she's ours now.

Does that make me a terrible person?

I really hope not. Whenever those that we've lost come to my mind, I like to push all of my love and thanks out into the universe. I hope they can feel it. I like to think my parents can feel it like a big emotional hug. That Fred can hear my laughter. That Lainie's parents can feel how humbled and thankful I am for having her in my life.

And the big group picture we took! It was so wonderful, that one is going up on our wall for sure! It was a massive group. At no point are we all looking at the camera at the same time. There are giggles and poking. But it turned out exactly as it should have. You looked so adorably sweet in your Weasley jumper. Molly must have been knitting like a madwoman to get all of those jumpers done in time. But when I look at the picture, and I did bring a copy with because I figured Mike and Jackie would enjoy seeing it, I get choked up. And the sweaters say it all, I am so glad we put Luna, Orion, Victoire, and Elena smack dab in the middle of the picture, because the entire thing screamed LOVE to me.

Love! I absolutely loved my gift! I can't believe we're going to Amsterdam! We'll be there three full days, so I know we'll be able the things on my absolutely must-see list. We have to do the NEMO science center, can you imagine Lainie just geeking out at all of the exhibits? The Anne Frank house. And I want to ride through the canals! Maybe the zoo? The Van Gogh Museum? Ahhhh, I am so excited!

I'm sorry my gift for you wasn't nearly so special. It was really just the extension of the same gift I got you last year. It was just the additional hands to add to our family clock. Last year you got ours and Viona's, and I had Eris and Orion's purchased but they obviously didn't have their birthstones inlaid yet and that was a good thing since we were expecting Orion in March and Eris in May. And I will let you in on a little secret, I had purchased Elena's last year as well, just in case! So my gift this year consisted of admitting I bought one for Lainie, adding the birthstones to the almost twins', and really only purchasing two new hands for Haz and River.

I think you've probably got the little ones to sleep, so I think I am going to see if I can talk you into revisiting the mile high club with me.

Love,
Harry

Saturday or Sunday December 30 or 31

My soul,

Our whirlwind trip to Australia and back was wonderful. Being that the underlying reason for the trip was to give River the chance to give presents to his maternal grandparents, we were able to leave him with them for a few hours while we took the rest of the littles on a bit of a sightseeing tour. The warmth of Australia was very welcome after the increasing cold of Wiltshire, and so, simply being able to walk around (hand in hand and wearing our babies) and shop a bit - go to a nice restaurant for dinner - was like a slice of heaven on Earth.
But of course, we had to get back on the jet rather quickly in order to return home in plenty of time for the New Year festivities. Like last year, we have plans to enjoy the parade with the Unity House Kids. But before even that, there's the fireworks. I look forward to cuddling with you in the midst of all the kids as we watch them. This is one tradition that I hope our children grow up cherishing - even if it is a muggle tradition rather than a wizard one.

But I'm going to sign off now because you just entered the room holding a plate of biscuits and gave me a look along with a shake of your head that tells me you can't believe I'm typing an email at a time like this.

So...

I'm everything I am, because you loved me,
Draco

P.S. Before I forget again, I finally managed to arrange for Lena to get her punishment for drugging me up and having her way with me. I went to the prison she's being kept in and used a bit of subtle magic to persuade her jailers that she deserved a conjugal visit for Christmas from her husband (who's actually trying to decide if he should divorce her or give her another chance and has simply been too busy at work to truly think about it yet). The reason I did this was so that I could cast a syphilis curse on him so he'd pass it to her during the visit. The curse will ensure that she receives the disease from him (and I've used a bit of magic on him to ensure that he'll want to get intimate during said visit). I chose Syphilis because it's a disease that *could* potentially lead to a messy death if untreated, but has a treatment that can cure it. Thus, her fate will ultimately be determined by the system she's in and whether or not they catch and treat the disease. As for her poor husband, I'll send him an anonymous tip that he has the disease so that he can get it treated right away. No need for him to die for HER crime.

Chapter End Notes

So, as you may have noticed, we changed how many chapters this story has from ? to 344. That means that we have a finale to this story in sight, but don't worry, we still have plenty of twists and turns in store. Also, we've already started on Part 4 ^_^
Chapter 332

Chapter Summary

So much has happened in so little time...

Sunday January 7th
My Dragon,

I don't even know where to start! It has been such a whirlwind couple of days? Weeks? No. Days. Or actually, eight days. Yikes! I think this might be the longest we've gone without emailing. Or, wait, when the almost twins were newborns we probably went longer. Do you remember how exhausting that first month or two was? No sleep, a gazillion bottles, nappies everywhere, spit-up, first smiles, watching them discover their little baby hands, seeing our older children fall in immediate love with them, seeing your eyes go misty in adoration of every little twitch of their cheeks.

What was I talking about?

Oh yeah, our last week or so. You're right, our mini trip to Australia was fantastic. It was so nice to feel the sun and not have to go outside either bundled up or covered in warming charms. I even got in a beautiful run in while everyone was sleeping. It was a bit weird to go out with just the four littlest, since River was with his grandparents and Lainie is in Russia. How weird is it to talk about four children under the age of two (three of whom are under a year) and be able to say something like "just" the four? The joys of having a huge family! I suppose this is what it will feel like next year when River goes to mornings at Traditions.

I'm so thrilled that Lainie had such a good trip with Kisa. I was worried over nothing, Grandmama kept her happy, healthy, safe, and alive. Those were my goals. For my own sanity it's definitely a good thing that she brought her insta-owl with her to Kamchatka. I may have been able to let her go for that long, but that much time without any contact would have made me an absolute panicking mess. Good thing the insta-owls allowed me to stay calm, cool, and collected.

Shut up you, I was calm!

It was really great to see/hear/read? her gush about her trip. She thought the geyser room was as breathtakingly wonderous as I did. I know you grew up with it, and other intense and interesting locales, but it still might be the most amazing non-living thing I've ever seen. Our family takes the honor, though, of most amazing sight ever. It seems Lainie took to the pools a bit better than I did upon first viewing, but that's most likely because she's used to nudity. Apparently there are benefits to growing up without uptight assholes who teach body and sexuality shaming. Weird.

I know she had a great trip with Kisa. I know she had an experience she will remember forever. I also know that I really really missed her at the New Year's Eve fireworks from our hotel suite with the Unity Kids and our extras. You'd think with twenty-one Unity Kids, our own *five* kids, our four little siblings, Teddy, Mac, Daisy, and Victoire, and all of the adults needed to wrangle that many children, that I wouldn't have been wishing for anyone else to be there. But I missed our girl. And our Kisa.

Last year I watched Lainie lay her head on your shoulder to watch these fireworks and I knew. I had
known she was ours for a while, and when we were in Minnesota and I pictured her spending the holiday without us I panicked, but that moment with her snuggled up to you was when I knew I had to overcome my fears about the age issue and talk to you about bringing her home. And as much as this trip was important to her, it was so hard to not see her with us.

Ok ok ok, she's home now, and I have more things to talk about. I need to stop blubbing.

New Year's Day may have been the most packed day of our last month. And we have had a crazy packed month so that is really saying something. We all woke up later than usual since everyone was up well past midnight from the night before. But seeing as we had to get to the parade, we couldn't just sleep the day away. You missed the craziness last year since you were still dealing with magical exhaustion and were apparated to the parade, but taking a small army of wizarding children and their subsequent adults on muggle transit on a busy traffic day was a bit insane. I may have gotten the idea from a decidedly not appropriate for children event, but the intangible leashes were a god-send. There's no way we could have kept all of those children corralled without them.

The floats and the crowds and the dancers and the bands … I love a parade!

We couldn't exactly dawdle when it was done. We sent our kids home with your parents to get ready for the rest of the day, I went with the Unity staff to bring the Kids home, and you apparated to the water park to begin the grand opening ceremonies. I got there at roughly the same time as your parents, which was just in time for the opening. You were, as usual, posh, pretentious, and pretty. Ok, minimal pretention, you were actually quite warm, welcoming, and charming. There's just always a hint of pretentiousness since your voice oozes centuries of class and snobbery. Gets me fucking hot and hard.

I wish we had had time to really enjoy the water park instead of just seeing the grand opening, but we've just been too busy. I'm not going to say we'll go when things calm down, because that will either jinx us and something crazy will happen or at the very least I will realize that our lives will never calm down. But, now that we're back from all of our trips, and the holidays are over, I hope we're able to find some time to really see what the entire water park has to offer.

Elena and Kisa came home as scheduled, Tuesday morning. They gave big hugs, told us all about the visit, and then crashed for a nap so they would be rested enough to not crash until we were all ready to fall asleep at our hotel in AMSTERDAM that night! Before they went to sleep they did at least give me the copies of the photos they took so I could add them to Lainie's travel album.

While they (and the babies) napped, we and the elves got everything ready for our trip. Packed everything we needed, looked up a few different ideas for touring while we're there, and I swung over to Unity to make sure everything I'm needed for was up to date, and I did rounds as usual.

Like you said when you gave me the trip's brochures, we left Tuesday evening. It wasn't much of a jet ride thankfully. After flying to and from Australia so recently, a little hop was about as much flying as any of us really wanted to deal with. We got in to our hotel just in time to have a little snack, read a few bedtime stories, and get some sleep so we ALL could get up nice and early to start the day on Wednesday.

I'm honestly so overwhelmed with how much I wanted to recap that I know I won't be able to do our trip justice. It was, as with all of our other trips, awe inspiring to travel the world with the love of my life and the family we've created. Watching Elena, River, Viona, and Kisa's eyes light up at the NEMO Science center was everything I thought it would be. Seeing Van Gogh's unbelievable artwork at his museum was brilliant. The Anne Frank House broke my heart. The whole trip was absolutely beautiful and perfect and amazing and everything I wanted it to be. Thank you so much
my love, you know me so well!

You know what else was beautiful? Our newest set of family pictures. It was a shorter photo shoot than we've done in the past. We really only needed to redo some of the photos we had just taken, but with Harrison included in them. We did another royalty portrait, all of us in the same formal wear as last time, with a suit to match his brothers' for Harrison. Our all girls picture didn't need updating, so we just needed one of the three brothers, one of all six children, and individuals of Harrison. The casual family shot, we all just wore the same as last time, luckily Eris and Orion still fit in their crocheted outfits from Molly so all she had to do was create a third outfit for Haz. Again, just updating the family picture, all of the kids together, and Harrison all by himself. I did have her take one of the almost twins with Harrison, or since he's only a few weeks younger, the almost triplets!

We took all of the pictures, but with Harrison's naming ceremony planned for after pictures we didn't have time to really sit down and see what she managed to capture. She's going to come over some evening either this week or next to go through the new family pictures. And at the same time she's going to bring our pictures from our kinky friends shoot. I cannot wait to see what she managed to get!

Before I knew it, it was time for the naming ceremony. I had to do my usual ritual where I have a nice long talk with the star of the ceremony. Telling him how wonderful and welcome and special he is. How important he is to our family. How thankful I am to have had the luck of receiving him as a perfect surprise.

Getting all six of us ready took quite a while as always. Although having all of our outfits preplanned did cut down on a lot of closet wandering. Harrison had his beautiful pure white robes, while you wore a brilliant golden set of robes to signify the brightness of a storm's lightning, while I wore green robes the color of the eyes Harrison and I share. As usual, our other children wore solid colored robes of their own choosing, so we had an array of reds, blues, and a beautiful purple for Miss Viona as she is still on her "no blue" kick.

While we were getting ready, our mums readied the area we had decided on for the party after Haz's ceremony. At the same time, our dads, with the help of a Sebastian, Eliza, and Mac, prepared the circle for the ceremony. We've had almost two years of their cooperation, but it still shocks me when I see Lucius and Arthur working together. They are both utterly devoted to their grandchildren so it shouldn't come as a surprise anymore, but old habits die hard I guess.

When we were ready, Elena and River made their way to the site, while we passed Viona to Greg, Orion to Blaise, and Eris was given to Pansy. I did ask Pansy if she wanted me to have someone else take care of Eri since she's already lugging around her own baby. But seeing as I am a little afraid of Pansy WITHOUT pregnancy hormones, when she glared at me I just handed over the Cherub and turned and fled.

We were finally ready to begin, the three of us walked to the ceremony site, we met Neville and Luna halfway across the lawns and they walked the rest of the way with us. Once in place, our family closed the circle around us and the altar. It was covered in flowers, as always the lilies and narcissus we had at our wedding, and additionally betony for the surprise that was our newest son. Candles from my own ceremony, candles from your ceremony, and brand-new candles for Harrison surrounded us, tucked in with the flowers, on the four corners of the alter, and some charmed to float overhead.

You began the ceremony, “We call to the Gods and Goddesses, we call to Zeus God of the sky, storms, thunder and lightning, we call to Aeolus the King of winds that bring forth the storms, we call to Artemis Goddess of children, and we call to Hestia Goddess of home, hearth, and family. We ask you to join us today, to welcome our child to our community and to the larger community of our
world.”

I followed with my own part, “We gather today to bless a child, a new life that has become part of our world. We gather today to name this child. To call a thing by name is to give it power, and so today we shall give this child a gift. We will welcome him into our hearts and lives and bless him with a name of his own.”

You continued, “To be a parent is to love and nurture, to lead this child to be a good person. To guide them along the right path and to both teach them and learn from them. It is to rein them in, and to give them wings. It is to smile at their joy, and weep at their pain. It is to walk beside them, and then one day allow them to walk alone. To be a parent is a great gift we have given ourselves, and the greatest responsibility we shall ever have.”

At that point I turned to Neville and asked, “You stand beside us, for the love of this child. Will you tell the Gods who you are?”

Neville responded with “I am Neville Frank Longbottom, chosen to be Guardian for this child.”

I asked him what it meant for him to be a Guardian and he responded, “To show guidance and counsel, to help him make choices should he need assistance, to be there for him when called upon.”

You turned to Luna and asked the same questions and she responded, “I am Luna Pandora Lovegood, chosen to be Guardian for this child.” And the same explanation of guardianship was answered.

We then laid Harrison’s calm little self on the altar, anointing his head with the oils from his new golden chalice. As I placed the oils on his head, you said “May the gods keep this child pure and perfect, leaving all negatives far beyond his world. May you always have good fortune, may you always have good health, may you always be joyful with love in your heart. You are known to the Gods and to us as Harrison Storm Malfoy. This is your name and it is powerful. Bear your name with honor and may the gods bless you on this and every day. I honor you Harrison Storm.”

As we passed your beautiful golden cup of wine around our circle, and my dark silvery cup of milk as well, we followed their path with Harrison and each person took a turn welcoming him by name into our community. Seeing our loved ones, those that live nearby and see her every day, and those that traveled from afar, coming together to welcome him was just as beautiful as his siblings’ ceremonies. It always fills my heart with love and hope.

When the cup came around to Neville and Luna, they took their drinks and recited in unison, “Welcome Harrison Storm Malfoy, to our family and to our hearts. Your parents love you and we thank them for bringing you into our lives. We ask the Gods to watch over you Harrison Storm, over your fathers, over your sisters and brothers, and we wish your family love and light.”

We held Harrison up to the skies, and then our circle walked away in the same way they came. As we exited, the grandfathers took over to close the circle.

Per usual, we had a perfect party after the ceremony. Good food, good friends, laughter, and love. Sneaky flirting with all of our filthy friends. Giggly children getting messy and loud. Gods I love our family Draco!

And today was absolutely, mind-numbingly, boring and full of nothing. I think we all needed it. Besides caring for the babies, I think everyone just wanted to be alone today. Elena and Kisa hung out in their rooms, gossiping, playing music, coming up with plans for world domination, the usual. River just wanted to sit quietly and play with his new toys. Viona even wanted mostly alone time and colored for what seemed like hours.
Everyone is finally asleep, except for you of course, and since I finally finished recapping I am going to join the sleepers. I'll see you tomorrow at 1:00 for our meeting with McGonagall! Well, I know I will "see" you when you get to bed and we'll probably do some naughty filthy stuff, but seeing as you'll probably have me sleep through that I may not actually see you!

Love,
Your Harry

Tuesday January 9th
My beloved husband,

Yesterday's meeting with McGonagall went perfectly! I'm really rather proud of both of us that we were able to maintain a unified front in front of the board of directors and clearly explain our plan. It's really rather simple, even though it means a bit of extra work for the Professors and caretakers.

Basically, for the Yule Ritual, we'd designated a couple of fireplaces throughout the castle to accommodate free travel during specific times. For security purposes, they obviously cannot be connected for full travel all of the time. Even firecalling is restricted to a handful of fireplaces - such as the one in each common room and Professor's office.

I had suggested to you - and you agreed - that having *one* fireplace connected to the floo network for free travel - locked with specialty spells that students don't learn (such as they do with Alohomora) - that will be opened up and guarded during certain hours of the day, well, it would allow students who want to go home to do so.

The only real problem with this situation is that obviously *someone* will need to be on hand at all times it is open to prevent students who don't have permission to use it from using it to go to unauthorized places. The other, minor, problem is that not every student is comfortable using the floo (and in rare cases might even be allergic to it), and so an alternative but also highly secure place near the Hogwarts gates could potentially be set up as an Apparation Point so that parents can physically Apparate in and pick their children up.

To our surprise, it didn't take much to persuade the governors, who also felt that having such measures in places before the end of the war might have made them feel better during those times when things got a bit dangerous here. Also, having those measure already in place would have been enormously helpful in evacuating the younger children and even allowing more parents and other people in to help with the fighting. It seems that a lot of people mildly resent that they weren't part of the network that was called on to defend the castle, and so had no way of knowing that their help might be needed, and thus, didn't have an opportunity to come in and help.

Thankfully, such a situation is unlikely to happen again. At least not in our lifetimes because I'll be DAMNED if that castle is preyed upon by any other megalomaniacs! I also have a strong feeling that were it to be so, YOU would actively do whatever you could to take him or her down before the situation escalated the Final Battle proportions. And in that, you would most certainly have me at your side defending and protecting your back.

But anyway, while McGonagall thinks that our idea will need to be mulled over and finetuned, she's going to listen to the governors and do her best to make this a viable alternative starting next year. This probably didn't surprise you in the slightest, but I actually offered to hire outright or at least fund so that she could hire someone solely to guard and run the 'floo room' so that only students on the list are allowed in and out at any given time. This would reduce the burden on the Professors and caretakers since they already have full jobs and having to take turns guarding that room could put an
undue strain on them.

And, I suppose, that new position could even go one step further and be a highly trained actual guard
so that if ANYTHING threatens the security of the castle, there will be at least one person whose
sole job is to deal with it as soon as possible. Honestly, I think my suggesting that is what tipped the
idea to the favorable side for those that were initially opposed to or on the fence about the idea. I can
understand that because the way the system works now, provided that no one on the inside
egregiously allows Death Eaters into the castle (or rather, more of them since the Hogwarts Express
and the Professors themselves let at least one certain Death Eater in at the beginning of Sixth Year,
ahem... ¬_¬ ), is that all forms of travel into and out of the castle are extremely restricted to the point
that students can't even get out to go to Hogsmeade without explicit permission from their parents.

Unless they are you and have mysterious ways in and out of the castle that you STILL won't tell me
about, -_-.

But actually, don't feel like you need to tell me, history has proven that me knowing that exact
information might not be for the best. I acknowledge that, and honestly, I don't think it a good idea to
know secret ways into the castle should anyone ever think that I know such ways and decide to try to
torture them out of me.

And now I think I'm rambling, sorry. Let's just say that our meeting was a success and leave it at that
for now. Especially since I have special plans in mind for today. You suggested a while back that we
should make an effort to try to spend some time with our children one on one (or two on one) when
we can, and so, since you are gone and have all the kids but Viona and Eri with you, I'm going to
strap the girls to me and take them on a bit of a shopping expedition. Viona needs a few new things
since she is growing like a weed again and still refuses to wear blue, and while Eri still fits in all of
her clothes because she is small and has a lot more of them than she could possibly wear, there's
really no reason to NOT buy her at least an outfit or two while I'm out shopping.

After the shopping, I plan to bring them with me as I check up on my Water Park. Actually, I might
just go there first and get the business out of the way. I'm not planning to stay and enjoy the facilities
with the girls, simply see how the opening and first few days have gone. If there haven't been
enough visitors to make this a viable business at the one time when it's new and THE place to check
out, then my team and I need to seriously sit down and come up with ways to attract customers. That
said, if the crowd from the actual opening was anything to go by, I'm willing to bet the place is doing
deeper than anticipated.

If, after I have both my tasks accomplished, you're still at Unity House, I'll pop in and do a little
paperwork in your office with you, hahahaha!

Take my breath away,
Draco

Four or Five hours later

Dear Harry,

I hope this message finds you well and also does not cause you to panic Rest assured that nothing is
so wrong that you need to panic, but if you could please come to the Ministry - Auror Department -
at your earliest convenience. Your husband has been temporarily detained. He's already contacted his
lawyers so you do not need to do so, but young Mr. Malfoy has *also* insisted that he will trust NO
ONE but me to hold onto and care for your daughters while he is detained, and so, I find myself
currently entertaining your two delightful angels. They are unharmed and more or less calm, but both
seem to have an expression on their face that warns of a catastrophe to come rather soon if they are
kept from their father much longer. Thus, I urge you once again to please come to the Ministry at
your EARLIEST convenience.

Sincerely,
Kingsley
Chapter 333

Chapter Summary

Harry finds out why Draco is being detained.

Tuesday January 9th
My Dearest Love,

Honestly, I have no idea when you'll be able to read this. But I'm about to lose my cool. I've managed to collect and then deposit our children, and I have twenty minutes before I meet with the lawyers, so I thought a good metaphorical scream into my computer would be a more productive use of my time instead of physically screaming and crying and raging and pacing.

I was just dinking around Unity, checking into my office a little more often than usual. I was anxiously anticipating your... help with the paperwork. And noticed an email from Kingsley. I let out a very manly high pitched shriek at Tabitha asking her to let the staff know I had an emergency and immediately apparated to the ministry.

You definitely made the right call placing Eri and Viona in Kingsley's care, but he was looking a bit frantic when I showed up to get them. The Princess and the Cherub had not lost their cool, but I don't think it was far off. I was surprised that they weren't hysterical to be completely honest, until I found out that Kingsley spent most of the time singing to them. You know if we ever run out of money I could just write a tell-all book and describe in detail Kingsley wearing Eris in a shimmery gold wrap carrier, singing nursery rhymes to our daughters for hours, and sleeping in footie pajamas. I have dirt on a lot of people, I can make the cover that picture you have of Severus in his footie pajamas!

I tried to harass Kings for information, but all he had was that you were being detained, apparently on suspicion of murder?!? I love you, and I believe you can do almost anything you set your mind to. But buggering hell, do they not know who they're dealing with? You couldn't kill someone when under fear of yourself or your family dying at Voldemort's hand, but you can commit murder with no dark lord on the horizon and a husband and six children to care for? Ri-fucking-diculous!

Anyway, in case you do get a chance to read this before you're able to come home, just know that I took all of the kids to the Burrow. I figured your parents would already be too worried about you and didn't need to watch six additional kids, so Grandma Molly and Grandpa Arthur to the rescue! When I dropped them off, I managed to be super calm, and when Molly didn't buy that she gave me a big hug and told me that she had already called George and he was going to bring Mac to help keep the kids busy and entertained tonight. That is such a relief, he'll be so good for them. I love him so much.

Ok, it hasn't been twenty minutes, but I can't sit and wait for another minute. The lawyers are just going to have to see my face earlier than originally planned!

Don't worry baby, I'm coming to get you!

Love,
Harry
Tuesday January 9th

Imzadi,

I have to be a bit quick. My lawyers are giving me access to one of their laptops (apparently they've all discovered how useful these can be for storing and quickly accessing a vast amount of information and are easier to carry than a massive pile of files (even shrunk down in a pouch, haha), and so, have bought up a bunch of them for the entire firm. Good to know that this part of my hybrid tech business is catching on!

Anyway, here's a quick rundown of what happened: As stated in my previous email, I brought the girls with me to the Water Park for a quick check up. To my delight, the park (which yes, I shamelessly named Potter Park for sheer crowd drawing appeal) had made a good 20 percent more than anticipated. It looks to be another excellent idea to make obscene amounts of money.

After that quick meeting with the management team, I headed off to Madam Malkins to see what she had for young girls before going to Twilfitt and Tatting. There I ordered another set of matching 'princess' dresses for our three girls, and a few other things.

It was as I was leaving that trouble struck. I was a bit parched and thought it would be lovely to buy an ice cream cone from Fortescue's to share with our girls. I was rather preoccupied as I walked, thinking about the logistics of sharing with them while Viona was strapped to my back in her favorite shimmering purple wrap. Naturally Eris was strapped to my front in *my* favorite golden wrap. In any case, you could suggest that I wasn't fully paying attention to my surrounds and be more or less right.

Thus, before I even made it to Fortescue's, I was taken by surprise. A woman wearing a set of white robes accented with scarlet trim jumped out in front of me and started shouting... well, the usual, sigh. That I was a horrible person who had participated in or at the very least stood by and did nothing as her daughter was tortured to death. That I was a vile and evil Death Eater who should have been sent to Azkaban. That I didn't deserve to have daughters of my own when so many of them were taken from others. Things like that.

I immediately pulled out my wand and stood in a defensive position. The problem was that I couldn't turn my back to her to protect Eris as I had Viona there, so I had to basically turn so that my right side faced her with my wand pointed at her. This position minimizes the risk of something vital being hit, but obviously, isn't fool proof, especially when holding babies.

Before I could even formulate my next action - such as prudently Apparating away - I had cause to thank my lucky constellation that I was wearing BOTH my wedding ring and its protection AND that watch you recently gave me full of protection spells. They are charmed to shield me from most attacks. Obviously, not an AK, but pretty much everything else.

She opened fire on me, casting curse after hex in an attempt to punish me. For the most part, I countered with shield spells to reinforce the protection of my jewelry, but by this point, I COULDN'T Apparate away as (you probably know this) Apparation basically cancels all shields and leaves one utterly unprotected for the split second or so it takes to Apparate away. With her firing everything she had at me like that, I couldn't take the risk of getting caught - or our daughters getting caught - by something as I Apparated away. Also, I was now a bit cornered, having inadvertently backed up against the walls of two shops. Thus I couldn't run away and find enough safety to Apparate.

Her casting escalated to worse things that might be able to make it through my shields, but when nothing did, she took a tiny break to pant from exertion and come up with a new tactic. She glared me in the eyes as she did so and I saw the Killing Curse cross her mind a couple of times in a list of
other such spells until she decided that it was probably the ONLY spell that could get through my defenses.

Harry, I know better than anyone that it takes true hate and/or a specific frame of mind to actually cast that curse and have it succeed, but I couldn't take the chance that she could pull it off. I might have tried to leap to the side or throw myself on the ground to avoid it if it was just me, but I had our girls with me, and even if I COULD have just thrown them to the side and told them to run/crawl/fly away, I couldn't take the risk that she wouldn't target them instead to punish me by losing a daughter like she had.

So I cast an Avada Kedavra on her before she could finish preparing herself to cast it on me.

That caused the spectators to scream in fear and scatter from the 'Mad Death Eater' lest I target them next. The initial commotion had alerted one of the regular officers of the DMLE who was patrolling Diagon Alley like a constable. He ran off to call for Auror reinforcements, and so, wasn't on hand to witness the climax of the battle.

Thus, when the Aurors arrived - while I was still staring in numb shock at the body on the ground - ALL they had to go off was that a DMLE officer had noticed a woman casting spells at me and now that same woman was lying dead on the ground by my wand. YOU - as most people probably would - might assume that I had obviously defended myself, but with no proof other than my word (at that precise moment), they had to operate under the assumption that I might have taken the opportunity to murder her in cold blood when she attacked me.

My lawyers assure me that I have a solid case. The very fact that I literally just helped to solve a muggle murder is a solid character reference. Also, it's quite well known that I was given the task of premeditated murder once before and could not go through with it. Plus, there were witnesses that can attest that I was defending myself and our daughters. That said, the Aurors are having a hard time finding any of them to give statements. So far, not a single person is coming forward to confirm my 'version' of events.

Shacklebolt is sympathetic and believes me - now that he's had a chance to speak with me and our lawyers - but he can't just throw procedure out the window and let me go until there is either some proof to back me up, or the Wizengamot clears me of all charges. So that's where things stand for now. I'm being detained on suspicion of murder until it can be definitively proved that I was defending myself from a vicious attack.

The other thing that is complicating the matter is that I used my legilimency (a skill that the results of which cannot be PROVED) to read her intent to cast the Killing Curse, and so, even that is my word against hers - so to speak. Anyone can claim to have read a deadly intent in a person's mind and decide to use that as justification for murder, the burden is still to PROVE that it was true. In that, I at least have it officially on record that I know the skill.

But basically, this whole situation is messy and might take some time to clear up. Until then, I'll have to break my promise to you to never let you wake up alone. The relative good news is that you have an appointment to meet with our lawyers in just a few minutes, and they'll not only fill you in on all the details - probably before you even get a chance to read this email - but they might even be able to arrange for us to have a moment to talk to each other.

As confident as I am that I did nothing wrong, there's a part inside me that is terrified that everything is going to go wrong and I'm going to be convicted of murder and chucked in Azkaban. There's another tiny part that thinks maybe this is what I deserve after all since I was never fully punished for my actions in the war. I'm a bit scared and not quite sure what to do.
And... I still feel a bit numb. I keep pacing the room they have me in until they can decide whether to charge me or not, and as I do, all I can see is that woman's dead body staring up at me with an anguished expression accusing me of murdering her. Harry... DID I murder her rather than wait for the Aurors to arrive?

I need you to tell me what to feel. What to do. What to think. But until my lawyers meet with me again and give me access to their laptops, or unless the Aurors actually let us talk to each other, I'm not going to hear/read your thoughts on the matter.

Shaken, rattled, and disconcerted,
Draco

P.S. At least I know for certain that my parents will practically move in with our lawyers to ensure that they don't waste a single moment resolving this case in my favor. My father alone could probably dig up enough dirt to persuade the entire Wizengamot to declare me innocent even if I had hunted her down and executed her in cold blood. But... is it horrible of me to want this to be resolved in a way that makes it clear that I did nothing wrong and do not deserve this treatment?

P.P.S. Love you!
Chapter 334

Chapter Summary

Harry begs the public to come forward and help Draco.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thursday January 11th

My Draco,

What I need you to feel is your emotions. Do not shut yourself off.

What I need you to do is whatever the lawyers tell you to do. I also need you to comply with what the aurors ask of you. I also need you to believe in yourself, believe in me, believe in your innocence and stop believing you deserve any of this. You are the best man I know, you do amazing things for our world. You are the best husband and father there is. Just be patient and we will get you home safe.

What I need you to think is that you made the right decision to keep your family safe. I need you to think about how hard we are all working to get you out of this situation. And think about how much I love you.

I know I haven't been able to see you yet, so far all of your time has been spent with our lawyers. It's ok, they're the ones you need right now. But the lawyers assured me they would continue to give you access to their computers so we can communicate. I'm sorry this email won't be longer, but the kids are spooked and I've been spending the majority of my time keeping them settled.

Hopefully I'll be able to come see you in the next day or so. But until then, know I am missing the strength of your arms around me, but I will keep our family safe until you come home to us.

All of my love and faith,
Harry

P.S. Ask someone for a copy of today's Prophet, there may be a familiar face on the cover!

-Article in Thursday morning's Prophet, from Wednesday's press conference, covering Tuesday's attack.

**Chosen One Pleads for Our Help**

*In a shocking press conference, our very own Savior Harry Malfoy, nee Potter has asked for any witnesses of Tuesday’s attack on his husband, Draco Malfoy, and their two young daughters to bring their statements and memories to the DMLE.*

“My husband Draco was attacked yesterday in broad daylight in the middle of Diagon Alley while carrying our two youngest daughters, Viona and Eris,” the war hero’s usually strong voice
wavering with emotion, “he was attacked by a lone vigilante who decided Draco deserved to lose his own life to pay for all of the lives lost to the war.”

Our readers should remember that Draco Malfoy was tried for his actions and inactions during the war. Our own justice department chose to clear him on all charges. He awaited his trial incarcerated in Azkaban. I interviewed the guards who were assigned to him at that time (names withheld per DMLE policy) and I was told he was quiet and polite, “He kept quiet, thanked us when we brought his meals, he just seemed like a scared kid.”

The emotional display continued as Harry not only begged for witnesses to come forward, but also for our understanding of his husband’s actions, “My Draco spends so much time attempting to atone for the terrible choices of his youth; the profits of many of his businesses go directly to Unity House, he works one on one with some of our most emotionally traumatized children, he spends much of his free time researching, planning, and teaching wizarding traditions to all the children of Hogwarts and their families.” Everyone at the press conference could see the tears in our young Chosen One’s eyes and really feel how much love he has for his spouse.

He closed out his press conference with this startling imagery, “On what should have been a sweet afternoon of shopping and ice cream with two of our babies, Draco was backed into a corner by someone with what appeared to be nothing left to lose. He tried to protect and shield the children and stalled for what he hoped would be enough time for help to arrive. This can’t even truly be considered self-defense, as the last time he was attacked he just took the vigilante’s punishments.” (See our 22 October 1999 issue for that story.)

“Please understand, Draco didn’t retaliate for himself. I am going to break a confidence and tell you all that he is so remorseful of how his choices led him to be the pawn of a madman that he feels he deserves to be treated this way. I obviously disagree, as did the Wizengamot who cleared him of his charges, but his actions yesterday were the actions of a father terrified for his small children’s lives.”

If any of our readers witnessed yesterday’s attack on Draco Malfoy or have information regarding the incident, the DMLE asks that you speak with the lead Auror on this case; Auror Bletchly.

Thursday January 11th

My strength,

I am beyond touched that you made a plea to the public in the Daily Prophet. It means more to me than words can express. But I can also tell that you don't actually read the Prophet because you didn't even notice that inside, on page three or four, was another article about me. A rather surprising one, if I'm honest.

It seems that there's one reporter at the Prophet that's been given the job of following you as much as possible. And so he's the one that reports on things like the Unity House Galas and any Ministry functions you RSVP to. Which means that he's learned quite a bit about me as well.

For example, when Antonio was being investigated for murder and we were trying hard to ensure that he had fair representation in the media as well as legally, this reporter was given access to Unity House to interview Antonio (not that he talked much back then) along with Yesenia. But he also talked with the guards. Remember that article, when the guards went on record stating that Unity House played a vital role in helping Antonio during his ordeal?

Well, what hadn't really been reported in exact detail at the time, but IS in their interview notes, is the
guards describing how I personally had helped Antonio express his rage and other emotions in safe and helpful ways. Another example is the time when it was questioned why the children had to provide the entertainment for the Gala, and so many people wrote in to report that they organized it themselves. Well, part of that was testimonies on how I had been the one to personally find and hire a suitable teacher for their music lessons because I feel that music is important for the Kids.

Also, as you pointed out in your plea, I have ensured that several of the businesses that I own donate a portion of all profits to Unity House. In other words, there's a large body of real evidence that I am not the monster the general public would like to believe I am. Of course, there will always be speculation that I am merely doing these things to mislead you into thinking that I am a good person when I'm really not, but for that to be true, there would need to be evidence that I am secretly doing bad things. And that's where a tidbit from Auror Bletchley's interview for this article on me just might open up a can of worms to overshadow all of the other good things...

In the interview, Auror Bletchley stated that I had come to him after the Daily Prophet reported a while back about a particularly gruesome muggle murder. I was concerned and wanted to help catch the murderer. So far sounds good, right? Well, he apparently let it slip that he was upset that the muggle authorities questioned my motives and at one point, felt that I was an accomplice to the series of murders that I eventually helped solve.

Our lawyers are extremely worried that the public will take this small - quickly dismissed - suspicion and blow it up into an issue of epic proportions. That they will suddenly believe that I was already an accomplice in a string of muggle murders, and now that the murderer has been captured despite my efforts to throw off the investigation, I jumped on the chance to murder a justifiably angry but otherwise innocent woman without a care as to who saw me.

Thus... the news is not quite as good as it could be. That said, Auror Bletchley has reported that he's received a few owls that he will have to follow up on and verify. It seems the public is responding to your plea for help, but not all of them are reporting the truth. For example, one strongly worded 'eyewitness account' claims that I was the one who chased the victim and cornered her. It goes on to state that I was all on my own and hurling insults about blood traitors working with mudbloods to oppose the true savior of the Wizarding World - the Dark Lord.

The good thing about this entire mess is that I was very clearly wearing our daughters in wraps when the Aurors arrived, and the Minister for Magic himself can testify that I had them with me as he needed to babysit them for a bit. Thus, anyone who claims to be a witness and tries to say that I was alone and NOT trying to protect my children is very clearly lying and only needs to be investigated enough to determine their motive in lying.

Well, actually, I suppose there is one other bit of good news in all of this. Just like in the muggle justice system, the Ministry has adopted - as part of their recent reforms to prevent situations like Sirius Black being sent to Azkaban when he hadn't truly been tried or convicted of the crime he was accused of - a time limit on how long they can hold me until they have to either charge me with an actual crime or let me go. The problem with this is that the time is rather flexible. It was initially going to be 48 hours, but considering the gravity of the crime committed and the fact that I have enough money to go into hiding and never be found if I didn't want to be, they keep extending the time frame so that they can gather as much evidence as possible either way.

Thus, even though it is quickly coming up on 48 hours since I was first brought in, I've been given a vague: "Well, we're probably going to let you go soon. Ish." The weird part is that because I've not officially been charged yet and booked into a holding cell to await trial, I'm being held in a sort of secure conference room. The Aurors are being sensitive to my needs - so I'm being fed and given tea breaks - because they mostly believe me to be innocent. The only real complaint I have is that the
Ministry hasn't adopted any sort of law guaranteeing me a right to see or talk to you. They've taken away my crystal phone and Insta-owl, and I am only allowed access to a laptop when my lawyers are on hand to supervise me so that I can't send out something like an email to Grandmama hinting that I'd appreciate a bit of help walking out of the Ministry without permission.

So, to sum this all up, as far as I can tell, the moment they have enough genuine testimony clarifying that I was in fact attacked and defending myself and our daughters, I will probably be released without any sort of charges. The problem is that there is just enough reasonable doubt as to my motives that this could conceivably result in charges and a trial before the Wizengamot.

So, I'm more or less bored with nothing to do while I wait. Which has given me enough time to write a song or a poem or a bit of nonsensical rambling (whatever you want to call it) for you. I can't promise it's any good, haha.

When I close my eyes, the shadows come to get me, the shadows of the past and all my mistakes, they overwhelm me and infiltrate my mind, but then I open my eyes so that I can run or hide, and when I'm lucky, I see you. You chase all the clouds away, you are the sunshine of my life, you are the one who guides me, inspires me, and forces me to be better. You are made of love that shines on everything in the world, and I'm so very blessed to be so close to you that I burn up from your love. The impurities are burned away until there's nothing left but your love. Everything I am and everything I will become is shaped by the fire of your love.

If this was a real song, the simple and oft repeated lyric would be something like: Come burn me, please purify me with your love!

Well anyway, I'm being told to wrap this up because our lawyers have to attend a meeting with you, my parents, Shacklebolt, and Bletchly. It's just an update to let you all know where things currently stand, but I hope that Bletchly can report a good solid eyewitness coming forward since I last spoke with him.

Love,
Draco
P.S. I'm trying to do as you said and not lock up my emotions. I'm trying to remain calm and patient, but I have to admit that patience has never really been my strong suit. I'm used to getting whatever I want almost the moment I want it. Even if it takes a long time, I still usually get what I want, such as the time I saw a Hand of Glory in Borgin and Burkes, but my father made it clear that such a thing was not for the Heir of a proud and noble family. Despite that, I was able to go out and buy it anyway in my sixth year. I still have it in my closet somewhere, haha. But my point is that what I want at the moment is to throw my arms around you while your arms hold me tight, and that's not happening nearly quick enough! I miss you so much...

Chapter End Notes

10
Chapter 335

Chapter Summary

Finally, a witness!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday January 12th
My Draco,

First and foremost, I love you. I love you and I miss you. The kids miss you as well, obviously, but they're doing surprisingly well all things considered. Even Viona and Eris are doing alright. I think I may be handling it badly but we're all safe and alive so I'm calling it a win. I've finally gotten a handle on Viona's schedule, I've got the hygiene regimen down, and I haven't attempted to put blue or orange anywhere near her body. But I've been so worried about these two, not only are they the most attached to you anyway, but they also witnessed the whole attack. Eris is definitely too little to have really understood what was happening, but she knows it was scary. I think Viona knows something bad happened because she doesn't really want to leave my side. I even had to bring her with to the meeting. She woke up crying last night and all I could understand was "mean wady!"

So that's not what I've been doing wrong. I fear you're going to come home to some spoiled children. I'm not letting them get away with being mean, or with doing anything dangerous, but other than that they are all getting whatever they want. Luckily they haven't taken complete advantage yet, but Lainie and River have new sheet music, and Viona and the babies may have had an inappropriate amount of biscuits. Also, no one remembers what bedtime means. Sorry.

Well, you're not cleared and home yet, but if the meeting I just sat through is any indication it shouldn't be much longer. I'm sure our lawyers are keeping you mostly up to date, but I also know you're spending much of your time with them emailing me so there may have been a few things you've missed. There has already been one witness to the attack who has come forward and corroborated your story. The bad news being they are an employee at Unity Park. If no one else comes forward they will take the testimony and run with it, but we're all holding out hope that someone who isn't your employee can be the key eyewitness.

However, Bletchly had to leave the meeting a bit early because he had an appointment with someone else willing to come forward with their information and this person actually had details that weren't in any of the press releases. According to the initial information the witness said something along the lines of "he was wearing his daughters in slings of some sort, and the little curly haired one with the big eyes looked so scared, the older one just looked mad." I have faith that they actually saw the event.

Anyway, the lawyers seem pretty confident that even with that added tidbit in the article on page four that there will be enough pushback from the public to silence any naysayers. Similar to when the article tried to insinuate the Kids had to earn their keep, there are always going to be a handful of people who believe the worst. But with the fact that the positive article was front page and that the smaller article only had one negative side to it, it's unlikely there will be many people who make that argument. They didn't want to give you false hope so they did let you know it COULD be blown up
and used against you, but it shouldn't be altogether too much.

Honestly, these conspiracy theories that you're trying to chase down random people on the streets in an effort to bring back the dead former dark lord? They're insane. Yes, your diabolical plan includes tricking me, a muggle-raised half-blood into marrying you. Funding several charitable organizations. Adopting children with me, including a muggle-born. And then CREATING two children with the aforementioned half-blood husband. Also included in your list of evil-doing; creating a place for squibs to thrive, befriending my muggle cousin and his squib wife, and becoming godfather to the children of Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger who are arguably the quintessential blood-traitor and muggle-born.

I absolutely loved your beautiful song/poem. You are amazing, you are being held in custody and choose to spend your time composing beautiful words for me. How on Earth did I get so lucky as to marry you?

I haven't gotten word yet that you've been released, but I'm holding out hope that it should be any time now. The four babies are napping and I am going to distract myself with a tattoo. Lainie and River are going to come watch me! So if for some reason you come home before I'm back from Neil's I expect an immediate insta-owl and I will leave mid-tattoo if needed to get home to you. Or if the babies are still napping, you can just meet me at Neil's and hold my hand for however much I have left.

All of my love and faith,
Harry

P.S. Of course you're not going to use their computer to contact Grandmama! They're so dumb.

Friday January 12th
My rock,

What a day!

I spent most of the day on my own. It seems that you and my parents insisted on having a midmorning meeting with our lawyers and the Aurors, and so, I had nothing better to do than read a book. It was a riveting tale of a girl named Yalera who had been given the task - by her King - of marrying a foreign Prince and bringing peace to their two warring Kingdoms. And even though she wasn't all that keen on getting married at all, she accepted the task and had to fight her way to the enemy palace in order to go through with the marriage. And then things went a bit pear shaped. That's as far as I got before my lawyers popped in.

They had things to do - and were planning to file an official request to let me go since there was no evidence of premeditation and plenty of evidence for self-defense/protection of others/children. I only had just enough time to read your email that told me about your plan to get a tattoo - which overtook my thoughts for the next while. I've now officially wanked in the Ministry. But I didn't have enough time to respond.

Anyway, before my lawyers left, I managed to get them to tell me WHY in Merlin's explosive sphincter they won't let me see you or my parents. One would think that seeing my loved ones would be a basic right in this situation, and well... The answer is that YOU can't be trusted not to try to Apparate away with me.

It seems that Robards and Kingsley had an actual meeting about it, and Kingsley admitted that from
everything he knew about you - including that time you watched me interrogate Dumas and had to be restrained - if you truly believed that I did not belong in here, there was a very high risk that the moment you saw me, you'd shatter all the wards and abscond with me. Also, they didn't think it was fair to either of us to let my parents see me when my husband couldn't. So, they clung to the rule stating that any person being detained but who hasn't been booked doesn't officially have the same rights as prisoners who have been genuinely arrested and booked into the system. Without those rights, they can keep me in isolation until I'm either booked or their time expires and they have to let me go.

I must confess that I found it a bit hard to argue with their logic, haha.

Anyway, after that meeting, my lawyers left to do their work while we all waited to see what Auror Bletchly could uncover from the witnesses that came in. The one you mentioned was a young woman who made a good solid statement not only confirming what I'd been saying all along, but also backing up the statement from the Unity Park employee. However, she is apparently a big fan of yours and kept trying to turn the conversation to you, and so they had to wonder if she was just saying what she thought might be true in an attempt to help YOU by helping me.

BUT - right after they were done with her - something happened that I will never be able to repay.

There was actually one person who had a better view of the situation than anyone... Ollivander, as he watched out the window of his shop, which happened to be one of the two I was backed up against. He had originally, when questioned if he'd seen the attack, claimed to have been in the back of his shop and not seen anything. However, after giving it some thought, he decided that he had to do the right thing, even if it meant helping someone who had once been involved in his involuntary stay in the Manor dungeon.

So, he went in and said that he had actually watched the entire event out his shop window. That from his vantage point, he had a clear view of my face, expressions, and actions. Better yet, he also had a clear view of HER face, expressions, and actions. After describing the event in a shocking amount of minute detail, he then consented to give the Aurors a copy of his memory, which they were able to analyze very carefully.

They and Ollivander both noticed something I hadn't noticed or thought about. See, in the moment when she was staring me in the eye and I could read her working herself into using the Killing Curse, I sort of panicked and used the curse on her before she could use it on me and the girls. Well, I have been saying that I read it in her mind and acted before she could, but apparently that's not what happened. In the memory, after the two of us stared at each other in silence for a long moment, she took a deep breath and actually said: "Av -" right as I practically threw my wand at her in my haste to cast the spell first.

Thus, there is no doubt in any mind that I was indeed protecting our children from the very real threat of being murdered along with me.

Meanwhile, as all of this was happening, a very large crowd of people were gathering around the Ministry. About half of them were protesting the fact that I hadn't been charged, convicted, and thrown in Azkaban yet. They held up signs saying: "It's Friday, 4 days since the murder. How long until justice is carried out?!" The other half was shockingly on my side, carrying signs that said: "Draco Malfoy is innocent! Release him now!"

With this potentially volatile situation brewing and the crowd slowly but steadily growing ever larger, the moment they had Ollivander's memory analyzed, they decided to rush off and hold a sort of press conference (since members of the press were there as well covering the event). As they were doing this, Auror Bletchly was assigned to come in and give me the good news as he helped me
gather up my things. He then escorted me out of the building with two pairs of Aurors as
bodyguards.

I had lost track of actual time at some point in my confinement, but it was now long enough for your
tattoo to be finished. I think you must have picked something small so that Elena and especially
River wouldn't have a chance to get bored before it was finished. Unless Neil was simply working
very fast. In any case, you and my parents had decided to come back to the Ministry to demand an
update, and found that people were nearing the point of actual riots as they argued their sides and the
little bit of 'evidence' that had been released so far.

You and my parents were asked to stand off to the side but otherwise with the group featuring
Robards and Shacklebolt as they made their announcement.

Robards did the actual speaking: "Witches and Wizards, if you could all please calm down. We have
everything we need to resolve this case. As you can see," (they actually played Ollivander's memory
for everyone to see, using a device I didn't know about that can project the memory against a wall
like a movie. This will help me when I get around to tinkering with that memory camera you
suggested.) "Draco Malfoy very clearly WAS attacked and defended his life and those of his two
daughters from murder. This is not a crime in our world, and there was absolutely no malice or
criminal intent in Mr. Malfoy's mind. Thus, he is not being charged with anything and is being
released to rejoin his family."

At that exact moment, Auror Bletchly and the others led me out of the Ministry, which means that I
felt very much like I had just entered an extremely strange dream in which people were cheering and
jeering me very loudly as I walked over to you. You wasted not even a second, throwing your arms
around me and sobbing as you practically crushed me in a relieved embrace. I may or may not have
been crying myself. (Lies, I was stoic and manly, showing no emotion whatsoever.)

I'm not sure if I kissed you in an attempt to calm you down, or if you kissed me to reassert your
possession of me, but no matter how it happened, our lips latched onto each other and refused to be
separated until someone (my father?) dared to literally shake us apart. It was suggested that you take
me home before the dissenters in the crowd could turn violent, so that's exactly what you did.

And then we spent at least the next hour on a sofa holding our babies and being smothered by the
rest of our kids while my brothers and sisters tried to smother us too and my parents tried to reinsert
some decorum and normalcy into the situation by telling me everything they deemed important that I
had missed over the past week. Such as Pansy threatening to murder me with my own intestines
because I'd dared to be detained rather than at her side when she finally gave birth to her baby on
Wednesday night. A little girl that she named Pearl. She hasn't quite settled on Godparents yet, but
thinks it'll probably be me and Blaise.

Astonishingly, despite being alone with nothing better to do for days, I hadn't been able to sleep very
well at all, and so, I ended up nodding off after a while. Thankfully, you took this as your cue to
insist that we all go to bed and get some good sleep. I needed that so much - despite the fact that I
woke up after only two or three hours to go to the bathroom. I'm now feeding Eris and plan to go
right back to sleep when she's done.

Thank you so much for believing in me and supporting me every step of the way.

Makes me that much stronger, makes me work a little bit harder, makes me that much wiser, so
thanks for making me a fighter,

Draco

P.S. please wake me up in a way that very clearly is NOT me all alone in a quasi holding cell
waiting to be convicted of murder. Love you!
Chapter Summary

Harry is happy Draco's home.

Saturday January 13th
My husband who is home with us!

I certainly hope you enjoyed your wakeup this morning. You woke up safe and warm in your own bed. Unfortunately, or fortunately I suppose it depends on how you look at it, you didn't wake up to a bed full of your kids. You were so exhausted from your ordeal that you outslept even Viona. So my poor lonely husband had to wake up to the sight of the top of my head while I sucked you to the root.

My own wakeup this morning was not sexy, but it was perfect. I woke up to a bed-full as usual. But a very familiar head of blonde hair was tucked under my chin. I thought I was still dreaming and had to pinch myself a bit to realize you were real. You were home in my arms and our bed right where you belong! I may have cried.

I'm just so relieved that enough witnesses came forward that you were able to come home without any charges filed. We would have dealt with a court case if necessary, but I was glad it didn't come to that. I'm glad it didn't come down to Grandmama getting you out through less than legal means. And I cannot believe Kingsley and Bletchly thought I needed to be kept from you! They thought I would just grab you and say to hell with the rules and the law and justice being served? They thought I would apparate out and damn the consequences and repercussions? Who do they think I am?

Yeah, they've got my number. I would totally have done that.

I think it's funny that they thought keeping you from contacting Grandmama would keep you from her personal brand of taking care of business. They should have taken away MY ability to contact her! I was being very patient. I didn't say a single word. But you and I both know I would have if it had become necessary! If I am ever charged with murder I am going to need you to delete all of our emails and clear my internet history ok?

We owe such a huge debt to Ollivander. He is so strong. He was able to overcome his own personal feelings towards the Malfoy family to come forward and do the right thing. I was actually a bit worried about what we were going to do when it came time to get Elena her first wand. I could have taken her myself, but I know you want to be with when our oldest gets her first wand! And I definitely didn't want to take her anywhere else, can you imagine? But now that he was willing to come forward to clear your name, I am pretty confident that we can handle a trip to his store with our girl.

And other trips we need to take; we need to get your arse to Russia! Little Pearl is three days old and you haven't met her yet. When you used to say things like "Pansy threatened to strangle me with my own intestines" I assumed you were speaking metaphorically or exaggerating. No, I am pretty sure if you don't go see the baby soon I will literally have a strangled husband. School just got back in session, so I don't think it would be a super great idea to take Lainie out of classes. Taking a portkey
with all of the littles would be too much. And I don't think we really want to leave Lainie long enough to jet there and back.

So I have an idea. What if you, me, and Eris portkeyed to Russia. Eris because she may lose her mind without you and she's Pansy's Goddaughter. We visit for a day and portkey home. Between the grandparents and the godparents I think we should be fine leaving the kids for a day or two. And if that's not enough time for you, I can always portkey back by myself or with Eris and you can just head back when you and Pansy think you have spent enough time there.

Depending on when we leave I can't stay much longer than a day. Partly because I don't want to leave the kids for very long so soon after they had to deal with the upheaval your detaining caused. And partly because I have a meeting set for this coming Friday with Kingsley. He assures me that it has nothing to do with anyone we loved being accused of any crimes and doesn't have anything to do with children we may have to add to our current battalion.

We had a lovely "morning" once you woke up (obviously it was actually afternoon, but I am calling it morning). The Princess and the Cherub were glued to you. Ori wanted to show off his crazy fast crawling and pulling himself up skills, and Haz not far behind with his slow crawling skills. River had a million things to tell you about that you missed this week. And now you're all tucked into Lainie's room while she plays you the new song she's been working on.

What did you think of my tattoo? I talked to you before I even got pregnant with Ori that I wanted a tattoo to honor my mum, Sirius, and Remus. I don't feel like I must get one for my dad since I carry his name, but I am sure I will eventually get something as a nod to him as well. But then I got pregnant and tattoos were a big no. And once we started having children I really wanted to get a tattoo for them. The problem was deciding which one to do and then how to get one with all of our children while leaving space for if or when we have more children.

So I came up with an idea that could mix all of these ideas into one tattoo. I was a bit worried it would be too much, but when I gave all my ideas to Neil he thought he could make it work. Obviously you've seen it, and said you liked it, but I figured if you secretly don't like it you can always tell me through email so you don't have to see the look on my face when you tell me so. But if you truly do like it and want to convince me of it, I could be talked into laying shirtless while you cover my back with licks and kisses.

My original idea was a full moon with the constellation canis major but lilies instead of stars. Well we tweaked it a bit. So instead of lily stars, we just put a field of lilies under the sky. But where the lilies' stems would be are our children's names instead. A field of six lilies will be easy enough to add to, if we have another, Neil just creates another lily with their name on that stem. So my entire back is now a night sky with a full moon, the constellations Canis Major and Draco, above a field of lilies whose stems say Orion, River, Viona, Elena, Eris, Harrison.

Maybe eventually I'll add my dad by having a stag walking through the field.

Obviously it was not a small tattoo like you thought it might be, but Neil had the perfect way to keep Lainie and River occupied. He engorgio'd an orange and had them practice tattooing on it. They watched my tattoo for a bit, and then designed their own decorative fruit! He let them bring them home and we put them in stasis so they could show you when you got home. If they haven't done so already you should ask to see them, they're really cool.

Hopefully we can keep our lazy Saturday going into a full lazy weekend. The only thing we have scheduled is tomorrow at some point Julia is going to bring our two photo shoots worth of photos over for us to look through. We were going to do it this past week, but I didn't want to look at them without you. And she'll be bringing Arietty so we can snuggle a teeny tiny baby at the same time.
I love you with everything I am,
Harry

Monday January 15th
Liebchen,

I have to apologize for confusing and worrying you. I know that it can't have been pleasant for you, but nothing is *wrong* per se, just... I don't even know.

So, I was holding Arietty and looking through all the photos Julia brought over with you, and suddenly, I started feeling like I was in a room in which the walls were closing in on me. I could see that woman I killed as if she was lying on the floor at my feet. I couldn't quite breathe and I didn't know what to do.

Trying very hard not to start screaming and running around in a panic, I handed Arietty over to you and claimed that I had to go to the loo. Once in the bathroom, I paced back and forth a bit, trying to calm down, but other than physically breathing slower, I wasn't really calming down. So I Insta-owled you that I was going somewhere for a bit.

You immediately replied with: "O...kay... Something wrong?"

I sent back a no, but you weren't convinced and kept trying to get me to tell you what was going on, only I couldn't tell you because I didn't know what it was. And I didn't think: "Nothing's wrong, I just can't breathe and the walls are closing in on me," would go over very well.

I then Apparated to Unity House. I had honestly forgotten that it was Sunday, but I was in luck. Yesenia was at Unity because one of the girls had started crying and she was called in to talk it out. Even luckier, she was done with that mini crisis and in her office finishing up her notes when I burst in and...

Ugh, even just typing it out in private in an email I know only YOU are going to read is hard.

I... I basically, well, I... I threw my arms around Yesenia, buried my face in her shoulder, and started sobbing something along the lines of: "I killed her!"

Yesenia spelled her door shut, which activated the built in silencing spells so that no one outside the office could hear anything. From that point on, I sobbed and wailed and spilled every secret I've ever learnt. I think I probably talked for at least six hours, Yesenia patiently listening to it all and asking questions when I needed help clarifying what it was I was trying to say. I realized she was taking notes at one point and burst into an angry tirade berating her for writing down some of the things I was telling her, but she assured me that nothing she was writing was any part of the secrets no one can know, and once I read her notes, I relaxed again.

I have to apologize again for how I was acting toward you. I'm utterly gobsmacked that you didn't magically track me down because I was being shifty as fuck. You'd Insta-owl and I'd give evasive replies, things like: "I'll tell you later. I'll be home later. Nothing's wrong, I just don't want to talk about it right now." Things like that. Or maybe you DID track me down, but then gave me my space when you realized that I was at Unity House. I don't know for certain, but I DO know that your Insta-owls started to sound angry and rather petulant after a while, and I basically wrote that I needed you to stop bothering me and that I'd be home when I was good and ready to come back.

Upon rational reflection, I can completely understand how terrible and hurtful that was. Especially
since your panicky little mind probably jumped straight to the conclusion that I had just run away from home because I was sick of you or something and didn't plan to come back. I am SO SORRY you had to feel that way, even for a moment.

I just... I suppose I needed some space to, erm, think things through?? Which is rather ironic, I know, because I JUST had days of time and space to think in and it didn't help, and in fact, may have made things worse since I couldn't help but relive a lot of things from my past. Especially at night, when I couldn't sleep.

Anyway, I eventually reached a point in which I was numb and sleepy, mumbling more than anything. I don't know what happened at that point because the next thing I DO know, I was waking up on Yesenia's long and rather comfortable sofa - under an extremely soft blanket - with you giving me a thousand tiny kisses while sobbing on me. It was clearly morning again, and more than likely that disgusting time of day I never want to see. I'm not certain as I purposely went out of my way to avoid finding out for sure.

By the time you were reassured that I still existed and had NOT absconded across the world to get away from you, you needed a little space of your own to process your feelings of heartless abandonment by me the previous day. Once again, I sincerely apologize. I wasn't trying to hurt you, I just needed, erm... by this point, I'm going to go ahead and assume that I needed to talk to Yesenia since that's what I did.

She's promised that I can pop in on her anytime I want, even if it's the middle of the night and she's at home in bed. Which sounds kinkier than it was intended to be, I'm sure. That said, I feel so much lighter than I did - er, than I *have* in a long time. I think I will be fine from here on out. I'm actually looking forward to our trip to visit Pansy in Russia tonight. If we portkey there around 5 - probably just after we finish eating dinner - we'll arrive at the perfect time for a friendly visit.

Oddly enough, unlike Kamchatka on the very eastern part of Russia, which is 11 hours ahead of us, St. Petersburg (where Pansy lives) is only two hours ahead. So, we'll arrive there at about 7 or so and can decide if we want to stay just a few hours before returning home, or if Pansy wants or needs us to spend the night and stay longer. I know she'll probably WANT us there longer, but new parents tire easily and it just may not be feasible. I understand that.

So, as I was saying, after you were reassured that I hadn't done a runner, you needed some space and went to your office to lose yourself in paperwork, I suppose. I was awake and not able to go back to sleep, so I decided to walk around and see what Unity was like in the mornings, when all but the littlest of Kids were at Traditions.

That's when I discovered that Miles apparently took his newfound freedom to heart. He isn't required to go to Traditions like the rest of the kids are - although he is welcome to join Antonio in magic classes with the teacher you've hired to help Antonio catch up to Hogwarts level - if he'd like - but since the two students are at vastly different levels, working together is honestly more beneficial to Antonio than it is to Miles. So, they've worked out an arrangement in which Antonio has morning classes with her, and Miles has afternoon ones.

This means that Miles has time in the mornings to just wander around and do as he likes, which unsurprisingly includes extra sleep now that he's growing a new human. It also means that he has the music room all to himself while the Unity Littles are usually out playing in the Park. And that's where I found him...

To my surprise, Miles was dressed up in one of the MANY costumes Elena has created or bought since she first came to Unity - you know, for all of the kids to wear when they're putting on shows for the Galas and whatnot. You also know me very well by this point, and probably wouldn't be
surprised to hear that I had no problems with the idea of walking in on someone wearing a costume, no matter how ridiculous it might be. Although, this one was rather well done.

I smiled at him and said: "Oh? Are you dancing? Practicing a new dance perhaps? That's a brilliant idea, a good way to keep in shape while you're pregnant. Would you like me to play something to dance to? I can play the guitar, the piano, and the drums. I bet if I drummed a bit, you'd have a good beat to dance to."

He was blushing redder than I can recall seeing anyone turn before in my life, and I was really rather concerned that he might faint or explode from embarrassment if I so much as breathed wrong. So I simply sat in front of a large hand drum and started on a catchy little beat. Miles stuttered a bit and took a few moments, but eventually forced himself to spit out what he was trying to say.

"Erm, n-n-no! I-I-I was s-s-singing!"

"Oh! In that case, here." I grabbed my guitar and started strumming so that I could sing my good morning song. "Good morning, Miles, good morning, such a lovely morning, now, it seems everything's going my way! Morning, Miles, good morning, just another good morning, now, it seems everything's going my way! 'Cuz I don't want responsibilities anymore, and I just want to live my life like the free, not let this on top of me, with stop the clock velocity, I'll sail into the night! … Gooood Morning! Miles Meany good morning! Just another good morning, now, and it seems that everything is okay."

At that point, Miles - blushing lightly now rather than burning up from embarrassment - interrupted me and actually blurted out: "Wait! You don't have any sort of problem with me dressing up in a shiny sequined dress and singing show tunes?!?!

"Whyyyy would I?" I asked slowly, not quite understanding the problem.

"Because I'm a boy! Boys aren't suppose to dress up like girls!" He wailed dramatically, even going so far as to press the back of his hand against his forehead and tilt his head back. I was tempted to laugh but held it in.

"Miles, I'm quite sure you probably heard such things from your uncle, but that doesn't make them true. For example, I grew up hearing that mudbloods were the worst sort of people; stupid, backwards, and incapable of possessing any real magic. I learned the hard way that that just isn't true. I personally know of one muggleborn witch who seems to have made it her life's mission to prove that every single one of those assumptions is so patently false that it's laughable."

He pressed his lips together in a thoughtful frown, and then rolled his eyes up toward the ceiling as he clearly wondered who I was talking about.

This time I did laugh. "It's Hermione - Headmistress Granger to you. She's muggleborn and could probably flatten the rest of our year with her intellect and magical power - if she ever had cause to truly dig deep and let it all out. But please don't tell her I said that as I'm certain she'll get the wrong idea."

Miles chuckled. "I suppose that should have been obvious from what I know and remember of the war. But THAT has nothing to do with this. That was just being told the wrong thing to believe, this is morally and biologically wrong."

I let out a soft sigh as I shook my head. "No. That's what I'm trying to tell you, it's NOT - that's just what you've been told." Then I smirked mischievously at him. "I can prove it."
"Oh?" Miles asked with avid interest.

Nodding in confirmation, I called out for Muffy. "Bring me that costume I wore whenever I had a moment to spare while in the Room of Hidden Things in Sixth Year."

"Yes Master," her voice stated and a few seconds later, she popped into the room with the requested costume.

"See, this was a dress that I found in the Room, and despite the fact that it is quite scandalous and I have NO IDEA how any previous student would have been brave enough to wear it at school long enough for it to get into the Room of Hidden Things, I couldn't help but be fascinated by it. I put it on and even went so far as to use some makeup to make myself look like - well, probably like a Can Can dancer, to be honest."

"YOU DID NOT!!" Miles protested in wide-eyed shock.

"I did so," I confirmed with a nod. "I'll prove it to you." I then promptly stripped off and dressed up in the dress. Miles sort of turned his head to the side with a blush so that he wasn't staring at me while I changed, but then his eyes stared at me anyway, which I found hilarious. "I now have much better makeup to use too. Actually, I was highly motivated to make sure that Elena had access to the best quality and safest makeup in existence, and so, not only do *I* have a nice basic set of makeup, but so does Unity. It's in that box over there, could you bring it to me?" I asked as I laced up the dress and fiddled with it to make sure that it fit right. I've actually grown a bit since Sixth Year, so it was tighter than it had been, but in a good way, if you know what I mean.

For the next half an hour or so, I gave Miles a basic lesson in applying make up (that I learned from Pansy, in case you were wondering) as I applied it to both of us and encouraged Miles to tweak it until it looked right to him. THEN I told him to choose a song he liked so we could sing it together - me casting a spell on a few instruments so that they'd play the right music to accompany us. It took Miles a few minutes to stop blushing and hesitating, since he had chosen a rather bawdy song, but once he got into it, he was really belting it out in an impressive display of innate talent.

Yes, I will admit that if ANYONE had passed by the music room at that precise moment, it would have looked highly incriminating. There we were - two blokes having a lark by dressing up as fabulous ladies and singing a fairly inappropriate song. But I also hope that no one in Unity would have reacted badly. Probably a good thing that most of the Kids were over in Traditions and weren't around to witness this, heh heh.

"I love myself, I want you to love me, when I feel down, I want you above me, I search myself, I want you to find me, I forget myself, I want you to remind me, I don't want anybody else, when I think about you, I touch myself!"

We actually went through the song more than once so that we could layer a dance onto it and really get into the idea of performing this in front of a mildly perverted audience. Which means that I seriously have to wonder where Miles learned to dance like that. I know where *I* learned to do it, I basically asked Pansy to teach me all the popular 'muggle' dance club dances, hahaha.

"You're the one who makes me come running, you're the sun who makes me shine, when you're around, I'm always laughing, I want to make you mine! I close my eyes and see you before me, think I would die if you were to ignore me, any fool could see just how much I adore you, I get down on my knees, I'd do anything for you! I don't want anybody else, when I think about you I touch myself, oh-oh-oh, I don't - "

So naturally, that's when I noticed that you were in the doorway watching me with the strangest
expression that I couldn't quite decipher. I fell silent abruptly, feeling like a puppy who'd been caught making a mess on the floor for some reason.

"Erm... Carry on Miles, I'm actually going to return home with Harry. We have something important to talk about," I informed him.

He looked sullen and withdrawn all of a sudden. "See? Even HE thinks this is bad..."

"It's honestly not that," I assured him, giving him a brief hug. "It's really is me. I did a bit of a runner last night and he's mad at me. I have to face the music now."

"Oh," Miles murmured in confusion. Smiling encouragingly, I left him to it, walking over and taking your hand so that we could Apparate home. But then you decided that you needed to put the littles down for a nap before doing anything else. And so, I had time to change out of my costume, clean up a bit, and write this, but everything has been quiet for a few minutes now, so I'm going to go in and see if you're packing your bags or something.

I seriously love you more than anything in the world, and I know I messed up by running away and pushing you out of what was going on, but I hope you can forgive me.

You are my everything,
Draco

P.S. I think your tattoo is amazing! Now I have an overwhelming urge to get one of my own, heh...

P.P.S. It's not that Kingsley, Robards, and Bletchly thought at ANY point that I'd try to contact Grandmama in specific, or that there was a good reason why I might want to contact her and that would be disastrous for them, but rather, they didn't want to take the chance that I could/would contact SOMEONE who could help me escape custody. Such as you. Actually, our lawyers had to read over my emails to you (at Robards insistence) to ensure that I wasn't plotting to have you come in and break me out, hahaha.
Chapter Summary

Harry has forgiven Draco for being a heatless bastard.

Chapter Notes

Oi Malfoy is 6 months old as of today ^_^

Wednesday January 17th
My Love,

You have spent the last day or so apologizing for how you acted Sunday-Monday. Enough is enough, there's nothing to forgive and even if there were, fine you're forgiven. I promise. I love you, and I understand. I was very upset and hurt at the time, but knowing what I know now, I have absolutely no ill feelings about it all.

In the future though, all you would have needed to say was "I am talking with Yesenia". You wouldn't even have to tell me which therapist if you didn't want to, it could have been "I am with a therapist". I'm not surprised, and actually really relieved, that you spend upwards of six hours talking about things you've been holding in. I know that you are happy, I know that our life is wonderful and fulfilling and you love the kids and I. But I know that you've been trying to "get past" some things instead of getting "through" them. I was worried that it would come out in either an unhealthy way, or in a way that you would feel badly about. Knowing that you broke down with a loved and trusted mind healer was best case scenario.

I will continue this being honest even though you didn't ask and tell you that when you were ill and masking it with potions over the holidays, I was afraid you were using. Obviously as it was in potion bottles I knew it wasn't muggle drugs, but I thought you were masking things with potions instead of occluding since you know I would notice and be upset if that were the case. I obviously wasn't relieved that you were feeling sick, but I was relieved to know there was a reason behind the potions.

I used to be in a really dark place, and I blame my continued existence on my therapy. I don't currently feel as though I "need" therapy, but I still go. Just not as often as I did during the dark days. I consider it continued brain maintenance. It's almost as important as my maintenance spankings! I'm kidding, I'm kidding!

Nothing is as important as my maintenance spankings!

I had a really nice visit with Pansy. And little Pearl! Oh my goodness, her teeny tiny toes. And her sweet little baby hands. Oh oh, that newborn squeak cry! I can barely remember ours being so tiny. Even Eris seems enormous compared to Pearl. And wasn't our little cherub so sweet holding her? I'm honestly surprised Pansy let her hold the baby even with both of them on your lap. Eri kept kissing her soft little baby cheeks. She loves babies, and is certainly infatuated with her little godsister.
I have really grown to just love Pansy, so I hope she didn't think I was snubbing her or being rude when I left the two of you alone for a while. If she's anything like you, she has been missing her best friend living so far away, and I thought the two of you could really use some time to reconnect without feeling like you had to hide Slytherin secrets from the Gryffinhusband. So after a nice evening on Monday and a delicious brunch today, Eris and I took a portkey home and left you for some extra Pansy time. I'll miss you for the next few hours obviously, but you promised you'd be home in time to go to bed with me, so I think it will be alright.

I just had a long conversation with Miles. He's currently in with Yesenia. I told him that I would always be willing to listen, to bounce ideas off of, to just be a shoulder, but if he wants legitimate life advice she's probably the better choice. When I read your email telling me the back story to your and Miles' dance number, I knew I had to assure Miles that I was not in any way judging his choice of attire or song choice.

"Miles, I hear that you saw me react to Draco the other day and assumed I was judging your choice of clothes or song or behavior. I can assure you that the look on my face had everything to do with Draco and nothing to do with you."

He seemed to try reading my face, maybe to see if I was sincere and I think I passed, "Are you sure Harry? I know I looked weird and not exactly the epitome of masculinity."

Merlin did I know the mental anguish of not really knowing where I fit on the gender spectrum. Being a gay man, who was pregnant, it was hard for me to feel things that are stereotypically feminine while continuing to want to be 100% male. "I'm going to tell you just about the same thing I tell the girls when they worry acting or dressing a certain way or playing with specific toys will make people think they're a boy or a tomboy. If you're a man, everything you do is masculine. It's masculine when you kiss the person you love, it's masculine when you wear pants, it's masculine when you wear a dress. Being a man means that everything you do is masculine no matter where we place that action in society's obsession with attaching a gender to everything."

In a very small voice he asked me, "What if I'm not a man?"

"Believe me, when I was pregnant I struggled with not feeling like a man, even though I logically knew everything I just said to you."

Then in a voice that wasn't any louder, but definitely firmer, he asked again, "But what if I am NOT a MAN?"

Oh.

"I'm not worried that being pregnant makes me a female. I actually. Well. Here's the thing. I didn't accidentally take the fertility potion, it wasn't one of the usual Slug Cabinet Dares. My eyes wanted to bug out of my head but I worked my absolute hardest at keeping my Malfoy mask on and keeping the shock from showing. "I wanted to know what it felt like to be female. Sometimes I wonder if I am a girl or if I should be a girl. Then other times I definitely like being a bloke. I thought maybe being pregnant would make me stop wishing I could be a girl sometimes. Like the changes of the shape of my body and the flood of hormones would be enough to stop me from wanting to be something I couldn't otherwise be."

Well this is something I hadn't dealt with before. I did a lot of research on child development before Unity officially opened. I knew we would be dealing with many unusual sets of circumstances. I knew the minute I thought I had a grasp on everything is when something new would come barreling through. And I wanted to be as prepared as possible. This sounded to me a little bit like a child testing the waters to see if admitting they are transgender will be allowed or accepted, but it definitely
didn't sound like a textbook case either, he specifically said there were times he "definitely likes being a bloke."

I asked him if he felt comfortable discussing some things with Yesenia. I told him I would stay with him or I could leave, whatever he was most comfortable with. So he chose to have me go with him to start the conversation, but once the story caught up with what I already knew, he said he was ready to talk to her alone. So now I am just sitting in my office trying to wrap my head around it all.

Oh! One thing this conversation reminded me of, that I definitely wanted to get off my chest; I did have a weird look on my face when I watched you singing and dancing, I did make a bit of an excuse to get away from you afterwards, I probably could have put off packing and come and talked with you. But. It was not because I was upset with you. Well, it was because I was upset with you, but that's not why I avoided you. So, when I am upset or hurt, I want to fix it. I want to talk about our problems and come to a solution. I want to resolve things so we don't let them fester and build something hurtful at the heart of our marriage which is the most important thing in my life. However, you looked so fucking fit in that lacy and frilly dress. And the makeup? Holy hell Draco, even if you had done something truly wrong that really did need forgiveness, if I had kept watching you I would have dropped to my knees and begged for YOUR forgiveness. I wanted a level head when we talked, and my head was decidedly not level at that moment.

Hurry up and come home so I can have my wicked way with you! I mean, see you and have nice, calm, normal conversations with you.

Yours,
Harry

P.S. I got a letter from George today saying he and Angelina have no idea who it is, but Mac insists he's getting a brother in a few weeks!

Wednesday January 17th
My life,

I'm feeling really rather chuffed at the moment. I've been saying for ages that I'm not consistent enough with Antonio and Philip to do them justice. I do feel terrible about this as clearly the both of them are passionate about learning Krav Maga and martial arts in general, and they're lucky if I manage to go in and spar with them for an hour a week.

So, while I was in Russia anyway and Grandmama was in their main residence in Moscow - a relatively short floo trip from St. Petersburg - I took the opportunity to do as I suggested months ago. I popped in on Grandmama and Ivan (while you were actually chatting with Pansy on your own at one point. You were so engrossed in the conversation with her and Ivan that you probably didn't even notice me slip away, haha. NOT that I was trying to be secretive, just that I remembered what I wanted to do at that moment and didn't want to interrupt the rest of you).

Anyway, at Grandmama's palatial estate in Moscow, I naturally gave her a very respectful and loving greeting, glad to discover that HER Ivan was also at home - although Kisa was in school. I told the two of them that I'd like to 'buy' (it's a mob thing, apparently) one of their men from them, but that I needed to be absolutely certain that the man was safe to be around children. I stressed that three or four times. And so, they gave me a list of men they trusted and actually called them into the room so that I could interview them on the spot.

The first thing I did was tell them that I was going to be using legilimency, and that anyone who was
uncomfortable with me poking around their mind should probably just excuse themselves. The four men who were left - which are actually considered the most loyal to Ivan and stayed because they trusted him implicitly, even when he said that he didn't object to ME using legilimency on them. Any other person would be tortured and killed for doing such a thing if they were caught. Anyway, I then looked deeply into their eyes, one at a time, and described the job duties in detail before describing many of the kids that I feel would make use of a good Krav Maga instructor. As I talked, I poked around looking for ANY sort of indication that they were child molesters or simply violent madmen who didn't care if their victims were children.

To my surprise, the biggest and burliest man of the bunch - seriously, he's nearly 7 feet tall and is built a bit like a sumo wrestler! Well, he had an accident when he was a teen that left him what is known as a eunuch - meaning his testicles were damaged to the point that they had to be removed.

When I learned this, I asked how he managed to be the biggest and burliest man of all when he was, erm… not fully a man. He was not offended - having his whole life to accept this about himself - and told me that it's actually a well known phenomenon that if men have their testicles removed at certain ages, different things typically happen to them. If it happens prepuberty, they remain small and effeminate their whole lives and are often prized as singers and the like. However, if it happens after puberty - or toward the end - the body apparently tries to compensate for the loss of testosterone by producing higher quantities of the Androgynous sex hormones, which often leads to a sort of plumping up of their bodies, sometimes including their muscles.

Apparently, that's why certain cultures created their eunuchs at certain ages, depending on what they wanted from those poor men. The effeminate singers don't sound all that bad, but the ones who were expected to become bodyguards for the women in the Harems, well, they often had their tongues removed too, so that they couldn’t ‘accidentally' spill important secrets. I shudder just trying to imagine what it would be like to have no bollocks and no tongue! Ugh...

But my point with this explanation is that the other main characteristic of eunuchs - and this man in particular - is that they don't have much interest in sex and are often more caring than they look. After reading his mind thoroughly - using triggering words and phrases to guide his thoughts to where I wanted them to go - he proved that he is safe to have around children. Actually, he was also the only one that didn't attempt to use any form of occluding. Since I am so very good at occlumency, I can recognize the signs of its use, even if I can't always break through the shields.

So, I officially 'bought' him. This is not a form of slavery so much as a contract giving him certain wants, needs, and guarantees so that his loyalty can be transferred to me without any sort of bad feelings or lingering loyalty to Ivan. It's actually rare (because no mob king wants to lose a loyal man), but when it's done, well, he will now consider me his new mob king and do whatever it takes to serve and protect me.

Or, in this case, serve and protect the Unity Kids. I'm quite looking forward to seeing how he adjusts to his new life, ahaahahaha! Can you just imagine going from one rather harsh but logical boss who follows a set of codes you believe in, to suddenly having numerous tiny illogical bosses who are actively trying to rebel against all forms of codes in order to figure out who they are?

Sheer chaos, buwahahahahahahahaha!

He's supposed to arrive on Sunday so that he can start his job on Monday. I hope you don't mind, but I went ahead and told Greg to find a spot to build him a flat of sorts. Greg seemed undecided between building a cottage on Unity Grounds but a little secluded if possible, and simply adding another floor to Unity House so that at least the one flat could be built, but also, it seems like there might be a need for storage rooms and perhaps even another dorm to use during times when you
have more Kids than usual. So... I'm sure he'll probably come hunt you down and discuss the options with you sooner rather than later.

In the meantime, I'm about to go have a nice long sparring session with Antonio and Phillip. Good for Oleg (the new Krav Maga teacher), it seems that Elena has complained that there aren't any girls to spar with since Kisa went home, so a whole bunch of other kids are showing an interest in learning too. So, it will be a proper class, and that's probably what I'm most chuffed about. So many of these Kids (especially the current crop) come from bad situations, and I sort of feel that perhaps *requiring* all the Unity Kids to learn self defense - well, surely it would be beneficial to all of them to learn the skill.

So, having an official teacher in the House to teach it to anyone who wants to learn, and maybe to those that don't, it can be one of the legacies we can both be proud of. These children will grow up more confident and able to defend themselves from anything. Best of all, Antonio will have a teacher than can develop his skills all the way to the top so that he can achieve his dream of basically BEING that teacher some day.

Sigh... such a happy day for me.

That said, after I finish this sparring session, Yesenia has informed me that I really ought to have another session with her now that I've had a few days to process my initial break down. So, if I disappear at some point and you're wondering where in the Merlin cursed hell I went to this time, that's where.

Love you so much that sometimes my heart hurts and feels like it's going to burst from my chest, which strangely, is the best feeling I can imagine.

Share my life, take me for what I am, 'cuz I'll never change all my colors for you, take my love, I'll never ask for too much, just all that you are, and everything that you do, now I don't really need to look very much further, I don't want to have to go where you don't follow, I won't hold it back again, this passion inside, I can't run from myself, there's nowhere to hide!

Draco

P.S. I am strangely looking forward to being one of the few people allowed to help and support Miles as he figures out who he is. Perhaps it is easier (for me) in the sense that he is not literally my child, and so I don't have to worry about the physical and social effects of supporting my child through any sort of major change (should Miles decide to become Millie), but from my current perspective, I cannot see any reason why Miles cannot choose the identity he feels fits him best and run with it. After all, it's HIS body and life that will be effected the most, not ours or anyone else's. Right? So all we have to do is support him and allow him to make his own decisions. Which, admittedly, I was not really taught to do growing up, but still, I WAS taught to go after and expect to get whatever I want - in the confines of what was expected of me - which is sort of the same, I suppose.
Chapter 338

Chapter Summary

But those are Harry’s favorite parts!

Thursday January 18th
My love,

So many things I want to respond to in your email. I will get to them all. I want to talk about you purchasing Oleg for Unity House. I want to talk about how Miles is doing with his gender identity. I absolutely and most importantly want to talk to you about how proud I am for continuing to talk with Yesenia. But I have to start by letting you know, I also shudder to imagine you with no bollocks or tongue. I love every bit of you my darling, but those are two of my very favorite parts.

I think this is the longest we’ve ever gone without attending a movie night! I was sick for the night we did the Christmas Tree decorating. We were in Australia for the following Wednesday, and Amsterdam the week after that. Then last week I didn't go because I was hysterically panicking over my husband being held in Ministry custody. Yikes, it's been over a month since I've sat with my family in my arms surrounded by my Kids. And oh it was such a sweet movie too! The Secret Garden. We have a copy of the book at home and at Unity, but I hadn't seen the movie before. We do so many animated movies, it was nice to have a live action for a change. But we could have watched something absolutely terrible and I would have been happy as can be to spend an evening with some of my very favorite people.

I was quite distracted the other day when I read your email after you had, as you said, "done a runner" so I completely forgot to mention anything. You're thinking of getting another tattoo as well? As in you have an idea all picked out and ready, or seeing mine just made you want one in general? Can I come with you when you get your next one? I can keep you distracted again!

I don't think I've mentioned it, but when I was talking with Kingsley and Bletchly last week I found out they closed the case for how my hair was stolen. I was a bit annoyed when I found out they hadn't told me, but I was also on edge from missing you so I may have blown things just a smidge out of proportion. The reason they didn't see the need to tell me right away is because it's not something I should have to worry about again.

Besides dealing with children who need removal from their homes to enter Unity, I've been involved with just the three different cases with the Aurors right? The case involving the vigilantes, which continued into a case against Gina Mitchell, so I count that as one. The second was the potions ring which resulted in the child support claim against me. And then the hair stealing ring that also resulted with the child support claim. The last two were related in that the result was our Harrison, and that the couple behind the potions ring bought hair from the other criminals, but they were really two separate things that I "lucked" into both.

Well it seems as though all three of these cases are related, and not just because I was involved with all of them. Who was managing to get close enough to me and others in our circle to get our hair? The vigilantes. Yeah. To fund their operations, they decided to sell "celebrity" hair. Seeing as they were coming to galas and meet ‘n greets to hopefully find children of death eaters, they used those opportunities to take care of any stray hairs for us. All it took was a hand on the shoulder to catch
any of our hair that had naturally shed onto our robes. A dance with any of us at the gala would have been close enough to do that without attracting notice.

The Aurors were re-interrogating Gorman and Hoogervorst to see if they would give up any info, and they did. Seeing as all of the vigilantes are either behind bars or … mysteriously dead and then picked up by their Russian cousins … we shouldn't have to worry about that crime continuing.

I'm looking forward to meeting Oleg on Sunday. I hope he knows that even though he is there to teach the Kids Krav Maga, he can join in on the fun stuff like movie nights or just hanging out with the Kids at the Park. But he isn't going to act like they are literally his mob boss and start "fixing" their issues in his own way according to his previous employer's code of conduct right? I'm just picturing one of the Traditions Kids coming home and telling him someone in school was mean to them and now I have to explain to Hermione and the parents why our "defense" teacher broke a child's kneecaps.

Hmm, on the other hand there are a few Kids that their previous home was so terrible that I wouldn't mind giving Oleg a list of places to visit. Perhaps starting with Beatrix' "father" and including whatever monster hurt our Phillip.

No. Bad Harry, no vigilantism!

I already spoke with Greg, we debated the pros and cons of making a separate building on-site or adding and additional floor. I thought about how the separate building would potentially give Oleg more freedom to not feel like he's living in a zoo. But an apartment on a separate floor would mean he would be involved in more of a family way. A separate building would probably be less work than adding a floor onto a building that already has a roof. A second floor would give us storage space and extra rooms for when we have an influx. Basically we went back and forth and eventually settled on both.

Yeah, that's my life. Which huge project should we undertake? Both. Both is good. So we're going to let Oleg decide whether he wants the attached apartment or his own outbuilding and use whichever one he doesn't take as storage.

I am so proud of you for continuing to talk with Yesenia. But from now on I am not going to ask you about it, I am not going to mention it, and you know neither I nor Yesenia would break your confidence by discussing your sessions. It is your business, your business I am proud of, but your business nonetheless. I need you to know that if there is ever anything you want to discuss from your sessions, if there's ever a time you want me to come with you so Yesenia can mediate a disagreement or just so you have some moral support when you tell me something, I am here for you and I will do anything, but you'll need to ask because I am removing myself completely from the situation.

I adore you.

Ok, I should go do something. It's Thursday afternoon and you had nothing planned, so I suppose I was wasting extra time in my office hoping you'd pop in. I'll see you when I get home tonight.

Love you,
Harry

P.S. I would not say no if you really wanted to wear the dress and the makeup again.
Beloved,

Erm... Well, I might actually have to have a talk with Oleg so that he KNOWS that he's not allowed to 'fix' the Kids' problems according to his code. The good thing is that he knows basic English, so he won't have to learn it before teaching the kids. Also, since he cannot Portkey into Unity House because of the stringent protections placed on it, he's scheduled to arrive at the Manor - well, outside its' gates - and so, we'll be able to chat with him before he's introduced to the Kids. Also, he'll probably have to stay at the Manor a few days while the cottage or flat (whichever he chooses) is being finished.

If he chooses the cottage, he'll have plenty of space to have the classes and sparring sessions in a studio in his cottage, but if he chooses a flat, Greg can always make sure that one of the rooms he adds in the new floor is a Krav Maga studio. In which case, probably best to add a few silencing charms to the floor so that if bodies are tossed onto it or they start running laps or something, it doesn't create a thunderous racket that scares the littler children.

I appreciate you not trying to pry details of my sessions with Yesenia from me, but I will say this, I cannot believe how helpful it was to be able to talk to her even without a current mental crisis. She's worth her weight in gold! Plus I really respect the way she negotiated an exorbitant fee from me (don't worry, this wasn't when I was in session, but rather at a different time when I was calm and in the mood to haggle) for the therapy. I actually appreciate the fact that her asking for a lot of money more than likely means that she knows that the things that came out in session are valuable and this guarantees her silence - which is NOT to imply that I think she'd break her professional confidence without it. It just falls in line with how I'm used to things working, and thus, puts me at ease.

As for the tattoo, I've been wanting to get another ever since I got my dragon. You might recall that when I was flirting with Charlie in an effort to get Neville to admit how he felt about him, I mentioned that I wanted a bunch of eggs that could 'hatch' when touched into baby dragons - one for each of our kids. We didn't have them all yet at that point, but now that we do, I've been thinking about abandoning the egg idea and simply having a small dragon for each of our kids tattooed near my Opaleye. And actually, I wouldn't mind having a match to YOUR dragon tattooed as well, so that our entire family is there. BUT that's rather a lot to put on one body, so I have to give some thought as to whether I want them all in the same place - on my back - or if I want to spread them out a bit. For example, I could have your dragon over my heart and each of the kids could be on my limbs where I could show them off if I wanted to.

I bet Neil would have something to say on the matter, so maybe I should stop in and ask him to help me plan it out. Or perhaps owl him. We'll see.

The only thing that concerns me is that while Elena and River - and to some extent, Viona - are old enough to have favorite colors and types of dragons, the almost triplets aren't, and so, I'll either have to base those dragons on their looks (which would be adorable) OR wait until they're old enough to show a preference.

Of course I'd love to have you there to distract me! That said, I really liked how you had Elena and River with you and think it could be lovely to bring them with me as well. I suppose part of that will be if my appointment is set for a time when Elena's in school or not.

I don't know if you heard this yet or not, but earlier today (which will be yesterday by the time you read this since I'm typing after you're asleep, as usual), after I managed to catch you in your office and have a bit of fun, I left you recovering for a bit and wandered off to have a one on one session with Phillip. He's really come a long way in such a short time, calming down significantly and channeling all his anger into sparring. But that's not the part I'm talking about.
After I finished up with Phillip, Miles snagged me and dragged me to the dorm he's currently sharing with Finnegan. And possibly a few others. See, it was still the time when everyone else was taking music lessons, and while Miles would normally join in, he noticed me in the sparring room with Phillip and opted not to. So, once in his room, Miles asked me for another makeup lesson. It seems he had tried doing it on his own and didn't quite like the way it turned out.

Well, while I AM confident in my skills, I decided that what he really needed was an expert who could instill the same confidence in him. SO, I took him to a high end muggle department store - the same place I'd bought makeup for Elena. They have at least one woman whose sole job is to give customers makeovers as she talks about the products and why they are worth so much money. More importantly, she gives makeup lessons. She went to school for it, and so, could actually do hair and makeup for actors and actresses if she wanted.

After promising her that we were serious and that I was planning to buy him an entire set of makeup, the lady had no problems taking him through each thing, explaining how they worked, and really finding an in depth profile for the colors that looked good on him. His hair is short enough that when she was done, he looked like a pretty girl with a pixie cut. I smiled and picked out a few sparkly hair accessories for him.

And that led to buying him a few outfits he could wear when he wanted to be a girl. Nothing too, erm, sexy, I suppose. He wasn't trying to look like a prostitute, but rather a normal 16 year old girl. That said, he positively ADORED buying bras and knickers, which I can't exactly blame him for. After all, we both bought delightful knickers to wear under our robes when we got married, and for the most part, knickers just feel better against delicate bits than most male underwear.

But I digress.

As we were shopping, we naturally had an opportunity to chat. Miles told me more about how he felt. I gather that he's still confused in general, and amazed in specific that we're actually ALLOWING him to wear makeup and girls' clothes, but he seems pretty set on the fact that he likes being BOTH. A boy most of the time, but a girl whenever he's in the mood to be pretty or sing or just... be a girl, I suppose. I have no idea if there's a term for what he's feeling, but crossdresser comes to mind.

That is what it's called, right? When a man likes being a man but wants to wear women's clothes. Or wait, I remember another term too, I think. Transvestite? And then that phrase from the Lion King comes to mind where Timon said: "Dress in drag and do the hula." Which brings to mind the term Drag Queen, and so now I'm wondering if these are all the same thing or if they're actually different things, and if so, what exactly is the difference between them. I might have to look them up on the internet when I'm done with this email.

When I dropped Miles off in his dorm, Finnegan was back from music lessons - and actually dinner too, I'd grabbed something to eat with Miles in the in house restaurant while shopping. Finnegan didn't recognize Miles at first and protested a girl walking into his dorm when he could have been doing private things. I snorted in amusement and told him that's what the loo is for if he truly doesn't want to be walked in on.

Then - once Finnegan realized that the girl was actually Miles - he got upset and said it wasn't fair that he had to share a dorm with a boy who was gay and wanted to be a girl. That Miles should have to share a dorm with the rest of the girls. Things like that. And so, if you haven't heard, Finnegan at the very least is not happy about their dorm situation. Although, I would not be surprised if Finnegan went straight to you to complain, or maybe he stalked off to his second dorm at Traditions.

I'm torn between thinking that Miles SHOULD have his own room and understanding that Unity
House isn't made of space and that the Kids have to share dorms - just like we did in Hogwarts.
Also, maybe I'm being an arsehole here, but I DO feel like Finnegan should have to get over his crap
and accept Miles for who he is. Miles shouldn't have to be isolated from other boys because he
sometimes wants to be a girl, and he shouldn't necessarily have to share a dorm with the girls just
because he's gay and sometimes wants to be like them. It's a complicated situation that I've never
really had to think about before.

And again, perhaps I'm being inherently a bad person here, but I can't help but be glad that I'm not
Miles' dad. I can't IMAGINE having to *always* be thinking about things like: well, my son wants
to spend the night at his friend who happens to be a girl's house, but he currently identifies as a girl,
and so he should be allowed to, right? But then again, her parents can't see past the fact that he is
biologically a boy. OR, on the opposite side of the issue, is: My son wants to spend the night at a
boy's house, but he identifies as a girl, and what if they do things that they're not ready for???
Granted, at 16, they've probably already done those things, but still, it's enough to make my brain
hurt just thinking about how I'd have to handle the situation.

I'm SO GLAD ours are all too young for that! Well, aside from Elena, who definitely identifies as a
girl who likes boys, and so, I only have to worry about the normal things - like how deep is her crush
on Antonio, and is she planning to do anything about it while she's still only ten?? The answer to
that had better be no, Merlin damn it! Grr! If it weren't already after midnight, I'd go talk to her and
make it clear that she's not allowed to have a boyfriend until she's 20!

Sigh...

I have to sign off now and go calm down so I can get to sleep. Probably going to go fire dance for a
bit - in case you wake up for a night feeding and find me gone.

I don't mind you coming here, and wasting all my time, 'cuz when you're standing oh so near, I kinda
lose my mind,

Draco

P.S. I wasn't trying to be a snoopy bastard, but I noticed that you got a thick manila envelope from
Africa of all places. What's that about?
Chapter 339

Chapter Summary

Harry helps Finn work out his issue.

Saturday January 20
My Own,

Good morning my love! I read your latest email just now, but I still managed to find you firedancing last night. I know that when I wake up and you're not there, there are only so many places you could be. I don't remember you having anything particularly stressful yesterday, so I didn't think it would be the crystal room. After your siblings (and our own children) were in bed I walked in on some kinky foreplay between your parents that looked like it was going to take a significant amount of time, so I assumed you weren't having a nightcap with your parents. Dancing was the logical answer, and I was right!

Seeing as we were both up in the middle of the night, wide awake, it would only make sense that we would discuss the meeting I had had earlier in the day with Kingsley.

Ha, yeah right, we shagged in the ballroom. I rode you hard while staring at our reflections in the mirrored walls. Mmm, I could watch us shag all day.

So you were right, Finn did come find me to "complain" about Miles. Kind of. Basically he cried on my shoulder for a while. He's having a hard time reconciling his feelings on things that he learned are "unnatural" during his childhood with how he thinks he should feel based on what he's learned since he came home to us. Similar to my talk with Miles where I had to tell him about wrapping my own mind around the ideals I was raised with and what I logically know to be true, I had to tell him that becoming the best person you can be is not an instantaneous process. And it's alright to be uncomfortable with something. It doesn't make you a bad person because you reacted to something that surprised you.

I asked him what he was afraid of. "Well, he's gay, what if he looks at me and wants me and hits on me?"

"Finn, he's been gay the entire time he's been at Unity. He's always been gay. Has he ever made you uncomfortable, looked at you inappropriately or hit on you?" Well, obviously the answer to that was "no."

"If he finds you attractive or asks you out or tells you how nice you look, is that going to turn you gay?" And again, a "no."

"Would Miles hiding this part of himself, or herself, or their self, have made it not true? Would it make you more comfortable?" Another "no."

"Do you think Miles should be isolated for being who he is? Or do you think he should be in the girls' dorm while he's female identifying and have a second space here for when he's male identifying? Maybe a completely separate space with a big sign on the door letting people know why he's so different?" This time I got an adamant, and mildly angry, "no!"
He finally replied with something other than a no, "Miles is a good ... guy? kid? person? I don't want him to feel bad. I don't hate him. But I don't know how to act around him either. I'm sorry I'm being so horrible like my parents and not being inclusive."

Poor, sweet, Finn. "Hey, you're not horrible. You're a kid who had something surprise him and didn't know how to react. You lashed out a bit. And then you found someone you trusted to talk over your fears. Does that sound like something your parents would have done?" Well we all know the answer to that one! "It's ok to not understand what to do, this is a unique situation. You're a good kid Finn. If you need to stay at your dorm at Traditions for a while until you wrap your head around what you're feeling, that's ok. You know your home will be here when you get back. Always."

I left before bedtime so I am not sure what he chose, but I think it will work out. I hope so anyway.

Don't be too thankful that you're not experiencing Miles' dilemmas as his dad. I am sure between our six we'll have plenty of instances of stress and not knowing the "right" thing to do or say. It's not all going to be distracting our daughter's anger away by bribing her with a trip to Russia! And I think it's absolutely hilarious that you're going to tell our kids they can't date until they're twenty when we were married before our nineteenth birthdays! You great big, gorgeous, hypocrite!

Speaking of the "right" thing to do or say. When I read that you were going to research the correct term for what Miles is experiencing, I decided to do some of my own research as well. I went gay to my library and asked her to do some research. I talked with Yesenia a bit. And I did my own sleuthing on the internet. There are a lot of different terms floating around, some are used more often than others, but it really does depend on how Miles himself feels like identifying. From my research, it sounds like he will most likely identify as either genderfluid or agender, or possibly a crossdresser, or a drag queen. It will depend on whether he really feels as though he IS a girl when he's dressed that way, or whether he just wants to dress that way. Transvestite as far as I've read, is pretty consistently hated within the trans community, with the exception of people singing along with Rocky Horror Picture Show, it's not really used anymore.

But what really came across in all the literature, is that Miles is the ultimate judge of how he wants to label himself, and how he wants to be referred to. So we'll just have to be patient, supportive, and wait and see what Miles decides. But you being so open about your own preferences, being willing to take him shopping for makeup and clothes, just being so amazing and supportive is probably what he needs the most right now.

Moving on, I understand why you wanted to pay Yesenia. I'm glad she recognized you paying her as a safeguard for your own mental health. Knowing you're paying her gives you just the extra push you need to be completely honest with her in sessions I would assume. And you definitely don't have to talk me into thinking Yesenia deserves ever knut she gets and more.

And someone else who earns his money honestly, Neil I am sure would be able to come up with some great ideas for your skin's Dragon Sanctuary plan. I like the idea of the smaller dragons being similar in color to our childrens' actually coloring, but I also really like the idea of them being something each child chooses. It's obviously ultimately your decision, but I was thinking it would be fun for you to just get two for Elena and River, in their colors and species of choice, and get the other kids when they turn a certain age. It could even be a fun tradition. On each of their fourth or fifth birthdays they get to go with you and get their dragon added. Make them part of the process and then not only do you have the tattoo, but you get the memory of taking them with you to design it.

So ..... have I babbled long enough? I have huge news and I have no idea how to tell you. I wanted to find you as soon as my meeting was over yesterday. Then I wanted to scream at you through our insta-owls that you should come home immediately. And I wanted to tell you last night while you
were firedancing. Actually, no, that one isn't true. I wanted to force you to bugger my brains out. And when I read your email this morning and saw that you noticed the folder, I thought about waking you up to talk to you. But, this is probably a bit emotional, so I think I will tell you what's going on in email so you can process it by yourself. Just come get me as soon as you've processed so we can really sit down and talk ok?

Oh, and also, if you think this is a terrible idea, I will one hundred percent turn it down. You are my priority. You and these tiny humans we love. If this can't work for our family, then it isn't going to happen. The. End.

Stop stalling Harry.

My meeting yesterday was with Kingsley, and the current Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards, Babajide Akingbade. He's from Africa, as you already know from the envelope. He graduated from Uagadou School of Magic, in what the Muggles know as Uganda. He's really quite brilliant. Professional while being kind, and just overall quite impressive.

Anyway, he um, well you see. Ok. While the African Wizarding world wasn't touched by the war the same way Britain was, they certainly have had some of their own issues. Akingbade has apparently been watching Britain from afar and he's really impressed by the changes that have been made since the end of the war. And the change he seems most focused on is the additions of Unity House and Traditions. He's seen too many in his world not get the education needed before they make their way to Uagadou, and a horrifying number hurt while still in the muggle world.

He wants me to come to Africa and build a school and an orphanage, possibly more than one depending on need, from the ground up. Kingsley had tried telling him that I would most likely be willing to help with designs or a time frame for what needs doing, but Akingbade insists that he wants me there, on site, from the initial decision until it's running smoothly enough for me to hand it over to an official manager.

I don't even know what to think or what to do. It would mean transplanting our whole life. It would mean figuring out a way to educate the kids from Africa. It would mean figuring out a way to visit our family from so far away. I just. It's so important. I could make such a huge difference to so many children. But at what cost? What do I do Draco? Can you just make the choice for me? Make it an order?

Whew, I am going to go run off the worry. Come find me, or send Muffy to come find me, when you're ready to talk.

I love you,
Harry

Saturday January 20
I just...
Wow!
I need a moment to process this...

Let me get this straight, the African version of the Minister for Magic wants YOU to up and move to Africa for as long as it takes to build a version of Unity House there from scratch. And naturally, you, knowing that it will take too long to just leave me and the kids behind while you do this, assume
that accepting the proposition will mean uprooting all of us.

Actually, this part I can get behind. It will be one part extended traveling holiday, and one part working together as a family. You already have experience interviewing and hiring qualified child care professionals and educators, and I have plenty of experience interviewing and hiring basically everyone else that would be involved in this process - such as a person who can successfully manage and maintain the business aspect of the place - the things that Tabitha tends to do for you.

Also, there will more than likely be initial fund raising that will be necessary, and we both have experience in that. So, my point in this is that I can clearly see and understand why I would be helpful and perhaps even necessary to you if you/we decide to do this.

When it comes to our kids, 4 of them should be no problems at all. They are simply too young to truly be traumatized if we up and move across the world, and initially, they may simply assume that it is another of our many trips that we are so fond of. Viona might show signs of missing her aunts and uncles once she's been away from them for a while, but since she has always been so fixated on me, and will more than likely be at my side (literally, probably on my hip in a carrier), she will most likely be just fine.

River is old enough to be a bit traumatized by this, but I have a feeling that so long as he can continue to share a bed with the rest of us, he will have the security and emotional stability to look upon this as a marvelous adventure. Thus, we have 5/6ths of our potential problems sorted before we even begin.

It's Elena that might be the deciding factor in all of this. She's very invested in both Unity House and Traditions. She as passionate as Hermione about her education and might fight us tooth and nail about being asked to leave her school and all her friends to go to a different continent for longer than a typical holiday. That said, she's ALSO very passionate about Unity House BECAUSE of how it helps so many Kids have a better life. For that reason, she might just get on board with this idea unexpectedly easily. I suppose we will have to talk to her about it to see what she has to say.

As for me, I have lived long enough to know for certain that Malfoy Manor will *always* be here for me. That it will not shatter into a million pieces if I decide to go away for several months at a time - otherwise going to Hogwarts would have been disastrous *years* ago! Thus, I have no need to fearfully cling to my home as the only place in the world for me. I know I can go out and help you spread your heart and soul around the world for a year - or even several years if it ends up taking that long - and still have a home to come back to when you're done.

But actually, right now is probably the best time to do this - provided that you have any interest at all in doing it, which I assume you do otherwise you would have simply said: "I received a request to go to Africa to set up a new Unity House, but the idea was so unimaginable to me that I refused on the spot, although they made me bring the packet of information home in the hopes that I would change my mind." Clearly, you didn't say that.

Instead, you said that I need to make this decision for you and make it an order, which tells me that you want to go but feel guilty about the damage it could do to our family, and so, you want me to order you to either stay (and thus keep our family exactly as it is and give you an excuse to not feel guilty about NOT helping new kids in Africa), OR order you to go so that if it ultimately leads to disaster for our wonderful little family, it won't be your fault. That makes it my fault, but I suppose that of the two of us, I have more experience dealing with bad decisions resulting in bad situations. I can handle this too.

So... after pacing my closet and stroking my Komboloi for at least an hour as I've read, reread, and mentally argued the possibility presented in your email, I've decided that I can and will make this
decision for you. You clearly want to go, and it will be beneficial for so many young lives that... I'm ordering you to go talk to YOUR Mind Healer to prepare yourself for this massive undertaking. Because as I was saying before I got on a tangent, this is the absolute best time to do this. We have a little over a year before Elena goes to Hogwarts, and that should be plenty of time to get Unity Africa up and running so that we can come home in time for her to catch the Hogwarts Express and get sorted into - Ravenclaw, more than likely.

Also, the experience will be invaluable to her in the long run if she's serious about running Unity House some day. She will be by your side as you literally build a new place from the ground up. She'll get to see all the necessary details about how it all works that she didn't get to see the first time, and she'll more than likely fall in love with (platonically) all the new Kids she'll get to meet along the way.

Seriously Harry, I've spent - close to two hours now - trying desperately to come up with ANY reason why this is not a good idea and we should decline, and the only thing I could come up with was there are a ton of enormous predators in Africa and we are TINY in our Animagus forms, but even that can be managed with magic, and so, we're in no danger of being eaten, so...

I'm going to sign off now and go hunt you down. I assume that you finished running a long time ago, but then again, you DO tend to run for hours when your mind is in turmoil, so maybe we can run together for a bit before having a sweaty shag on the snow covered grounds (brr! Maybe not), and then talk about this in a hopefully calm and rational manner. But at this point, I think the conversation won't really be about IF we should do this, but how in the bloody hell we're going to go about uprooting our lives to move to Africa. Please please please tell me that I get to break the news to my parents. I'm quite looking forward to keeping it a secret from them until the day we're leaving and I can wave at them before the Portkey (or however we decide to travel) takes off, and shout: "So, it seems we're moving to Africa for the foreseeable future! Don't know how long, but we'll see you when we get back!"

BUWAHAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAHAHAHA!

There is a star, waiting to guide us, shining inside us, when we close our eyes, Draco

P.S. Do you think we should consider taking Miles with us? I mean, obviously, he'll probably have plenty of support from the caregivers while we're gone, but - I dunno - I sort of feel like he has come to depend on us specifically to help him through this tumultuous time. After all, we both have probably the ONLY known recent experience with male pregnancy, and I might feel a bit guilty if we sort of abandoned him now.

P.P.S. I sincerely hope that Phillip will benefit from Oleg's teaching enough that he won't feel betrayed by my abandoning him too. Huh... Suddenly I can understand a bit better why you wanted me to make this decision for you, it's not really OUR family you're concerned about, it's your KIDS...
Chapter 340

Chapter Summary

So wait! We're really doing this?!?!

Monday January 22nd
Husband Mine,

So, we're doing this? We're really doing this? Wow. This is huge. So huge. I can't believe how well you know me. You know me better than I know myself. I really didn't know how I felt. I felt so torn, but I didn't even think that I was leaning one way or the other. But, as usual, you broke it down and knew exactly what I wanted and needed.

Oh Merlin, there's so much to do. We need to decide when to go, we need to find a place to rent? Buy? Build? We need to pack, but we certainly won't need as much of the gear we would usually wear for most of our seasons here in Britain.

Oh hell, we need to go on a massive shopping spree don't we? I suppose it's just as well that we love to shop.

And as far as telling people. I know darling, I think the idea of waving at your father while we portkey away would be hilarious. What I don't think would be nearly as funny would be your mum following shortly after and turning us into shoes. Maybe being slowly murdered by Narcissa would be your idea of a good time, but not really my own. Not to mention, this is not only going to be a huge adjustment for our children, but also for your siblings. I think giving them a bit of time to absorb the information might be better than popping off with no warning.

Also, there's no way I will be able to keep this from my family. You know Molly and Arthur are going to want one last sleepover with the kids before we go. I will have to take care of so much paperwork at Unity to get the ability to authorize everything put in Tabitha's name. We have to decide if we are going to hire a tutor from here to come with us or hire from there, and if we hire from here we'll have to do interviews and such before we leave.

And speaking of tutors. Have you gotten around to asking Miles yet if he wants to go with us? Or are you going to pop into Unity sometime today and we can talk to him together? Because if we bring Miles, it may be best to kill two birds with one stone and hire a tutor that has the knowledge to teach both Lainie and Miles. Again, depending on what Miles says and what he wants, he can either stay with us (either way he'd need to stay with us until the orphanage is built) or in Unity Africa (or whatever they name it) or in Traditions Africa (again, whatever they name it). But my fingers are crossed that he just stays with us.

But, your worries about Phillip feeling abandoned are probably not so much a concern. You see, when I got into my office today there was an official request for his adoption. I know what you're thinking; do the prospective parents know about his trauma? Will they be able to help him continue to heal? Will they be willing to bring him back to Unity for his mind healing therapy and for his Krav Maga therapy? Well, they've been doing a smashing job with Mac so far, so I have a feeling Phillip will fit right in. Yep! Apparently last night Mac went up to Angelina and asked "I thought it would be another week or so, but I am sick of waiting, can we go get my big brother soon?" So in case you
were wondering who was bugging us with an owl at "too damn early" o'clock, it was George letting me know what to expect.

I'm so thrilled Lainie didn't seem to be as pulled in opposite directions as I was. "Dads! Does this mean I will get to learn about and help with the creation of another Unity from the very beginning? This is going to be amazing!"

I didn't want to freak her out, but I also didn't want her to get completely excited just to drop later when she realized what it meant for her own education and friends she'd be leaving at Traditions. And when I tried to gently bring the subject up, I got some heavy Malfoy Diva Sass, "I'm not as much of a child as you think I am! First, I know you two would never allow me to be uneducated, I assume you already have a plan in place, if you don't I have some ideas. Second, we may be moving but Daddy Harry will never abandon Unity, so I can see them when we come back for regular visits. Third, it's not like I won't see them all the time when we all end up at Hogwarts together."

So that was that.

I'm going to assume you agree with me about not waiting until the last minute to tell everyone else. So when should we tell them and how? Individually? I have already told Tabitha, I spoke with her this morning, but as she's going to take over Unity she needed to be told sooner rather than later and won't tell anyone else until we make our announcement. And we obviously told Lainie, but she's been sworn to secrecy. So should we go house by house and tell everyone? Invite everyone for dinner tonight or tomorrow night? Or just tell them when they come for Viona's birthday party on Friday? I don't want to do it Wednesday on her actual birthday, so definitely not during movie night. Hmm.

And the big question remains, when do we leave? I don't want to just pack up and leave tomorrow, but I certainly don't want to draw this out unnecessarily long. Even waiting until the end of the school year would be too long. Ahhh, so many decisions!

Ok, I'm going to go challenge the Kids to a Park climb-off! Maybe that will turn my brain off for at least a few minutes.

Love,
Harry

P.S. Don't worry, my big bad fox will keep your cute little marmoset nice and safe from the scary animals!

Monday January 22nd
My partner in all things,

I think we should announce the news at Viona's party on Friday. That'll give us time to plan it out a bit so we can answer the multitude of questions that are sure to arise. And you're right, it'll give my siblings a chance to process this without too much trauma. The bonus being that my mother won't have to murder us both by turning us into shoes and then tossing us to Fluffy to use as chew toys.

I'm extremely glad to hear about Phillip being adopted by George and Angelina. I think they would be the perfect family for him, proving to him that not everyone in this world is just waiting to molest him the moment he lets his guard down. And Mac will probably be the best little brother for him imaginable.
I'm actually writing this email in the boys' dorm while I wait for Miles to come back from his lessons. I've decided that while the vast majority of the teachers hired to work in Unity Africa should definitely come from Africa so that they have an understanding of the culture and curriculum, it really would be prudent to hire the tutor for Elena here before we leave. She's going to need the continuity of learning the things she's already learning, especially if she wants to go to Hogwarts. I suppose she could always arrive there knowing nothing - like most other muggleborns - but having this solid foundation will probably make her feel more confident.

And actually, you know what will make ME feel better? Well, we're going to be more or less homeschooling her via a tutor while we're in Africa, so why not take advantage of the opportunity to control and guide her education by buying her her own wand before we leave and make sure that quite a bit of what she is learning there is defensive spells. I KNOW we probably won't have to worry, but if it ever DID come to it, I'd feel better knowing that she can defend herself from attackers and human traffickers.

Just a thought...

Oh, Miles just showed up, hang on a moment...

So... Miles has just about hugged me to death and practically made me deaf with his excited squealing. I made sure to stress several times that he will probably find it EVEN HARDER to be a pregnant boy in Africa, especially if he wants to be a girl part of the time. I'm really not trying to stereotype an entire Continent, but I just figured that we're going to be very obvious foreigners there, and that will be hard enough without all the rest of it. But Miles didn't let it deter him. He feels he's probably going to have a hard go of it no matter where he is, and at least with us, he has a chance at feeling normal and accepted when he's at home.

Which means that I will have to be very extra careful in hiring that tutor. He or she will need to be able to teach BOTH Miles and Elena, and thus, will need to have a good grasp of the NEWT levels for each subject.

Another thing that came up in my talk with Miles is that he feels a bit guilty. See, he took the potion and got up the duff on purpose, but he hadn't really intended to tell his boyfriend the truth unless he had to. He was just going to keep the pregnancy a secret forever - if possible - and then raise the baby on his own. He really feels that his boyfriend will feel like strangling him if he ever finds out. That said, Miles had promised to see him during holidays and at rituals if he could convince me to bring him with me, and so, he's now feeling rather guilty about agreeing to go to Africa with us and would like a chance to tell his boyfriend that in person. Thus, I'm going to sign off and bring him to Hogwarts for a bit since dinner is about to be served and he should be able to have said chat in the Great Hall.

That'll also give me a chance to talk to McGonagall about this whole thing. Rather than wait for her to find out along with or after everyone else, I want her to know that I will continue to work with the others to plan out and conduct rituals at Hogwarts. We've been doing most of the planning via Insta-owl anyway, and so, that part shouldn't change too much. I might simply have to plan for a portkey back here to rehearse on a regular basis, typically a week before each ritual. Actually, unless something time consuming or all around demanding is happening, it would be an excellent excuse for ALL of us to take a break and come back home for a few days once every month or so. Sort of the exact opposite of what we've been doing, haha.

Anyway, I've already put an advert in the Prophet for highly qualified tutors, and have set aside all of Thursday to interview them. I'd suggest that you set an appointment with Ministers Shackelbolt and Akingbade for Thursday as well - to let them know that we plan to accept. All of next week can
be devoted to you packing while I look for a house to buy in Uganda. And yes, I insist that we buy a
place, that way, we can modify it to fit our likes and needs and not have to worry about offending or
upsetting a landlord. Bonus! We'll always have a place to stay in later years when you want to come
back to see how things are doing and to attend the Galas they are more than likely going to have to
hold every year to raise funds for the necessary things, such as buying the Kids new clothes and
shoes and the like.

But as I said, I'm about to take Miles to Hogwarts for a bit. See you when we get back!

And I would be the one to hold you down, kiss you so hard, I'll take your breath away, and after I'd
wipe away the tears, just close your eyes dear,

Draco

P.S. Unless Akingbade has a different time in mind for a very good reason, I think we should plan to
leave after we've tied up all the loose strings here - such as hire that tutor - and have a house to move
to. So, say, two or three weeks? That should hopefully be long enough to fully prepare, but not so
long that we seem like we're procrastinating or reluctant to go.

P.P.S. Love you!
Wednesday January 24
Oh my love,

We have a two year old. An honest to goodness two year old. Can you believe that teeny tiny little pudgy cheeked baby who came into our lives is now this running, talking, sassy, strong, beautiful little girl? I have a hard time not falling back on my old habits and saying things like "have you ever seen a more perfect baby?" Seeing as we have six, it's decidedly less cute to say one in particular is perfect.

I don't have favorites between our children. I really don't. Or I have six favorites. They each have something about them that's my favorite, ya know? But Viona was our first. She turned us from a newlywed couple into a family. And now she's two! I know I stress about Lainie leaving for Hogwarts, but before we know it Viona will be headed there herself. Ready to become the Ice Princess of Slytherin. But she can't go anywhere because she's my itty bitty baby girl.

Ok, I'm fine, I'm calm, cool, and collected.

So things have been a bit crazy for the last few days since we've made the decision to accept Minister Akingbade's offer. We had movie night tonight on the Princess' actual birthday. I know it was a repeat, but I think it was only right to rewatch Mulan since it IS her very favorite movie. And I could listen to "Reflection" all day. I didn't want to call Miles out or anything, but I was watching him and he seemed a little shiny eyed when that was playing. I mean, "when will my reflection show who I am inside?"

But it was so hard sitting with all of these amazing Kids, and so many from our circle, and just acting like everything was normal and we're not going to be moving to another continent in two weeks! At this point there are only a handful of people who know besides us; Kingsley obviously and Lainie and Miles. Tabitha knows and I told Hermione for the same reason, she is the headmistress but everything at Traditions is still in my name so I had to transfer some legal paperwork to her. And I am pretty sure Mac knows just like he knows everything. He was practically in my lap tonight. And for a big kid who is only eight days away from his seventh birthday, that is saying something.

Phillip is going home in the morning. Our new nephew Phillip! See? You're not abandoning him, you're becoming his uncle! I'm so happy for the four of them. But we won't get to spend as much time with him as we have with our other nieces and nephews. Love, we are going to miss so much of their lives! How am I going to go so long without seeing my little loves? I know we'll see them when we come back for rituals, and birthdays, and naming ceremonies, and the occasional random visit. Ok, ok, we'll be fine, we'll make an effort to see them. And when you pick out our new house make sure it has enough rooms for guests ok? I want people to know they can come visit and stay for a few days since it won't be just a quick floo home.

Oh! Speaking of our new home. I have a few requests. First of all, with all of our discussions and planning I think I forgot to mention, Uagadou is in Uganda, but that isn't where the new orphanage is
going to be located. Akingbade and I spoke on Tuesday and he mentioned that due to weather, population density, and seeing as the family he's hiring is a same sex marriage, we'll be setting up shop in South Africa. Secondly, as I mentioned before I would like it to include guest bedrooms. I'd also like a giant kitchen for the same reason, I want to be able to continue circle dinners and maybe host the occasional get together and I want a space big enough for all of our loved ones to join us. Third, I am a spoiled man and I want a playroom!

I feel like this email to you is just a to-do list at this point. But we also need to make sure to figure out what we should do about Mr. Lott. Do we see if he's interested in following us to Africa? Do we keep him on call and just have him come pick us up when we want to fly somewhere? Should we give the jet to your parents and just see if we can find a similar jet and situation when we get down there?

I absolutely think we could get Elena her wand before we leave. I definitely want the experience of taking her to Ollivander's. But, I just found out something really cool about the African Wizarding culture. Did you know they actually rarely use wands and learn to channel their magic with hand movements and gestures? I definitely want her to get her education the way Traditions does it so that she is prepared for Hogwarts, but won't it be cool if she also learns a bit of the local magical education and can also learn some wandless spells?

I have to be completely honest with you. For once I am wide awake while you are sound asleep. And it's because I may be having a complete and utter emotional meltdown. Don't worry, I have an appointment with my therapist tomorrow while you're at your interviews, so I will be able to get a lot of this settled or out of my system. But between planning for the move and my baby turning two, I have been so up and down with my moods. You'd think I was having pregnancy mood swings!

Except I'm not. And that's actually one of the things I have to be honest about. So. Um. Ok. I've been having intense baby fever lately. Maybe it's because Viona's birthday was coming up, which means the almost triplets' birthdays aren't that far off. And then before you know it they've all grown and left us. And add to that the amount of teeny tiny sweet babies I've been holding lately? My uterus that doesn't even exist anymore is throbbing.

Obviously we have a gazillion kids. And with this upcoming move, I wouldn't even dream of getting pregnant right now. Don't worry, I'm not going to pull a Miles! And I'm pretty sure I won't pull a Harry either. I will do my best! But once we are settled and calmed down and in our new home. I think maybe I'm ready to start the negotiations, or discussions if you want to be a grown up about it, to see when we'll both be ready for maybe one more?

Alright, I am going to try to get some sleep. Worst case scenario I climb into bed with you all and just stare at my gorgeous family while they sleep. I've spent more time on worse actions.

I love you with everything that I am,
Harry

P.S. Good luck on your interviews tomorrow! Or today I suppose by the time you read this.

Thursday January 25
Salazar's saggy tits!

Do you have any idea how many people I thought would respond to this advert: Hiring: One person to teach NEWT level subjects to one student, and basic defense and first year magic to another student. MUST be willing to relocate to Africa for several months! ??
I honestly thought I'd be lucky if ONE person responded, and if there happened to be two to choose from, then I could at least base my decision on who would be more supportive to Miles. But - as the last OH... 6? hours has proven - I just had to sort through so many applicants for the position that I honestly lost count of how many at some point. Ugh, my brain feels like mush...

So, here's the thing, since I *always* bring Viona with to things like this, I thought to myself: "Well, I should probably bring Elena - after all, this effects her life the most. And wait, I should probably also bring Miles, if he wants to come." So when River insisted that he should be allowed to come as well, I couldn't think of a reason why he shouldn't.

Which means that I had Miles, Elena, River, and Viona with me as I conducted the never ending interviews. To my surprise, Miles and Elena both took a very active role in the process, catching onto the questions I asked each applicant and taking over when allowed. River watched and listened, but also kept himself occupied by drawing an impressive picture of a dragon - considering his age - and coloring it in with many shades of his favorite colors of blue and gold. The boy definitely has taste and takes after me in this.

As for Viona, she - as usual - sat on my lap and nibbled on snacks as she liked while watching the proceedings. Also as usual, she was mostly silent, but on occasion, she'd take one look at a person and say: "No! Buh-bye!" I was not surprised, but both Elena and Miles were shocked when those applicants very quickly failed the interview and were dismissed.

And do you know, after ALL of that, Elena and Miles both fell in love with the LAST applicant. At that point, I might well have chosen her even if she was illiterate and had no idea what a potion was. That said, she's actually brilliant. She spent her life homeschooling her five sons and three daughters - the right way, as opposed to all the kids we've had to remove from their homes for neglect and the like with homeschooling used as a cover for bad parenting. Now that her youngest child is all grown up and living on her own, Saoirse (pronounced seer-sha) is looking forward to a bit of adventure.

Best of all, I didn't even have to ask, she came prepared with samples of her teaching style and how she tailors it to each child's wants and needs. Also, she has experience teaching children of different ages and levels. All in all, she really was the best candidate and I'm beyond relieved that the Kids thought so too. River naturally tried to chat her ear off, and Viona offered to share her caviar!

As a bonus, Saoirse's husband Rhys is retired and able to travel with her, and so, will be on hand to help out in any way we need. Sort of like a handyman.

Speaking of handymen, Greg told me last night that he overheard you muttering to yourself about having to find a crew of builders, and was deeply offended that you didn't automatically come to him. I explained to him about Africa and having to move there for several months - at the very least. He said that it works out for him since he recently split from Maya and would like a bit of space for a little while. He also told me that he's been working with Millie in his shop (that he understands will have to close down while he's gone) and feels that she has the skills necessary to be a big help should she agree to come to Africa with us. I gave him the go ahead to talk to her about it.

Anyway, after officially hiring Saoirse and Rhys, I took the Kids to Café Exquis for dinner, and then brought them with me to my appointment with Neil. Elena and River were delighted to see Neil again so soon, and were even more ecstatic when they learned that I was going to have dragon versions of them on my body. River held up his drawing proudly, and it took Neil about 15 minutes to turn the somewhat childish drawing into an amazing work of art that River just loved. He even kept the blue and gold theme, which I appreciate.

Meanwhile, Elena drew up and discarded several prototypes before deciding on a red, black, and gold dragon that had a definite feminine quality to it. It sort of reminded me of a flamenco dancer -
which is definitely appropriate. Neil took that and refined it a bit so that it would fit in with the style of the Opaleye that represents you and the dragon he and River had already created. After much discussion, I told him that the only reason I wasn't certain where I wanted them was that I wanted them to be able to fly on my back with your dragon, but that I also wanted them on my arms so that I could show them off.

So, we settled on having the first two on the front part of my shoulders with one of the spells that will allow them to move around on my body have the specific parameters that they can roam onto my back. Later on, when I add Viona and the almost triplets, they'll be on my biceps and forearms, and will also be spelled to allowed them to fly onto my back to play with the others.

Which means that I now have two gorgeous additions to my body.

I find it funny that Viona saw the look of mild pain on my face and simply pet my hair comforting (while Elena and River were tattooing oranges again), but MILES looked ready to faint at any moment, hahahaha! I don't think he'll be getting one of his own any time soon.

While Neil worked - once I'd gotten into the pain to the point that I could carry on a normal conversation - I used my crystal mobile to call up Mr. Lott. THANK YOU so much for reminding me about him, because I'd quite forgotten him in the excitement. I told him about the initial flight to South Africa, of course, but then asked him what he would prefer - to stay there with us as we will more than likely need him quite a bit - or to stay here and come get us whenever we need him. So far, he says he'll have to think it over. Chances are that he'll be called on to fly our circle there whenever we want to host a dinner, and so, it probably won't make a difference where he stays since he'll have to fly back and forth between the continents frequently anyway.

So, just when I think everything is sorted for the moment, Neil's daughter pops into the room. "You're going to Africa??! Sweet! Can I come with?!

Er... Well, she *IS* 18, but still, this isn't a pleasure trip where we can just bring everyone we know for the hell of it. Perhaps she sensed my reluctance because she didn't really give me a chance to respond before pressing on.

"I've been wanting to go to Africa for years now! There's a place where I can study various traditional tribal tattooing techniques and I've been saving up to go for AGES now! If I could bum a ride from you lot since you're going anyway, it would save me a lot of money and light a fire under my arse so that I stop faffing about and actually go through with it."

"Erm... well... I'm not sure I'm comfortable with the idea of bringing a young woman to Africa and then just letting her loose on her own. And it's not a sexist thing! I wouldn't feel comfortable bringing ANYONE and then just abandoning them to their chances. What if they disappeared without a trace? I'd feel personally responsible for murder or worse!" I told her.

She sighed in disappointment, but then nodded in understanding. "Look, I get it. The world is a crazy place where things happen, but this is something I'm planning to do anyway. If anything WERE to happen to me, it's not your fault or responsibility. That said, I'm confident that I can protect myself!"

"Cordy!" Her father chided. "It's not a good idea to pester a paying customer."

She glared at him darkly. "I TOLD YOU that I want to be called Delia now!"

He sighed that sigh I now recognize as universal to all parents with willful children. "What's wrong with Cordy? I think it's cute."
"Exactly! It's *cute,*" she sneered in disgust. "Whereas Delia is sexy! And actually, Cordelia is sort of old fashioned and dignified, so I wouldn't mind that either, but Cordy makes me sound like boy-like GORDY!"

Neil rolled his eyes and shook his head. "I'd tell you not to have daughters, Mr. Malfoy, but it seems to be too late for that."

I chuckled softly, mindful not to move and jostle his work.

"Daddy..." Elena purred, making me immediately suspicious.

"Yes, my love?"

"If I wanted to go study dancing in Spain after I graduate Hogwarts, would you tell me no?"

I narrowed my eyes at her, already clearly seeing the trap. "It's not the same thing at all!"

"Why?" She wondered with an overly innocent expression.

"Because your father and I could go with you and stay with you until we were certain that you were safe and happy," I explained.

"Yeah but - if I was already 18 - then what if I decided to just book a ticket on a muggle plane and go there all by myself?" Elena pressed.

I raised a brow in challenge. "I'm confused; did you want me to PAY for this dance school?"

She rolled her eyes. "That's not the point. The point is that if I was 18 and it's what I want, then you couldn't really stop me. Why is it any different for Delia? At least this way, she has us to come to if she needs any help."

"Fine, I'll talk to your father and see what he has to say about it," I grumbled.

"That's nearly a yes," Elena informed Delia a bit smugly.

Delia grinned at me. "I won't be any problems at all, you'll see. The only thing I absolutely HAVE to bring with me is my familiar - a snake named Ekans. But even though she's venomous, I can guarantee that she won't bite and will even be willing to lock her up for the duration of the flight if you're worried about it."

"There!" Elena stated as if this solved all our problems. "If Delia has a venomous snake, she has built in protection and you don't have to worry about her so much!"

I gave her a questioning look. "Why are you so passionate about this?"

"Because I'm surrounded by kids who have almost nothing, and no guarantee that they'll ever have a family, and even then, no guarantee that their family will be able to give them the things they need to be themselves. OF COURSE I want to help *anyone* when all they really want is something so simple as a ride so that they can take advantage of an opportunity to follow their dreams."

Elena and I stared in silence at each other for a long moment before I sighed. So... guess what? We now have at least one extra passenger coming with us to Africa. We also have a daughter that's extremely hard to argue with!

In any case, Tomorrow's the big day - when we announce our plans to our circle, but I'll actually be shocked if they don't already know. Hermione almost certainly told Ron and Blaise. Ron almost
certainly told his parents, and probably George. Luna probably already knew - just like Mac knew - and may have heard it from Tabitha. Greg was given permission to tell Millie, and so either she or Blaise will more than likely tell Pansy, and Pansy might even call and talk to my mother about it. So yeah, I anticipate that we're going to be inundated with demands to know the truth before we can even make the announcement.

Oh CRAP! I just realized that I had BETTER make something we can sell (my company that is) before I leave, or else Theo might just follow us so that he can murder me in my sleep! Er... if you wake up and I haven't come to bed yet, I'm probably in the study working on that memory camera. The good news is that I've done all the research I needed and am actually really close to a breakthrough already. Hopefully this will be the big push I need to get it done.

Love you!
Draco
Chapter 342

Chapter Summary

Draco needs to clone Tabitha!

Saturday January 27th
My beloved Husband,

Before I go on and on about not only our baby girl's birthday party, but the emotional upheaval from our announcement, I have something very important but unrelated to say. Holy hell Malfoy, your new tattoos are so hot. I want to bite every inch of you. Neil is truly an artist, to heck with bringing anyone else, let's drag him to Africa and force him to be our personal tattoo-ist … tattoo-er? He managed to make them just so perfectly fit with Lainie's and River's personalities, but keep true to the original design and make it a cohesive little family of dragons.

I can't wait to meet Saoirse and Rhys. She sounds fantastic. And even though we are only really hiring her to teach Miles and Lainie, and River if we're there long enough, I suppose, since he would be starting at Traditions in September -- Or I guess she could teach him anyway. Who cares about actual age, if he's interested in learning, I say we let him know the option is available. What was I saying? Oh yeah, it's nice to know that even though she's technically being hired to teach two, maybe three, children, as a mother of eight, she's not going to get scared off by living around our tiny circus. I will just go out on a limb here and ask: is she stern enough to command a tiny army, while actually being kind and patient? Just guessing she is, based on my own history of strong women who raised many children.

I'm sorry the applicant screening process was so arduous, but I suppose having too many applicants to count is better than having to hire someone you're not happy with just because they're the only option available. Sounds like she's overqualified and excited for an adventure. Strong as hell women are my favorite!

Break my heart why don't you?! I can't believe Greg thought I would choose someone else to build something for me if I didn't have to. Once we made our announcement I was actually planning on trying to butter him up and bribe him into coming with us, at least for the initial planning phase. I mean, Unity and Traditions wouldn't exist if it weren't for his brilliant designs. I never had to say anything like "I want two slides, a climbing wall, three swings, and a dollhouse" I just had to tell him the Kids needed an outdoor space to play and he was off and running. Feeling guilty that I hurt his feelings was definitely on my radar when I read your email, but it was fairly overshadowed by the relief at knowing he's in this with us! And if he thinks Millie will be an asset in the building process? I trust him. He could request an entire building crew handpicked by him and I'd just say ok and sign the cheque.

I never really got to know Millie very well, so I'm looking forward to getting to know her. You know me, I find something I like and stick with it forever more. Meet a boy when I'm 11? Insta-best mate. Almost get murdered by a troll together? Okay beautiful brown eyed girl, you can join the pack. Realize boys are pretty by looking at fit blonde? Marry him. Anyway, where I was going with that line of thought is I feel like I met Greg, Blaise, and Pansy and decided those were your friends, thus my adopted Slytherins, and stopped there. The few times we've spent time with Millie, she has
seemed lovely and I feel badly that I haven't made more of an effort to include her. So now I have no excuse and I plan on adding her to my collection.

You know the collection I mean, the "Harry loves you and now you're stuck with him forever" collection.

Oh darling, do you think this is brand new information to me that we have a daughter that is impossible to argue with? The only thing really wrong with that statement is that I find we have multiple daughters that are impossible to argue with. Did you know that if your child is two and you want them to wear something specific, or go without their lotions in a specific order, that you can just tell them "no"? Yeah, neither did I. I want to raise strong, independent, outspoken women .... but could they just wait to do it until I'm done raising them? Sigh, I didn't think so.

Oh poor us, our daughter is unbelievably passionate about using her extensive gifts to benefit people who have less than she does. Parenting is the worst.

So, tell me if I have our travel team right. We have our fearless Pilot Mr. Lott, our "little" family of eight, then Miles, Kingsley, Greg, Millie, Saoirse, Rhys, Delia, Dibly, Muffy, Aster, Anise, and Zinna. Oh and possibly Theo if you don't come up with a new invention, but that will just be as a stowaway in an effort to murder you. Well, the flight certainly won't be boring!

Can you believe I got through the birthday party and the announcement without crying? No? That's because I bawled like a baby. Surprisingly, all of the people who knew beforehand seemed to have kept it to themselves. I would like to put it down to keeping our secrets, but I think what it really came down to was no one wanted to end up being shot as messenger. Draco accidentally "announces" he's pregnant with Eris during a Hogwarts ritual? Let's tell everyone, that's fun news. You want me to tell Narcissa what? Yeah, no thanks, I enjoy the whole breathing thing I have going on.

Once we assured everyone that it wasn't going to be forever, that we were planning on visiting often, that we were intentionally going to have our home large enough to accommodate guests, things seemed to calm down. Molly spent most of the evening sniffing, but also puffed up with pride that her sons were being sought out by foreign ministers of magic for their expertise. I do think we should double and triple check before the flight takes off that she hasn't smuggled any of our babies into her purse.

I know he's getting too big for it, but I carried Teddy around for most of the evening. He's just my little buddy ya know? I may not be his dad, but he was my first kid. I spoke with Andi for a bit, and by spoke to I mean I soaked through her robes, and she's willing to let Teddy come for an extended visit once we're settled in. Think of it, we can have him for three weeks straight!

Hermione and Ron (and Blaise will follow I'm assuming) promised to bring Roddy and Bee to visit once we have the school at least built. 'Mione assures me she would be thrilled to help me interview for the Headmistress/master position as well as professors. While I do think she's interested in that, seeing as she offered it after I had leaked on Bee's curls, I assume it's mostly for my benefit. Oh well, I'll take it!

Weren't Mac and Phillip adorable? Mac might be four years younger, but Phil is the new kid in the family. So Mac spent his entire evening making sure his big brother was having a good time and feeling included. And I thought having Mac healed up our George, but the smile on his face when he saw his boys spending time with each other surrounded by family? Ugh, it was just everything ya know?

Your parents seemed just fine with the whole thing. So maybe someone did spill to Narcissa. Or they
know that between my emotional attachment to their kids as well as my Kids, and their ability to jetset wherever they'd like at a moment's notice, that they will see us quite a bit. And perhaps absence will make the heart grow fonder. The manor is big enough that we weren't ever stepping on each other's toes, but I think it will be nice for them to have some time with just their little ones.

And our sweet Viona! She was certainly the star of the show. It WAS her birthday party, so it only makes sense, but she was certainly holding court. But even with being a spoiled little princess, she was so sweet making sure to say her thank you's after each present she opened. And she made sure everyone got a piece of cake before she sat down with hers. She even tried dragging Haz into the little tent Greg made her so she could read him the books Hermione got her. He almost ended up with legs full of rugburn, but it's the thought that counts!

While the party was certainly emotional and reminded me of everything I'm going to miss, I have to say that I feel so much better about our travels because of it. That many people rooting for us? Offering help in the ways they can? Believing in us? How could we possibly fall when we have so many people holding us up? We have the most amazing family in the world. And I am the luckiest man alive to get to share them with you.

I'm off to run off my feelings, hopefully you're still warm and cozy, snuggled up in bed when I'm done.

You fill all of my empty spaces with sunshine,

Harry

P.S. Ah! I almost forgot! As long as our house is ready by then, well be leaving two weeks from today. That will give us a few days to get settled before I start working on Monday 12 February.

Sunday, January 28th
Liebchen,

Once again, I have to apologize to you. You'd done an excellent job waking me up, and afterwards when we were laying tangled up in the aftermath of a brilliant orgasm or two, I lazily started thinking of all the things we needed to get done before leaving for Africa. And that led to thinking of all the things that we'd need to do once we get there. And THAT led to me thinking about all the things that I would still need to do HERE once we were gone - such as help teach rituals.

So, I think I very quickly reached a state of panic. I pushed you off me and more than likely babbled incoherently as I leapt out of bed and rushed to the closet to get ready. I didn't even take a shower! I just threw on my favorite black wool trousers, a white button up, and my favorite ornate blue waistcoat, and then rushed off

You see, it occurred to me that Tabitha is going to stay here to run Unity House for us while we're starting a new one from scratch in South Africa. Thus, we're not going to have a Tabitha! We're going to NEED a Tabitha!

So, as I rushed off to make use of that room I've permanently rented at the Leaky, I sent out emails and Insta-owls to everyone I've ever networked with - such as those squibs I interviewed - to ask if they needed or wanted a job and would they mind moving to South Africa. Specifically, I sent out requests to those that I noted as being excellent potential Secretaries.

The reason I have to apologize is that as I was rushing about in a bit of a panic, you were trying to ask me what was going on, but I'm certain I wasn't any more coherent than: "Tabitha! We need to clone her!"
Understandably, you were probably confused and alarmed, and wondering if you should be panicking too. I hate if you had even a moment of genuine panic, as that was not my intent. I'm seriously sorry for not calming down long enough to explain it to you.

Anyway, once I got to the Leaky, I had to wait a good 20 or 30 minutes for the first person to show up. I didn't have Viona with me since I rushed off and she was off playing with her Aunts and Uncles - and Teddy. So, I decided that it was the perfect time to work on my Memory Camera.

I know I've probably babbled your ear off about it at all stages of development, but in case you weren't paying attention, here's a quick rundown of what I did: First, I studied the spells and current technology for making and using a Pensieve. Pansy had done the same from Russia and sent me notes of her thoughts - which did actually help me see things from a different perspective. We had also obtained a plain muggle camera each and taken them apart to see how they worked. It turns out that the actual process of turning photos into wizarding photos is a potion that the film is developed in. So, we studied that too.

At the end of my being held for possible murder, I learned about a sort of Pensieve that could PROJECT the memories, and so I got a hold of and studied the technology behind that as well. All of this has come together in a fairly cohesive expertise on the subject of preserving and viewing memories - even though Pansy had to stop helping once she had Pearl.

There were two ways I could go with this: The easier method would be to mass produce the Pensieve Projector and use it with a regular camera to take pictures of the memories as much as desired. The LESS easy (I.E. much harder) method is to make a device that can read and process the memory into pictures and videos. Well, it just so happens that the hard way made more sense for me - as a viable product. Think about it, would you rather have to buy TWO devices to take one picture, or just ONE device?

Yeah, I thought so. Me too. So, I created a little magical machine that can hold photo paper and a specific potion. When someone wants to create a photo from a memory, all they have to do is very carefully select that exact part of their memory, extract it in the normal way with their wand, and then put it in the intake tube of the machine. The potion will process the memory and print it onto the photo paper. If the memory is a few seconds long, the photo will turn out like a wizarding photo - meaning that it will loop that part forever. If it is an exact still, it will obviously be more like a muggle photo. And if it's a LOT of memory, I suppose that the paper will be a bit like a portable video player for that specific memory.

By the time the first person had arrived to discuss the job I need filled, I'd astonishingly forgotten about my panic and the job itself. Instead, I had JUST finished testing that the machine works by feeding it a memory of you holding Orion shortly after his birth and looking nearly drunk with love. The first applicant walked in to find me positively giddy with glee. I swept him into an impromptu dance and showed off my new memory photo.

He was understandably fascinated by the concept, and immediately volunteered to provide a memory for further testing. About an hour later, I had all the applicants assembled and we were having a bit of a party as everyone was delighted to help me test my machine - AND IT WORKS!!!! It works so beautifully!

Then, someone informed me that they were confused, because didn't I ask them there for a job offer? OH! Right...

So, I had them all sit around the room comfortably while I told them about our impending move to South Africa and how I specifically - but almost certainly you as well - were going to need someone who could keep track of our schedule for us, and more than likely call Mr. Lott on a regular basis to
arrange for our flights and that of our circle when they plan to come visit. Considering that I have Quarterly business meetings to attend AND Rituals to teach, I was certain I'd need a full time assistant right there, but then add in all the little things we're going to need to keep straight once we get to Africa and start on all the work that needs to be done, well, I'm certain this person is going to be kept extremely busy.

Everyone who realized that I meant this to be a long term (at least relatively) job, rather than a quick week or three, and couldn't conceivably do that, gracefully declined and wished us luck. That left me with only three people who could and would move to Africa for the foreseeable future with us. My first tendency was to choose the good looking man in his thirties who was rather flirtatious. I figured that he would get along with us rather well, until I realized that he kept making hints that implied that he wouldn't mind proving to me by the end of the job that he was worth dropping everything for to run away with.

Yeah... no thanks! I don't mind possibly playing with a bloke from time to time, but there's no way in hell I'm going to subject myself to the regular over the top attempts to woo me that it would take to accomplish his goals - especially since his goals are impossible to accomplish and would simply annoy the fuck out of me. So, I said thanks but no thanks and sent him home.

This left two women. One of the two seemed more qualified in every way, but she ALSO seemed far stricter and rigid in her core personality. The type that if I ask her to book me a flight to Hogwarts for the weekend, will not only book the flight but pack my bags according to what she thinks I ought to wear, plan my itinerary down to the second of what I should do on the flight, and even go so far as to approve the food and drinks I would consume during the flight!

Now, that might sound perfect for someone who NEEDS that level of detail attended to because they are far too busy with other things, but not me. I need someone who can keep track of my schedule, book things as necessary, and remind me of what needs to be done like a nagging fishwife, but NOT plan everything for me.

So, I went with the other choice. Unfortunately, she's just out of Hogwarts last June, and even though she's of age in the Wizarding World, I decided that it would be best to speak to her parents anyway. Get their blessings to take their young and painfully - excruciatingly - cheerful and energetic daughter to the opposite side of the globe - almost literally. Long story short, she got permission, blessings, and even a bit of pocket money to tide her over until her first pay packet.

I have a feeling that she and Delia will get along like a house on fire, haha. Which is probably a good thing, since they will be able to keep each other occupied. Also, both of them can be a bit like big sisters to Elena. And Miles too, I suppose. But I might seriously have to buy a muzzle for Pippa! When given even half an opportunity, she chatters on and on and on and on and on and - you get the point! I can barely get a word in edgewise!

That said, I have a feeling that she will grow blessedly silent when you're around. I'm quite looking forward to it, ahahahaha!

You mean the world to me, you are my everything, I swear the only thing that matters, matters to me, Draco

P.S. Via use of the internet and my Crystal Mobile, I was able to contact a Realtor in South Africa to help me find a house and a general location to build the new Unity House. As it turns out, for several good reasons - such as location, density of English speakers, availability of housing/property, etc - our best bet is a city on the southwest coast of South Africa called Cape Town. Just like London, it's broken down into several Suburbs or Boroughs. He's going to focus his search in areas likely to have the big house we want, such as Hout Bay, Simon's Town, Milnerton, Fish Hoek, and Goodwood.
P.P.S. Despite being at the Southernmost part of Africa, and so the opposite seasons as we are used to, Cape Town Winters are fairly mild. They're currently in summer headed into Autumn, while we're in Winter headed into Spring. Even so, the average low temp for winter is 7 degrees C (44.6F), and so, not usually cold enough to get snow. More like chilly than truly cold, so, I'm looking forward to seeing what it would be like to live in a place that very rarely gets snow. Plus, it's right on the coast, and so, there's BOUND to be plenty of fun things to do if we ever have a bit of spare time, haha!

P.P.P.S. Why is the Minister for Magic going with us???

P.P.P.P.S. It seems my parents and your parents decided to team up again. They're determined to take all the kids except for Elena - who has school after all - on a trip of some sort to spend a few days with them before we leave. And so, as much as I wanted to argue, I decided to cave in and let them plan something out because we're probably going to need that time to pack and tie up loose strings. Besides, it's nearly impossible to say no to my mother and your mother when they're both staring me down rather firmly.
Thursday February 1st
My Draco,

Time is flying by, we are leaving in less than a week. I swear when you said two or three weeks, I thought "that'll be plenty of time" well it is NOT. I feel like I'm dying or leaving forever with my attitude. I want to do everything "one last time." And I'm getting emotional over nonsense. I don't feel like "this is the last time I will fill out the weekly expense account" is something I should be all that upset over.

But last night being our very last movie night? That was a tearjerker. We rounded it off where we started. Just a little repeat of The Wizard of Oz. Do you remember the first time we watched it? We didn't even know Movie Night was going to become a tradition. We had just met Lainie three days earlier. And it was the day after we got Viona. And the following days entailed Lainie directing all of the Kids to recreate the movie.

Look how far we've come in nineteen months. Our first movie night was just you and me and a baby Viona who we didn't know was ours. Our last one (for now, I can't imagine how distraught I would be if I knew we would never go to another movie night) included us not really getting to watch very much of the movie at all because the few times we weren't chasing the babies who were crawling or walking all over the place was filled with Viona and River talking about the movie nonstop. Although listening to Lainie sing along with 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow" was hauntingly beautiful. If she decides not to run Unity when she grows up, she could probably make a living with her music. Maybe I'm a bit biased as her Daddy, but she's one of the best musicians I've ever heard in my life.

A week from right now we should be settling into our new house. Have you had any success yet in finding the perfect place for us? Ooh, are there any houses available with pools? I want a pool! Ok, I don't need a pool. But if there is one that covers all of our other needs and is within our budget and in the right location AND it has a pool? That would be awesome.

Have you managed to get things set with the Memory Camera this week? I know you had the invention aspect of it done (because you're freakishly clever and the most amazing wizard to have ever existed) but did you figure out production, cost, price and marketing? You know, all that business nonsense I let you deal with while I do the fun part of owning businesses. It doesn't truly
matter to me except how accomplished it makes you feel. Oh, and the whole not wanting you to be murdered by Theo. Besides, our flight is getting a bit full even without stowaways. We had our previous list and now we've added Pippa. Who knows who you'll be adding next!

We're not taking Oleg! You got him for Unity House! Don't even think about it. He seems to really be settling in well, and the Kids already adore him. I know you made no mention of taking him with us, I just know how your mind works and I thought that was going to be the next suggestion.

Well, yeah, Kingsley is coming with us. He's actually using this whole situation to his political advantage. Don't worry, he's not trying to Malfoy the thing, but he's using the hand that's already been extended as an excuse to keep up more international cooperation. It's all well and good to hold things like a murderous Tri-Wizard Tournament (no, it is not all well and good and that thing should not have happened!) but why do we only have relations with our closest neighbors? There's a big wide world of Wizards out there, and it can't hurt to find allies throughout the world.

But despite him wanting to go for political reasons, he also thoroughly likes us as friends. He DID officiate our wedding if you'll remember. I have seen him in his footie pajamas. He wore our daughter when he cheered me on at my marathon. I mean, he's heard us shagging for crying out loud. He could take a portkey I suppose, but why not travel with people he likes?

Also, I think he has a bit of a crush on Minister Akingbade's personal assistant. Who isn't coming with us or anything, but we will be communicating with regularly as we travel to our new home. Don't say anything! I don't think Kingsley himself knows, but I am very observant when it concerns crushes that don't include me on either side of them.

Oh! While we're trapped on the plane for hours and hours with Kingsley I have a bit of an idea. See you mentioned during your description of coming up with the Memory Camera that you got part of the idea from the pensieve projector. Which they use in the Auror department right? Well, what if you were able to "sell" these to the ministry for use in the DMLE. Imagine if instead of having to pause the projection or keep going in and out of a memory, they could print a photo and be able to analyze it without having to have the projector on hand. I just think that your invention could be super helpful for them and profitable for you.

So the kids just took off with their Grandparents for their trip. I know I used to rage about how spoiled you were, but it's certainly come in handy so many times that there's a Malfoy Villa pretty much anywhere we'd like to travel.

I know we have a lot to accomplish in the upcoming days. But seeing as we have the entire Manor to ourselves, no kids, no parents, no brothers and sisters … we could do anything we'd like. And I know I know, it's not like we've let much stop us. But if this is my last chance I am going to take advantage.

Hope you're ready to be taken hard over the breakfast table!

Love,
Harry

Thursday February 1st
Bloody buggering hell!

When you said you were going to take me over the breakfast table, I thought a quick and pleasant diversion from our packing. Salazar was I ever wrong! You lay me out and covered me in dribs and
warm chocolate so that you could lick them up and make me completely forget how to breathe. Then - while I was still half covered in scrumptious chocolate, you kept your promise of taking me hard and fuck! I don't think I will EVER forget the delights we created on that table!

But speaking of things I've forgotten, when did Shacklebolt hear us shagging?

After we were thoroughly sated, we were positively STARVING! So, you disappeared into the kitchen to make us some sandwiches and bowls of fruit. After a minute or five, Muffy popped up with my Crystal Mobile to let me know I had a call. It was the Realtor in Cape Town calling to let me know he had the perfect place for us. It's a main house with 4 total bedrooms but it has a guest house and a couple of staff flats for a total of 10 bedrooms and 8 full bathrooms with a partial bathroom tucked in there somewhere.

And yes, it has a pool.

It costs 29 million 500 thousand South African Rand - which is about a million and a half British muggle Pounds, or about 300,000 Galleons - and so, well within our budget. He's going to fax the paperwork to your hybrid post office, and once we sign the paperwork and send it back along with a voucher from Gringott's for the appropriate amount of money, the house will be officially ours.

To celebrate, I'm going to come hunt you down in the kitchen and give you a hungry kiss. But first, I have to find that blasted place! Which reminds me, I cannot figure out why you insist I've been in there with you so often when I've never been in there in my life. So I asked Muffy if she knows why you think that and she just told me something quite shocking.

It seems that there's a centuries old spell on the kitchen that is intended to deter and repel the Master of the Manor and his Heir from involving themselves in anything so mundane as cooking. Thus, it does not matter how many times my father or I physically go into the kitchen, we will not remember doing so, nor will we remember where in the Merlin cursed hell it actually is.

That explains everything!

Oh! Looks like you're on your way back and so the point is moot. I can just kiss you while your hands are full of bowls and plates, buwahahahaha!

It's not where you come from, it's where you belong, nothing I would change, I wouldn't have it any other way, you're surrounded by love and you're wanted, so never feel alone, you are home with me, right where you belong.

Draco

P.S. I wonder if we have time to shag again or if we should get back to helping Muffy pack since she's the only elf that didn't go with my parents and the kids.

Chapter End Notes

So Harry makes mention of Kingsley overhearing them shag at some point, but Chrissie wasn't able to work the explanation into the story. Apparently this was a while back. He firecalled Harry to talk about something important and quickly realized that it was NOT a good time, lol ^_^
Chapter 344

Chapter Summary

It's time for our boys to say goodbye and leave for Africa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday February 10th 2001

Oi Malfoy!

If I thought this past week has flown by, it's nothing compared to how the minutes are creeping along right now. You are off making sure everything on our last-minute checklist is being completed. Overseeing the packing process like the aristocrat who was born to rule that you are. I was going to come help you, and hope you'll forgive me for not following through. I thought I would sit in our bedroom and have a good cry so I'm ready to face the trip with dry eyes and hope.

You asked me a few days ago to see to packing up our wall of pictures. I tried Draco, I really did. I sat a box in the middle of our bed. I had my wand at the ready to cast the cushioning charms and eventually a lightening charm on the boxes. Instead I pulled down our wedding picture and cried. We fell in love, got married, and came home to this room. We slept in this bed. We created lives in this bed. Nope, I absolutely could not start with our wedding photos.

I thought I should probably start with some of the photos that were a little less emotional. But every way I turned, they all held a piece of the lives we've been building. Our first photo with Viona as a real family of three. A picture of us and Lainie at Unity, the two of you giggling at my attempt to play the piano, before we even knew she was ours. Pictures where I could see the swell in our abdomens and know those are our children growing in there. The one of us on our wedding, holding Teddy between us. I just kept turning and being bombarded with moments I can't take off of this wall, even knowing we have a new fresh wall to hang them up in our new home. Bam! You pretending you're actually helping Greg while he builds the Park. Bam! Viona and Della having a tea party. Bam! You making a potion with Sebastian. Bam! Your ritual team during Yule. You, me, Ron, and 'Mione huddled together like the best of friends on Roderick and Bianca's blessing day. Pow, that one hit me like a ton of bricks. Our Godchildren, our nieces and nephews, our siblings, our parents, our friends, bam, slam, pow, ouch.

I decided to do what a true Malfoy would do. Why bring your old things when you can just get new ones? So I cast a duplication charm on every photo on the wall. That's what's in those boxes. A copy to bring with us. The originals will stay where they were placed, where they belong, waiting for us to come back. I've packed a set of MMM's so we can have even more to add when we get home.

The box includes pictures that were taken Sunday at Mac's birthday party. What an amazing day that was. There's something about knowing you're about to go away for a while, that makes all of your last moments sweeter. I got to see our children running around with their cousins, well the ones that can run anyway. So many cute faces lit up waiting for their slice of birthday cake. Seeing Phil blushing when he realized his Grandma Molly already knows his favorite sweet. The picture we took that night of my entire family? That ones going up on our wall the minute we're settled.
Well, maybe after a quick dip in the pool anyway!

Our going away party last night was just. I can't believe. I won't be able to do it justice. It was just everything. I talk often about telling little Harry in the closet to be patient because his happily ever after WILL arrive, and how he probably wouldn't believe me anymore because it's become something out of a fairy tale. But I don't know if Harry in Grimmauld place just two years ago would believe where we'd be today.

I saw Lucius Malfoy hold each of his grandchildren close, I saw his mask drop a few times. If you had told me two years ago that Lucius Malfoy was going to fall hard and fast in love with my children? Biologically half-bloods, a muggleborn, even a Crabbe, and he adores them all.

I saw Draco Malfoy hug Granger and The Weasel tight and tell them how much he was going to miss them. Sorry, not Granger and The Weasel, he calls them Hermione and Ron now.

I saw Molly and Arthur Weasley hug my husband, a Malfoy, and tell him they love him, they're proud of him, and they'll miss him. And they meant every word.

I saw my cousin Dudley who grew up being taught to detest magic, dancing around the room with his daughter Daisy that he created with his amazing squib wife Donna.

I saw children who spent their childhoods thinking the worst of each other, become Blaise, Ron, Theo, Hermione, Greg, Neville, Millie, Luna …. just a set of friends. Friends with inside jokes. Teasing. Love.

I saw Draco Malfoy, spoiled only child, hold his little brothers and sisters so tightly that his eyes leaked.

The Weasley family and the Malfoys. Narcissa and her newfound sister Andromeda. Purebloods, Half-bloods, Muggleborn, Squibs, and even a few Muggles were gathered together to wish us luck on our travels. Our family, our extended families, our circle.

And now I'm sitting in our room. Full of love. Where we've brought our children. Brightly painted walls full of the memories we made painting it. Our bathroom where River talked my ear off while I tried to do my business. Our closet where you've both hidden in fear and planned out extravagant costumes with our children. Where you laid when you were so sick during your pregnancy. Where you nursed me back to health when I had pneumonia. Where we've held each other and our children through nightmares.

In my mind I am picturing our family exactly as it is right now.

Our strong, passionate, creative Elena. A thirst to learn everything and change the world.

Our talkative, energetic, caring River. A smile, a million stories, and a hand thrust out in friendship for everyone he meets.

Our determined, clever, Viona. A Princess who knows what she wants and won't take no for an answer.

Our tiny, on the go, competitive Eris. A Cherub who captivates everyone she meets.

Our thoughtful, calm, brilliant Orion. The little professor who can't soak in enough knowledge.

Our sweet, cheerful, Harrison. Ready to be the sunshine in anyone's gloomy day.
Draco and Harry Malfoy, husbands, fathers, the best of friends. Madly in love and ready to take on the world.

I can't wait to see who all of these people become.

Ready for this next adventure with you,
Your Harry

Chapter End Notes

The last chapter! But we're really excited about what comes next ^_^

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