For the Love of a Green-Eyed Kitten
by Chakahlah

Summary

Harry comes into his heritage as a Cat Daemon when he is around 3 years old after his parents are killed in a car accident. At the orphange, it is discovered that another child has a similar heritage to him. When the two of them go to Hogwarts they make new friends, meet up with old friends and, just maybe, they can make a family of their own.
For the Love of a Green Eyed Kitten

Prologue

Police and fire fighters crowded around the street. This was the worst accident they had seen in a long time. The four cars involved were all write-offs and if there was anyone alive in the central car, then it would be a miracle.

Officer Tim Graille watched with a sympathetic eye as his newest Probationary Officer struggled to hold in his lunch. It was bad. By looks, one car had been going so fast that it had failed to stop. It had rammed into the car in front of it, causing said car to flip onto the roof of the car in front of it. It had then proceeded to hit the central car, pushing it into the first car, before all of them came to a stop after hitting a light post.

Tim wasn’t surprised when the police’s ‘special forces’ arrived on the scene. In fact, he was glad they had come. He headed towards the highest-ranking Officer, leaving his second to question the witnesses.

“Good to see you again, Alastor – just wish it could have been under better circumstances.”

Alastor Moody nodded at the younger man. “Likewise Graille.” He turned to look at the wreck. “Tell me what we have here.”

Tim sighed. “The driver of the first car – a young lady – is over by the Sergeant. She’s in shock, but we managed to get the story from her.” He turned to watch as one of the men that came with his companion used magic to carefully move the car that was on its roof. “The driver of the car you men are now removing from the roof of the central car was behind the car it is now on top of. The driver of the forth car didn’t slow down like the others and this was the result. The driver of the forth car is in my van, but you can look at him and see if he’s one of yours. If anyone in the second car lived, then they have the nine lives of a cat.”

“NO!! James!!! Moody! Get over here! It’s James!” Both men jumped at the barking quality of the man’s voice. Alastor was over next to the young man who belonged to the voice so fast it was as if he had just appeared there. If it weren’t for the lack of a crack, Tim would have thought he had done just that.
By the time Tim got over to them, the black-haired, grey-eyed man was leaning against the chest of a sandy-haired, amber-eyed man, both obviously distraught. Moody was looking at the car eyes filled with sorrow and pain. He was holding a child of around three years of age.

“This is young Harry. He survived while his parents, James and Lily, didn’t. James was one of mine. He and Sirius have been partnered together since they were in training. Before that James, Sirius, Remus,” he indicated the sandy-haired man, “And another boy named Peter Pettigrew were best friends, throughout their school years. This is a big blow to them. They lost James’ parents four years ago. The Senior Potters were like parents to all four boys, three of who were not welcome back in their own homes. Two years ago Lily’s parents died and her sister blamed her for their deaths. Just last year, Peter – the youngest of the four boys – died when he prevented a poisoned knife from entering Remus’ back. Even though the poison wouldn’t have killed Remus, the knife itself would have. It was a silver blade and Remus has the most violent allergic reaction when silver touches him.”

“Now they have lost James and Lily. I don’t know what will happen to Harry here. Peter was his godfather, and while Sirius and Remus can look after him, Remus is going to be going undercover soon and Sirius works long hours. I’m also not sure that either of them will be mentally able to care for the poor lad. After all, they have just lost another person they loved as a brother.” He shook his head and turned towards the two grieving men. Tim stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

“Give them my condolences. Me and mine will handle the clean-up. You get them two seen too, and deal with the one who caused this. Just make sure you don’t kill him if he is under your laws.”

Moody nodded once and walked to the two men and spoke quietly to them. Tim shuddered in fear as grey eyes became icy and amber eyes glowed with golden light. He almost felt sorry for the man locked in his car, but that vanished when a wolf-like growl came from the sandy-haired man.

“’Dung you incompetent idiot! What the bloody hell were you doing you arsehole! Because of you, James and Lily are dead! DEAD!! GIVE ME ONE REASON WHY I SHOULDN’T RIP YOUR LIMBS FROM YOUR BODY AND CHOKE YOU WITH THEM!”

Tim jumped then shook his head as he saw all the men that had arrived with Moody fighting to subdue the enraged man. “It’s always the quiet ones that surprise you,” he thought before going back to his duties.

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Three hours later, Sirius and Remus knocked on Moody’s door.

“It’s done, Alastor. Arabella agreed to take him, and we are allowed to still see him every weekend we can make it. She said that we were lucky that she had one place left at the orphanage.” Sirius curled up on the floor, whimpering softly. “Did we do the right thing, Moony?”

“We did, Paddy. Neither of us is well enough to look after him in the way that he deserves. He will still have us in his life, and one of the girls there has seemed to have adopted him as a friend already.”

Sirius smiled crookedly. “Yes. By the way Moody, Harry’s ears came through before we left. He’s going to be like Lily, even though he looks like James. The little girl we were just talking about also has ears. I doubt either of them will be going to Hogwarts.”

Moody nodded and sighed. Silently he wished the young boy well in his new life, upset that all they could do was send Mundungus Fletcher to Azkaban for a few months. That wasn’t enough of a punishment when a little boy would never again see his parents.
Chapter 1 - Captivating Green

Chapter Summary

Harry and a friend go to Hogwarts ... and return to Remus and Sirius

Chapter One – Captivating Green

Thirteen Years Later:

“Come on Sweetie, you know that we have to leave now.” The speaker was a beautiful young girl with soft chocolate curls framing an oval face. Her cinnamon eyes were locked on a young-looking boy with slitted emerald green eyes in a heart-shaped face that was framed by midnight black hair.

“I know we have to go, Rinie. It’s just … we’re never going to be coming back, are we?”

Rinie – known to the rest of the world as Hermione – nodded in understanding. “I know how you feel Harry, but don’t you want to see your Remy and Siri?” The boy before her perked up and nodded. “Well come on, Sweetie. We have a long walk to the closest train station that will get us close to where they are. It should take us about six hours to get there – including breaks.”

A soft glow settled around them and when it faded a red fox with cinnamon eyes and a tiny black kitten with green eyes were revealed before they ran in the direction of the city centre.

The kindly face of an elderly lady appeared in the window of the Figg Family Orphanage to watch them run out of sight. “Good speed, my children and stay safe.”

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The people in Kings Cross Station stared in surprise as a beautiful red fox appeared on the platform. In its jaws was a tiny black kitten that – to all appearances – was fast asleep. They watched as the animal leapt onto the train and vanished under one of the seats.
Hermione sighed in relief as she placed her burden lovingly on the floor before curling up around him. It had taken them longer than six hours to get to the station due to an unforeseen chase involving her kit and a stray dog. Due to that, they’d had to rest for much longer as well as try to find their way back to the route they were taking. As it was, she’d had to carry her brother for the last half an hour to the station.

She admitted to herself that it would have been easier – if not entirely faster – in human form, but her kitten was less skittish in his cat form then his human one and the time was therefore more enjoyable for her. Smiling to herself, she wrapped herself tighter around her kitten and drifted off to sleep.

Remus laughed as his friend ran around him in his animagus form. He couldn’t blame him for being excited. Harry and Hermione were finally coming to Hogwarts!

He sighed softly. The mission Moody had sent them on had lasted eleven years, but Remus thought that all the torture and murder he and Sirius had been forced to witness and participate in had been worth it to finally be able to put that group into Azkaban. He was just thankful that they hadn’t played part in the multiple rapes that had occurred while they were there. He could admit that there were some problems that came about due to their experiences during that time.

The first was that both he and Sirius had to take a year’s leave to recover from everything they had seen and needed to do in order to maintain their cover. To both of their surprise, they got the most help from Sirius’ cousins – Narcissa and Bellatrix – Narcissa’s husband – Lucius – their son, Draco and the most surprising of all – one Severus Snape. This was just as surprising to everyone who knew this group as the four older Slytherins had been the target of many Marauder pranks while they were at school. Now the six adults were the best of friends and Draco was always there if they needed a bit of fun in their lives. But even with the support of their new friends, both Sirius and he experienced nightmares that no one but the other could offer comfort and understanding for.

The second problem was the flashbacks that had started to occur the week they started back at work and they had both felt obliged to hand in their resignations to Moody’s replacement before they got someone seriously hurt, or killed.

Thankfully, for them, once Albus had heard of what they had done and why they had done it, he had offered them both teaching positions at the school – Sirius in charms as the previous teacher had retired and himself for Defence against the Dark Arts. They had happily accepted the positions –
after being assured that Narcissa and Bellatrix could cover them during the days of full moon so they could go to Malfoy Manor for his transformations.

The third – and most heartbreaking for both of them – had been that they hadn’t been able to collect Harry from the Orphanage when he was younger. They had offered to take him last year, but he had declined, saying that he couldn’t leave his Rinie there and he liked looking after the younger children. They had understood but it didn’t mean that it hadn’t hurt.

Remus was startled out of his thoughts by a large, shaggy black dog knocking him to the ground. “Sirius!” he half laughed, half yelled. “Get off me!”

The grinning black dog vanished, leaving Remus’ best friend in its place. The grin on his face would have made any number of females swoon, and made many males shudder in fear of their safety. Remus just laughed, knowing that this was not a prank-related grin.

“Remy! He’s coming! He’s going to be staying with us! I’m so excited! Do you think he’ll want to do pranks with us? Do you think he will get on with our friends?”

Remus chuckled harder. “Calm down, Siri. Remember this is Harry we are talking about, not James. Of course he will not want to do pranks with us, but he will sit down and plan the pranks out for us – like Lily used to do if we weren’t going to use them on Sev. If I’m not mistaken, then Narcissa and Bellatrix will want to mother him, Lucius will finally have a decent person to debate wizarding and muggle law and history with – well, he will once Harry is comfortable in his presence – and Severus will be delighted that Harry inherited Lily’s personality and intelligence – particularly when it comes to potions.”

“What about Draco?”

Remus looked unsure. “That could go one of two ways. Harry will either see him as a protector, therefore treating him the same as he treats Hermione, or he sees him as a threat and hides from him. I think we should be prepared to save him from Hermione if the later comes to pass.”

Sirius let out a bark of laughter. “You can say that again! I still remember the first time I transformed in front of them. I don’t believe I have ever scared or startled him on purpose since that day. She’s worse than a wolf protecting her cubs, the little vixen!”

Remus, who also remembered the day his friend had discovered just how vicious a fox daemon
could be, curled up and laughed till his stomach muscles ached at the memories.

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Hermione picked Harry up by the scruff of his neck and jumped onto the Platform. She didn’t know where they were, but she trusted Remus when he’d said that she’d know where to go. Keeping a firm hold on Harry – who was struggling to get out of her grip – she ran to the closest dark space. Once there, she and Harry returned to human form.

“Rinie,” Harry whined. “I’m hungry.”

Hermione yawned and stretched. “I know Sweetie, I am too. The first eatery we come across that has an outside bin we will get something to eat, alright?” She smiled as he nodded and yawned. “We’d better start walking now, Sweetie. We will take breaks when we need them and we should arrive at the school by breakfast tomorrow at the latest. She was rewarded with a huge smile appearing on her kitten’s face.

“Excuse me, Lass. I couldn’t help but overhear you,” a deep Scottish burr enveloped them, causing Harry to hide behind Hermione and Hermione to whirl to face the threat. A broad-shouldered man stood before them.

“I’m sorry Lassie; I didn’t mean to startle either you or the Kit. Would I be correct in assuming you are looking for a specialist boarding school here in Scotland?”

Hermione and Harry relaxed slowly as they took in the man’s easy stance and kindly eyes. “Yes Sir. Would you be able to point us in the right direction?”

The man chuckled. “I can go one better, Lass. I can take you and your Kit to the closest wizarding town and – if you wish – give you a tour of the township after your meal.” The man smiled kindly. “My older sister is the Transfiguration professor and I’m on my way to Hogsmeade to pick up something to have with our customary weekly tea. I’m Duncan, by the way. Duncan McGonagall.”

Hermione smiled. “I’m Hermione and this is my best friend and blood brother, Harry.” She turned to the boy only to find him not there. Looking down, she giggled softly at the sight of a black kitten stalking the shoelaces of the man before her. She laughed when he pounced and missed. Gigling, she picked him up and tickled his stomach.
“I think we are ready to go, Mr McGonagall. Um … is there anywhere we can go to eat first? We kind of have not had anything to eat since breakfast yesterday,” she blushed. “We had intended to eat yesterday, but we had a run in with a stray dog and we couldn’t bring ourselves to eat anything for a while after that, and when we were ready to eat, we discovered that we had no money on us.”

“Call me Duncan, Lass and I know the best place to eat, if you’ll allow me to pay for you both.”

Hermione smiled and blushed slightly. “Yes thankyou, that would be lovely. Once we get to Hogwarts we can give you back the money it cost you.”

Duncan smiled. “No need to repay me for ensuring that I have some company for the day. It does get rather boring and lonely when you do everything by yourself.” He placed his hand firmly on the back of Hermione’s neck and then all three vanished.

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Draco sat at his place at the Slytherin table and fought against the urge to hit his head on the table before him. Instead, he settled on groaning into his arms folded arms. The coffee-skinned teen beside him smirked.

“Having trouble Draco?”

Draco snarled at him. “I’m hungry! I need blood – not the bottled crap that’s forced down my throat by Sev!”

Blaise grinned. “You’re just pissed because your parents wouldn’t allow you to leave school to look for your mate,” he teased. Draco whimpered, causing Blaise to snigger.

Of all his friends, Blaise was the only one who understood what he was going through as they both had gained their inheritance within two weeks of the other – Blaise as a Dark Elf and himself as a Vampire. The only thing that he had to go through that Blaise didn’t was the intense yearning for his mate.

“I fucking hate you Blaise,” he muttered darkly into his arms.
Blaise smirked. “I can’t help it if I’m more inclined on having a relationship in which both partners are equal in power.”

“And I can’t help it that I need my submissive to feed from rather than some stranger on the street!” Draco snapped, raising his head from his arms.

Blaise winced. He hadn’t known how desperate his friend was. He wasn’t supposed to get this bad unless his mate was nearby. Shrugging mentally, he had decided to go back to his own meal when the doors to the Great Hall were opened and two strangers stepped in.

Draco noticed the doors open but dismissed it as unimportant until he felt the gums at the base of his canine teeth begin to tingle. Looking towards the door, all he could see was a vibrant pair of emerald green eyes. Growling possessively only one thing ran through his mind. MINE!

Blaise was brought out of his shock by the possessive growl that came from Draco’s throat. Glancing at his oldest friend, Blaise paled dramatically. The Vampire’s eyes – which were normally clear grey – were now black and his canines were enlarging to their full size as fangs. He swore as he realised that his friend had just found his submissive.

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Hermione and Harry stood outside the door to the Great Hall holding each other for comfort after being left there by Duncan, who had headed straight to his sister’s rooms to get their supper set up.

“I’m scared, Rinie;” Harry whispered.

“I know Sweetie. Just remember that I’ll be with you every step of the way and Remy and Siri will be in view all the time as well.”

Harry nodded and she knew that he was as ready as he’d ever be. Stepping forwards knowing her kit would follow closely; she opened the doors and stepped in. The slight rumble of conversation that had been present just a few moments before had vanished. The only thing that broke the silence was an annoying buzz in her ears. She felt rather than heard Harry move beside her so he could look around. At the sound of a possessive growl, she spun around defensively – only to find her kitten curiously moving towards the sound. Hearing his low purr of contentment, she realised what was happening.
She smiled and slowly followed him deeper into the room. She was happy he had found his dominant and would do all she could to make sure he knew he had her support.

Halfway to the table, a hand shot out and grabbed Harry’s wrist, causing him to jump and back away, making the hand release him in the process. Now that his attention had been bought back to his surroundings, he could hear the whispers.

“Did you see their ears?”

“And their eyes?”

“Who are they?”

“Do you think they will stay long?”

“Are those tails?”

Harry was bought back to what was going on in front of him when the hand tried to grab him once again. Once more he took a few steps back.

“Come on Kitty, you know you want me,” the boy who belonged to the hand smirked, ignoring the hisses of ‘Zacharias’ coming from the table around him.

Harry kept backing up slowly, fighting the urge to call for his Rinie. He did, however, hiss at him – even though it did nothing to deter the larger male.

Zacharias’ smirk grew larger. “You will make a good bed warmer. True submissive’s always are. The beauty of it is – once you have been claimed no one, not even your dominant, can break it. Now all I need to do is stake my claim.” He lunged forward and several things happened at once.

The first was Hermione reaching her kit and slashing the Hufflepuff across his face with her now very sharp claws before hugging Harry to her as mist surrounded them. When it had cleared an enraged red fox was crouched over a tiny black kitten that was curled in a tight ball. The fox had its fur on end in a threatening display and everyone could tell that if it came to it, the fox would fight to
The second was a large black dog leaping from the teacher’s table, snarling in rage and hitting a magical barrier head first at the same time as four beams of light hit the same barrier. Luckily none of the spells hit the dog, but he was a little stunned by the collision. After shaking his head to get rid of the dizziness, he started to prowl around the outside, testing it to see if he could get in.

The third was that Zacharias Smith found himself being held in the air by a hand around his throat that was squeezing just hard enough that he was finding himself struggling slightly to breathe. Looking down as he gasped for breath he found himself face-to-face with an enraged Draco Malfoy. A Draco Malfoy with blood-red eyes, black wings and large pointed canines. He quickly put two and two together.

‘Oh Fuck!’ he managed to think before the blonde Vampire hissed at him angrily.

“You dared to touch a submissive without the permission of him or his dominant. You dared to announce your intention to claim said submissive before his family while ignoring the laws of bonding. Do you have a mental disorder, or were you born stupid?” Draco hissed loud enough for his voice to echo around the once again silent hall so no one could interfere with this confrontation – not that anyone would, only someone suicidal would go against Draco when he was this enraged, and Zacharias had pissed everyone off enough that no one was willing to aid him after this spectacular performance of putting his foot in it.

“Since you were stopped before doing more than scare the submissive in question, I cannot punish you – but if I hear of you going near another submissive, let alone touch one, I will personally hunt you down and make you my contribution to Thanatos – The God of Death rather than my normal offering of poultry. Do I make myself clear?”

Zacharias forced a ‘yes sir’ between his lips and ran from the hall as soon as he had been dropped. When he was gone, the barrier around the small group disappeared, allowing a very worried Sirius and Remus to help their nephew.

“It’s ok, Hermione. He’s gone and no one is stupid enough to do anything else, now that they know that he is under the protection of our resident Vampire,” Remus soothed.

“Anyone who does question it will not only be answering to Draco,” the smooth cultured voice of Hogwarts resident Dark Elf caressed the hall’s occupants. Many students shivered in fear. One of the Princes of Slytherin was bad enough, but having to deal with both? Not one of them wanted to risk their lives.
“Thank you for your assurances. I am Hermione, but ‘Mione is fine,” Hermione said, slowly raising up off the floor with the kitten now curled up in her arms.

Blaise extended his hand. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Hermione. I am Blaise Zabini and ¾ Dark Elf.” A dreamy expression passed over their faces when their hands touched. Draco raised an eyebrow in surprise. This was an interesting development.

Sirius knelt at Hermione’s feet. “I swear I didn’t know that was going to happen, ‘Mione, you’ve got to believe me.” He hid his face in his hands.

“Oh, Sirius,” she sighed. “I know that you didn’t because Harry means more to you than anything. Believe me when I say if I had thought you had known, what I did to you twelve years ago would have looked like a paper cut.”

Remus looked at the ball of fluff held protectively in Hermione’s arms. “How is our Kit?”

She smiled and uncurled him. “Come on Sweetie, you’re safe now and Remy and Siri want to see you.” She placed the kitten on the ground and watched over his transformation. Within seconds she had her arms full of teary-eyed cat-daemon. “Shh, Sweetie, it’s okay. It’s all over now and he’ll never come near you again. You’re safe here.”

“He scared me, Rinie. He scared me real bad. Why’d he say what he said?” her kit sobbed into her shirt.

“Oh Sweetheart, he said those things because he was a bad person, but remember that there are people here who love you and will protect you from people like him and remember that I am always here as well,” she softly ran her fingers across his palm, making him smile wetly.

“Siblings of spirit - now of blood. I remember Rinie.” He snuggled into his sister’s side.

“Hey Kit, don’t we get a hug?” Remus teased gently. He was ready to catch the boy when he flung himself into the werewolf’s arms.

As he was greeting his family and they were making sure he was all right, Draco had taken the
opportunity to examine his mate. He was a full head shorter than Draco was and had black hair that reached mid-back and green eyes in a heart-shaped face. He was slim and had a slight feminine curve to his hips. He smelt like night air perfumed with orange zest, cinnamon, peppermint and just a hint of apple blossom. It was intoxicating to him. Then he came to the two cutest things about his mate: The little cat’s ears on the top of his head and the adorable tail that seemed to have a mind of its own.

Harry was aware of the eyes watching him and to his surprise he didn’t mind the attention. Once Remus and Sirius had finished hugging him – and making sure that he was unharmed – he quietly moved until he was standing before his Dominant. He giggled softly when he realised the Vampire was enthralled with his tail. He giggled again and caught the blonde’s attention.

Draco refocused on his surroundings and found he was looking into the emerald pools that were his mate’s eyes. He desperately fought off the urge to push his mate over the closest table and claim his lips with his own and so focused on the slitted pupils rather than the innocence in their depths.

“Thank you,” Harry whispered shyly, not knowing the effect that his velvet soft voice was having on the Vampire. Slowly and deliberately he allowed his head to fall back, revealing his milky throat to the Dominant presence before him, showing his submission and acceptance. Just as slowly, he tilted his head to one side, inviting the blonde to drink and mark him as his mate.

The second his newly elongated fangs sank into Harry’s flesh, Draco was in heaven. The taste was sweeter than honey and richer than pure dark chocolate. If it hadn’t have been for the presence of Blaise, Remus, Sirius and now Severus close to him, he was sure he would have claimed his submissive there and then. As it was he was in for one hell of a hangover in the morning due to the richness of his mate’s blood compared to that of the synthetic stuff he had been drinking, but he really didn’t care about any of that. His mate was here, in his arms, and he was going to be staying close due to him being close to Remus and Sirius.

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Sirius turned to face a gob smacked Remus and newly arrived Severus when Draco’s fangs had pierced the skin of their nephew’s throat. “I think you missed out a reaction, Mooney,” he said simply before turning back to the new couple. “Can you believe that his mate turned out to be the son of my cousin and one of our friends?”

Remus shook his head and then started laughing at something that had just occurred to him. “Y- you do rea-lise that th-this makes us all family now,” he said in answer to the questioning looks he was receiving from both Severus and Sirius.
Sirius let a Marauder’s grin spread across his face as he turned to face Severus. “How about it Sevvie? Ready to have a few lion’s in the family?”

Severus shocked the students when he smiled at the two marauders. “I think it is a bit late for that, Mutt, since you seem to make it to every family event that is held, but it will be good for you to actually have a reason to be at them – something other than Narcissa and Bella being related to you, because they are now at the stage of denying that accusation.”

Sirius and Remus laughed before a mischievous glint appeared deep in his storm-grey eyes. “Let’s go inform our new in-laws!” he announced, before running out of the room, leaving Remus, Severus, Blaise and Hermione to try and remove Draco from his mate’s throat.
Chapter 2 - Introducing your new son

Chapter Summary

Harry and Hermione meet Draco's family.

Chapter Notes

Well, it has been a while since I've updated this story but now it is time for this story to shine now that my previous one has been completed. I hope that you all enjoy this latest chapter, though I do recommend that you go back and read the first two chapter if you have this story set to tell you when it is updated. It's been a long time after all :)

Chapter 2 – Introducing Your New Son

By the time Remus and Severus got Draco away from his mate, Sirius had run back to them in his animagus form and transformed. “Come on! Lucius, Cissa and Bella will meet us in Sev’s rooms!” he went to grab Harry’s arm to pull him from the room, only to blanch when Hermione snarled at him.

“Sirius Orion Black! If you do not calm down and stop scaring MY Kit, I will take you over my knee and spank you until you cannot sit for a week!”

To everyone’s surprise – and Severus’ amusement – Sirius calmed down. “Sorry ‘Mione,” he whispered.

Draco glanced at Blaise, who seemed to be drooling. “Well, you know that you won’t have any problems with your children.”

Blaise blinked at Draco – who was halfway between his glaze-covered eyed state and a smirk. Before he could say something about the look on his friends face, he saw an arm snake its way around Draco’s shoulders and guide him out of the Hall.

“Now that you have met our Kit, What do you think?”
Draco smiled up at the sandy-haired man. “I think he’s cute. I don’t know him well enough to know if I like him or not, but he seems to be someone I could learn to love. I’m just a little anxious that I will scare him away.”

Remus smiled his understanding. “I know what you mean. When we first saw him when he was in the orphanage, he was so sweet and shy that when Sirius greeted him the way he normally greets you, he was faced with a three-year old Hermione scolding him before inviting me to play with them. We were there for the whole day and he was not allowed anywhere near Harry until it was time for us to go. Any time he tried to join in, Hermione hid Harry behind her, glared at Sirius and moved somewhere else.”

He smiled down at the younger male. “Once Harry gets used to being around everyone he will loosen up a little and loose his shyness. He is also very good with children – better than me, in fact.”

Draco smiled as he allowed himself to fall into a light daydream of a little girl with her own ears and tail and a little boy with the obvious body structure of a Vampire.

Remus and Severus exchanged smirks before tuning into the conversation behind them. There was no doubt in either of their minds that Draco was already enthralled by the younger male.

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Narcissa, Bellatrix and Lucius were startled when the door to Severus’ rooms opened to reveal Remus and Severus on either side of a dazed and goofily grinning Draco. Looking at his face closely, they noticed his eyes were wide and flicking around the room. Narcissa was on her feet and before Draco before anyone else had moved.

“Draco! What’s wrong? What happened? Who did this to him? Severus Snape I demand an answer right now!”

Severus opened his mouth to talk when a whimper was heard. It seemed that Harry had heard the threatening tone of Narcissa’s voice and was reacting to it. He swore softly.

“I mean it Severus! Tell me who is responsible for my son to be acting like this! They will not be getting out of a punishment for this!”
Harry whimpered again, catching everyone’s attention. Lucius being the vampire of the couple suddenly realise what had occurred and that if he didn’t stop his wife soon, she would be injured – rather badly – by her son. Unfortunately for him, Narcissa also heard the whimper and turned on the boy who was making the sound.

“So, it was you. Well, I think I have the perfect punishment for you, boy!” She lunged at him just as five male voices called for her to stop. She heard a sound like a scared kitten and found herself with a pair of molten mercury eyes just inches from her own.

“If you so much as disrupt one hair on his head, I will rip you apart, slowly and painfully.”

Remus and Sirius exchanged astounded looks. Normally when confronted with something like this, Harry would hide behind his older sister and transform. Now, he was hiding behind Draco. Hermione hadn’t even moved to protect her Kit like she normally would have done.

She saw their looks of surprise and whispered, “He has to be able to prove to Harry that he can protect him.” They nodded their understanding and turned back to watch the show and realised that Lucius had now joined in and was whispering frantically into Narcissa’s ear.

Bellatrix was rolling on the floor in laughter – after all, it wasn’t every day that she got to see neither her calm brother-in-law nor her almost perfect sister, in such a state.

It took Lucius nearly ten minutes to get Narcissa calmed enough to listen to him. Narcissa blanched when she realised that she had just threatened her son’s mate. She turned with an apology on her lips, only for it to die when she saw them together.

Draco stood just over 20cm taller than the black-haired teen he had in his arms. He was looking down at him with a gentle look in his eyes as the face of said teen was hidden in his chest. Narcissa smiled sadly, thankful that she hadn’t scared the boy away. She knew that she had a lot of apologising to do.

Draco smiled down at his mate as he drew comfort from him. “I want to introduce you to my family. I know my mother scared you, but I promise to not leave you alone with any of them.” He smiled as the head nodded, but the body started to shake a little. “Would you like for me to make it so no one will touch you?”
The head nodded and looked up at him. Draco smirked and lowered his head to sink his fangs back into the throat exposed to him, ignoring the gasps that came from his family and the groans that came from the four that had needed to separate them before. After taking a few mouthfuls, Draco healed the wound and sat on a lounge chair, pulling Harry down with him.

“This is my father, Lucius,” Draco said pointing towards the older version of himself. “My mother, Narcissa,” he glared lightly at his mother, “and my aunt, Bellatrix, or Bella.” He looked at his family pointedly. “This is my mate, Harry, and his friend, Hermione.”

“Sister.”

Draco blinked in surprise. “What do you mean?”

“Rinie is my sister – not my friend.”

Remus looked confused. “What do you mean she’s your sister, kit?”

Everyone in the room noticed the look Harry and Hermione exchanged – as well as the slight movement of fingers over their left palms.
Chapter 3 - Hermione steps in

Chapter Summary

An explanation about the scar on Harry and Hermione's hands and Hermione isn't impressed with Narcissa

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy this one

Chapter 3 – Hermione steps in

“When we were younger we only had each other,” Hermione started. “I was the only person who could get close enough to Harry to do anything – other than Mama Figg, and even then, I had to be there. Over time, we got closer until Mama Figg had to remove me from the adoption list since I refused to go anywhere without Harry.”

Harry smiled shyly when Hermione looked at him with sparkling eyes.

“It turned out to be a good thing though, since we had a special teacher arrive a few years later to explain why we had ears – and later, a tail, when no one else in the orphanage did.” She indicated for Harry to continue with a small smile and nod.

“When we turned six we found a book that we understood – it turned out that while we needed to learn the human tongue, we were born with the knowledge of our heritage language.” Harry smiled slightly into Draco’s eyes. “The book explained about blood magic and how blood is important in everything to do with family. It also explained blood-adoption and why it is – or was – popular in most magical communities.” Harry blushed as he realised he was side-tracking. Draco, however, just smirked.

“You and Father will get on famously, Harry. I can see him struggling to not ask question and spark a debate.”

Sirius and Remus laughed. “Our Kit loves debates. We can tell that it is going to be hard to get a
word in edge wards when they are together.”

Harry glared at them with his arms crossed. “I do NOT enjoy debates. Debates are used to argue if a point is correct or incorrect and to force someone to accept the point of view of someone else. I enjoy conversations where two or more parties have conflicting views and exchange information so they can gain another’s point of view without making them out to be idiots in the meantime, and then when they leave, they still have their views, but with more information on the other side of the topic.”

Sirius blinked in confusion. “Um … Rem? Did that make sense to you, because it sure as Hell confused me?”

“It isn’t our fault that the Neanderthal-like brain you have is too simple to process big words.” Harry, Hermione and Remus chorused, causing the others in the room to laugh heartily.

“Yes, you will definitely fit into my family, Kitten,” Draco chuckled as Harry blushed in embarrassment and Sirius pouted.

Remus cleared his throat when most of them had calmed down. “You were telling us about how you and Hermione are siblings, Kit,” he urged.

Harry nodded. “To cut a long story short, we combined our races blood adoption rituals to suit our needs and performed the two of them at the same time, with the result of us being blood-bound siblings.”

Hermione giggled softly. “I don’t think I’ve seen Tom so mad before that!”

Harry laughed softly. “I know! He was so angry he was trapped in his animal form!”

Everyone smiled, watching the two young ones talk. Draco finally gave into the desire to stroke the black ears on top of Harry’s head.

Harry jumped when someone touched his ears. When the laughter started, he ran and hid behind Hermione’s chair. Draco whined softly at the loss of him mate. Harry peeked around the edge of the seat and mewled softly, calling to his upset mate.
Draco was torn between going to his mate and staying with his family. Harry mewed again and Draco joined him behind the seat.

Remus sighed. “I think we made a big mistake in how we handled this. We didn’t think about how he is around new people.”

Hermione smiled. “Maybe we should do this my way. It will take a while, but I should be able to get him to how he is with me, Siri and Remy.” She chuckled, “he will also calm down a lot when he gets with child.”

“What is your way, ‘Mione?” Remus asked.

“Introduce them to him one at a time and give him a few days to get used to them before adding someone else to the group.”

Sirius nodded. “That would be the smartest thing to do. I stuffed up again, didn’t I ‘Mione?”

Hermione smiled. “No, you didn’t, Sirius. You just got over-enthusiastic and confused him with James once more.”

Sirius nodded a little dejectedly. “I know, ‘Mione. Are we going to be allowed in the room with him while you do this?”

“Yes Siri. We are going to need you both to show him it is safe to be around them.” Hermione now turned serious, “now, I think that for the first few days it should be me, Siri, Remy, Harry and our mates. As you can tell, he is already drawn to his mate and it won’t take very long for him to accept mine. After that, we will need Professor tall, dark and brooding after that, since we are going to be in close contact with him while we stay here.”

Severus blinked while the rest laughed. “Professor tall, dark and brooding?”

Hermione shrugged. “I don’t know your surname and I don’t know you well enough – or have your permission – to call you by your first name. Neither am I crass enough to use the titles I was told to use by Sirius.
Severus nodded his acceptance glaring at Sirius. “For future reference, Miss …”

Hermione smiled. “Granger, Professor, but I do not mind Hermione.”

“Thank you, Miss Granger. You may call me Professor Snape until we are more familiar with each other. Professor is also fine.”

Hermione chuckled. “Thank you Professor. After Professor Snape will be Mr Malfoy, the nice quiet lady between the Professor and Mrs Malfoy and then Mrs Malfoy.”

Narcissa opened her mouth to protest and was treated to a full-fledged fox-daemon glare. “If you hadn’t have reacted the way you did, or listened to your mate – who is a vampire like your son – you would have been able to be introduced earlier. As it stands, My Kit is terrified of you and it will take him a long time to accept that you will not take Draco away from him!”

Narcissa sighed and nodded. She had known that her behaviour beforehand had been unacceptable and now she was reaping the rewards from it. As she watched the six people leave the room, she prayed that the damage that she’d done hadn’t ruined her chances at having a good relationship with the adorable boy.

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After the door had closed, Severus turned to Narcissa. “How could you be so stupid, ‘Cissa? Normally if this happened, you would listen to Lucius. What was so different about this?”

Narcissa put her head in her hands. “I don’t know what happened, Sev. I saw Draco walk in with that look and something in me snapped.”

Bellatrix started laughing. “Seems to me that your non-existent mother’s instinct decided to kick in, Sister Dear.”

Narcissa whimpered. “I don’t want to lose my son.”
Lucius sighed and put his head into his hands. He should have guessed this would have happened. “‘Cissa, we are not losing our son, we are gaining a son and potentially grandchildren. Why did you have to pick now of all times to become maternal?”

Narcissa sighed. “I don’t know.”

Bellatrix managed to stop laughing long enough to choke out. “She wants to become the Mother-in-law from Hell!” She lost her fight to control her laughter as Narcissa groaned in defeat.

All Severus could do was shake his head and feel sorry for the boy who would become a member of this odd family.

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Remus looked around his room and smiled. His kitten was lying on the plush burgundy rug before the banked fire with his head resting on Draco’s chest – both boys were fast asleep. Hermione and Blaise had managed to curl up in individual armchairs to talk, but had still managed to also fall asleep. He assumed that his Kit and Hermione had had a very big day and that evening had just been too much for them.

Looking up at an unfamiliar noise, he saw Sirius looking at the four teens with a soft look in his eye. “It seems a shame to wake them,” he whispered, transfiguring three blankets from some quills. “Let’s let them sleep here. I’ll sleep in my room if you don’t want me to add more clutter to your sitting room.”

Remus chuckled. “You can sleep in the spare room if you want to, Padfoot. I don’t think I’ll be able to keep the nightmares away tonight.”

Sirius nodded in understanding. Remus always had the worst nightmares in the two weeks leading to the full moon, and if he were to tell the truth, he himself would have killed himself before allowing someone to use him as they had Remus.

Remus and Sirius had nothing in common other than a deep love for pranking, but there was no one that could separate the two of them. They were a tight team, old Padfoot and Moony – and if anyone had though to ask, they would have discovered that Remus was the one in charge, not Sirius like they all assumed. Remus Lupin was Sirius Black’s hero and had been for a long, long time.
Chapter 4 - Getting to Know You Day 1

Chapter Summary

Day one of the siblings learning about their mates

Chapter Notes

Here is the next installment guys. I hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 4 – Getting to know you, Day 1

Harry snuggled into the warm pillow beneath him, feeling content. When the pillow moved, he complained wordlessly and tried to snuggle deeper. He jumped in surprise when his pillow chuckled softly. Harry flushed in embarrassment when he looked into the grey eyes of his mate.

Draco smiled. “Did you sleep well?”

Harry hid his face and nodded.

“That’s good. I also had a lovely sleep – though my back might ache a little due to us falling asleep on the floor.”

Remus appeared in the doorway, a smile on his face. “Are you ready for breakfast Kit? I made your favourite.”

Harry smiled sweetly. “Is Rinie awake yet?”

Instead of answering, Remus pointed to the armchairs, laughter dancing in his eyes. Draco smiled when his mate jumped up, ran to a chair and leaped – turning into his kitten form. Draco and Remus laughed when Blaise yelped and fell on the floor while the smug-looking kitten jumped onto the lounge with a giggling Hermione curled up on it.
“That was naughty of you, Sweetie. What did Blaise do to you to deserve that?”

Harry changed back and snuggled into Hermione. “He’s your mate – that’s what he’s done to me. I wake you up in the morning, so he has to get used to it,” he answered with a mischievous glint in his eye, “and since you accepted my mate, the least I can do is accept yours into our family.”

Blaise and Draco blinked as Hermione threw her arms around Harry. Remus just smiled and cleared his throat.

Harry looked up with a big grin. “Rinnie! Remy made breakfast! Can we go eat now? Pleeeeeease! He made my favourite!”

Hermione laughed. “So he made your favourite did he? Do you know if our mates like your favourite breakfast?”

Harry’s ears flicked back slightly. “No, I don’t. Can I ask them?”

Harry jumped and hissed when Sirius’ barking laughter sounded. Draco, Remus, Blaise and Hermione laughed softly when Sirius whined at the glare Harry sent him.

“Why don’t you ask them if they like what we are having for breakfast?” Remus asked when he’d calmed down a few seconds later.

Harry beamed and ran into Draco’s arms before looking up at him with innocent emerald eyes that seemed too large for his face. “Do you like spiced scrambled eggs, ham, Greek yoghurt pancakes all with maple syrup, strawberries, banana, grapes and cherries?”

Draco – who was lost in the eyes before him – just nodded. He didn’t care what it was that he was about to eat, as long as those eyes stayed the way they were.

Blaise looked at Hermione, Remus and Sirius in disbelief. “He can eat that much?”

Hermione chuckled. “He has one egg, one pancake, two small pieces of ham and a cup of mixed berries and maple syrup. He has a high metabolism but he prefers to eat small meals frequently – and
he has one hell of a strange set of tastebuds.”

Harry purred in agreement as his stomach growled. Draco struggled to keep himself from melting at the hopeful and slightly embarrassed face of his mate as he was lead to the dining table. He could tell that he had failed by the looks he was getting from a smug Blaise and an ecstatic Hermione. Shrugging at them with a small half-smile, he turned his attention back to the black-hair teen that was bouncing in front of him.

FTLOAGEK

Blaise watched Draco closely as Harry finished his breakfast. He had noticed that the Vampire’s eyes had glazed over halfway through the meal. He had almost laughed out loud when his friend’s jaw had dropped as he watched his mate’s tongue flick over his lips when he saw the plate of food. He HAD laughed when his eyes had glazed over while he watched his mate eat. If Blaise had his way, Draco would never live it down.

FTLOAGEK

Harry licked the last bit of sweetness from his lips with a small hum of pleasure. When he looked up, he found everyone looking at him in amusement and – in one case – lust. “Um … Hi?”

Hermione laughed. “Hi Sweetie, did you enjoy your breakfast?”

Harry nodded with a smile. “Yes Rinie. Can I make my own lunch? I feel like something that I don’t think anyone else would be interested in.”

Hermione sighed. “You don’t need to ask me, Harry. Just do it. We have different rules here. I no longer need to be your dominant figure, you have Draco now.”

“But I don’t know Draco very well Rinie,” Harry whispered.

Hermione smiled. “I have an idea. Why don’t you spend this morning in the kitchen while I get to know both our mates slightly? After you have finished making those wonderful dishes you make for picnics you, me and our mates will go on a picnic and spend this afternoon getting to know each other with no other distractions. Do you like that idea?”
Harry beamed and ran into the kitchen.

Remus groaned. “You do realise that I am not going to be allowed in there 'til he’s out now, don’t you?”

Hermione smiled sweetly. “That was the idea. I need you boys to guide me to a study I can use so I can have a private discussion with our mates. If you would like I can also aid you both in marking the younger years reports – even though Defence isn’t my strong point.”

Sirius brightened. “How about we give you Mooney’s office and I’ll bring my reports for you to do and I’ll join Remus at the table to do my upper years while Remus does his at the opposite end. That way we will all be somewhere easily accessed by Harry.”

Hermione nodded in satisfaction and rose to her fee, stretching. “Well, there’s no time like the present. If you want to go collect the reports Sirius, Remus can show us to his office.”

Sirius nodded and left.

“Professor Lupin? Would you like me to mark your younger student’s reports?” Blaise asked as Remus led them from the room. Remus beamed his acceptance. Even though he only had the holiday assignments back, there were a lot there – but that’s what you got for requesting two assignments per year group.

Harry looked around the kitchen in excitement. He knew that if he wanted something all he had to do was call for the house elf that was assigned to Remus or Sirius. Clasping his hands before him with a smile, he looked around his work area.

‘It’s small, but neat,’ he thought with a small grin, ‘just like Remus.’

Humming softly, Harry walked around the room, committing where everything belonged to memory. Once that was done, he looked in the pantry to see what he needed. Nodding in determination, he called for both house-elves and got to work.
Draco watched the two at the desk with a shudder. Never had he seen anyone take so much joy in doing something so ... so ... so Boring! He shook his head slightly in astonishment. Once they had been alone, Hermione had started talking. She had given them a run down on her and Harry’s life in the orphanage and had relived some of their time there. She had also threatened – not his life, but his manhood – if he thought to harm Harry. He had made a vow to never knowingly hurt the black-haired teen and then both Hermione and Blaise had started their marking. That had been 1 hour and 20 minutes ago and Draco was still as bored as he was when they’d first started.

A knock on the door made all three of them jump. Hermione smiled.

“Come in, Harry. You know you don’t need to knock.”

Draco’s eyes lit up when he saw his mate, his black head covered in flour. His eyes hardened when he noticed the tears in the green eyes.

“Oh Sweetie. What happened?”

“I yelled at Paddy.”

“Why did you yell at Padfoot, Harry?” Hermione’s voice sounded slightly amused.

“Because he came into the kitchen and tried to help. He got flour over EVERYTHING!” Hermione, Blaise and Draco all tried to suppress their laughter at this.

“I can see that, Sweetie,” Hermione continued when she had control of herself. “What did you do?”

Harry looked up shyly. “I yelled at him. I said he was more trouble than he’s worth, that I’d prefer to have the help of a two-year-old because they are better behaved and for his punishment he had to clean the mess he made, he was banned from the kitchen while I was in it and he has to eat in the Great Hall with the other teachers for a week.”
Hermione lost her control and laughed hard. “You told him that he was banned from your cooking for a week? That’s brilliant!”

Harry smiled shyly. “You think so Rinie? You don’t think I was too harsh on him?”

Hermione, Blaise and Draco chuckled.

“Let me put it this way, Sweetie; if we had still been at the orphanage and one of the children had done what Sirius just did, what would you have done?”

Harry scowled. “It depends on how old they were. If they were old enough to be in senior school, they would have been cooking for themselves and any others that had misbehaved. If they were junior school age, they would be cleaning up the mess and spending the rest of the day sitting at the table writing out recipe cards. If they were younger than that, they would get their fingers and bottom smacked and banned from the kitchen and me for the rest of the day.”

Hermione smiled. “So, do you think you were too harsh on him?”

Harry looked at Hermione thoughtfully. “No I don’t. He needs to learn that the kitchen is MY domain and that if he is going to act like a child while in it, then I will treat him like one.”

Laughter from the doorway made all of them turn around. Standing just outside the room was a pouting Sirius and a laughing Remus.

“I can’t believe you just said that, Kitten,” Sirius pouted. “Are you really going to make me eat in the Great Hall?”

Harry glared at the canine animagus. “Yes I am. Just be happy that I’m not going to make you cook for yourself for the week.”

Both Sirius and Remus paled. “You wouldn’t do that would you?” Remus whispered, “Last time he cooked he was in the hospital wing for a week!”

Harry just gave them a blank-faced look. “Then he’d better not do what he did again, isn’t that
right?”

Remus stopped laughing and looked at Sirius. “What did you do?”

Sirius blushed and mumbled something.

“I can’t hear you, Sirius,” Remus stated, even though he had heard him perfectly.

“I said I tried to make it more interesting, but instead of him enjoying what I did, he yelled at me, made me clean the kitchen, banned me from said kitchen and told me I’m not allowed to eat with you for a week.” He pouted.

“You also forgot me telling you a 2-year-old was more mature and less trouble than you.”

Sirius whined sadly and Remus shook his head.

“You’re just going to have to suffer through your punishment. You know what he’s like.”

“But Moony! That means seven days – Seven Days – of not eating our kitten’s cooking.”

Remus chuckled and turned away. “You’ve been living without Harry’s cooking for most of your life. I’m sure that one more week won’t harm you.”

Sirius pouted, following the other man.

Draco and Blaise grinned at each other. They had always agreed with their head of house in the belief that Remus and Sirius – though bachelors – acted like an old married couple. The whole school had many hours of fun watching the two men.

“How much longer will you be, Rinie?” Harry asked softly.
“I’m just under three quarters of the way through the first year. I should be finished the full year in another forty five minutes at the most.”

Harry nodded. “That’s good. I have a few things in the oven that will take half an hour. That will give them long enough to cool and for me to pack it. I think there may be enough for tonight as well. Do we have somewhere we can go to eat it?”

Draco and Blaise exchanged smirks. “We’ve got the perfect spot,” they announced.

Harry beamed at them and snuggled into Draco’s side, causing the vampire to almost purr in ecstasy.

Hermione resumed her marking with a smile. Draco had been starting to annoy her with his constant fidgeting. With Harry next to him and purring his head off, she assumed that he would be happy to sit still.

Draco smiled down at the top of his mate’s head and softly caressed one of his ears. He smiled slightly when the younger teen went boneless and began purring. Slowly, Draco started to relax. By the time Remus looked in twenty minutes later, both Harry and Draco were in the middle of a catnap.

“Do you think we should wake them?” Blaise whispered

“No. Harry will wake up soon and if Draco doesn’t wake up when he moves, we can wake him up.”

Blaise nodded and turned to Remus. “I’m almost finished the first year’s pop quiz. Can I ask why you gave them a pop quiz on the first day?”

Remus made himself comfortable. “Both Sirius and myself give all the years quizzes in their first lesson so we can 1) see what they remember from previous years – or in case of the first years – to see if they learnt anything from listening to the adults and older siblings around them, and 2) to see whether or not they had done any reading of the text book. We don’t expect the whole text book to be read, but we do expect it to have been opened over the summer.”

Blaise nodded thoughtfully. “And after that you have a practical revision for years 2-7, don’t you?”
Remus smiled. “Yes we do. We find that it aids us in helping those who need help in a specific area.”

Blaise nodded. “That makes sense.”

Remus opened his mouth to reply, but was interrupted by a crack.

“Sorry,” Harry mumbled sleepily, stretching. “I’ve got to go back to the kitchen now.”

Hermione laughed as he left the room, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. She looked at Blaise with a mischievous glint in her eye and a slight smirk on her lips. “Now we can wake him up.”

Remus was instantly on his feet and as far away from Hermione as he could get without actually leaving the room.

Blaise felt a small shiver of what could have been fear slide down his spine. What could his mate do to cause a man who willingly lived with Sirius Black – a prankster from birth - for years to back away? Before he could open his mouth to protest, Hermione had performed a running leap and landed on the blonde vampire in her fox form with what looked to be flames surrounding her body.

Remus collapsed into laughter as Draco opened his eyes and shouted out in shock. Hermione jumped off the blonde and ran to Remus, a foxes grin on her muzzle. Blaise couldn’t help but chuckle at his best friend’s sleepy glare.

“We only have a little time before we have to go. I didn’t want to have to get Harry to wake you so I did it,” Hermione said innocently.

“I think I’d prefer Harry to wake me up,” Draco mumbled.

Both Remus and Hermione shuddered. “Believe us when we say ‘No, you wouldn’t’.”

Draco yelped as something hit him in the back, pushing him to the floor.
“Everything’s ready for our picnic. Are you ready yet?

Hermione and Remus laughed at the faces of the two Slytherins.

“That is why you wouldn’t prefer it. I have control over fire he uses shadow. He has been able to wake up even the deepest of sleepers by appearing in the shadows above them and dropping on them in his kitten form. Yes Harry, we are ready. We just have to wait for your mate to wake up properly.”

Harry beamed and turned to the blonde vampire – who had suddenly been surrounded by shadows. “Ok, he’s ready. Can we go now?” He asked as the shadows left the subject of their attention, causing the other four beings in the room to blink at him in shock. Harry tilted his head to the left like a curious puppy. “What?”

Hermione hid a grin as she saw Draco try to wipe the drool from his face without being noticed.

FTLOAGEK

“You’ve had coffee, sugar or chocolate, haven’t you kit?” Remus asked, eyes shining with withheld mirth.

Harry nodded his head vigorously. “I made a cake. Choc-banana with mocha icing, the icing was nummy!”

Remus laughed till tears rolled down his cheeks. “Good luck!” he called to a horror-stricken Draco as he was pulled out of the room by a hyperactive and impatient Kitty-Demon. Hermione and Blaise followed them, laughing at the dark-haired boy’s antics.

FTLOAGEK

Harry and Hermione looked at each other in confusion. Their mates had escorted them to this area for their picnic, but they didn’t know why. When a door appeared, both of them tilted their head to the left, causing the two boys to chuckle.
“This is the Room of Requirement,” Blaise explained, covering Hermione’s eyes. “This room changes to suit what you need it to be.”

“Trust me,” Draco whispered as he nuzzled into Harry’s neck, relishing the slight whimper that escaped the younger male.

The two dominants guided their mates into the room before removing their hands from their eyes with a slight flourish.

The two newcomers – who were also carrying a picnic basket each – stood there with wide eyes; before them lay a paradise.

The ground beneath their feet was like a thick carpet. The air was slightly chilled and fresh. The two Demons looked around. The large area they were in was identical to the botanical gardens they had been to while they were at the orphanage – up to and including the small waterfall that Harry had used to wash the younglings when they had finished eating their ice-lollies or fruit they had bought with them.

Harry looked around the green grounds with tears in his eyes. “How?”

Draco let a soft smile cover his features as he heard the break in Harry’s voice. “Last year Remus told us that you had talked non-stop about this place you had been to. He said that it had stuck in his mind because it had been the first time he could remember you acting carefree. Sev said that he had been there once when he was younger and enjoyed it, so we took him there for his birthday over the summer.”

Harry smiled up at his mate with large liquid emerald eyes. “Thank you. You have no idea at how much this means to me.”

“I wish that I could take you for real, but I can’t – at least, not yet.”

Harry smiled. “This is lovely, Draco. Do you want to choose where we’ll sit for lunch?”

Draco beamed and took the basket from the black-haired teen before offering his free arm to him.
Harry blushed and accepted the arm. Hermione and Blaise exchanged smiles before Blaise copied Draco’s example and they followed the couple.

Blaise and Draco watched slack-jawed as their mates started to unpack the food in a practiced dance. Neither of them could believe the amount of food the younger male had made. There were sandwiches of all types, fruit, cold roast meats, salads, cheese, wines, fruit juice, water, ice-lollies, jellies, dips with homemade bread sticks, tortilla chips and vegetables sticks and that was not to mention the large cake that filled the centre of the blanket.

“You really out did yourself this time, Harry,” Hermione smiled, taking in the food on display. Harry blushed slightly as he handed everyone a plate, indicating for them to help themselves. The four teens spent the next ten minutes eating in silence.

“What has it been like going to school here?” Hermione asked after her stomach had enough food in it to stop it eating itself.

“It’s been … alright, I guess,” Blaise answered. “It was strange sharing a room with other at first, but we ended up getting used to it.”

“The classes are very interesting – well, most of them are,” Draco continued after swallowing. “DADA has been a joke from the very beginning. Our instructors have been ridiculous!”

Blaise snorted. “Well, they were till Remus took over last year. First year we had a stuttering fool who was scared of his shadow, us and the subject. Second year was a blasted peacock hidden in the body of a human being.”

“Third year was a wizard who believed himself above the law and he tried teaching us all dark arts instead of Defence against the dark arts. He lost his job the week the week after the Christmas holidays when he cast the Cruciatus Curse on a muggleborn. Forth year was more along the lines of a madhouse with a Professor who thought that a Sniget was the wizarding world’s most dangerous beast.”

“Fifth year was worse with a member of the ministry as a Professor. She wouldn’t allow any of us take a wand into her classroom and she spent most of her time trying to get everyone to agree that those with creature blood were inferior to those without. She didn’t last long when the Minister and
Board of Governors found out. It may have taken nearly a year to get rid of her, but it was worth it.”

“Who is this Tom you were talking about last night?” Blaise asked after a few more mouthfuls.

“Tom is our teacher. He’s a snake demon. He’s great!” Harry chirped, happily munching on a finger lime. “He’s been teaching us the snake language! It’s fun!”

Hermione smiled. “Both of us adore Tom. He told us that if it were allowed, he would have adopted us himself. He said that we are to rest for a while and when we have settled in he’ll come and talk to us about our lessons.”

“We officially completed our education a few weeks ago, but Tom wants to teach us some things that we should have been aware of from birth.”

“We think he’s just trying to stay friends with us. He seems lonely.”

Harry picked up a piece of celery and started to nibble on it. “He’s the only member of his family left. He is trying to find more snake demons, but he hasn’t yet.”

Blaise looked at Harry in confusion. “Is that how he came to by your teacher? He was looking for other of his kind and he found you?”

Harry shook his head. “When a new demon is ready to learn their magic seeks out another demon or demon that it feels comfortable with and who can teach its wielder the best. Rinie and I were unique in that our magic is very similar and we both sort out Tom when we were five. We think that it is because of this that we managed to successfully complete the sibling bond.”

Hermione laughed. “Until he arrived he thought the only had one student. He loved it when he discovered that he had two kits to teach. I believe that both of you will love him – even if it is just because he picks on Sirius.”

Blaise smirked as he noticed Draco’s tongue tip flick over his bottom lip as Harry licked his lips clean of celery juice.
“What are your families like?” Harry asked, eyes blinking innocently at the blonde.

Seeing that his friend was distracted by his mate eating another piece of fruit, Blaise started. “My mother is a lovely woman. She’s the one I gained my Dark Elvan heritage from. My biological father was a wood elf. He left mum when he discovered she was pregnant. He’s now married to an elf-veela hybrid female who can’t give him an heir. He’s tried to claim me several times over the years as his heir, but when he left he denied that I was his and when he said that his magic made it so he could say I was his son, but he had no right to claim me.

“Since then she has married a lovely man and I have two younger sisters. One is seven and the other is four. Mum also is expecting twins in three months. We don’t know what they are yet, we want it to be a surprise.”

Both Harry and Hermione beamed.

“When you next write her, give her our congratulations,” Hermione said.

“If she needs help with anything health wise, I may be able to help her,” Harry offered shyly. “That is if she doesn’t already have a healer.”

Blaise looked at Harry incredulously. “You can heal?”

Harry blushed and nodded.

“Harry is a natural healer. Tom taught him all he could before he contacted a healer friend of his. She agreed to help and so she taught Harry once a week. He now has his healer’s certificate.”

Harry blushed deeper and lowered his head.

“So Draco,” Hermione smiled getting the attention off her kitten. “What is your family like? I know we will be meeting them all soon, but I want to hear what you think of them.”

Draco smiled. “Well, you already know Remus and Sirius. Remus is kind of like an honorary Uncle and Sirius is my mother’s cousin, so he’s legitimately my family. Then there is Sev. He and dad were
best friends while they were at Hogwarts – even though dad was older by four years. When he had trouble, Sev would go to dad and so they became close. Because of that, dad made him my godfather so I’ve known him all my life. I think you both would get along with him and I think he’d enjoy your company – after all, there’s only so much intelligent conversation you can have with Sirius.”

Harry smiled shyly at Draco’s attempt at cheering him up.

“My mother,’ Draco continued dryly, “is not normally as stupid as she was last night. She isn’t of creature inheritance and normally she leaves me to my own devices. When I was younger she was more … motherly, but when I was old enough for dad’s lessons, she just stopped. I think it was her way of protecting herself if I decided she wasn’t good enough to be her mother.

“Then we have Bella. She is my mother’s oldest sister and she is insane! Don’t be surprised if she tries mothering you. When Sirius gets over-bearing, threaten him with Bella and he calms down. Mum does have another sister who is better her and Bella in age, but they haven’t spoken in nearly twenty three years so I’ve never met her.

“This brings us to my father. He has to be the most important person in my life so far – followed closely by Severus. Father was always there – no matter how busy he was he always had time to do things with me and mum. Nearly every memory I have of my childhood involves him in one way or another. He showed me that nothing is more important than family – and I want to be as good a father to my children as he was to me.”

At this, Harry blushed deeply. “I’m sure that you will be a good father,” he smiled shyly.

Draco, Blaise and Hermione smirked. It seemed that Harry’s proximity to his dominant was both making him a slight more bolder and less immune to his mate’s natural charm.

The next few hours saw the four teens joke around and talk as if nothing could harm them.

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Remus chuckled softly as he and a pouting Sirius sat between the Headmaster and the Potions Professor.

“I thought that the two of you would be with our guests,” the Headmaster said with a twinkle in his
“What’s wrong with the mutt?” Severus murmured at the same time.

Remus chuckled. “Harry and Hermione have gone on a picnic with Draco and Blaise,” he answered the Headmaster. He turned to Severus. “Sirius is sulking because he earned himself his first punishment from our Kitten because he made a mess of the kitchen.”

Severus’ face brightened slightly. “What is his punishment?”

“He’s been banned from the kitchen while Harry is in it and he’s not allowed to eat with us – or anything Harry cooks – for a week. And if I know Harry, he will be making most of Sirius’ favourites to make the punishment worse.”

The students in the hall all looked up at the head table in shock as the Potions Master laughed until tears rolled down his face.

The four teens stood in front of the door leading to Remus’ rooms.

“We should go back to the Slytherin Common room tonight,” Blaise said with a sad smile.

“We will be back first thing in the morning,” Draco continued. “With the stuff that is left over from today – bring it with us because we will be going on a tour of Hogwarts – both grounds and castle.”

Hermione beamed. “That sounds wonderful! But we might make something new for lunch tomorrow – or we could eat in the Great Hall.”

Blaise nodded. “That sounds like a good idea. We will pick you up at seven.” He leaned forwards and kissed Hermione softly on the cheek.

Harry smiled as he snuggled into Draco’s chest. “I’ll have breakfast ready and waiting,” he said, and
with a quick press of his lips to Draco’s cheek, he walked into the rooms before them, followed closely by a slightly giggling Hermione.

“See you tomorrow,” the two Demons whispered before shutting the door.

Draco and Blaise stood before the closed door with sappy smiles on their faces.

“We’d best go and get some sleep, Draco,” Blaise said eventually.

Yes. The sooner we get to sleep, the sooner we can see our mates.” The two students made their way back to their common room, smiling dreamily while they remembered their first day with their mates and best friend.
Draco and Blaise were at Remus’ door at 6:30 the next day, nervously waiting for the door to be
answered.

“Are you sure that anyone will be awake?” Blaise asked for the fourth time. “We said we’d be here
at seven.”

“It is a well-known fact that the only Professor to sleep past six is Dumbledore.” Draco and Blaise
jumped at the sound of the cheerful voice coming from the now open door. “Sirius is in his room
pouting and marking assignments. Hermione and Harry are meditating in the sitting room and please,
forgive the paperwork. I’m trying to get Harry’s inheritance in order before I hand it over to him,”
Remus smiled. “You can come in; Harry and Hermione will be coming round soon and breakfast in
nearly ready.”

The two boys followed the cheerful wolf into his rooms, only to stop in the doorway. Seated cross-
legged on the floor, facing each other and hands linked – were their mates. They watched enthralled
as the magic surrounding them pulsed and receded in ever-increasing and decreasing speeds.

Remus watched them with a knowing look on his face. “It’s a beautiful sight, isn’t it?” he asked as
he turned to watch the transparent black, silver and gold colours pulsing around the two. “They had
to learn to do this before they learnt anything else since even though Demons can use wands, they
rarely do.”

“We don’t use wands because it is very hard to find a core that suits us. Most Demon use wands that
have three or more components to their cores: not the normal one that is found in a wizard’s wand.”

All three males jumped, eliciting a slight giggle from Harry.
“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you,” Hermione said, giggling softly.

Harry stepped close to Draco and nuzzled into him. “Hi,” he smiled, looking into Draco’s eyes.

Draco’s eyes had turned silver. “Hello Little One,” he purred, revealing elongated canines. “You look delightful this morning.”

Harry beamed and snuggled into Draco’s chest once more before disappearing into the kitchen. Draco sighed happily and turned to watch.

Remus, Hermione and Blaise nearly choked when they tried suppressing their laughter at the look of devotion and slight hunger in his eyes.

The hunger increased when Harry returned with four glasses with a pink liquid in them and one with a bright red which made everyone’s flesh crawl. Harry handed the red on to Draco, then handed the others to the rest.

“I thought since you got here so early, we could have a coursed breakfast,” Harry said with a slight blush on his checks and over the bridge of his nose. Draco melted at the shy look on his mate’s face.

“It’s alright, Harry,” Hermione said fighting the urge to squeal happily. “I’m sure they won’t mind. It is a big castle after all.”

Harry smiled and took a mouthful of his drink. “It’s okay; it’s only a strawberry, banana and almond meal smoothie. It’s yummy.”

Draco took a sip of his when the others did – but unlike everyone else, his eyes darkened to the colour of storm clouds. He also managed to drain his glass in what seemed to be one gulp. Silently, Harry poured him another glass, which Draco drank at the same speed as the others.

“What just happened?” Blaise blinked. “What the hell was in that smoothie?”

“It was exactly the same that was in yours except I added some of my blood to it. I guessed that he’d need more and that he wouldn’t be comfortable feeding from me when I wasn’t freaking out, so I
Blaise looked at Harry in surprise. It was obvious that he had forgotten that his friend had tasted his mate’s blood and would need to feed from him once every one or two days. He shook his head and followed the laughing couple to the rest of their meal.

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An hour later the four youngsters were ready to leave and after saying goodbye to Remus, the four took off for the castle tour. All four of them were having so much fun walking through the castle and talking to the portraits that they had to run to the Great Hall to make it to the Great Hall in time for lunch.

When they entered, the hall fell silent in shock at the sight of both Slytherin Princes flushed and laughing. The fact that the vampire in Draco had become more pronounced also drew many lust-filled male and female eyes.

As if he knew exactly what was going on in the minds behind those gazes, Harry stepped closer to his mate, seemingly trying to crawl into his skin. Draco glanced down at his mate with a soft smile. He knew that being around so many people was scaring his kitten so he did what his instincts told him to do.

The Hall erupted into life as his fangs pierced his mate’s throat. Males yelled in horror, females screamed – whether in jealousy or fear was the most popular question – and the entire Hufflepuff table fainted.

Draco removed his fangs after a few moments and licked the mark he’d made. “Mine!” he whispered possessively, causing Harry to shiver uncontrollably. Up at the head table, Remus was shaking his head in resignation. Severus was smirking while internally jumping like a teenage fan girl who had just discovered slash fan fiction and Sirius was so shocked that, for once, he had nothing to say.

As the Slytherin Princes lead their mates to the table on the far side of the hall, all the Professors who knew Sirius were wishing that Rita Skeeter was there to record the reason why the apocalypse was coming. Oh well – that is what a pensieve was for after all.

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Remus and Severus walked towards the teens as they were finishing their salads and they watched in amusement as Harry made sandwiches from whatever food was left on the table after the savages disguised as students had left.

“Can we help you Remus? Professor Snape?” Hermione politely asked, earning herself an extremely rare smile from the Potions Master.

“We were just wondering how your morning was and what your plans for this afternoon are,” Severus answered in an almost kind voice, causing the majority of the remaining students to hide under their tables for protection against the Ice that was surely forming in Hell at that very moment.

“Well, we haven’t finished looking through the castle yet - we still have the dungeons and the ground to go, so we will be doing those,” Blaise answered.

“I promise we won’t go into the Potion’s room, Sev,” Draco added almost hastily.

Severus noticed the spark in Harry’s eyes dimed slightly at Draco’s words and mentally shook his head. “You may show them the room, Draco,” he interrupted, noticing the return of the spark with satisfaction. “I just don’t want anything touched in there until I can assess your companion’s potions skills. If they pass then they will have free reign like you do.”

By this time, Harry’s eyes were shining with suppressed excitement.

Remus groaned in mock agony. “You do know that you’ve just given your word to open your lab to a monster, don’t you?” he asked, walking towards the door.

Severus frowned following him. “What do you mean by that Remus? Lupin? STOP IGNORING ME WOLF!”

Draco, Blaise and Hermione laughed while Harry just tilted his head to the left.

“What is it Harry?” Hermione asked when she had calmed down.

Harry smiled at her. “I’m just happy that Remus has found a new pack for himself,” he answered. “I
know that he has Siri, me and you, but he needed more than just us. I’m glad that he picked right.”

The four teens finished their sandwiches in silence, thinking about what had just been said. When the last scrap had been consumed, they stood and made their way down to the dungeons.

An hour later - thanks to a particularly, and oddly, talkative portrait of Salazar Slytherin - the four made their way back to the Entrance Hall. When they reached it, Draco and Blaise groaned. It was raining. It seemed that a storm had come while they were talking to Salazar.

Harry and Hermione just looked at each other and ran out the doors and into the downpour. Draco and Blaise started out in shock. That was not what they had expected. When they had gotten over their shock, they started to laugh. There before them were their mates. Both of them were spinning around on the pavement of the courtyard, laughing and getting soaked.

Hearing their joyous laughter, they did the only thing they could do. They ran into the rain, picked up their perspective mates and spun them around, causing them to shriek with laughter.

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Sirius stood before the window in his rooms, watching the rain fall and the four figures on the grounds. He smiled softly when he heard his door open softly. “Hey Moony, what can I do you for?” he whispered, scared of breaking the peaceful silence.

“I just came to see how you were. I think Harry missed you at breakfast. I think he misses you.”

Sirius sighed softly and looked back out at the four teens. “I miss him, Remy. I just don’t know how to not annoy him. He’s so ... so domesticated!”

Remus walked over to his friend and placed his hand on his shoulder. “He’s a lot like Lily, isn’t he?” He asked with a slight smile as they watched their Kit playing in the rain.

“Yeah, he is. I’ve never seen Draco smile so much - and before now he would never think of being out in the rain unless he was playing Quidditch.”
“You and Lily were nearly inseparable when she wasn’t with either James or Severus. Why don’t you try treating Harry like you did her?”

Sirius smiled slightly. “Do you think that he would teach me to cook? I swear all I wanted to do when I walked in the kitchen was to help him - I just don’t know my way around the implements good enough.”

Remus tightened his grip on Sirius’ shoulder. “All you can do is ask - and prove to him that you want to learn.”

Sirius nodded. “Let’s go down and join the youngsters. I want to play too!”

Remus laughed and followed his only remaining brother-in-pranks out of the room.

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Harry shrieked when a familiar pair of arms picked him up.

“Hi Kit!” Sirius grinned down at him, black hair stuck to his face by the rain.

“SIRI!” Harry grinned back.

Remus watched them with a slight smile on his face. While they weren’t watching, he quickly snapped a photo before joining in with the five people in front of him.

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Once again the students were shocked to silence when six water-logged people walked into the hall with large smiles on their faces.

“Don’t worry about us,” Remus announced. “We just came to drop off a run-away child.”
Everyone laughed when Sirius shouted, “Hey!”

After a few quick hugs, Remus and Sirius headed up to the Head table - still soaking wet - while the four teens headed to the Slytherin Table. As the six sat, purple flames rose around them and disappeared, leaving behind six dry, but dishevelled, people. Next they were surrounded by shadows and when they had disappeared they looked as neat as if they had just walked out of the shop.

Once again after the meal, Blaise and Draco walked their mates to Remus’ door.

“We had best get to the Common room. We have to get ready for classes tomorrow,” Blaise said sadly.

“Will you be coming here for breakfast?” Harry asked bright green eyes wide and innocent.

Draco beamed. “Of course! It wouldn’t be a good start to the day if we didn’t.”

Both Demon gave their mates a hug and a soft kiss to the cheek and walked into the room. After hearing the door close, the two Slytherins left, discussing what they needed to do for the following day. Suddenly Draco stopped.

“I need to talk to the Headmaster about something,” he said in answer to Blaise’ puzzled look and he vanished in the opposite direction, leaving his friend to shake his head.
Chapter 6 - Getting to Know You Day 3 part 1

Chapter Summary

Draco's plans are revealed and Harry reveals something to Hermione that has her more than a little worried

Chapter Notes

Here is the next chapter. As usual, this one is a little short but I was writing these chapters in the lead up to the death of a family member so they will be of varying lengths for quiet some time. Not to mention that sometimes that is where the chapter wants to end

Chapter 6 - Getting to know you - Day 3 Part 1

Remus and Sirius were waiting outside Remus’ quarters for the two Slytherins at 6:30 the next morning. Draco opened his mouth to ask something, but was beaten to the question by Sirius’ answer.

“I’m allowed to eat with you, I just have to cook for myself,” the dark-haired man said. “Harry said that he wouldn’t allow me to poison myself again,” he added with a slight blush.

Draco laughed softly. “Actually, I was going to ask for your permission to remove Harry from Hogwarts for tonight’s meal and the same for Blaise with Hermione - but thanks for the blackmail material,” he teased gently.

The two men laughed and gave their permission, then followed the two younger males into Remus’ rooms.

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Blaise pulled an unresisting Draco through the hallway to their first class. It was taking all his control to not laugh at the slightly dazed and goofy smile on his friends face. He pulled him to the potion’s lab door just before it was closed by the Professor.
Severus took one look at his godson and raised an eyebrow. “I am going to assume that you were with your mates and that is what has him like this.”

Blaise nodded. “It seems that Harry has warmed to him quite quickly and hugged him goodbye when we left. I think he was a little giddy from that, but I think the pretty green eyes that look too big to fit in his head looking at him with the ‘I’ll miss you so come back soon’ did him in.”

Severus chuckled softly. “Please put that memory into a pensieve for me. That I have to see!”

Blaise smirked. “Did you also want the one of Draco playing in the rain?”

Before either of them could blink, Blaise was pinned against the opposite side of the hall.

“That is a very special memory of mine, Blaise. I will NOT have you cheapen it by offering it to everyone we see. Do I make myself clear?”

Blaise and Severus nodded, both shocked at the way Draco had reacted.

“When I am ready to share that memory, I will share it with those I feel deserve it!” Draco let go of Blaise’s throat and stormed into the room, a silent and shocked Blaise following him. Severus made a mental not to put that memory into a pensieve and call for Lucius to join him in viewing it - but first, he had a class to teach.

Hermione turned the page of her book, absentmindedly patting the kitten on her lap, which was purring its head off. Harry had transformed to his kitten form and climbed onto her lap just after Remus and Sirius had left, and they hadn’t moved once in the past two hours.

“Harry, Sweetie?” Hermione said softly to the dozing kitten. “Can you wake up? I want to talk to you about something and I think you want to talk to me as well,” she added with a small smile.
Harry shadowed away and returned in human form with a tray of tea, lemon, milk, sugar and a plate of warm mini apple cinnamon muffins. He took his seat after serving Hermione, then himself. “What did you want to talk about, Rinie?” he asked.

Hermione couldn’t help but smile. “I wanted to talk about our mates, of course.” She grinned, seeing the light in her brother’s eyes grow brighter at the prospect of talking about his mate.

“Okay Rinie. What do you think of Blaise?” Harry giggled slightly, feeling as if he was a school girl setting her friend up with the new guy in school.

Hermione smiled. “He is a very charming young man,” she started. “He is fun to be around and very good looking.” She blushed slightly. “He seems to be intelligent and I can converse with him easily without needing to stop and explain what I am saying every two minutes.” She stopped to have a few sips of her tea and to nibble delicately on a muffin. She hummed in pleasure at the sweet spiciness as it covered her tongue.

I feel comfortable around him,” she continued after a while. “I trust him even though I don’t know him very well and I feel safe with him. I feel the connection we have as mates and I am drawn to him, I’ll admit that,” she confessed, “but I also know that I do not love him – not yet anyway. I need to spend more time with him to talk and get to know him. I know we’ve had the past two days with them, but I need more time alone with him, you know?”

Harry nodded his understanding with a smile on his face.

“So, what do you think of him?” she asked.

Harry’s smile widened slightly. “I like him. From what I’ve seen he is very polite and understanding. He hasn’t once become jealous because of me when you focus on me when he is around and he hasn’t insisted on you leaving me when he and Draco are here.” Harry took a few sips of tea, thinking.

“I can’t say that I trust him with myself yet, but I do trust him to take care of you when you need it. I have heard from Remy and Siri that he is intelligent and what I’ve seen of him so far supports that. I’m sure that the attraction you feel for each other will eventually turn to love.”

Hermione smiled. “I’m sure it will. Now, tell me what you think of Draco.”
Harry beamed. “I like him! I really, really do! He’s cute and cuddly and nice and he smells good!”

Hermione giggled softly. “You do know that you just described a vampire as ‘cute and cuddly’ don’t you, Sweetie?”

Harry blushed. “So? He is.”

Hermione laughed. “Not many others would think so – but you are probably right. So, what else do you have to say about him?”

Harry’s eyes became slightly unfocused as he thought over the last few days. “He is very ... intense. He is very gentle and extremely possessive. I feel safe with him and I want to submit to him. I feel the pull to mate and it scares me slightly, but I can see that he is holding himself back. I don’t think he knows that I am not yet of age, but he still is fighting the urge so as not to scare me.”

Harry stopped to think, not noticing the worried look on Hermione’s face. It wasn’t well known that harry wasn’t yet seventeen and for him to be feeling the pull for mating, something had to be wrong. She decided to write to Tom about it and turned her attention back to her kitten.

“I trust him, Rinie. I can tell that I will be happy with him and once he claims me, I will relax. The trouble is I want him to claim me NOW! Every time I see him I want to reveal my readiness to mate, but I hold it in. I am not going to mate until Tom can meet him. Other than that, I think he is wonderful company who has the intelligence to keep up with us. What do you think of him?”

Hermione chuckled at the unsure tone to Harry’s voice. “I think he is a lovely person. He is absolutely dedicated to you and he is very polite. He is intelligent, but he isn’t obsessed with it like I can be. He will be good for you, Sweetie, though I agree with you about not going further then hugging and feeding him until Tom can meet him.”

Harry beamed at her and snuggled into her side. “I’m glad you like him, Rinie.”

Hermione smiled. “I’ve got a letter to write, Sweetie. Did you want to go back to sleep or read?”

Harry looked at the time. “I think I’ll start making lunch and something for tomorrow night for dinner – How do you feel about steak and kidney pie?”
Hermione said that the pie sounded wonderful and a sandwich for lunch before walking into Remus’ study to write her letter while Harry left for the kitchen.

Remus, Sirius, Blaise and Draco arrived at the rooms at the same moment. Inhaling deeply, Sirius’ stomach growled hungrily. “I hope that is lunch!” he said enthusiastically.

“It isn’t,” Harry said, grinning as he stepped from the shadows. “It is for dinner tomorrow night – and even if it was for now, you wouldn’t be eating it, or have you already forgotten?”

Sirius pouted.

“You will be allowed to join us tomorrow night though, so stop pouting,” Hermione announced from behind them, causing them all to jump. “Harry decided to cook instead of sleep while I wrote a letter to our mentor. We promised to send him a letter every two or three days.” She stretched, showing off her flat stomach as her shirt rose a little with her movements. “I wouldn’t be surprised if he turns up when Beelzebub gives him the letter,” she smirked lightly. “He’d particularly be interesting in Draco and Blaise. He’d feel as if it was his job to interrogate the mates of his self-proclaimed family. What did you make for lunch, Harry? I’m staved!”

Harry led an enthusiastic Hermione and a laughing Sirius and Remus into the room, leaving two wide-eyed Slytherins out in the corridor.

Blaise struggled to keep from laughing as he watched a frantic Draco rummaged through his closet.

“Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?” he murmured.

Blaise lost his fight and rolled off the bed.
“Oh blow it out your besom!” Draco growled as he threw one of his robes onto the floor. “I can’t find my good robes! I can’t go out like this!”

Blaise forced himself to calm down. “Calm down Draco! You didn’t bring your best robes with you, remember? We didn’t think we would need them this year, so it is no wonder you can’t find it. You look very striking in black, so why don’t you wear the grey shirt with the Acromentula silk woven into it with your black velvet robes. Put your hair in the same style as your father’s and you will be beating the public off with a stick!”

“But I don’t want to impress the public! I want to impress Harry,” Draco whined.

Blaise shook his head. “I have a feeling that if you turned up in wet, muddy rags, Harry would look at you the same way as if you wore robes that were made especially for you. It isn’t what you wear, or how much money you have that impresses him. It’s you.”

Draco smiled. “Thanks Blaise – I know all this, but it’s always good to make doubly sure.” He looked down at himself, only just realising his state of undress. “Now that you’ve proven yourself useful, you can leave so I can dress!”

Blaise laughed and walked out of the room.

When the portrait guarding the entrance to Remus’ rooms announced that Blaise and Draco were at the door, Sirius leapt to invite them in. He and Remus – even though they knew both boys – had decided to pull the ‘over-protective parent’ act. Neither of them could wait!

Draco started when the door opened to reveal Sirius. He immediately noticed the spark in the Marauder’s eye and he felt the urge to run and hide under his bed. This was the perfect opportunity for Sirius and Remus to reveal their inner pranksters – and he had a feeling that it would be rather painful for him and Blaise.
Blaise and Draco silently led a giggling Harry and Hermione out onto Hogwarts’ grounds.

“I don’t ever want to go through that again,’ Blaise announced when they were a safe distance from the main building.

“Me either.” Draco shakily agreed, not missing the looks Harry and Hermione exchanged. “What was that about?”

“Maybe you should think of what just happened as a practice run,” Hermione began.

“Because Tom will be much worse than that,” Harry continued. “Remus and Sirius know you, so they know what you are like. They also don’t see us as their children – Tom does.”

Both Demons stepped in close to their mates so they could side-long apparate. Neither of them noticed the frantic, almost pleading looks their mates exchanged before both couple disappeared with a loud CRACK!
Chapter 7 - Getting to know you Day 3 Part 2

Chapter Summary

Draco and Harry's first date.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's been a while Peeps, Life's a bitch at the best of times. I hope to be on track now but who knows. Hope you all enjoy!

Chapter 7 – Getting to know you Day 3 Part 2

Harry looked around him in awe, not yet realising that Blaise and Hermione weren’t with them. They were in a restaurant high in the sky, with a wondrous view of a waterfall at dusk. It wasn’t until he turned around to admire the 360 degree view that he noticed the missing couple.

“This is wonderful Draco,” Harry smiled, tilting his head slightly to the left. “But … where’s Rinie?”

Draco bit his lip nervously. “Blaise and I decided to take you to different restaurants. Is that a problem?”

Harry beamed. “No, it’s not a problem. I think this will be lovely!”

Draco smiled and extended his arm with a slight bow. He felt his heart jolt when – instead of resting his hand on the extended limb – Harry wrapped his arm around it and shyly looked into his face.

“I ordered ahead. I hope you don’t mind,” Draco murmured as a waiter appeared to seat them.

Harry looked at him with wide, innocent eyes. “You already ordered?”

Draco nodded his rising distress evident in his eyes.
“Thank you!” Harry beamed. “I never know what to order because it all just sounds so good.” He blushed slightly. “Before I was old enough to cook, Rinie and Mama Figg had to put food on my plate or I wouldn’t have eaten anything at all. I really dislike making most decisions.”

Draco almost slumped in relief. “Don’t worry. Any decisions that come up will be handled by me if you don’t want anything to do with it.” He was rewarded by a beaming smile and a throat being cleared.

“Your table Sir.”

“Thank you Alexander. Would we be able to get a jug of chilled water with lemon to go with our starters? And don’t rash through service; we have permission to be here.”

The waiter smiled and bowed slightly. “As you wish, young sir.”

Harry blushed as Draco pulled a seat out and indicated for him to sit. As he watched Draco sit and smile at him, he felt himself fall for the blonde vampire harder and faster than he had been before.

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Harry took a sip of his water, fully relaxed in the company he was in.

“Tell me about yourself,” Draco ventured with a soft smile.

Harry laughed. “Are you up for a game of twenty questions?”

Draco looked up from the newly arrived plate of appetizers in confusion. “What is ‘twenty questions’?”

Harry looked at the plate before him and poked the thing sitting on it. “It’s a muggle game that children play – but don’t let that put you off, it is a good way of getting to know someone,” he answered when he was convinced the unknown blob was either dead or had never lived. “Normally
one person will ask twenty questions that the other must answer truthfully before asking their twenty
questions, but I prefer one person asking a question that both parties answer and discuss before the
other person does the same.”

Draco thought about it while he watched Harry prod the food before him once more.

“Allright,” he smiled eventually. “We’ll do it.” He watched as the blob was poked again. “Don’t you
like tomato jelly?”

Harry looked up, beaming. “I’ve never seen tomato jelly before … and I like watching it dance on
the plate.” He blushed slight as Draco chuckled deeply. “You can ask the first question.”

Draco calmed enough to start his entrée, encouraging Harry to also start eating. “I’m going to start
simple. What is your favourite colour?”

Harry licked the spoon clean, purring in delight. “I like most colours, but my favourite has to be
grey.”

“Why?”

Harry smiled softly. “It started when I was very young. I would always react more to the darker -
most would say duller – colours. Not surprising since I’m a Shadow elemental,” he paused for a
moment to sip some water. “I was always harder to control when the storm clouds came. Mama Figg
would try her best to keep me inside when the weather turned bad, but she never had much success.
In the end she just allowed me out with Rinie. It wasn’t until I was seven or eight that I classified
anything other than storm clouds as being grey. I think it was also because I didn’t see in colour until
I was four and people’s aura’s are simply beautiful in black, white and grey. How about you?” Harry
looked at his plate and blinked. He hadn’t realised that he had been eating as he spoke.

Draco chuckled softly at the bemused look on his mate’s face. “Mine are the darker shades of green
and blue. I find them very calming since they remind me of my favourite place.” He smiled softly. “I
remember the first time I was taken to one of our holiday houses. It was close to a large inland lake
and the water it held was so deep that the water rivalled an emerald in colour. It was almost the exact
same colour of your eyes. Add that to a blue on blue sky and you have heaven. Ever since then, I
have calmed around those colours.”

Harry smiled. “When is your favourite time of day?”
Draco got a thoughtful look on his face. “Either dawn or dusk. The sky is just simply full of the most glorious colours and everything is quiet and still, with the exception of a bird or two. It allows you the chance to breathe deeply and seek tranquillity.”

Harry laughed softly. “You just unknowingly almost quoted something form my favourite book,” he explained once he saw the slightly hurt and confused look on Draco’s face. “My favourite time of day is midnight. It marks the end of one day and the beginning of another. Everything seems to happen at midnight – witching hour starts, Father Christmas, the tooth fairy, the Easter bunny and other important childhood creatures are believed to turn up at that time and in fairy tales, Cinderella’s fairy godmother’s magic ends. It makes sense to me that all these things occur at this time, since everything seems to hold its breath as midnight approaches. Even the Earth itself seems to slow in its movement, just waiting for something to happen.”

Draco mentally shook himself. “You have a beautiful way with words. You had me spellbound.”

Harry blushed lightly.

Draco nodded at Alexander as he collected the dirty plates and set down covered bowls. The bowls were uncovered to reveal a clear soup full of fresh young vegetables.

“What is your favourite book and why is it your favourite? Mine is Macbeth by William Shakespeare. It is wonderfully written and I find it very easy to relate to the characters and it reveals the depth of darkness that can be found in a human. My favourite section is:

“Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till though applaud the deed. Come seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing to th’ rooky wood:
Good things of Day begin to dropp and drowse,
Whiles Night’s black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell’st at my worlds; but hold thee still,

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So, prithee, go with me.’

“From the very first moment I read that, I’ve had it in my head. I don’t know why it speaks to me but I’m guessing that it has something to do with me being what I am and who I am. I have even found myself whispering it to myself when things get hard to bear.”

“Mine is Dinotopia by James Gurney. I love the way it is written and I love the illustrations. It is full of hope, light and laughter, but there is that darker undertone to it as well. My favourite things from it are that the words for a close friendship and marriage are the same and that is how I feel. If you are in a relationship – married or otherwise – then you should be the best of friends as well,” he blushed slightly. “My other favourite part is what they say as a farewell. One is Breathe Deep, Seek Peace and the other is Breathe Deep, Fly High. I find that if you take the words to heart, then you do feel much calmer and more accepting.”

“You will have to show it to me one day,” Draco smiled.

Harry smiled shyly and pushed his half-empty bowl away

Draco sipped his tea, watching Harry do the same. They had completed their meal and both of them were down to their last question. This required a good deal of thought.

“If you could be anyone for a day, who would you choose and why?” he asked. “I would choose either Father or Sev. Both of them are decent, hard-working men. I would have trouble picking between them because they are the two who are most responsible for who I am today.”

Harry smiled thoughtfully. “I’d probably choose to be Tom. He can be scary, but he has a heart of gold. He always is there to help people and I think it would be nice to be him and help him find more of his kind after everything that he has done for me and Rinie.” He took a sip of his tea, looking out at the moonlit waterfall. “It’s so peaceful here,” he murmured.

Draco smiled. “I’m glad you like it. I hoped that you would. Did you want to move to the lounges?” he chuckled softly when Harry nodded excitedly. “Let’s move everything over there – it might be
more comfortable.”

Draco made himself comfortable on the long sofa. He was hoping – but not expecting - that Harry would sit beside him. He held his breath as Harry sat beside him and curled his legs underneath himself. He was close enough that Draco could feel his body heat and he felt his heart rate increase.

“What do you want for the future Draco?” Harry asked softly.

Draco blinked and looked deep within himself. “I’ve never really thought of it before, to be honest.” He said softly. “Until my inheritance hit me, I just assumed that I would take over from Father when he wanted to retire. Since I got my inheritance, however,” he shook his head slowly. “All I could think of was finding my mate and even though I have you, you are still so new to me that all I want to do is spend time with you and when I’m not with you, all I can think about is getting back to your side.”

He took a sip of his cooled tea. “If I had to answer immediately, I would say that I don’t know what I would like to do once I leave school, but I do know that I want to work.” He looked up into a pair of brilliant green eyes. “I also know that I want to be able to provide for my family – when the time comes.”

He smiled internally as the eyes brightened at the mention of family. “I’ve always wanted my own family. I’m not sure if I’ll have more than one child though since no one else in my family has in the past three centuries. I’d love a large horde and if need be, I’ll adopt.”

He stopped to see his mate beaming at him and before he could react, he found a warm body cuddled closely to his side.

“I’d like to be a healer. I already have my Master Healer’s certificate. I like looking after people and I have a knack for it,” Harry whispered beside Draco’s ear. “I also would like a large family. I wouldn’t mind adopting,” he looked up at Draco from beneath eyelids lowered in shyness. “I will be very happy to carry as many children as you wish to sire.”

Looking into the earnest eyes before him, Draco mentally and magically forced the urge to claim his mate deep into his mind. He had been very surprised to discover that Harry was a year younger than him and while upset that he couldn’t claim his mate for another 11 months, he was very happy that it gave them time to work on the more important part of their relationship.
Harry, unaware of the mental fight Draco was having, snuggled into the Vampire’s side with his blood-temperature tea clasped in his hands. He couldn’t wait to introduce his mate to Tom!

Draco and Harry walked through Hogwarts’ corridors in a comfortable silence. When they had reached Remus’ door, they stopped and faced each other – neither of them aware of the highly narrowed eyes focussed intently on them.

“Thank you for the wonderful meal, Draco,” Harry said shyly. “I really enjoyed getting to know more about you.”

Harry smiled brightly. “I don’t mind. I have some letters to write, so I can do them while you do your work.”

The eyes watching them narrowed further when their owner heard this.

“I’ll also bring along my copy of Macbeth. I hope you can find your Dinotopia book. I would love to see it.”

Harry beamed. “I would love to hear you read Macbeth. I know where Dinotopia is as well,” he blushed. “I would love to share it with you, if there is time.”

Draco smiled. “There will always be time for you in my schedule, Kitten,” he chuckled softly at Harry’s blush, than he sighed. “If I am to be here at the right time, I had best be going to the common-room to prepare.” He lowered his head and placed a soft, innocent kiss to the top of Harry’s head before holding his hand out with his fingers fully spread. “Breathe Deep,” he said softly.

Harry smiled and placed a not-quite-there kiss onto the blonde’s cheek before placing his smaller hand against Draco’s. “Seek Peace,” he whispered before heading to the door.
Draco waited until the door had closed behind his mate before turning to leave, still not aware of the
eyes that were now watching him, wide with surprise.
Chapter 8 - Introductions all round

Chapter Summary

First day with Severus and Draco and Blaise have a heart-stopping moment

Chapter Notes

Hey peeps, here is the next chapter. Hope you enjoy

Chapter 8 – Introductions all round

Remus frowned and put his tea down as a knock on his door echoed around the room.

“Who in the world would be calling at this time of night?” he murmured to himself, glancing at the clock. He opened the door.

“Tom?” he asked incredulously. “What are you doing here? Did you know that it is half-past one in the morning? How did you get here in the first place? For that matter – Why are you here?”

Tom narrowed his hazel eyes. “My kits are here, I know what the time is, I apparated and I got a disturbing letter this evening from my little Princess about my young Prince and I intend to oversee this previously unforeseen problem personally. Now, I am exceedingly tired, so I will just show myself the room holding my kits. I will be awake for this breakfast I have learned of and then I will talk to Mione and her mate. I expect you to be in the room with Harry and his mate until I am finished with Mione. I will then talk with Harry’s mate.” He crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow in a move so Hermione that Remus felt – and fought - the desire to laugh.

“So that is where she learnt it,” Remus thought with a mental grin.

“I trust that you, Hermione and the Mutt will be able to keep Harry occupied during this time?”

Remus nodded and moved aside, allowing the Demon to enter his rooms. “I can promise that we will
try. You know what he is like with those he classifies as his. It might be prudent for both you and Hermione to order him to stay with us.”

Tom smirked. “Neither I nor Hermione will be telling him to sit and stay.” He nodded once at the stunned lycanthrope and walked confidently into the room holding the two younger Demons, shutting the door behind him.

Remus and Sirius waited outside Remus’ rooms with slightly fearful hearts. They felt their hearts contract when they saw the two boys walking towards them. They heaved a sigh of relief when the dark, greased head of the Potions Master appeared behind the two boys. They had another person to try to keep their kitten occupied while Tom interrogated Draco.

“Do the two of you normally wait for guest outside your quarters?” Severus asked them with a raised eyebrow.

“We have a ... slight complication,” Sirius muttered, keeping one eye on the door to Remus’ rooms and the other on the boys.

“What type of complication?” Severus drawled wandering what could cause the two strong men before him to be nervous.

Remus and Sirius couldn’t help their eyes flicking to first one boy, then the other.

The teens exchanged glances and sighed.

“Tom is here, isn’t he?” Draco asked only slightly paler than normal.

The two ex-Gryffindors nodded.

“It had to happen sometime,” Blaise said softly, looking at his vampiric friend.
“Yes, and I’m happy that it is sooner rather than later. I have a feeling that if he had arrived in a weeks’ time, I would not take too kindly to a perceived threat to my right to my mate.” He looked Remus in the eye. “Did he give you a timetable as to what is going to occur this morning?”

Once again Remus nodded.

“Breakfast first, and then he wants to talk to Hermione and Blaise – with me staying in the same room as you and Harry. Then he wants to talk to you ... Alone.”

Draco nodded. “I was expecting so.”

“Sirius, Hermione and I are to stop Harry from interrupting the two of you. We have also been warned that neither Tom nor Hermione will be telling Harry to stay away.”


He and Blaise exchanged looks once more. They had known that their interrogations would be different due to the differences in their nature. As one, they bowed to a shocked Remus and Sirius. “We understand and accept these terms. Do we have permission to enter?”

With a blink of the eye, Sirius and Remus turned and lead the way into the room. Before Draco could enter the room, he was stopped by a hand on his arm.

“So you mind explaining to me why you are so calm about this?” Severus asked his normally easily stressed godson.

“I realised something last night while conversing with Harry over our evening meal,’ he started, eyes slightly unfocused as he remembered the moment.

Severus waited, absent-mindedly noticing his question had gained the attention of Remus, Sirius Blaise and a dark haired man he had never seen before. He noticed all of them were waiting for the answer to the question he was going to ask.

“What was it that you realised?”
Draco looked Severus in the eye. “I realised that Mr Riddle had taken to place of Harry’s father – in both his eyes and in Harry’s eyes. That got me thinking about something Harry and I discussed last night in a getting-to-know-you game we played. Both of us wish for a large family. All I had to do was think about what I will do when any of my future children bring home a boyfriend, girlfriend or mate to meet the rest of their family.” He smiled softly, eyes going slightly unfocused once more.

“And even though this may be hard for you to understand at the moment since you haven’t spent any time with him, but if it meant I could keep him happy and in my life, I would face this type of interrogation every day for the rest of my life. Harry is more than worth it.”

Severus nodded thoughtfully and noticed that the unknown man pulled back into the room with an oddly thoughtful look on his face.

Hermione took a sip of the tea before her while watching the dark-haired teen before her. Harry was making French toast – Tom’s favourite breakfast – for everyone that morning, but she could tell that her brother’s hands were shaking.

“What’s the matter Sweetie? Aren’t you happy to see Tom?”

Harry moved to the table to beat the egg, milk and spice mixture so he could talk with Hermione.

“I love seeing Tom again, Rinie. It’s just,” he sucked the corner of his bottom lip into his mouth and chewed it gently. “It’s just that he’s going to want to question Draco and he gets overprotective so I don’t know how it is going to go. Tom and Draco are both dominants, meaning they will clash and I don’t want that.” He lowered his head as tears of frustration and fear trickled down his cheeks.

“How do I act around Draco now that Tom’s here, Rinie? I want to treat him the same as I have every morning since I’ve been here – but what will Tom do to him if I do?”

He returned to the bench where he started soaking bread in the egg mixture.

Hermione watched him with a slight stab of guilt to her heart. She knew that it was her letter that
bought Tom here almost a month earlier than he had planned. She went and wrapped her arms around her kit’s waist, resting her chin on his shoulder, watching his movements but somehow not hindering them.

“Pretend that Tom isn’t here, Sweetie,” she whispered, “if your heart tells you to greet Draco the way you have been for the past two days, than do so. You have nothing to fear.”

Harry smiled and snuggled slightly into his big sister. “Thank you Rinie.”

Hermione smiled and pulled Harry closer to her and tickled the young man’s sides, causing him to start giggling.

Tom stood in the shadows, watching the way his kits interacted with the new comers. His eyes widened when he saw how his youngest pupil greeted his mate and he almost choked when the blonde’s hidden heritage revealed itself. He chuckled when Harry and Hermione were introduced to the dark-haired man and he blinked in surprise as Harry and Hermione started to speak.

“We have someone we want to introduce you to as well,” Harry said shyly.

“Don’t worry,” Hermione assured their guests as they paled, “his bark is worse than his bite.”

Harry’s eyes twinkled with so much mischief that even Sirius took several steps backwards. “That is only in his human form though. In his animal form he doesn’t bark and is quick to bite.”

Hermione smirked. “Tom, you can stop hiding now.”

Draco, Blaise and Severus gulped as a tall, dangerous-looking man stepped from the shadows.

“Good morning, Gentlemen,” he purred, power in every word. “It is a pleasure to meet you.”

Harry smiled up at the man as he laid a hand on his shoulder. “Breakfast is ready and waiting. I made
French toast with maple syrup and mixed berries.”

Tom smiled, revealing small, sharp teeth. “That sounds delightful. How about we let Remus and the Mutt lead the way – Give them the illusion that they are in charge.”

Draco and Blaise exchanged looks, eyes sparkling with humour when their mates giggled and agreed, much to Sirius and Remus’ consternation. They could tell that they would enjoy Tom’s company ... If they survived his over-protective parent routine that is.

Severus followed his godson into the dining area with a smirk on his face. Life was definitely becoming more interesting with the arrival of the two – now three- Demon, and he could tell it was just going to get more interesting as time went on.

Remus watched as Harry started to clear the table.

“What are you going to do this morning Kit?” he asked.

“I’ve got letters to write to Mama Figg, Aidan, Kitara, Lannie, Laurie, Twiggy, Miss Gramnan, Hannah, Buzz, Sidney, Adalaide …”

Remus chuckled. “Ok kitten, I get the point. Where are you going to be doing this?”

Harry paused in thought. “Draco asked if he could do his assignments here and I want to be in the same room as him – but I also need to be in the same room as the Professor so I can get to know him and Tom most probably made sure that you and Siri knew that he would be most displeased if one of you wasn’t with me at all times when Draco was in the same room as me –“

A chocking noise bought everyone’s eyes to a red-faced snake-Demon. “What gave you that idea Kit?” he chocked, trying to cough the tea in his lungs out.

“I just know you. The time I started at the school, you ordered Sam that he wasn’t allowed to let me leave his sight – even though Rinie was going to be there and he was 4 years ahead of me, so he
couldn’t stay with me all the time.” The black-haired teen smiled. “I just thought you’d like an example before you rejected it as a falsehood.”

He turned to Remus. “That leaves only the sitting room and the dining room. I’m guessing we should stay here – considering that it isn’t fair to ask anyone to do their work on an unstable surface.”

Remus chuckled. “I’ll sit at this end with my marking. You can sit on one side of me and Draco on the other. Where and what are you going to do Severus?”

“I did what you suggested and bought some of my marking to do, as well as some of my personal journals and some of the older Potions magazines. I will sit two or three seats away from Draco – depending on how much room he is going to need for his books.”

“Speaking of books,” Draco started, “where will be the best place to enlarge my library chest Remus?”

As Remus and Harry helped Severus and Draco with their stuff, Tom indicated for Hermione and Blaise to follow him form the room.

IdidntrealiseIhadsomanyoftheseinthisstory

Tom took the seat behind Remus’ desk and steepled his hands. Looking between Hermione and the child before him, he tapped his fingers lightly against his lips. Coming to a decision, he turned to Hermione. “Are you going to introduce us?”

Hermione hid her smirk. She knew that as her mate, Blaise would be dealing with some frightening things – but nothing would be as scary as Tom in one of his moods.

“Milord, this is Blaise Zabini, the resident dark elf of Hogwarts’ Slytherin House. Blaise, this is Lord Tom Riddle of the Hells Pit Snake Demon Clan and my father in all but name.”

Blaise bowed deeply in respect. “Milord.”

Tom took a deep, steadying breath in an attempt to relieve the pressure he felt in his chest when
Hermione had acknowledged him as her father. “Please, have a seat,” he waited until both teens were comfortable. “Now Mr Zabini, what are your intentions towards my little Princess?”

Blaise straightened in the chair and looked Tom in the eye, ignoring the eye roll that Hermione sent the older demon.

“At the moment it is my intension to befriend Hermione. It is my overall intension to bond with her and share my life with her, but before that I wish to know what her mind is like. I got the chance to start last night and I liked what I discovered. She is not only beautiful, but she has a wonderful personality and a sharp mind and I can see myself spending the rest of my life in discussions and debates with her.” He stopped, thoughtfully chewing on his tongue.

“As a part-elf, it is my duty to love and protect my mate – my nature will allow me to do nothing less. Me doing anything to harm her – emotionally, physically or elsewise – is against everything my mother taught me and I will do all in my power to prove my worth.”

“You bought up the fact that it is your duty to love and protect your mate, but you said nothing about family. This concerns me greatly.”

Blaise nodded, organising his thoughts. “The reason I did not mention family was because I am not yet ready for a family of my own and I said as much to Hermione last night. The reasons for this is my mother is with twins and she is going to need all the help I can provide her with for the first couple of years as she has had ... complications ... through this pregnancy. It may seem selfish of me, but I do not want to put my mate through a pregnancy that I may not be there to help with if my mother, step-father or younger siblings need me.”

“How many children do you want?”

“Two or three: I love children, but I don’t think I could handle more than three. I will be helping with the rearing of my children – but when I am at work, Hermione will be watching them by herself and I do not want her to overdo anything. I want her to enjoy her time with our family, not think it is a chore.”

Tom nodded, thinking over the wording of his next question.

“I know you do not have a job at the moment, so instead, I will ask about the results you get here – I will be checking with some of your teachers as well, so be truthful.”
“I am in the top five students of my year level in most of my classes with the only student who always gets higher marks than me is my best friend. For the first two years after school, I am going to be an intern at the business my step-father owns. After those two years, I am going to be going to another company to complete my internship and then I am going to work my way up the ladder the same way everyone else does. When my father dies, I am going to inherit his business so I want to be able to understand everyone who works in the positions throughout the business. I am NOT going to be some rich boy who gets on in life on the coattails of my family. I am going to earn my position, even if it means I have to clean the company toilets with a toothbrush by hand for the first three months.”

“What about sex.”

Both Hermione and Blaise blushed in mortification at the bluntness of the question.

“Well? I’m waiting.”

Blaise inhaled deeply. “The one thing that everyone knows about dark elves is that we have a high sexual appetite. That is true – but the one thing they don’t know is we don’t develop that appetite until a year after we bond with our mates. The bond has several stages. The first is the acceptance – which occurred the first night we met. Second is the data-collecting stage – better known as the dating stage. This lasts for between one and four years. This is followed by the bonding ceremony. It is after this that any type of physical contact that is counted as sex will be initiate.”

“And what type of contact is that?” Tom asked dryly, sneering at the boy.

“Anything beyond holding hands, hugging, snuggling and a basic lips touching kiss.”

Tom felt his muscles relax and allowed himself to smile at the still tensed lad before him. “I agree to these terms –”

“Not that you had a choice,” Hermione muttered, rolling her eyes.

Tom glared at her, only to be on the receiving end of an air-born kiss. He sighed and shook his head in mock-sadness. “These younglings have made me soft. Before them my glares could melt steal, now I just get blown kisses and pinched cheeks saying how cute I am.”
Blaise felt his jaw drop as Hermione giggled softly.

"Your glares are the same Tom – they just don’t work on me and Harry. And if you don’t want your cheeks pinched then you shouldn’t act like a child in front of Harry while he is in one of his mothering moods."

Tom chuckled. “Very true Hermione. Now, Mr Zabini, I take it that you and my other kit’s mate are best friends. Tell me about him – and I want to know what this … situation … was the first day you arrived.”

“When we arrived here, Harry was intrigued by the fact his mate was here and he walked towards him when …”

Thisisnumberwhat?

Draco shut his potions text with a groan and massaged his temples with his fingers.

“Are you frustrated Draco?” Severus smirked at his godson, “Your assignment too much for you to handle?”

Draco glared at his Professor then sighed. “I think I have a headache and with Remus fidgeting the way he is I can’t concentrate.”

“It is full moon in a week,” Harry’s quiet voice was only just audible over the sound of the scratching of his quill on the parchment before him. “That is why Remi is behaving the way he is.” The young man placed his quill onto a piece of blotting paper and looked at the restless teacher beside him.

“How have the last two full moons been for you Remy?”

Remus jumped, shaken out of his throughs. “Not too good, Kitten. I was restless beforehand and in more pain than usual during and afterwards – even with the wolfsbane potion. I just don’t know what is different!”
Harry looked at the man sternly. “I think I know. You haven’t been drinking the tea I created for you.”

Draco sniggered at the guilty look on the were’s face. Severus frowned.

“What tea was this? Lupin you know better than to drink something that could react with the potion I give you!”

Harry bristled in indignation. “I know what I am doing, Mr Snape,” he snapped, shadows dancing in his eyes. “I have been treating Remus for his condition ever since I was old enough to understand that a nap wouldn’t cure his crankiness – and I’ll have you know that this was several years before this wolfsbane potion was invented. I was the one who had to treat him while on his special assignment with Siri when he was not allowed to have access to that potion and the moment I learnt of him taking it, I had him deliver the recipe to me so I would be able to see if it would react with the tea I had him on. It didn’t, so I continued making it for him, ensuring that he didn’t have it for at least two hours before the potion since tea – unlike potions – leave the system after one and a half to two hours, so do not start any accusations until you know the facts – which means SOCIALISING with the person’s healer.”

Ignoring the stunned look on the potion’s master’s face, Harry turned his glare onto the red-face Remus.

“And you should be ashamed of yourself. I have been all over these rooms of yours and I have not had one sniff of the tea I make specifically for my were-friends. This means that you have not had any in stock for at least three months. There is no – I repeat – NO reason for you to have run out since I am the one to make it for you and I don’t need payment for it. What have you got to say for yourself?”

Remus lowered his eyes from the cross-armed figure before him. “I couldn’t get in contact with you,” he murmured.

A sliver of shadow flashed across Harry’s face. “Do not lie to me Remus John Lupin,” he hissed, eyes sparkling dangerously. “You have seen me every weekend so you could have asked me then. If not, you could have faxed, phoned, written, owled, flooed, sent a patronus or apparated to where I was. Let’s also not forget that had you not had time, Sirius would have come to pick it up, had he know you were running low.”
Remus put his face into his hands, knowing it was pointless to resist talking to the boy who had named himself his healer, but he didn’t want to verbalise what was going through his head.

“I’m waiting Remus.”

“I – I don’t know.”

The answer sounded weak, even to him.

A hand touching his shoulder made him look into a pair of large green eyes. He gulped.

“You do know Remy. And I’m going to tell you what I know is happening. You are using your transformations as a punishment for what you did when you went undercover. Isn’t that right?”

Remus nodded, teary-eyed. “Yeah,” he whispered painfully.

“Then stop it!” Harry started to run his fingers through Remus’ hair, being careful not to dig his claws into the scalp. “You need to talk to someone – so go make an appointment with a mind healer. If you are uncomfortable talking to a stranger, then talk to me or Rinie. You know that I passed that course as part of my healer’s certificate and Rinie did hers for something to do.”

He stopped and used a napkin to wipe the tears from Remus’ face. “You are the kindest person I’ve ever met, Remy. You deserved so much more than what they did to you and I want you to believe you are worth more than that. Now, I am going to get you a tea and a drink for the rest of us, they you will be going to your room and either nap or relax and think over what you are going to do. Whatever you decide, you come to me and I’ll sort it out for you.”

With one more push of his hand through Remus’ hair, he disappeared into the kitchen.

“What just happened?” Draco asked. “I think I just witnessed my gentle, shy mate scold my godfather – who just happens to be the most feared Professor at this school – and a werewolf when the full moon is close and they act like they were caught with their hands in the cookie jar after being told they can’t have one!”
“That was my kit in one of his mothering moods,” a voice chuckled. “At the orphanage he was called either ‘Mama Pea’ or ‘Sweet Pea’.”

Draco turned and saw his best friend with an arm around his mate’s waist.

“Did he do that often?”

Hermione smiled. “Only when someone disappointed him; which wasn’t often. I overheard one of the students say that he would rather go without Christmas and birthdays than disappoint Mama Pea.”

Harry walked into the room with a tray of cups and two teapots. “Can you get Tom, Rinie? I know that he will want to terrorize Draco, but it can wait until after a mid-morning break.”

“No need Mione. I’m already here.” Tom looked at the teapots suspiciously. “The small pot isn’t for me I hope.”

Harry laughed softly. “No Tom, it isn’t for you. Remus has been punishing himself for something he had no control over. The chamomile, Lavender, catnip and honey tea is for him. I’ve also told him he needs to choose between me, Hermione and a stranger to talk about it. He is going to tell me before dinner tonight or he does not eat.”

Draco, Blaise and Severus’ jaw dropped when Hermione sighed exasperated. “Are you still doing that? It looks as though it is a good thing we came here after all. You need a mother, Remus. For crying out loud, even Sirius talks to a mind healer when it gets too much for him to handle!”

“She’s right Rem,” Sirius appeared, looking tense. “In fact, do you have time to see me today?”

Hermione smiled. “Same time as usual, Siri?”

Sirius chuckled at the astounded looks he was getting from the people surrounding him. “Think there will be enough of Rem’s tea for me to have a cup? I’m going to snap and kill someone if not.”

Harry smiled and put a steaming cup before him. “Honeysuckle, lavender and lime blossom – just the way you like it. I also added a shot of a strong infusion of Remy’s tea.”
“You are a lifesaver, kit.”

Harry chuckled. “I know.”

Seriously now, how many of these can there be in one chapter?

Remus lay on his bed, thoughts running through his head at light speed. He jumped when a heavy body collapsed next to him.

“Easy Rem, just me,” Sirius murmured, running his hand through the sandy hair of his brother in all but blood. “You can’t keep doing this, Rem. If you continue, we will end up losing you.”

“Does it help? Talking?” Remus’ voice was soft, almost going unheard.

“It does. Before I started going to Hermione, I thought mind healers were a waste of time. I had been to them before and they didn’t impress me – what with trying to tell me what to talk about.” He snorted. “One of them fainted when I walked into the room because I was a Black. Another lectured me on what a disappointment I was to my family. Another believed me to be a tyrant because Harry was in the orphanage.

“When I discovered that Harry and Hermione had become mind healers as part of their studies, I was furious. So furious I refused to talk to either of them. Hermione cornered me one day and laid into me. She got me so riled up that I exploded and told her that her and Harry had disappointed me. I ranted and raved until I wore myself our and all this time she just watched me with this small smirk on her face.”

Sirius chuckled lost in the memory, not noticing that Remus was hanging on his every word. “When she opened her mouth, I started again. For nearly three hours I ranted. She looked me in the eye after I collapsed on one of the chairs and told me that she had to go because she and Harry were taking the kids to the park, but if I truly cared about Harry, her, you or myself, then she would be seeing me during the hour after lunch the next day for my next session – then she disappeared in a flash of flame.”

He looked at Remus with a lop-sided grin. “I contemplated not going and before I knew it, I had been cornered again – this time by Harry. I didn’t realise that he had cornered me until he had to leave. The little bugger told me he was looking for you since you had promised to tell him stories
about James, Lily and Peter. It was the day you had to stay at the warehouse for a shipment and I
didn’t want to disappoint him, so I volunteered to do so and spent over two hours laughing and
crying with him over the memories. Just before he left he turned to me and said ‘Not all mind healers
are self-obsessed ninnies, Sirius. I think both Hermione and I have proven that, don’t you?’ and he
left. I stayed up all night thinking and the following morning I sent an owl to Hermione asking for an
appointment with her. I haven’t regretted it at all.”

He stretched as well as he could since he was lying flat on his back.

“Even though Hermione is my mind healer, I do go to Harry for some things. I recommend that you
go to Harry as he is the one best able to handle the violence, torture and the like. I will say that every
will stay between the three of you – it seems that they share the information between them —“

“It isn’t their fault Siri. You know they have been able to access each other’s minds from a young
age.”

Sirius smirked and rolled onto his side, facing Remus. “I know. I’m just saying that they will keep it
between them and you. Just think about it, won’t you? Please? I can’t lose you now.”

Remus nodded, deep in thought. “I will think about it Siri. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Sirius muttered, rolling back onto his back and running his fingers through
Remus’ hair once again.

When Harry appeared to check on Remus, he discovered both men sound asleep – Remus with his
head on Sirius’ chest and Sirius’ fingers twisted in Remus’ hair.

Igiveup.Thisisanotherline

After Harry returned from Remus’ room, Tom rose. “Your turn, Mr Malfoy,” he announced in his
velvet-smooth voice.

Draco gulped and rose, stopping only when he heard the small whimper of protest from his mate.
“Shh, Kitten,” Draco murmured. “I’m only going to be gone for a short time and I will be fine.” His eyes flicked to his godfather, who moved his head slightly in accent. Draco smiled and nuzzled into Harry’s cheek with his own. “How about while I’m talking with Mr Riddle, you ask Sev if he can show you his lab. He might even let you brew a potion or help prepare ingredients while he brews.” He almost laughed out loud at the hopeful look in Harry’s eyes.

“I will not be making any potions today I am afraid,” Severus said, not looking up from his marking. “I have a class to teach – but Miss Granger and Mr …” he trailed off, realising he didn’t know if his godson’s mate’s last name was still Potter.

“There’s no ‘Mr’ Professor,” Hermione answered when it became evident that Harry wouldn’t answer. “As a submissive, he has no claim to a last name until he is mated. It’s just Harry.”

Severus raised an eyebrow at this and he noticed the nod Tom was giving in agreement. Severus nodded his understanding.

“Then Harry and Miss Granger are free to join me in this class so I can test them on what they know. I have my sixth years now, so there should be no problems.”

Tom noticed how Harry looked at Draco for permission. He felt his heart ache at the over-joyed expression that appeared at the nod he received.

‘Maybe I should give him the same chance as I did the elf,’ he thought to himself, watching the way the young vampire interacted with his little Prince. ‘But I need to know if he can protect my little one …’ he smirked. He’d just had the best idea.

“This test is going to be in two parts,” Severus told the two demons following him. “The first is theory, the second practical – which consists of several commonly used potions of varying degrees of difficulty and complexity. So I can ensure you are safe from the class’ curiosity, I am going to get the two of you to use my desk and work station.”

He turned a corner, making his robe flare out around him. “I do not care if you work together or separately on the potions, I just want to see what your knowledge level is.”
“Yes sir,” they said in unison. They had agreed before leaving the rooms that they would say nothing but ‘yes sir’ and ‘no sir’ unless they were asking or asked a question about the test.

Severus stopped at a door and ushered them inside. “My next class stats in ten minutes and I would like to have you both started before then, so if you could aid me in clearing a place for the both of you, we can get you started.”

Hermione and Harry had his desk neatened and two clear spaces ready for the exam before Severus knew what was happening. Within five minutes, both Demon had their eyes on the theory sheet before them and were reading through the questions. When they looked up, Severus nodded.

“You can start when you are ready – You have the first half of this double lesson to complete it.”

Harry and Hermione looked at each other, looked back and Severus, nodded and picked up their quills at the same time. Severus watched in amusement as everything they did occurred in sync – almost like a practiced dance. He was interrupted from his amusement by an increase of noise outside his door.

He silently stalked to the door and flung it open. “What is the meaning of this noise?” he hissed. “You should know by now that the level of noise you are producing is unacceptable at the best of times. You are supposed to be SIXTH years.”

He smirked internally when the small group froze.

“Before I allow you to enter the room, I am going to explain some rules to you. I have two people sitting a highly complex examination-type assessment item so you are to do your work in SILENCE. You are not to try any of your tricks on them and any attempt at sabotage or gaining their attention will result in a loss of fifty points – Yes, Miss Parkinson, even from my own house – and two weeks detention with Filch, myself or Professors Black and Lupin.”

He smirked at the attempted smirks of the Gryffindors at the mention of their two favourite teachers. “As the two students are close to Professors Black and Lupin they will, undoubtedly, take offense at any and all assumed threats.” He grinned at the rapidly paling faces. “So do I take that as a ‘Yes sir’?”

Once he received the nods off his students, he stood to one side and waved them in. When the students saw who was sitting the exam – and where they were seated – they froze.
“Stop standing around like the Dunderheads you are!” Severus snapped, losing his very short temper. To his immense pride, neither Demon showed sign of shock or fright. He had to chuckle when he reached his desk to find that the reason they hadn’t reacted was the silencing charm that one of them must have performed when the students had gotten too loud.

“How are you going?” he asked softly, watching his sixth years get their work stations set up.

“We’re unsure about what you mean by question twelve sir,” Hermione said, eyes and quill still on the paper before her. “Do you want to know the affect that ginger would have on the potion if it were made in full strength, half strength or toddler strength?”

“Or do you mean the effect that it would have on the potion if it was substituted for the galangal?”

“Or even how it would affect the potion when added in different forms at different times in brewing?”

Severus blinked in surprise before allowing a slow grin to develop. “How about you write what you believe it to be asking for and when I mark it, I will discuss the answers with the both of you.”

Hermione nodded and Harry raised his hand.

Severus chuckled. “What is it Harry?”

Harry and Hermione exchanged looks. “Can we have more parchment please?”

Having trouble controlling his enjoyment, Severus placed a large stack of parchment between the two. “Help yourselves,” he said before turning to the board. He froze. “Can you make it so they can hear me and I can hear them without it annoying you?”

Without warning, Severus could hear everything that was occurring in the classroom. He took a half-step towards his desk and the sound vanished. “My thanks.”
The two younger people just nodded all their concentration on the parchment before them.

With a half-smile in their direction – not that they could see it – he flicked his wand at the board, filling it with his neat, precise writing. “Today we are going to start the skele-gro potion. Creevy! How many steps are there to this potion?”

The students all groaned. It was going to be one of those days.

Tom sat in the chair examining the lad before him shrewdly. “You are a vampire, correct?” he asked after a couple of minutes.

“Yes Sir,” Draco answered, mentally thanking his father and godfather for their many years of training.

Tom nodded, watching the boy closely. ‘Very good,’ he thought. ‘If I couldn’t smell the fear coming from him, I would believe he was calm.’ “I know very little about vampires,” he said out loud. “A very secretive people.”

“Yes Sir. As a species, vampires are feared and as such have been hunted for many years before the Ministry signed the treaty. We still are secretive because we are long lived with longer memories and don’t trust easily.”

Tom nodded. “Very similar to our kind then,” he mused. “What are your intensions towards my little Prince?”

Draco didn’t answer for a while, deep in thought. “My intensions towards Harry are to bond with him. I will be honest with you in saying that I am already getting the signs from him indicating he wants me to claim him and I am getting the urge to claim him as mine, including starting the bonding process. I didn’t discover that he wasn’t seventeen until we had our date last night and I am very happy that I have been fighting my mating instincts back every time they take interest in what is going on around me.”

He inhaled deeply and looked the surprised snake Demon in the eye. “I don’t know how long I can fight my instincts while I am getting the acceptance signals from my mate. At the moment the only
thing that is preventing me from doing anything is the fact that I keep telling myself he is not yet ready for it – and neither am I. I want a job before I start a family. I need to know that I can provide everything for my mate and future little ones.”

For the first time since he entered the room, Draco revealed emotion. He rubbed his face with his hands.

“I don’t want to scare him away and I don’t want to harm him or hurt him by getting carried away or by pushing him away. I feel so strongly about this that I asked my Father to come here tonight so I can discuss the options I have so I don’t lose my control. At the moment the only option I can think of is using a combination of ritual and potion to bind my vampiric heritage for two or three years so the mating instinct cannot get away from me.”

Tom sat up straighter. “Do you know what that will do to you?”

Draco nodded, his eyes closed. “It will cause me to become infertile for anywhere between twenty and fifty years, meaning that I may not be able to sire any children of my own. It will also prevent me from being able to sense my mate – even though he will be able to sense me.”

He wrapped his arms around his stomach and leant forwards into it as if doing so would stop the pain. “I would lose who I am for them few years and when it was over I would need to go through my inheritance again.” When he looked up he had tears in his eyes that were being held there by pure will. “It terrifies me that I could be forced away from him should I take this option, but more than anything I want him to be safe, particularly from myself. If you are free, you could come to the meeting between me, Severus and Father. I want to discuss the options before choosing one – and I will need to tell Harry all the options and the one that I am considering taking.”

Tom returned to relaxing in the seat. “Why tell Harry? It will only upset him.”

Draco sat up straight, ignoring the tear rolling down his cheek. “Last night we discussed what our favourite books were and what we liked about them. Harry’s favourite book is Dinotopia and he said one of his favourite things was that the word for a close friendship and marriage is the same and that he felt the same way. When I heard that, I promised myself that I would try to become one of his closest friends as well as his mate. The basis of any friendship is trust. I trust him to tell me the truth about anything that comes up in his life, so I can do nothing less. This decision – though it is going to be me doing it – will be affecting his life just as much as it will mine. He has the right to know.”

Tom looked at Draco, noticing everything in a glance. He allowed a slow smile to spread across his face. “I like you, young Mister Malfoy. I have an option to contribute to this meeting of yours, so I
will come. I am also very interested in meeting the man – or men – responsible for the mature gentleman before me. Now,” he said, sitting forward, “tell me about your time at this school – the classes, your grades and the like.”

I could have turned this into a recipe by now

Everyone in the sixth year NEWT potions class watched the two before them in awe and Severus – who would normally be ranting at them by this point in time – couldn’t blame them. Never in all his years as a master of the art and science of potions had he seen anything like what the two before him were doing.

Neither Harry nor Hermione noticed that they were the centre of attention thanks to the silencing charm they had around them. They had finished the written side of their test and had just begun the practical. Before starting, they glanced at the list of potions they were to choose from and then headed towards the shelves the ingredients were on.

To the unobservant eye, the two of them started to grab at any ingredient without purpose, but to Severus’ trained eye, they were grabbing ingredients to the two most commonly used potions – though he couldn’t tell who was doing which. When the two of them started the potion, however, even he had to admit to being shocked.

Hermione lit the fires beneath the cauldrons with barely a thought while she added the required amount of liquid to one of them. While waiting for both cauldrons to heat to the right temperature, her and Harry started peeling, slicing, dicing and shaving the assortment of ingredients surrounding them.

With barely a break in their preparation, Harry slide three slivers of newt heart into the cauldron bubbling beside Hermione while she sprinkled whole beetle eyes into the bottom of Harry’s. Giving each a sir (clockwise in figure eights five times for Harry and once clockwise over two minutes for Hermione) they swapped potions with Hermione adding the juice of three pickled cabbage moth caterpillars and Harry carefully pouring the beetle eyes into a mortar and pestle with the egg teeth of two horned toads. After grinding the two together to a fine dust, Harry sprinkled a pinch into Hermione’s mixture while she added the juice of a shrivel fig to Harry’s cauldron, sprinkling the finely ground powder into it a pinch at a time while stirring the mixture vigorously. For every five pinches of the powdered mixture that was added to the shrivel fig juice, Harry added six drops of crocodile tears to Hermione’s cauldron and a drop of dragon’s blood to his own while giving the potion in Hermione’s cauldron a quick stir every three minutes.

Eventually only one ingredient remained on the bench and both demon were behind their own cauldron. With a nod, they each reached for the same ingredient that had been prepared in different ways. While Harry scooped up the grated garlic/ginger combination and slowly squeezed the liquid
from it drop by drop while stirring the thick, glossy paste in a slow continual fashion, Hermione was adding very finely cubed garlic and ginger a cube at a time to her potion while whisking vigorously, allowing the liquid to melt the normally fibrous spices before adding the next.

One and a half hours after starting the potions, they had finished Harry extinguished the flames with a bit of shadow and both demon bottled the potion in another practiced dance before jarring the balm.

The silencing charm that had surrounded the two of them broke as they put the last vial down. “Twenty nutrient potions and fifteen antibacterial balms for shallow cuts and scrapes,” Hermione announced, stretching her aching muscles. Seeing this, Harry moved behind her and started massaging the muscles in her mid-back.

“We would be appreciative if we could have half of them to send to Mama Figg for the little ones. Can we? Please?” Harry looked at the Professor with large innocent green eyes.

Severus laughed, shocking the students out of their stupor. “I assume that you two are the potion brewers for the orphanage?”

Harry stepped away from Hermione, insulted. “Of course! You didn’t expect us to allow them to use second rate potions did you?”

Severus raised an eyebrow and tossed them a jar. “Tell me what you can about that one.”

Frowning thoughtfully, Harry opened it. Hermione stood behind him and wrapped her arms around him, resting her hands over his. They released a small amount of magic into the mixture and dropped it in shock.

“Where did you get this?” Hermione demanded, looking at the Professor. “And have you used it?”

Severus remained blank faced while the rest of the class inhaled sharply. The Slytherins exchanged smug looks, just waiting for their head of house to explode.

“The mutt gave it to me. Said he wanted me to examine it and test it. I deconstructed a small bit of it, discovered that it was a bruise balm. Now I use it for a very deep and dangerous bruising.”
<I can’t believe that man! I told him to destroy the damn thing, not give it to someone else to use! It could have harmed someone!>

At the hissing coming from the dark-haired teen, everyone stepped back. Hermione sighed.

<Calm down, Sweetie. I will ask him what he was thinking at lunch.>

<Thanks Rinie.>

“What - may I ask - was that?”

“That was Harry wondering whether or not Sirius had taken leave of his senses. He was asked to dispose of that balm before it harmed someone else.” Hermione shook her head. “He still believes that he brewed it incorrectly rather than it was too strong for who he made it for.”

Severus nodded his understanding. “Harry. The reason I was given the balm was to dispose of it. Only a certified Potions Master can legally dispose of a potion or balm. He just insisted that I look at it first. He also told me about the reaction of the person who used it. That person reacted in that way because she has an allergy to lacewing larvae.”

Harry looked at the man in hope. “Honest?”

“Yes honest. Now, what about the hissing?”

Harry blushed and hid behind Hermione, who just chuckled.

“It’s parseltongue. As a cat-demon Harry had some knowledge of it from when he was younger and when Tom bound us to him as his students his native tongue was transferred to us, so he taught it to us properly. Why?” Hermione absent-mindedly hugged a newly shy Harry to her, ignoring the evil smirk on one of the student’s faces.

“The founder of Slytherin house was able to talk parseltongue and it has always been believed that only those of his line have the ability.”
“Maybe Tom should hear of this,” Hermione mused before kissing Harry on the top of the head. “May we go now Sir? And will we see you for lunch?”

Severus nodded. “Yes to both.” He turned to his class. “Why have you not started” he purred dangerously. “Everyone will be failing today due to this – or I will allow you to do an eight inch essay on why you will all be attending an evening in this lab doing this potion again.”

The student’s hastily packed up their belongings and began to write their assignments.
Chapter 9 - Draco’s Options

Chapter Summary

Some Harry-Remus time and Draco’s Options are listed

Chapter Notes

Two in one day? No, there isn’t a special occasion to celebrate.

Chapter 9 – Draco’s Options

Tom waited in the shadows as his kits greeted their mates before revealing himself. “How was your test?”

“It was fun and I learnt something I need to talk to Siri and Remy about. Have they woken yet?

Tom shook his head. “I wish to steal Draco from you for a bit tonight. Will you be alright with that? I am going to talk with his father and godfather. I will not keep him from you for too long.”

“Before you go I think I should warn you of something.” Hermione said, looking at Draco. “One of the girls in your house is planning something. I don’t know what, but she had the smirk of a girl who has plans on how to break up a happy couple. She also saw me kiss Harry on the head.”

Draco swore. “Did she have blonde hair, wet blue eyes and a pointed chin?”

Hermione nodded.

Draco swore again and hugged Harry to him firmly. “Think you could come with us Blaise? I’m going to need someone who can stop me from killing Pansy if she comes up to me and says anything against my mate.”
Harry nuzzled into Draco’s chest, purring softly. He smiled into the shirt below his cheek when the blonde relaxed. “What time will you be back? I don’t want you to have a cold evening meal.”

Draco closed his eyes before looking into the green orbs before him. “I will be back by dinner time. I’m going out to talk to Sev, Father and Mr Riddle about a problem I have.” He took a deep breath. “We are going to be talking about the options I have so I don’t harm nor scare you due to my increasing desire to claim you as mine and mate you before you are ready. If we cannot discover a better way to protect you from me, I’ve suggested that my heritage be bound. I know what the consequences are if I do this and before anything is chosen, I will discuss with you, Sirius, Remus, Mr Riddle, Hermione, Blaise, Sev and Father. This meeting is to discuss which options I have.”

“Thank you for telling me, Draco,” Harry smiled. “I trust you and don’t want for you to have your heritage bound for any length of time. Can I suggest that Rinie goes with you? She’s very good at keeping people on track and for finding good ways of solving problems.”

Tom smiled. “I was just about to suggest that. What will you do?”

Harry grinned, revealing small sharp teeth. “I’ve got a wolf and god-mutt to wake!”

Draco and Blaise almost felt sorry for the two men … Almost.

againwiththelines

Remus sat in his favourite red leather chair, sipping at a fresh cup of his special tea while he waited until Harry and Sirius had finished eating the sandwiches he’d made for lunch. Harry had just told them about the meeting the others had gone to and they had both agreed to be at the meeting that evening to discuss the options. Now he was listening to Harry and Sirius discuss why Sirius hadn’t told him about giving a bruise-balm to the potion’s master.

“Harry?” he asked softly.

“Yes Remy?”

“Do you have any time free today?”

Harry smiled in understanding. “I have until five free, but if you don’t mind being in the kitchen I
have until around six free.”

Sirius finished his food and stood. “I’ve got to head. I have a class soon and I want to make sure the room has been rigged for those who don’t pay attention in the lesson.” He left to soft laughter.

After he had stopped laughing, Remus looked at Harry helplessly. “I don’t know what to do. I’ve never been to a mind healer before and I don’t know what to talk about or where to start or what.”

Harry started to pack up the used plates and platters, not looking at Remus. “First you need to relax and tell me if – and who – you want to talk to. Did you want to help me make tonight’s dessert?”

Remus stood, nodding. “Sure, what are we having?”

Harry shrugged. “We are having steak and kidney pie for the meal, so I was thinking something sharp to cut through the rich after taste. What do you think?”

Remus frowned thoughtfully. “What about something with gooseberries or lemon and lime?”

Harry bounced happily on the balls of his feet. “Do you know how to make gooseberry fool?”

Remus chuckled. “Yes I do. Did you want me to make it?”

Harry nodded frantically. “Please. While you do that, I’ll make a lemon-lime syrup polenta cake!”

“Severus is going to love you for that Kit,” Remus laughed. “That’s his favourite dessert and it is very rarely served here. What will you serve it with?”

Harry turned thoughtful. “What do you think of either cream or melon and lemon sorbet?”

Remus nodded. “Sounds perfect to me. Are you making one large one or individual ones?”
“Both. A large one for tonight and six individual ones: One for Professor Snape to take away with him when he leaves, one for Tom, one for you, one for Rinie and Blaise, one for me and Draco and one for quality control.”

Remus laughed once more and set to work, sighing happily. They were forty-five minutes into their preparations when Remus broke the silence. “I need to talk to someone. Do you think I would be able to talk to you?”

“Of course Rem, I’m not going to be telling you to talk about anything in particular. You are free to tell me what you want and when you want. I know that most of the problems you have are due to what happened while you were undercover and I know that when you need to talk about it, you will talk about it. Until then, just relax and talk about whatever comes to your mind. I will suggest that you keep a dream diary though.”

Remus nodded as he gently combined his whipped cream and fruit puree.

Bouncybouncykitty

Hermione listened to the people around her with a disgusted look on her face. Draco – who was feeling hopeless and helpless as he had been dismissed from the conversation as soon as he had bought the problem to everyone’s attention – was the only one to notice. Her resolve to remain impartial to what was going on and only record what options had been thought of dissolved when Draco’s father stated that he was going to do something about it that night – even if it meant binding his son’s heritage. Seeing Draco pale and feeling the helplessness from Harry through their bond, she reacted.

“I do hope you were over exaggerating Mr Malfoy,” she purred dangerously, causing all motion and sound to cease. “I really hope you are because if you are not then you should be ashamed of yourself!” Her eyes flicked to the potion’s professor and her mentor. “You should all be ashamed of yourselves. This isn’t some game where if you make a mistake you can just hit delete and start again. This is the lives of two very important beings – both of whom are, I might add, of the age where they can make their own contributions to their futures.”

“I know what’s bes…”

“I wouldn’t finish that sentence if I were you Mr Malfoy,” Hermione interrupted icily. “You may THINK you know what is best for you son, but I beg to differ. There is also the question of what will happen to MY boy should you get your way and bind his mate’s heritage – Tom shut your mouth and listen to me.”
The four men looked at the enraged fox demon before them and gulped slightly. Hermione glared at the three older men. “While you three are discussing when you are going to bind Draco’s vampiric heritage, you are forgetting that said vampire is in the same room as you to get information on other options he can use since the binding was going to be the last resort!”

She took a breath and a sip of water. “You all know what will happen to Draco if he is bound, but do you know what will happen to Harry?” The four males shook their heads in the negative. “He will feel empty. Alone. He will feel as if his mate has abandoned him – even if he sees his mate every day. I refuse – REFUSE – to allow my little brother go through that amount of pain.”

“Pain?” Draco asked paler than he should have been.

“When a submissive demon is blocked from their true mate they feel pain. It travels from their chests through their bodies until they can no longer handle it and they stop fighting and allow their hearts to give out,” she said softly, wincing slightly at the devastated look in the younger vampire’s eyes.

“Then there is no way that I am even going to think of undergoing the binding ceremony,” he answered with conviction. “Not even as a last resort.”

“Then what is there that we can do?” Lucius sneered. “I’m not having my son tortured day in, day out.”

“And I’m not allowing Harry to be locked away for a year,” Tom retorted.

“You are BOTH getting on my nerves!” Hermione spat. “Think for once! You are a vampire Mr Malfoy. When did you first get the urge to claim you mate?”

Lucius thought for a moment. “Six months after I met her.”

“Why so long?”

“She wasn’t ready to bond with me. She had school to finish and a family visit to live through.”
“Exactly,” Hermione almost cheered. “She didn’t start to respond in a positive way to the mating until she was ready.” She turned to Tom and glared at him. “I’m surprised it didn’t hit you sooner, Tom, after all, you know that he has wanted children of his own since he has been old enough to be trusted with the orphanage children. That’s been three years now and he has also passed his Healer’s credentials, so he has finished studying. He is ready to mate and regardless of his age, his body is reacting to that desire.”

“Lily was the exact same,” Sirius spoke up from the doorway. “She had been accepted into the Department of Mysteries halfway through her sixth year, so she was only just older than Harry when she got the mothering urge. In the end she had hers and James’ parents sign a contract that she and James had arranged. I think that would be the best way to deal with this. Allow a few days – or even a few weeks – for Harry and Draco to work out a contract with things that are allowable before Harry is of age, but will still be enough to convince the beasts within them that they are bonding.”

The men folk blinked in surprise while Hermione beamed.

“Finally someone with half a brain!” she exclaimed. “Though I must admit to being surprised at who was responsible for it,” she teased.

Tom, Severus and Lucius sighed in resignation. They had gotten carried away and had lost sight of what was truly important. They nodded their accent.

Draco looked from the men to the door and back again.

Severus laughed. “You can have today’s lesson off, since it is your only class today. I expect you to be at the lab on Saturday though to work on a different project. Bring your demon with you. Miss Granger, your presence will also be required.”

The two youngsters grinned and left, with Sirius close behind them. Tom, Severus and Lucius exchanged guilty looks before heading in opposite directions to each other.

Draco chuckled at something Hermione had muttered under her breath about the three men in the room they had just left. He waved when Blaise joined them from the shadowed path just as a blonde-haired female appeared from around the corner. Draco and Blaise groaned while Hermione continued to rant about incompetent dominants who forgot about the submissive they were supposed
“Hi Draco,” the blonde fluttered her lashes coyly at the disgusted blonde male.

“Not interested,” he said coolly.

“But Draco, I know that green-eyed … thing can’t be your mate,” she pouted. “He is just playing with you.”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “And I assume you have proof of this?”

“She kissed him in front of my potion’s class. Is that proof enough?”

Draco, Blaise and Hermione jumped when Sirius’ laughter sounded close to them. “Of course she kissed him,” he said, “she’s been his protector for a long time and they have a very strong relationship. Nothing will tear them apart.” He smiled wistfully. “I wish my relationship with my younger brother was half as strong as theirs.”

Pansy paled drastically. “B-brother?”

Draco smirked. “Yes Pansy. Hermione and Harry are brother and sister, so I don’t mind if Mione kisses him.” He walked past her with a slight swagger, Hermione and Blaise following him.

“Don’t try getting between the two of them, Miss Parkinson,” Sirius said as he passed her. “The response will be devastating … for you.” He caught a glimpse of a shame-faced potions professor. “Don’t forget that you are eating with us tonight Sev!” he called cheerfully before turning a chilly smile on the young lady before him. “Have a wonderful day.”

Pansy watched the DADA professor as he calmly walked away, feeling as if a lifetime of dreams had been shattered in a million tiny pieces by the man’s words.

dAnCiNgQuEeN
Remus collapsed on the seat, fighting to breathe through his laughter. He had just finished telling Harry about his first bout of accidental magic – an incident that involved a copper band, a steel fork and his uncles left ear – and he couldn’t help but laugh. Not even the reason the man had been targeted was enough to dampen his spirits. Sirius had been correct – talking about things did lighten the burden. He had explained the entire confrontation to his nephew-turned-councillor and he had been rewarded by the barest glint of anger in his Kit’s eyes before he had been encouraged to continue while decorating the gooseberry fool with whatever he and Harry had been able to find – rose petals, elder flowers, nasturtiums, grapes – it didn’t matter. With the younger male working beside him, he had revealed the memory for the first time since it had occurred and, also for the first time, he had seen it for what it was – The magical outburst of an over-stressed child.

He beamed at the younger male beside him and drew him into a hug. “Thank you.”

Sirius opened the door to Remus’ rooms for the three youngsters and stopped at a sound he hadn’t heard for a very long time. “It can’t be … It just can’t be …” He ran towards the sound before the teens could react. He skidded into the kitchen, wide-eyed. The three teens and Tom – who had appeared only just seconds before the small group – followed his astounded gaze and looked upon chaos.

White sugar covered every flat surface, cream coated the ceiling and the walls and flower petals were scattered everywhere. Curled up amongst the mess was a softly sobbing Remus being comforted by a crooning Harry. He looked up at those in the doorway with eyes the colour of smoke. Without looking away from the pain-filled ice-blue eyes of his godfather, he placed a hand at the base of Remus’ skull and whispered a word, knocking the sandy-haired man out.

Sirius walked quietly to his best friend and nephew. Without a word, he picked the amber-eyed man up.

“He’s going to be alright Sirius,” Harry told him quietly. “We got through to him. He’s not going anywhere.”

Sirius fell to his knees, still cradling the unconscious man to his chest, tears flowing from his eyes. “Thank you. You have no idea what that means to me.”

Flames filled the room, burning the mess surrounding and covering the three in the room as Hermione stepped into the room. She locked eyes with her kitten.
“Yes, we do.”

The black-haired man closed his eyes, ignoring the tears rolling down his cheeks. “Yes, I dare say you do. But still … Thank you.”

He rose and walked out of the kitchen with Remus safely in his arms.

Harry smiled sadly and pulled his now cooked cakes from the oven. He placed all bar one onto the bench. Carrying the other to the table, he doused it with syrup and headed everyone a spoon. “Help yourselves,” he put two scoops into a bowl and walked out of the room, following the two men. It was a subdued group that ate the treat before them.

Hermione opened the door to Remus’ room and smiled. Sirius had fallen asleep with his arms wrapped protectively around Remus’ waist, his nose buried in the sandy hair. Remus had his back to Sirius with his arms wrapped around Harry as if the cat-demon was a teddy bear. Harry was fast asleep with a smile on his face and purring his head off. As quietly as she could, she snapped a photo and walked to the bed.

“Sirius, Harry, time to wake up,” she whispered.

None of them moved.

“Come on, wakey wakey,” she tried again, not noticing that two sets of eyes had opened a smidgeon, nor that the soft muttering coming from the dark-haired man wasn’t the result of an interrupted sleep.

She put her hand onto Sirius’ shoulder and shook it gently. Without warning, Sirius spun around, grabbed Hermione and pulled her into the middle of the bed just as Remus rolled over with Harry in his arms.

“Ready, Sirius?” Remus asked a mischeivous smirk on his face.
“Ready, Remus. On three?”

Remus nodded. “One.”

Sirius smirked. “Two.”

Both men turned sparkling eyes onto the wide-eyed teens between them. “Three!” They pounced.

Harry and Hermione shrieked with laughter as two pairs of nimble fingers found their way to their ribs and danced around them. Soon, all four of them were laughing too hard to breathe properly.

“Wh-what is it that you wanted, Mione?” Remus yawned, once more holding Harry as if he were a teddy bear.

“It’s almost time for dinner. I was waking up Harry and Sirius so they could get ready. I know you haven’t been sleeping lately, so I was going to let you sleep a little longer since you take less time than Sirius to get ready …”

Sirius’ indignant exclamation of ‘hey’ was lost in the chorus of chuckles coming from the entrance.

“We were wondering what was taking you so long when we heard the shrieking. Do they do that often?”

Hermione grinned. “Not since Harry’s sixth birthday.”

“Come on, time to get up,” Harry stretched, absent-mindedly digging his claws into Remus’ chest. “I’ll go put dinner on then get ready.” He carefully extracted his claws and pecked Remus on the cheek before crawling out of the messy bed.

Sirius and Hermione followed his example, but Remus sank back into his pillows. “If you don’t mind, I think I’ll stay here for a little longer. Harry will come get me.”
Hermione smiled knowingly and pushed the remaining men from the room. Remus grinned and nuzzled into the pillow beneath his head, inhaling deeply. He could feel Mooney sitting just under the surface of his skin and he felt giddy due to the tea he had been drinking – almost as though his wolf had reverted back to puppy-hood. He closed his eyes and inhaled the scent of his pack again.

The next thing he knew was the smell of rich, sweet chocolate and a small, gentle hand running though his hair.

“Kit?” he asked sleepily.

“Yeah, it’s me Remy. You have ten minutes to get ready for tonight’s meal. I bought you a chocolate hit. I’ll leave you to get ready.”

Remus nodded the best he could with a mug at his mouth. “See you in six,” he gasped, returning his empty mug to the amused teen beside him.

Harry smiled and walked out.

Severus walked into the room, smiling at the sight that met his eyes. Draco was seated on a single chair with a book on his lap, a quill in his hand and a thoughtful frown on his face. Tom was seated on the chair across from the blonde, watching him with intense concentration. Hermione and Blaise were lying on their stomachs, looking though a photo album. Sirius was just closing the door with a relaxed air about him. It was so different from his reaction from that morning that Severus couldn’t help staring at him.

The sound of a softly closing door caused the potions master to spin around and his jaw to drop.

Coming from what was obviously the bedroom was a neatly dressed, newly groomed Remus Lupin with a new bounce to his step and glowing gold/amber eyes.

Sirius chuckled. “It’s amazing what a decent sleep and a couple of Kit’s teas can do, isn’t it?”
Remus smiled and strode towards the two black-haired men with a long-forgotten confidence. “Hey Sev,” he stretched until his tendons snapped. “Glad you could make it. Did you, Tom, Lucius and Draco sort out the problem?”

Severus blushed. “No.” He coughed in embarrassment. “Me and Lucius seemed to have had lost track of what was important. Miss Granger and Sirius bought our attention back to what we should be doing and offered an option that we agreed on was the best for both of them.”

Remus chuckled. “I’m glad of that,” he tilted his head to the left with a smile. “He’s ready for us.”

Severus blinked as all the people who were seated rose and headed for the kitchen. He allowed himself to be herded with them.

Harry looked up from where he was serving the rich casserole over mountains of creamy mashed potato. “Good to see you again Professor,” she smiled softly at him before allowing his gaze to fall on the group’s werewolf. “Wonderful to see you again Mooney, how do you feel?”

“Like a cub, Kit.”

The deeper, rougher voice that came from Remus’ mouth made the three Slytherins stare in shock.

“I’m happy for you. It means Remy isn’t fighting this time,” Harry smiled. “We should have the two of you joined by this time next year.”

Remus shrugged his shoulders. “We’ve waited this long, what’s another year?” Remus’ voice smoothed out and gentled, leaving the shy, polite man in the wake of the confident, powerful being. “And I think I speak for both of us when I say that we can’t wait. I’ll do anything to feel whole once more.”

Harry placed a plate before Severus and one before Remus. “Good boy,” he said, kissing the top of Remus’ head. “We will go through your schedule on the weekend. Let’s eat – I’m hungry!”
Chapter 10 - Discussions

Chapter Summary

The results of the mating meeting and everyone sees a new side to Harry

Chapter Notes

Don't have a heart attack, it's another one!

Chapter 10 – Discussions

Tom watched everyone eat with barely contained amusement. Sirius was mixing all the food on his plate together and making food castles before eating each structure individually. Remus was picking through the stew before him with single-minded devotion. Soon, he had meat on one side, vegetables and gravy on the other and a thick band of mash between the two and he seemed to be playing a counting game trying to decide which to eat first. The dark-haired potions master was eating his meal slowly, eyes closed in bliss.

His attention moved to the 2 young males between the potions master and himself. Both boys were torn between eating, discussing schoolwork with him and their mates, watching their mates and laughing at Sirus’ and Remus’ way of eating. He, himself, was eating his meal in small, enjoyable titbits so he could commune with his Kits and their mates. His Kits were eating in much the same way as he was with the exception that every now and then, Harry would lick his fork clean rather than suck it clean. Hermione was lost in the discussion about the lessons she was having with Blaise and Draco while Harry was trying his hardest to ignore Remus’ and Sirius’ behaviour.

After the last meaty, delicious morsel had been lovingly chewed and swallowed, Remus lead their guests into the sitting room while Harry and Sirius cleared the table.

“It was one of the criteria for Sirius eating with us tonight – he had to help clean-up afterwards and that includes the dishes,” Tom explained when Severus looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

Five minutes later, Sirius walked into the room carrying a platter of bowls containing a slice of cake and a scoop of sorbet in one hand and another holding nine champagne flutes in the other. Behind him, Harry walked in with a tea service for nine and nine small cups full of a burgundy liquid. Tom narrowed his eyes.
“And just what is in those cups, Harry?”

Harry looked at Tom with large innocent green eyes, “Tea.”

Tom hissed at him, scowling.

Harry chuckled. “It’s only Port, Tom. You know I end important meals with it and Sirius said that you, he, the Professor, Draco, Rinie and Draco’s father had something important to discuss with me tonight, so I thought that the small amount of port would be good to relax everyone.”

“You are not getting rid of me,” Remus growled.

“Of course not Mooney. You and Blaise are welcome to stay – You both are part of my family and are to be involved, after all, we may need more than Rinie to keep everyone calm.”

Remus nodded and visibly calmed. He looked around. “Um … where’s Severus?”

“Sev has gone to get Father,” Draco answered, stretching. “They both should be here soon.”

After the two men arrived and made themselves comfortable, Harry and Sirius started handing out the desserts, tea and port. Silence reigned in the room until Severus took a mouthful of the cake and moaned as his eyes rolled up into his head.

“I’m assuming you are enjoying the dessert Sev,” Remus laughed.

“Enjoying it is an understatement. This isn’t just dessert; this is a piece of artwork! A picture that is to be enjoyed slowly as it is savoured at one’s leisure.”

“Severus!” Draco laughed, “If you don’t stop, I think Harry’s head will explode with the extra blood that is flowing to his face.”
Severus turned his eyes towards Harry. “You created this explosion of colour, flavour and texture?”

Harry nodded shyly before hiding his face in his mate’s side.

“Harry loves to cook,” Hermione smiled. “He cooked everything we’ve eaten all day –“

“Except the gooseberry fool – that was Remi.”

Everyone turned to look at the resident werewolf who just laughed and tussled the black hair of the teen seated to his side.

“Just because you don’t know of people’s talents doesn’t mean that they don’t have them,” he said, smirking at the disbelieving look on the faces of the adults in the room. “As a were-creature, I have never been very welcome in many places – not until recently at any rate,” he explained when Blaise questioned him. “When I was younger – after my family disowned me for being bitten – I had no choice but to learn to use whatever I found as my only source of sustenance.” He grinned. “I have a mean recipe for rabbit, tuber and nettle casserole – have done so since about three years before I got into Hogwarts. Not too bad at making nettle wine either,” he winked, causing surprised laughter to erupt from those surrounding him.

Once the last dish had been finished and each person was cradling a cup of tea in one hand and nursing a shot of port in the other, Hermione sighted.

“I know we said that we would hold this meeting on Saturday and it is only Tuesday night, but this is far too important to wait until then.”

“This is about the meeting to decide what to do about my mating, isn’t it?” Harry asked softly, now curled up between Remus and Sirus.

“Yes Sweetie, it is.”

Harry nodded and looked at Hermione with all his attention.

“Firstly, the ideas that were discussed were; Separate the two of you for a year –“
Draco hissed his displeasure at that thought.

“Second was Harry being locked in a part of the school alone –“

Remus growled. “And if I discover who’s idea that one was I will tear them apart slowly so they can enjoy the feeling of each one of their muscles tearing strand-by-strand.” It didn’t escape anyone’s notice that Lucius turned ash-grey at Remus’ words, or that the over protective wolf growled at the man.

“The third option was the binding of Draco’s inheritance – and I am overtly happy to say that after several people got sense smacking into them, this option was completely and utterly destroyed, never to return to the list of possibilities.”

Everyone in the room noticed how Harry’s body slacked in relief as he heard those words. Hermione waited until her cinnamon eyes locked onto those of her brother before continuing.

“It was at this point that Sirius appeared. He suggested that we do for you what was done for your parents as it seemed that your mother – like yourself – matured earlier than she was supposed to. Your grandparents allowed your parents to discuss things and create their own marriage contract which, while ensuring that the full bond could not be completed; there is enough occurring to reassure both sides of the bond that you are not being rejected by the other.”

She glared at the men in the room, making the guilty parties squirm.

“This is to be between the two of them and no one else. The basics of the contract are no penetrative sex allowed – this is non-negotiable. Other than that, the two of you have free reign.” She raised an eyebrow and sent them a half smile. “I suggest that you start now. Sign it with your blood when completed and hand it to an adult that you both trust so they can create and distribute copies to those who need them.”

The two males nodded and left for another room. An enraged hiss and an amused snort announced the appearance of a strong silencing spell designed for creatures with enhanced senses.

The group in the sitting room had been making idle chit-chat for just over an hour when a happy Harry bounced back into the room while dragging a slightly terrified Draco along with him. Hermione, Sirius and Remus couldn’t stop the chuckles that escaped them. Blaise, Severus and
Lucius blinked in shock at the usually shy submissive. When the two teens stopped before Remus and handed him the signed contract, none were surprised. They were surprised, however, by the deep rolling laugh that came from the man when he read the parchment.

“What? What is it?” Sirus demanded.

Remus smirked at his friend. “I Remus John Lupin A.K.A ‘Mooney’, hereby decree that the contract between Draco Abraxas Malfoy and his submissive mate Harry, to be adequate and unchangeable. May your union be fruitful and an overflow of love. So mote it be.”

“So mote it be.”

Sirius and Tom turned to the lycanthrope. “What was so funny?”

Smirking, Remus passed the parchment to his pack-brother. “Read it and you’ll see.”

A few moments later, a shocked Sirius peered from behind the contract.

“It … It’s exactly the same as the one made by James and Lils … Word for word identical.”

Remus nodded his head, eyes sparkling with some suppressed emotion. “It seems to me that they approve. How else would Harry and Draco have used the same terminology for the entire document?”

“I have to agree with you there Mooney. Prongs and Foxy have given their approval.”

“What are you two talking about?” Tom snapped, bringing the two men out of old memories.

“After James and Lily gave Elspeth – James’ mother – their signed contract, they told the rest of the Marauders what they had done and they produce a second copy of their contract for us …” Sirus trailed off as he noticed the slightly reddened cheeks of his nephew. “Something you wish to tell us Kit?” Remus asked, humour evident in his voice.
Harry shook his head, but reached into his pocket and produced another scroll before handing it to Hermione amidst all the knowing looks and chuckles.

“As I was saying,” Sirus continued with a fond smile for the couple, “Each of us memorised what its content was and filed it away. Remus and I can still recite the entire thing from memory, and the contract Remus was just handed is word-for-word identical to the contract James and Lily created all those years ago.”

“And what does the contract say?” Tom asked with a raised eyebrow.

“It is basically the same as what is going to occur between Blaise and myself, but with one difference,” Hermione said, skimming through the parchment with a soft smile on her face.

“What is this difference?” Lucius asked intrigued despite the fact that he shouldn’t have stayed for as long as he had.

“They are to be bound together on Harry’s seventeenth birthday.”

“And whose idea was that?” Tom hissed dangerously, his eyes flashing a brighter red.

“Mine,” Harry said negligently.

Everyone blinked.

“What?”

“I said it was mine,” Harry stated once more, sipping at his tea and port as though he hadn’t just said something of any importance. Blaise, Draco, Severus and Lucius held their breaths; waiting for the explosion they felt was brewing. Sirus and Remus looked between Tom and Harry as if trying to decide whether they needed to protect their Kit. Hermione just kept reading the contract. Tom leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs at the ankle and rested his chin on the splayed fingers of his left hand while his right nursed his port.

“Explain.”
Harry sat forward slightly, placing both drinks on the table beside him and clasping his hands before him. “Firstly, Draco needs me Tom. He needs me just as much as I need him. Now, let’s ignore the fact that both of us are creatures and that Draco is my Dominant – and a VAMPIRE, therefore causing him to need to stake his claim of me or he’ll think I’m rejecting him,” Harry continued, ignoring the uncomfortable look on Tom’s face.

“The first thing, ignoring that, is that I want a family of my own. Yes, I have you, Sirius, Remus and ‘Mione, but something is missing. Something important … right here,” Harry pressed a clenched fist to his chest, eyes never wavering from the red reptilian ones of his mentor.

“I loved growing up at the orphanage, but every time one of the children left, I was heartbroken. It was as if every one of my little ones were taken from me as soon as I got them and it hurt, Tom. It felt as though my heart was being stabbed over and over again before the knife was twisted. But every time it happened, all I did was give them a cuddle, a kiss on the head and a promise that I would always be thinking of them —“

“Don’t forget the threats you made to the people who were adopting them,” Hermione chimed in cheerfully.

Harry waved a hand negligently. “That doesn’t count because my little ones weren’t there for that “”

“Thank Merlin and Morgana for small miracles.”

Harry poked his tongue out at Hermione before turning back to Tom.

“They had every right to have a loving family. I couldn’t prevent them from having that – it was the one thing that I couldn’t give to them, but I wanted to ... I wanted to so badly and I wanted it for myself, just as much as I wanted it for them. I need someone I can protect, but I’m always being the one that’s protected and I always will be until I have my own kittens. Even if I weren’t a Daemon, I know that Draco would be the best person to father my kittens. He is strong, attentive, patient, understanding, intelligent, attractive, protective and loving. Secondly. I can see myself falling in love with him and having a wonderful life. Like the make-up add Sirius likes says: It won’t happen overnight, but it will happen.”

Sirius blushed while Remus smirked at him. “I knew that would come back to bite me in the arse one day … HEY! What was that for?” he cried as three hands reached out and smacked him across the back of the head.
“For just being yourself.”

Sirius pouted.

“And the most important reason is because it feels right. I feel as if it is my right, my reward to stand beside him for the rest of my life.” He shrugged. “I have to also admit to wanting to be bound to my mate before I am with kitten and to be truthful, I believe I will not be able to stop myself from pouncing him on my seventeenth birthday and I believe the opposite to be equally true.”

“That’s true,” Lucius sighed in agreement. “Once a Vampire’s mate is of age and responds to the will to mate, then nothing will stop them from claiming – or being claimed – by their mate.”

“I will not claim my mate as soon as he reaches seventeen,” Draco half-sneered. “I will wait until he and I are bound later in the day.”

Tom, Severus and Lucius raised an eyebrow at the same time, causing Hermione and Harry to giggle slightly.

“And how do you know this?” Lucius asked.

“Because Harry is adamant about that one fact - We are to be bound heart, mind and soul before we become one in body. If that is what he truly wishes, then it is the least I can do for him. Besides, now that we are courting, if anyone even thinks of taking him from me, I will tear them limb-from-limb.”

Remus yawned.

“Oh! Look at the time!” Harry cried. “I’m so sorry Remy. I should have noticed you were getting tired. Off to bed with you! Don’t forget to brush your teeth.”

Remus gave a chesty chuckle and the deep, rough voice from before returned. “He is asleep Kit, and has been for a while. I’ll share what happened here tonight with him when we are both awake.”
Harry nodded. “Thanks Mooney. Now, off to bed with you, it’s been a big day for you as well.”

Remus chuckled again. “I should stay up just to enforce to you that I am Alpha, but even I know better than to argue with a natural born mother, let alone two.” He stood, stretching. “You will be alright cleaning up?”

“Yes Mooney, we’ll be fine. Now BED!”

“We will see you in the morning,” the wolf said, then disappeared into his room.

“We will see you in the morning, Sirius, Professor,” Hermione and Harry stated.

“Harry stepped towards Lucius and held out a slightly shaking hand. “It was wonderful to meet you Sir. I’m looking forward to spending more time with you in a few days’ time to get to know you more. Draco speaks very highly of you.”

Lucius gently folded one of his hands around the offered one. “I am glad to hear he speaks well of me. I too, am looking forward to getting to know the youngster who stole my son’s attention so thoroughly.”

Harry blushed and looked away shyly. Lucius let go of his hand and nodded to all those present before heading to the door, followed by Draco.

“He’s definitely a keeper Draco,” Lucius stated softly when he got to the door. “He is everything I could have asked in a mate for you. He will give you strong children – and I have ten months to get used to the fact that I will be a grandfather before I turn forty-one.”

Draco chuckled and hugged his father. “You’ll get used to it,” he teased.

“I want to know what Miss Granger meant by ‘threats’,” Severus could be heard asking.

“Nothing major,” Harry answered as he collected their dirty cutlery, “Just disembowelment, skinning or human sacrifice if they ever harmed one of my Kit’s purposefully – accidental harms are to be expected.”
He rubbed his cheek against Draco’s instead of trying to hug him with full hands. “You should go back to the dorm you sleep in: you have class the morning. We’ll see you for breakfast?”

Draco nodded and kissed the top of Harry’s head. “Sleep sweet Kitten.”

Harry smiled and walked into the kitchen, leaving behind a room of stunned males.

“Please,” Severus stressed the word several moments later as he turned to face a chuckling Hermione. “Please tell me he was joking about the threats.”

Hermione smirked. “He wasn’t, he actually used those threats and placed a spell of his own design onto any new child that arrived at the orphanage that tells him when any of them are being mistreated.” She raised an eyebrow at the shocked expressions on the people around here and the amusement in Sirius’ eyes as he stood in the doorway leading to the kitchen with a pile of bowls in one hand.

“You shouldn’t be so shocked,” she said., “He may be a full submissive but he is also a Demon, and as such, he is possessive and protective over those he sees as his.” She smirked, merriment dancing in her cinnamon eyes. “He’s already stated his claim on Draco to the other students of the school by getting him to bite him in order to show everyone who he belongs to – He will guard Draco jealously from anyone he sees as a threat to his rightful position.”

She smiled sweetly and kissed Blaise on the cheek for the first time. “See you for breakfast. Goodnight,” she closed the door and locked it.

In the corridor, the startled Slytherins blinked.

“How did she do that without us knowing?” Lucius eventually asked, staring at the closed door.

“I’m not sure I want to know,” Severus answered, also staring at the door in shock, one of the mini lemon syrup polenta cakes in one hand.

The two students with them nodded their agreement, eyes never leaving the door separating them from their mates.
Chapter 11 - The problems with pregnancy

Chapter Summary

Sirius gets punished and we meet the Zabini family

Chapter Notes

Merry belated Christmas. Hope you enjoy

Chapter 11 – The problems of pregnancy

Remus raised an eyebrow in question when he opened the door to his room to find not only Draco and Blaise there, but Severus as well.

“I got summoned,” Severus stated with dry amusement while holding a slip of parchment in the gap of his fore and middle fingers. “It appears that Tom wishes to pick my brains over breakfast while the young one gets to know me better. I think either Miss Granger or Harry may have told him that Salazar Slytherin was a parseltongue and he’d like to ask a few questions.”

Remus nodded his understanding and moved aside to allow the three Slytherins into his rooms where they stopped in shock. Sitting cross-legged with Harry and Hermione was Tom – no surprise there – and, horror of horrors, Sirius.

“It’s a serious shock to the system, isn’t it? Remus murmured from behind them. “For someone as hyperactive as Sirius is to have caught onto meditation as quickly as he did is unprecedented. He took to it like a duck to water the first time we saw Tom teaching it to Harry and Hermione.”

“Unlike you, hey Moons?” Sirius said making the wolf jump in shock at hearing a loud voice so close to his ear. The next thing everyone knew, Sirius was on the ground with Remus, Harry and Hermione on top of him.

“What did we say we would do if you ever shouted into one of our ears ever again?” Harry asked sweetly from his perch on Remus’ back. “Answer me please or you will be cooking for yourself for a week in your rooms with no help.”
Sirius pales. “You said you would torture me beyond all belief. Please don’t, I’m sorry, I won’t do it again!” he pleaded.

“No Sirus. You could have done some serious, irreversible damage to Remus’ hearing – especially now that we are trying to get him and his wolf to merge. You are going to stay there until we have finished your punishment and you are not to complain once,” Harry stated, forcing Sirius to meet his eyes. “Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Kitten,” Sirius muttered, completely ashamed of himself. “I deserve the punishment, I took a joke too far and it could have been disastrous.”

“Good boy,” Hermione said, patting his head none too gently as the three of them allowed him to stand and move to a seat where Harry and Hermione attacked him with brushes, combs, and a wide range of products that none of the others wanted to know about. The three Slytherins and Tom followed Remus into the kitchen, thinking it would be safer for them.

Remus was almost finished with getting breakfast ready when Harry and Hermione walked into the kitchen wearing smug expressions and dragging a very attractive and pouting lady with them into the room.

“Everyone, this is Serina [pronounced Ssss-air-eее-nah]. She will be taking Sirius’ position in our lives until we decide that his punishment is over. She will be taking his classes and his detentions as well as any and all duties Sirius had.”

The eyes of everyone in the room turned to inspect the unknown woman. She was only just shy of five-foot-eight with a decent sized chest, wide hips, narrow waist and shapely arms, legs and neck. Her skin was a slightly pale tone with a hint of pink, which was highlighted by her clothing.

Her robes were magenta and hugged her to her waist as though it was a second skin before flowing out into the usual robe. The men also caught sight of a cream silk undershirt.

Her face was framed by raven black hair with a slight curl to it. Pale pink lips were formed into a pout, cheeks had a slight flush and deep grey eyes were lined with black Kohl and were frosted with a misty blue-grey powder.

“Do you mind?” she snapped.
Everyone’s eyes widened at the slightly familiar, husky feminine voice.

“Black?”

Harry and Hermione exchanged smirks as Tom’s, Severus’ and Remus’ eyes widened in shock as they took a longer, lingering look up and down the feminine figure before them.

“I thought you were going to torture him,” Blaise said as he and Draco wrapped their arms around their perspective mates.

“We are,” Harry and Hermione chorused. “What’s worse torture to a straight man being surrounded by hundreds of hormonal male teenagers who are doing nothing but imagining you naked and starring in their wet dreams?”

Severus, Tom and Blaise exchanged horrified looks while Remus and Draco burst into laughter at the green tint that appeared on the animagus – turned –female’s face.

“A punishment worthy of the Marauders Kitten,” Remus gasped through his laughter.

Harry and Hermione smiled innocently. “We did nothing but what we promised Remy. Now, what is happening today?” The two of them greeted the Potion’s master before cuddling into their mates.

“Sirius … I mean … Serina and I have classes all day, so we will need to eat in the Great Hall as we also have some detentions we need to supervise for the second half of lunch,” Remus stated with a smirk as he gestured for everyone to start eating.

Harry pouted at the quiet man, much to his amusement. “Sorry Kitten, but you know we work – and you’ll see me in the hours before dinner for our session and to help cook our evening meal,” He chuckled seeing Harry’s eyes resume their joyous look.

“You’ll see me the hour after lunch also kitten,” Serina announced, smirking when everyone bar his niece and nephew jumped at the sound of his voice, “And Hermione will see me for my session at the same time you and Remus meet.”
“Blaise and I have classes, but we will be having lunch here unless you wish to have a picnic out by the lake,” Draco said.

“That would be wonderful,” Hermione answered with a smile. “Did you want us to cater for it or would you like those darling little creatures to do so?”

Blaise chuckled. “Draco and I will stop by the kitchens before we come get you for lunch.” He turned towards Tom. “I received word from Mother last night. She wishes to know if you and she can meet before I introduce Hermione to her. I also mentioned Harry having his healer’s certificate. She wishes to ask your permission to see him.”

Tom nodded. “I will see her this afternoon if that is permissible?”

Blaise nodded his head slightly in his direction. “I will send her your request after I leave here,” he promised.

Severus smiled crookedly. “I have classes to teach as well,” he stated, not able to hide his disappointment. “I would like to invite the two of you to join me in my afternoon lessons. I have my younger years at that time and even though I haven’t been able to completely look through your questionnaire, I got enough understanding from watching you work to allow you to aid in my lower year level classes.”

Severus fell off his chair as both Harry and Hermione launched themselves at him, squealing excitedly like five year olds. Everyone in the room laughed as he pat the two of them unsurely on the head while trying to get them to calm down so they were easier to understand.

Tom, who eventually began to pity the poor man, stood and cleared his throat, looking pointedly at his two charges. They silenced immediately and clambered off the very relieved man.

“I thought I taught you better than that, my snakelings,” he began in a dangerously clam voice. “So what, may I ask, do you think you were doing?”

“The Professor invited us into his classroom while he was teaching. Not to do a test, not to learn from him – thought that would be wonderful – but to aid him in teaching young minds something that will be useful to them throughout their lives. He wants us to help him,” Hermione answered as calmly as she could.
“And what is so interesting about that?” Tom asked, hissing slightly in irritation.

“He’s THE Severus Snape, Tom! Harry exploded in his anxiety to explain his reasons to his mentor. “Lord of the Prince line, Creator of sixty-three of the world’s top one hundred most used and useful potions, author of sixteen potions books, a defensive text, four spell crafting papers, two articles on Occulmancy and Legilimancy, Holder of the world’s most prestigious potions award for the last twelve years AND the youngest ever Potion’s master.” Harry was vibrating with excitement where he stood facing Tom, who suddenly had a very understanding look on his face.

“You were not this excited yesterday when you first met him,” Tom eventually pointed out.

“’That’s because I didn’t know who he was!’” Harry started to hyperventilate. “I didn’t know until Siri told us while we were doing his hair.”


Everyone jumped when a growl and slap was heard followed by a lough yelp.

“You imbecilic idiot!” Remus snarled, sending stinging hexes at his best friend, who was cursing this foreign body. “You know how much our kitten looked up to Sev and you still told him who he was BEFORE he got to know him. YOU. ARE A. GALLOOT! Remus hexed Sirius between each word before stopping, panting as though he’d run a cross-country marathon.

“What?” Severus squeaked, making Harry flush with embarrassment at his behaviour that morning.

“Harry has two heroes,” Hermione explained, smiling at the embarrassed young man. “The first is Tom because he stopped and aided us in our time of need even though he knew that it would be over ten years before he could continue on his own quest,” Tom smiled at Hermione and gathered his blushing Prince to his side, giving him a soft kiss on the top of his head. Hermione smiled back and looked at Severus. “The other is one Severus Tobias Snape because he never gave up on his dreams, no matter what was thrown at him nor by whom. He stayed true to what his nature was and not only bested the last record for youngest person to get any mastery by four years, but also proved to wizarding society that it didn’t matter which type of blood flowed through your veins, nor the type of magic you use – everyone has a place.”
Severus blinked at the cinnamon-eyed girl as he processed what she had said. “James Potter’s son looks up at me as one of his heroes?” he asked a few moments later, just for clarification.

“He does,” Hermione clarified.

“Then I must say that I feel privileged to have found a place in his life with one of the people he classifies as one of his most precious people and I hope I can live up to his expectations,” he stated firmly with a flattered look on his face.

“You already have,” Harry murmured blushing brightly as he peeked at the man over his sister’s shoulder.

Severus’ eyes lit up in delight at the softly spoken words and he smiled softly. “I have a spare space in my schedule mid-morning so I will be able to come here for the talk you wish to have Tom.”

Tom nodded regally. “If Blaise’s mother permits it, I will be meeting with her and her family around or after lunch and other than the space that I will be talking with Severus, I will be following my kits to where they wish to take me.”

Harry and Hermione exchanged excited looks.

“Well, “Harry began excitedly, “first we are going to be introducing Tom to Salazar. He said that he’d be able to show us to another frame of his that we can carry around with us so we can talk to him when we wish to.”

“Then we will be coming back here to wait for the Professor and while he and Tom talk, Harry and I will be doing our own study.”

“What would that study be?” Remus asked with interest.

“Mione will be reading her newest neurology book,” Harry said with a warm smile at his sister.

“And Harry will be reading this month’s copies of Healing hands, Pioneering potions, Nat. Geo., Time and any other magazine he gets delivered today,” Hermione said with a grin.
“It’s called a periodical, Mione,” Harry whined, “not a magazine.”

“I should have known,” Remus chuckled.

“You read Pioneering Potions?” Severus, Blaise and Draco asked.

Harry nodded his head rapidly, eyes shining and a large grin on his lips. “It’s the best potion’s journal that is printed in the UK!” Harry said excitedly. “I tried reading others but after reading Pioneering Potions they are more like an introductory tool for those not competent in the art of potions. Last month they had this awesome debate on whether the addition of Actea racemosa can be inter-changed with Mocrotys actaeoides with no side effects and if so, can they be used in abortion potions with Caulophyllum thalictroides to negate aborting effects to create a safe and low potent potion a witch can take every month to regulate her menstrual cycle after child birth or other traumatic events. They decided that they needed to ask what those who worked in the business of potions and health thought and this month’s edition will have the responses from those who took the time to reply and the answer to the debate which had been tested as the debate had continued.”

“What is it that you think?” Severus asked, eyes gleaming at the topic under discussion.

“In the first instance I believe that Actea racemosa and Mocrotys actaeoides can be interchanged with limed differences. The taste and strength of the resultant brew could be all as muggles have used both of them for the same medical conditions interchangeably. The second part of the debate is incorrect as all three ingredients have the same – or similar – use in the muggle world with Caulophyllum thalictroides having the strongest effects of the three of them. While Actea and Mocrotys are commonly used to aid in the treatment of women’s health problems, Caulophyllum has always been used to stimulate the womb into ridding itself of anything inside of it – be it an overly thick layer of tissue or a developing child,” Harry prattled, ignoring the amused glances of his family and the awed disbelief on his and his sister’s mates faces.

“I don’t …” Severus growled in frustration when the bell sounded, warning of the start of the day. “When you obtain the newest copy, bring it to me if you wish so I can read it. It sounds like an interesting debate” he sighed. Before he could move, Harry had disappeared and reappeared before the man.

“I’ll bring this month’s edition to class this afternoon, but here is last month’s copy so you can get the facts of the debate,” Harry blushed slightly. “Just ignore the writing on the pages.”
Severus removed the journal from the teen’s hand with a gentleness that surprised even him. “I thank you for loaning me your copy of last month’s edition I will treat it as though it were my own.”

Harry smiled at the man then bounded over to Tom and dragged the chuckling man from the room, followed closely by Hermione. Remus laughed as he realised that the sneaky kits had left them with the cleaning. With a snap of his fingers he called his personal house elf to him, gave him instructions to clean the breakfast dishes only and had herded everyone to the door to start the new day.

Dashingthroughtheline

Tom chuckled as he followed the two kits deeper into the bowels of the castle. The two of them where chattering away as if they were a pair of old crows. As they turned a corner, Tom felt his breath catch in his throat. There, before them was a portrait of a distinguished gentleman with a calculating gleam in his eye that disappeared as soon as he noticed Harry and Hermione.

“Little ones!” he greeted calmly. “How may I help you today?”

“Hi Lord Slytherin,” Harry chirruped, bouncing towards the portrait. “We really just came to introduce you to our mentor and to see if we could get those travel frames you mentioned.”

Salazar chuckled. “Well do you not think you should introduce us? It does not seem wise to call your mentor, ‘Mentor of the Little Ones’ does it?”

Tom, Salazar and Hermione chuckled when Harry blushed softly.

“Tom, this is Salazar Slytherin, one of the founders of Hogwarts. Lord Slytherin, this is Tom our Mentor, Teacher and fellow Demon but of the snake variety,” Hermione said formally.

“It is a pleasure to speak with you, Lord Slytherin,” Tom stated, inclining his upper body slightly in a shadow of a bow.

“No, it is I who is honoured to meet you, Master Tom,” Salazar replied in all honesty. “I have heard much about you from your two kits and I must say I am impressed with your skill and dedication to them and their education. I am proud their chosen mates are in my house – they both deserve nothing short of the best.”
“I must say that I agree with you in that aspect, Lord Slytherin,” Tom said with a softened glance at the two kits that had transformed and were now playing with a broken quill they had found.

“I hear that you have taught the two kits your native language,” Salazar inquired delicately.

“Yes, I did indeed. Harry already had the basics of the language and both were fast studies of it,” Tom admitted with pride.

“One day when you are not so busy, would you be willing to chat with me? I find I miss having someone to converse with in and about Parseltongue. Such a fascinating and intricate language,” Salazar enquired a hint of desire in his eye.

“I would like that very much,” Tom responded with a slightly deeper, more respectful bow.

“Thank you,” Salazar smiled slightly. “Now, for the frames …”

Severus took a deep calming breath before knocking on the door. He was at a complete loss as to why the snake Demon wanted to talk to him and it unnerved him quite badly. He wasn’t surprised to see Hermione answer the door and place a finger to her lips. Giggling softly, she led him to the sitting room where Tom was seated, watching Harry jump around the room excitedly, holding a potion’s journal much like the one he had given into Severus care that morning.

“Professor!” he cried, slamming into the shocked man’s chest in an exuberant hug.

“I guess that is the newest edition of Pioneering Potions,” he chuckled.

Harry grinned and nodded his head so quickly that Tom and Hermione laughed and told him to make sure his head wouldn’t fall off with the fast movements.

“How about you calm down and read it while I interrogate Severus for a while then you can loan
him this edition as well so he can read about this debate that has you so excitable,” Tom chuckled, producing a surprisingly rich sound.

“Ok Tom,” Harry said with a sweet smile, releasing a still blinking Severus.

As Harry settled into a comfortable position with his quill in one hand, inkwell floating on a board diagonally to the right of him and his beloved journal resting on a slanted table to allow him proper access from his seat on the floor, Severus followed Tom into the dining room.

“I asked you here because I am interested in my kit’s mates and their families. Please tell me all I need to know.”

Severus allowed himself a small sigh of relief – he hadn’t done anything wrong after all – and cleared his throat. “Let’s start with Blaise first,” he began.

Overlineswego

Tom looked around the room the House-elf had led him to as he waited for the Lord or Lady of the house to appear. Ten minutes later, a darkly enchanting middle-aged man lead a heavily pregnant beauty into the room. As the man arranged the woman with a calm, dutiful pose, Tom took the time to analyse her. He could have been able to tell that this lady was Blaise Zabini’s mother, even if he hadn’t known beforehand.

Blaise had inherited her dark caramel skin, her curling dark brown-black hair, her deep brown eyes and her proud Grecian stature. Noting that the attentive male had seated himself beside her, Tom bowed respectfully. "I thank you for opening your house to me, Lady Zabini. I’ve heard wonderful things of you from both your son and his Potion’s Professor.”

Willa Zabini nodded her head at him with a rueful smile on her face. “I’m glad to hear my son speaks highly of me, Mr Riddle. Please, have a seat and forgive my lack of courtesy. It’s rather taxing to sit and stand continuously throughout the day.”

“There is nothing to forgive, My Lady. I can only begin to imagine the strain you are under during this time. I was told this morning that you wished to ask something of me,” Tom stated after seeing to the niceties.
“Yes, there are several things actually,” the man said, transferring Tom’s attention to him.

“Forgive me, Gentlemen,” Willa gasped. “May I introduce Nicholas, my husband?”

Tom stood and bowed deeply to the man. “It honours me that I can meet the man that Blaise speaks so highly of. I believe the only person who he holds higher is his mother. It is also wonderful to meet a kindred spirit. It isn’t often you find someone willing to become the father of a child not theirs by blood.”

Nicholas and Willa stared at Tom for a while before shaking themselves out of it.

“It was my privilege to raise Blaise as my own,” Nicholas said with a warm smile. “He’s a damn good kid. I couldn’t be prouder of him. We couldn’t be prouder of him.”

“Which leads us to the first of our reasons to ask you here,” Lady Zabini said. “Blaise wrote to us stating that he has found his mate in one of your charges. Is this correct?”

“This is correct, Lady Zabini,” Tom gave them a half-smile. “I must be honest with you. To begin with I was not impressed by this fact – meaning no disrespect for you, your son or your family. It was more along the lines of a Father’s unwillingness to believe that their daughter had grown into the beautiful woman they have been destined to become. I think it was harder on me because both my kits found their mates at the same time – one to your son and the other to the Malfoy heir. After pulling your son aside and talking to him, the Founder of his house and Potions master Snape, I have come to respect him and am thankful that of all the males in the word, my ‘Mione managed to capture one who will treat her with the respect and devotion she deserves. Are you feeling alright?” he asked with a frown as the lady before him tensed slightly and pushed down on her stomach gently.

“I’ll be …” Lady Zabini whimpered before starting to hyperventilate when her husband raised a red-coloured hand from her leg, his face white.

“Do I have permission to bring someone to your manor?” Tom asked firmly, wasting no time.

“I, Nicolas Zabini, give Tom Riddle permission to bring whomever he wishes into the Manor as long as they wish us no harm.”
As soon as the Zabini Lord had uttered those words, Tom had vanished, only to appear ten minutes later with four other people, two who were familiar, two who weren’t.

“Blaise, I need you to move to where your Father is, Mr Zabini, I need for you to collect every potion, balm and pill she has been prescribed and give them to ‘Mione.” Hermione waved a hand to indicate who she was. “Draco I need you to find the young ones and keep them from coming in here. I don’t care how you do it, but do it. One of us will get you when it’s over.”

Draco nodded and left his relief visible.

“Tom, keep talking to her husband, keep him calm and let no one on from out there in unless I request it. ‘Mione, I’m going to need potion thirty-two as a definite and I’ll tell you the rest as I go.”

Hermione nodded and started to set up a portable potions lab out on the veranda so the fumes wouldn’t harm anyone. Harry smiled calmly down at the panicking woman and carded his hands soothingly through her hair.

“Hello Mrs Zabini,” he cooed slightly. “My name is Harry and I’m going to be your Healer for today. My blood-sister, Hermione, is going to be my helper.” Harry slowly allowed a trickle of his magic to enter her system to calm her fears before placing both of is hands on her protruding stomach and allowing more of his magic to flow into her, seeking the problem. He mentally called out numbers of his more frequently used potions to Hermione as he found use for them.

“Nicholas?” Willa asked, panting for breath while the cool sensation removed the pain from her body.

“He’s just doing a small job for me and is now talking to Tom. If you turn your head slightly to the left then you should see them.”

“Blaise?”

“I’m here Mama,” Blaise said, squeezing her hand gently. “You didn’t think I would leave you and Papa to go through this alone do you?”

“Carla and Laynee?”
“Draco is with them. You know how much they love their Uncle Draco,” Blaise answered.

“You have three children already Mrs Zabini?” Harry asked, still conversing with Hermione as she used her magic to examine the potions she had just been given.

“Yes. Blaise is my eldest at seventeen. Carla is our Princess and eight and Laynee, our Kitten at five.”

Harry let out a soft, tinkling laugh. “It seems that it might get confusing every now and then when I come over to visit then. ‘Mione and Tom always call me Kitten on the account that I’m a Cat-Demon.”

“I always thought that Demon magic would be more … potent than this,” Willa stated.

“Most Demon magic is,” Harry smiled “Natural submissives have a less authoritative feel to their magic which makes us perfect Healers, Teachers and Mothers. Do you know the sex of you young ones yet?” he asked.

“No, our Healer said we wouldn’t be able to know that for another four weeks. He also went on vacation once my complications started.”

Before Harry could reply, Hermione let out a screech that could be heard through the glass before storming inside.

“Who gave you this potion?” Hermione almost snarled out of Nicholas who was walking backwards until his back hit the wall in fear. “Well?”

“Rinie, calm down and talk to me. What is the potion in question?” Harry soothed, now using his magic to check each foetus.

“On the label it says it is a potion to aid in Morning Sickness.”
“Ok. Mrs Zabini, do you remember who gave you the potion for morning sickness?” Harry soothed.

“My Healer – Healer Johanson [pronounced Yo-han-son]. My morning sickness was only slight, but he insisted that I take it anyway. The complications started two weeks later.”

“Thank you, my lady. Do you want to know the sex of the twins?” Harry asked.

“Yes please,” she said, gesturing for her husband to come closer. “He says he can tell us the sex.”

“I’m happy to say you are almost five months along and have two beautiful little boys. After ‘Mione and I fix the damage that has been done and have you cleaned up, I will get Draco to bring your daughters in and show you a picture of them.”

“Thank you,” Nicholas sighed out, kissing the side of his wife’s head.

“What damage?” Willa asked nervously.

“First I will explain what has Rinie worked up, as that may explain some of what is wrong, however I can say that both you and the twins are low in potassium, the twins appear to be malnourished and the placenta and the walls of your uterus have lots of small tears in them. That is where the blood from earlier came from, by the way. Other than that, and a few physical problems, both boys are fine.”

“Thank the gods,” Willa muttered collapsing into the couch more in boneless relief.

“Now Rinie, the ingredients of the potion if you please.”

Hermione nodded, eyes glimmering with suppressed rage. “Catnip, Passionflower and Celery,” she started.

“That explains the potassium levels,” Harry muttered, writing them down and handing the Zabini Matriarch the first potion he had Hermione make, which was to flush all other potions in the system out of both her and the twins. He smiled as his magic felt its effects almost instantly. “I’m guessing they were for anxiety and/or stress, but could also be the reason for the tears due to mini contractions.
they may have caused,” Harry frowned slightly.

“Hermione nodded. “Evening primrose.”

“Tenderness of the breast,” Harry said with a nod of appreciation.

“Apple, rhubarb and vervain,” Hermione continued, noticing the frown on Harry’s face before anyone else could.

“Constipation, but not a combination I would use for a pregnancy,” Harry muttered, making a series of notes. “Apple is good. It’s soft on the stomach and the bowels unless you get an acid build up in your stomach, but rhubarb can cause for the uterus to contract – meaning micro contractions in small doses and the possibility of abortion,” Harry frowned deeper, very happy he had given the lady his special potion. “Vervain could explain the slower-than-normal heart rate and the smaller-than-normal lung passages. Both of which take time and potions to fix,” Harry scowled.

“Ginger and Raspberry,” Hermione continued, starting to get nervous.

“Morning sickness and nausea,” Harry muttered to himself. “Is that all Rinie?”

“No Harry … The last two ingredients were … were …” Hermione bit her lip and closed her eyes. “The last two ingredients were Black and Blue Cohosh,” she whispered into the silent room.

Harry stilled instantly, drawing everyone’s attention to him. “Do you wish to join me in destroying someone, beloved sister?” he asked, eyes glittering dangerously.

“Why yes, dearest brother, I do believe I do. What shall we do?”

“First, we tell the Zabini’s what the big deal is. Then we do our best to fix that two-faced son-of-a-bitch’s mess, then we show them there sons, then Blaise and Draco go back to the school, Tom stays here and watches Lady Zabini for me and we, my dear, we have an appointment with the Healer’s Academy followed by a Court Hearing that will make that … that … that THING regret messing with his patients. I’ll make sure he pays for this, even if I need to spell Veritaserum into his system myself!”
“What’s wrong?” Blaise asked frantically. “You both just started hissing at each other.”

Willa struggled to sit up and she grabbed Harry’s arm. “Please tell me what is wrong with my babies.”

Harry stroked a gentle hand through Willa’s hair, soothing her without magic. “Your babies are fine,” he cooed softly, “Nothing that a few doses of potions can’t fix. The problem is the state of the placenta and the uterus itself. It can be fixed, but it will take time, frequent potions and a lot of bed rest on your part,” he cautioned.

“Anything,” Willa said.

“Alright, I’ll give you the directions in a moment, but first, I need to explain something. Several of the ingredients for the potion we were concerned about have been used for decades past as uterine stimulants for females who are trying to stimulate their fertility cycle. If a woman takes a strong enough dose of one of these, it could lead to the abortion of a child.”

Harry soothed the pale lady by running his hands down her inner arm, just like Hermione sometimes did to him. “Black and Blue Cohosh are two of the more powerful uterine stimulants and more often than not, abortion is the rule, not the exception. Do either of you read Pioneering Potions?”

“We both do,” Nicholas said. “We own several apothecaries around Europe and a few farms here and there. It’s always good to know which ingredients are going to be popular before time.”

Harry nodded grimly. “Black Cohosh is also known as Actea racemosa or Macrotys actaeoides,” he stated, pouring his magic into Lady Zabini to prevent her from hyperventilating. “Blue Cohosh is Caulophyllum thalictroides. Both are illegal to use without a declaration signed by the parents to be, two different Healers and forty-five percent of the members of the Healer’s Academy – where all are invited. I know that this wasn’t followed as I was never called to the meeting.”

“What do I do to fix this?” Willa asked.

“We will give you a fresh set of potions, along with an oath that none of these potions will do you lasting harm - even if it doesn’t feel like it to begin with. You are to take these potions at every meal with food. I’m sorry, but it has to be substantial for the potions to work. You are to be on complete bed rest until I say so and I’ll be here twice a week.”
Willa nodded. “I can do that. It will be hard for the girls though.”

“I can talk to them,” Harry said with a smile. “Now, who wants to see the twins?”

Hermione smiled and flamed into the room holding Draco and two beautiful girls. “We’re finished and Harry is going to show a picture of the babies.”

Draco nodded and led the happily squealing girls to the room holding everyone. Harry smiled at Draco, who introduced his mate to the giggling girls beside him.

“Ready … and … there we go,” Harry smiled wistfully as he gazed at the black and white image of the two small boys curled up inside their mother’s body.

Draco wrapped his arms around his mate’s waist and placed butterfly kisses down his neck. “In a year’s time, that will be you, Kitten,” Draco murmured. “I can’t wait for you to be swollen with my kits, nourishing them with your body. What a beautiful sight you will be.”

Harry giggled and blushed slightly at Draco’s words before cancelling the spell and walking to kneel at the girl’s level. “I’m going to tell you something very important, okay?” he told them seriously. Both girls nodded with wide eyes. “I know there was a man that either came here or that your mama went to so she could make sure the twins were alright,” Harry stated.

“I didn’t like him,” Laynee said with a slight lisp due to her top two front teeth missing. “He was very rude: He tried to thmack Carla and me with hith bag lath thime he wath here.”

“I want you to do something very important okay?” Harry waited for both girls to nod and pulled out two rings with grey stones on them before putting them on the right pinkie of both girls. “If that man ever comes here again, or your mama needs a Healer, I want you to press that stone,” he pointed to the largest stone. “That will call me here so I can deal with either him or help your mama.”

Both girls nodded seriously, making their parents and Blaise smile.

“Now,” Harry stated. “I’m going to be coming every Wednesday and Sunday to check on your Mama. The man I want you to watch for has made your mama very sick and tired to hurt your little brothers.”
Carla looked grim at this news while Laynee gasped.

“I know it was a bad thing for him to do, but I’m here to fix what he did and make sure that he gets punished for it, but your mama isn’t allowed to move from her bed for anything. She can sit up or lay down, but no walking. This is so she can help your baby brothers get nice and strong. So, the second thing I want the two of you to do is to make sure she doesn’t get bored. Talk to her, get her to read to you and even get her to help with your homework, but don’t get too rough. Can you do that for me?”

Both girls’ nodded seriously, making Harry beam at them.

“I knew I could count on the two of you. Now, I need two helpers to bring the potions up to your Mama’s room while your Papa, Blaise and Draco bring Mama.”

To Willa’s, Nicholas’ and Blaise’s surprise, both girls hurried over to where the potions were and carried as many as they could out of the room.

[All information on the plants used in the potions were found in the following book]

Half an hour later, Harry and Hermione stormed into the Healer’s Academy not stopping at the reception desk, both holding a thick folder in both hands. They heard the receptionist calling them back, but both of them ignored her. Walking briskly, it took the two of them only moments to find themselves outside the door leading to the directing members of the Healer’s Academy. Giving a sharp rap, the two of them waited.

“Enter!” a deep masculine voice called.

The two of them entered.

“Mind Healer Granger,” a silky feminine voice stated in shock. “Master Healer Harry. Why are the two of you here?”

“Mind Healer Yanize [pronounced Yah-Ni-S],” the two youngsters chorused with a bow. “Healer Trendan. Master Healer Emelaine [pronounced Em-eh-lane].”

“We are terribly sorry for intruding on your meeting Gentlemen,” Hermione continued with a slight bow to the four men seated between her and the Head Healers of the best Healer School in the United Kingdom. “But this is important.”

“How important can it be for two children to be sent,” one of the older men muttered angrily.
“Important enough that one of the most prestigious families in the UK have hired me as their Healer for the rest of the Lady’s pregnancy and are wanting satisfaction from their old Healer,” Harry stated, eyes glowing brightly with suppressed rage. “The Lady in question is expecting twins – magical twins who share the same embryonic sack.”

The three older Healers in the room quickly stood.

“Please excuse us, Gentlemen. This is something we must see to immediately,” the deep masculine voice of Master Healer Emelaine stated.

Three of the four men nodded respectfully and stood, stating that they would reschedule the meeting for the following day. The fourth man followed them, grumbling the entire time about ungrateful children who didn’t know their rightful place. After the door had closed behind the men and Mind Healer Yanize had informed the receptionist of what was occurring, the privacy wards surrounding the room flared and the five Healers fell into the exhausting and oft-times nasty job of investigating everything about the rogue Healer.

Awayintheinline

Silence. Pure and utter silence. Every Professor who was in the Great Hall looked up, expecting to see some prank or another unfolding before their very eyes, instead they saw a black-haired, grey-eyed lady walking towards the Head Table with a silent Remus stumbling after her. It took a moment for them to realise that the werewolf was stumbling due to unheard laughter.

The unknown woman seated herself on the seat normally occupied by Sirius Black and started filling her plate, muttering about evil god-Demons.

“Don’t be so down, you make a very attractive lady Sirius,” Remus stated, eyes twinkling worse than Albus’ had ever done, after someone unsilenced him.

The other teacher’s stared at the woman, who was now revealed to be Sirius Black. Sirius spluttered.

“How the bloody Hell would you feel?” he managed to force through clenched teeth. “I am forced to look like this for another two days and I already have had the seventh year males ask me if I am attached and then asking if I’d be interested in entering a contract with them! One snooty bastard then decided that if I wouldn’t enter the contract with him, then he’d write home to Daddy and tell
him that I was sleeping with the male students.”

“So that is why I had Mr Schmitt in the hospital wing after your lesson,” Poppy sighed.

“No,” Sirius stated firmly. “The reason you had Mr Schmitt in the hospital wing after my lesson was because he decided to protest the use of the charms we were using today. Instead of doing something as ‘plebeian’ as dodge the incoming spell, he stayed there.”

Poppy raised an eyebrow at him questioningly.

“It was charms against pregnancy that both sexes need to know and it was my third years. He is of the belief that any witch that gets pregnant when young is a good breeder,” Sirus sighed, squeezing the bridge of his nose, much like Severus did in times of frustration. “He accused me of standing in the way of a pure-blood’s right to have his pick of females to birth him children. If you read the note I sent you it would have explained everything.”

Poppy had the grace to blush, but nothing was said as Severus stormed into the Great Hall, guiding a furious Draco and a very pale Blaise. The teachers watched as the dour man spoke to the two boys before making his way to their table.

“Everything alright Severus?” Remus asked as the man sank into his seat and rubbed his face with his hands.

“Define ‘alright’,” the man muttered.

Remus and Sirius exchanged looks before Remus stated piling food onto a clean plate while Sirius made an extra strong tea for the man. Severus nodded his thanks and sipped the tea with a thankful sigh.

“Willa almost lost the twins,” Severus stated. “The mongrel Healer was feeding her a potion that would make her abort as a morning sickness cure. It was only thanks to young Harry that she didn’t lose them today. He’s put her on complete bed rest and will be visiting twice a week until they are born – going so far as to give Will’s girls a ring each that will call him if he needs to be there on a day that he isn’t visiting. He’s gone to the Healer’s Academy to get their permission to go after the original Healer.”
“I hope that they will also put him straight about being the Zabini Healer. She should have an experienced Healer, not a child playing pretend!” Poppy exclaimed, making not only Sirius and Remus to growl, but Severus to turn towards her, glaring fiercely.

“Do NOT,” he bit out, “speak of things you have no clue on. Miss Granger is a fully qualified Mind Healer and Harry is a fully qualified Master Healer. Technically, the two of them are YOUR superiors, considering you are only in possession of the basic Healers certificate.”

“I agree with you, Mr Snape,” a sibilant voice sounded behind them. “It is very unwise to look down your nose at those of younger generations. They are, after all, our future.”

“Hi Tom,” Remus, Sirius and Severus chorused as Draco and Blaise rose and hurried to join them.

“Is Mother alright?” Blaise asked, worrying his bottom lip with his teeth.

“She is doing wonderfully,” Tom soothed in his slightly rough voice. “The potion that she had when we first got there kicked in just after you two left. The rest of the potion that was left in her system was ejected and vanished.” Tom smiled softly. “Your younger sisters were marvellous helps – they helped mop up the potion with rags and then they coaxed her into taking the rest of the potions Harry left for her. All three ladies were asleep before I came back.”

Blaise sighed and collapsed in relief. Draco quickly grabbed at him and braced him until he could stand by himself once more. Tom shot him an understanding look.

“I’m guessing my Kits are not yet back.”

Blaise, Draco, Remus, Severus and Sirius all shook their heads. Tom nodded and sat in an empty chair that was beside the potions master and helped himself to the food that was still present.

Harry and Hermione watched with hard eyes as the Aurors man-handed the unconscious ex-healer out of the room. Once they had left everyone let go of the breath they were holding.
“Thank Merlin we voted to use tracers on all of our Healers,” Emma Trendan sighed, rubbing her temples. “Thank Merlin for Aurors as well. It would have been worse had they not come with us to collect him.”

Jacob Yanize nodded with a grimace of pain. Out of the five people who had been hurt, he was the only one to have received a concussion from a bludgeoning hex that had been aimed at the two young Healers, one of whom was glaring at him for moving while he was being healed.

“I never expected it of Leonard Johanson,” Blake Emelaine stated in shock. “If asked even twelve hours ago whether I believed he could do something like this, I would have denied it with everything in me.”

“And all because his half-brother complained about how the Zabini family had the happiness and money that should have been theirs,” Hermione snorted in disgust. “I don’t know who this ‘Merlin’ fellow is, but I’ll be thanking him every day for the rest of my life that Blaise is entirely his mother’s son and has nothing of his paternal line in him.”

Harry nodded his agreement, suddenly too exhausted to be bothered with talking.

Hermione smiled at him, weariness evident in her face. “We should be heading back to the school, Kit,” she said as Harry finished healing what he could in the other, much older Healer.

Harry shook his head with a bashful smile. “You go back and tell everyone what the result was. I’ll be there once I finish at the Zabini household. They deserve to know what is going to happen to the monster that almost cost them their sons.” He turned and bowed to each of the three Head Members. “Thank you for your aid in the matter. ‘Rinie’s and my reports will be here either tomorrow or Friday –“

“Make it Monday, Master Healer Harry,” Emma said with an exhausted smile, “Use tomorrow and Friday to recover and use the weekend to write up the report. This has drained us three to the point where we are going to need to reschedule everything from tomorrow to other days to recover and we haven’t done half of what the two of you have done concerning this event.”

Harry and Hermione bowed in unison and vanished in a flare of their elemental power.

“I’m finding myself more and more gratuitous that we allowed the two of them to gain their Master-ships when they did,” Jacob muttered, eyes drooping. “It’s become livelier here since then, for one.”
The other two made noses of agreement before heading to their separate rooms, intent of forgetting that the entire day had even occurred.

Harry was thankful that the room he appeared in was both dark and quiet. The day had taken more out of him than he was willing to admit. Not only had he received a new patient, but he had been around strangers most of the day, so he had been fighting his instinct to transform while taking charge of the situation. The only what he succeeded to maintain any semblance of holding it together was by thinking of the two unborn babe’s and how he would feel if he were in Lady Zabini’s place. By the time everything had finished, his magic had accepted the Zabini Clan as family. He was pleasantly surprised when the Zabini family magic flared and accepted him into the family as a close family friend.

He shook himself from his thoughts and headed towards the bed and proceeded to pull all of the sheets off it before shadowing into another room and repeating the process another five times. He hesitated for five minutes before nodding decisively and entering two other rooms and stealing a pillow from each bed. Once he got to his final destination, he arranged all his stolen linen just the way he licked it and curled up and fell asleep, purring contentedly as the individual scents of his family combined into a single feeling – Security.

Thelittlelinejesus

When it had been an hour from when Hermione had returned and Harry still hadn’t, Remus started to worry. The brunette girl had fallen asleep curled up on the seat beside Blaise, who followed her into the land of dreams very quickly, his anxiety over his mother and unborn brothers wearing him out emotionally.

Silently, Remus watched as Draco struggled to stay awake for his mate before losing and slumping over, causing Severus to chuckle softly.

“We should get them to bed, don’t you think?” Sirius’ voice drifted over them from the door. “We know that no matter how exhausted ‘Mione is, she wouldn’t fall asleep unless Harry was safe.”

“Yes, and we know he is somewhere nearby,” Tom’s amused voice called from the room he was sharing with his kits.
“How do you know that?” Draco asked, having jerked awake at the sound of Harry’s name.

“Because,” Tom chuckled, “Harry’s, mine and ‘Mione’s beds have been stripped of sheets, blankets and pillows. I suggest that everyone go check their rooms. Chances are that he will be in the room of the person he hasn’t removed at least one item from.”

“Why would he do that?” Blaise asked sleepily.

“He’s nesting,” Remus said with a gentle smile. “He’s always done it when he needs comfort but can’t handle being around people.”

“He was surrounded by mostly strangers for most of today,” Hermione mumbled, not fully awake, but coherent enough to get her point across. “Not only that, but he had to direct and interact with each and every person while explaining what was happening, what was going to happen, what would happen should anyone not be where they should be or not do what they should do, all whilst fighting the urge to transform. He succeeded marvellously. That is why I came here instead of remaining with him.” She shrugged. “He’s most likely in either Remus’ or Draco’s rooms. My bet’s on Remus’ as that way no one can dispute that he and Draco broke any part of the contract by being in a locked room together for any length of time.”

Remus chuckled and moved into his room, careful to use only candlelight to see by until he had established their Kit wasn’t on – or in – his bed. Finding his bed kitten less, he lit the torches around the room, slowly increasing the intensity until they could see properly but it wouldn’t disturb a sleeping teen.

Sirius chuckled softly as purring broke the silence of the room, making everyone turn to glare at the man in female body. Shaking his head in amusement, he pointed his wand at the large bed and wordlessly levitated it, revealing a haphazardly made nest complete with one kitty-Demon curled up in, on and around the different fabrics.

“There are mine, Harry’s and Hermione’s things,” Tom chuckled softly.

“Mine as well,” Sirius and Draco stated with soft smiles.

“And one of my pillows,” Blaise said in amusement. Harry moved slightly, pulling the two pillows he had in his arms closer to him and snuggling into them further.
Severus blinked. “Is that MY pillow?” he asked in bewilderment, making everyone laugh softly as they darkened the room once more and left to organise bedding for their own beds so they could also visit their own dreams.

Harry whined softly in his sleep as a gentle breeze tickled one of his ears. Soft laughter bought him to full wakefulness as another breath of air teased his ear. Turning around, he blinked as he came nose-to-nose with Remus. He purred as the sandy-haired man started to rub his fingers through Harry’s hair, scratching the areas behind his ears.

“Morning Remy,” Harry yawned, revealing his sharp teeth and slightly curled tongue.

“Morning kit,” Remus replied, eyes dancing. “Did you have a good sleep?”

“Marvellous,” he slowly uncurled himself and stretched. “What are you doing in here?”

Remus laughed. “You chose my room to nest in last night. I was starting to fret before Sirius and Tom calmed me.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Harry squeaked with a blush. “I didn’t mean to kick you out of your room.”

“You didn’t kitten. I still slept in my bed; I just had to put a ward on the mattress so that it didn’t move during the night.”

“Thank you Remus,” Harry smiled shyly. “Was there a reason you needed to wake me?”

“Well, we thought that you would like to eat breakfast with us while we discuss our plans for the day. I also suspect that Blaise, Draco and Severus would like to know how Lady Zabini is after discovering he had been dealt with.”

Harry nodded slightly shocked. He hadn’t realised that he had slept for so long. He shook himself and started to untangle himself from the things surrounding him. “Would Rinie and I be able to use your pensieve later? We have a report each to write and I just want to make sure that we get all the
“Of course; I’ll bring it down to the table after breakfast. Your clothes are in the bathroom and breakfast will be ready in half an hour.” Remus gently closed the door behind him, leaving their kitten to prepare for the day.

Half an hour later, Harry appeared in the dining room with a bashful smile on his face. “I’m sorry for yesterday and last night,” he whispered only just loud enough for everyone to hear. “I know that plans had been made, but I felt that what was done was more important at the time.”

“More important than getting to know your mate and his family?” Tom asked with a raised brow ridge.

“To be completely honest, yes,” Harry stated with no hesitation. “Forget for a moment that the people from yesterday were related to Blaise … A lady is having not one baby, but two – a rare thing in the muggle world but even rarer in the magical world. In fact, only one out of every three million, seven hundred and sixteen thousand, two hundred and twenty eight conceptions result in a magical set of twins. In the last three hundred and sixty five years there have only been ten cases of magical twins being conceived and of those, only six survived as a set. Three of those six have been born in the last fifty years. Gideon and Fabien Prewett: George and Fredrick Weasley and Padma and Pavatti Patil. I would like for this set to also survive to become the seventh to survive beyond conception.”

He took a sip of the tea Hermione sat beside him, giving her a nod of appreciation and a small smile.

“Now, of those twins that are conceived, one set from every three thousand share an embryonic sack. In the last two thousand, five hundred years there have been three sets like this. This means that if anything happens to one of them, both will be lost. Lady Zabini has the third case of this occurrence so both boys were being poisoned by someone she had one hundred per cent trust in. If she had continued taking the potion she was on, she would have lost them in any time from a week from yesterday to a month.” He looked Tom directly in the eye, making Tom look away first due to the determination in his green eyes.

“No Mother – no FAMILY – deserves that. Now address that this Lady isn’t some stranger who I wouldn’t know if I passed her on an empty street. She is Blaise’s mother – Rinie’s Mother in law. Draco’s aunt in all bar blood. She is FAMILY. If anything happened to those two babies – or even just one of them – our family would never be the same. There would be an empty area in everyone’s heart that may shrink in time but would never be filled.”

Harry moved his gaze until he had locked his eyes with everyone in the room and had forced them to look away from the strength of his gaze before returning them to his Mentor. “I am a Master Healer. My job is to offer aid to those in trouble, no matter who or what they are or what they may or may not have done. Anyone who tries to talk me out of it will fail – especially if there are children
involved.”

Tom smiled and nodded, hiding a chuckle as Draco and Blaise hugged Harry in thanks. If anyone noticed the slight tremors coming from Blaise’ shoulders or the slight tang of saline in the air, no one mentioned it.

Thelinesinthebrightsky

Severus watched in amusement as Harry and Hermione played a hand game that was popular when he was young to decide who got to use the pensieve between them first. After discussing schedules, it was decided that Tom, Harry, Hermione and he would stay in the same room. He and Tom would discuss whatever it was that they were going to talk about the previous day while Harry and Hermione wrote their reports. After lunch, Severus had decided to allow the two Demon entrance into a typical lesson he held for his sixth year NEWT class. He was quite interested in obtaining an honest critique from the two of them. Once Tom sat in front of him, Severus turned his entire attention to him, barely noting in the back of his mind that Harry had once again pulled out his stack of magazines and a pen before settling into the uncomfortable chair in an awkward position.

An hour later, Hermione appeared from the pensieve and emptied it of its content before placing a hand on Harry’s shoulder to get his attention. The two of them cleared the area, surrounding the boy and stacked it neatly before Hermione grabbed a stack of pens and parchment and split them between the two spaces at the table while Harry retreated into the newly filled pensieve.

After another hour, Harry re-appeared and silently set to work on his own report. By this time, Tom had retrieved a book written in a spidery looking language and was deeply entranced in it and Severus was halfway through marking the assignments he had assigned his first years the week before. A comfortable silence filled the room as pen and quill skated across parchment.

Looklinewherehelay

Just as Remus opened the door to his rooms to let himself, Sirius, Blaise and Draco in, he heard twin sighs of relief and the sound of two writing implements hit the table.

“Finished already?” the four of them heard Tom ask.

“Yeah,” Hermione groaned. “Six and a half inches detailing from when you came and got us to just before we left.”
“Eight and three quarter inches covering from you getting us to after telling the Zabini’s that he had been captured,” they heard Harry state, exhaustion in his voice. “I’m going to make some tea, would anyone else like some?”

“Yes please,” everyone called out, while the four new comers hurried into the dining room.

The little line Jesus

Draco looked down at the black head that was resting on his lap as its owner napped. Across from them Hermione was in a similar position as her brother but on Blaise’ lap. The two boys caught each other’s eye and smiled, shaking their heads ironically. They had decided to go for the picnic at the Lake and after a small amount of food, both Demons had fallen asleep. Shrugging, both boys stood and picked up their respective mates before heading back to Remus’ rooms.

Asleep on the line

Harry stood before the door to the potions classroom and tried to control the shaking of his hands.

“There’s nothing to be scared of,” Severus murmured softly, secretly chuckling at the boy.

“I know,” Harry murmured back. “I’m not only scared, I’m nervous. You are a Master at the art of potions … what if I cut something wrong? What if I add the wrong ingredient? What if …”

“Harry, Yong One,” Severus said, placing a hand on the Demon’s shoulders, gaining a nod of approval from Hermione. “I will say this once so listen carefully. “He lowered himself until he was at Harry’s eyes level. “You and Hermione are just as good at potions as I am. The only difference between the two of you and me is that I devoted my life to the teaching, creation and invention of potions. You two have dedicated your lives to saving the lives of others and your potions ability reflects that choice. The two things you made the other day in my test? I didn’t learn how to make either of them until I was in my final year of apprenticeship, and even now I cannot get them to the potency you two did.”

“I understand,” Harry stated softly. “It’s just … It’s you. You have been one of my biggest heroes and sources of inspiration for so long that the thought of letting you down is worse pain than a physical blow. Add to that the fact you are a close family member of Draco’s …” Harry shrugged helplessly. “I don’t want to give you a reason to not like me.”
“How about this?” Severus asked more than a little freaked out at the depth of the boys’ hero worship of him, “When I am in the general public or at a function, I am Potions Master Snape. While at the school I am just Professor Snape – a man who tries to teach thick-headed imbeciles how to make a half decent potion. In private I am just plain old Severus Snape, Draco’s godfather. Think you can handle that?”

Harry nodded, his eyes showing his resolve firming. Without another word, Severus stood and opened the door, leading the two Demons into the room. Silently he pointed the two in the direction of empty seats. He internally winced when he noticed they were on opposite sides of the room, but heaved a sigh of relief when they separated and seated themselves comfortably.

“Today, we are going to continue on antidotes. For those of you who missed it due to the sudden outbreak of nose-bleeds and stomach bugs thanks to a parting gift from the Weasley twins last year, we covered the outline of this year’s topics and listed the most common poisons and their antidotes. We also discussed muggle poisons and touched on whether or not one of our poison antidotes would be effective on them in the event that a witch or wizard was unlucky enough to be targeted.”

“If you contacted one of your classmates and obtained their notes and your homework assignment then you will have no problems with this potion. Turn to page three hundred and eighty six and get started. You are working with the person beside you.”

Harry turned to the girl beside him with a shy smiled. “Hi, I’m Harry.”

The girl smiled dreamily back at him. “Luna … Would you like to read through the potion while I get the ingredients?” Without waiting for an answer, she gently placed the book before him, open to the correct page. Even though it was a potion he knew inside out and back to front, Harry copied the entire section on the potion and duplicated it, handing the second copy to Luna when she returned.

“So if anything gets spilt or explodes, your potions book won’t get ruined,” Harry blushed as he explained at her questioning gaze. He fought to extract himself from her odd eyes. He couldn’t tell if they were a blue so pale they looked grey or if they were grey with a tint of blue. He was released when she blinked.

“Did you know you have a nest of glimmering humdingers in your hair?” she asked with a small smile.

“I did,” Harry replied with a small smile as he handed her his orange highlighter and pulled his
papers towards him, moving closer to Luna who blinked at him in surprise. “And Rinie – my sister – has a nest of wrackspurts in her hair. They keep away the Heliopaths. They seem to be attracted to her flame. Mine just enjoy eating the shadows of the people around me. If it bothers you, I can send them to Rinie.”

“No, they don’t bother me. Do you think I could send one to Daddy? He researches these types of creatures for his paper and magazine.”

Harry nodded happily before scanning the pages before him and highlighting several things.

“Prepping or adding?”

“Hmm … Prepping, I think. If you are my partner again I’ll add. I need more practice with prepping anyway.”

Harry nodded and started to get the cauldron ready for the ingredients, stopping every now and then the give Luna a hint, suggestion or alternate preparation technique. By the end of the lesson, Harry had aided and guided Luna into making her first perfect potion. Severus couldn’t have been prouder of the boy.

Hermione, on the other hand, almost put her partner into the hospital wing after he decided to cop a feel of her arse. Severus, who had been standing behind the pair without the human knowing, had not had time to act before the kid was flat on the ground with one eye purpling rapidly and looking up at a snarling Demon with eyes wide – or as wide as they could go when one of them was rapidly swelling shut.

“I told you several times that I was in the process of courting and yet you still had the gall to touch me in a place my intended isn’t even allowed to touch. How Dare You! Be thankful that I hold Professor Snape in high regard or you would be tied on the ceiling with nothing on over a boiling cauldron before you could register you were no longer on the ground.”

“You are deranged! You should be put down before you harm someone!” the kid shouted

Hermione grinned at him, revealing sharp teeth. “I’m a Demon,” she pointed out as though to a three year old. “I’m the epitome of things from your nightmares.” She grinned wider when he fainted.

Severus chuckled to himself. He laughed outright when – after he released the class – Harry bounced over to him and Hermione, dragging his lab partner behind him.
“Rinie, this is Luna. She sees the hidden creatures too. Can I keep her?” Harry’s eyes grew large, round and an even more intense green.

“You can keep me as a friend,” Luna’s voice stated, slightly less dreamy than usual, but full of happiness, “but you cannot have me as a pet – my Daddy would miss me too much.”

“Okay! Harry chirruped happily. “Come on, I want to introduce my new friend to Tom and Remy and Siri and Blaise and Draco and everyone!” He grabbed Luna’s hand and bounced out of the room, pulling the beaming girl with him.

Severus looked at Hermione questioningly.

“Don’t ask,” she groaned. “When he’s in this mood, he’s Sirius’ problem.”

The Potions Master nodded then blinked as his door was forcefully opened to reveal Harry and Luna once more.

“I’m so sorry, I was so rude! Luna, this is Professor Snape. Professor Snape, this is Luna. She’s my newest friend! And guess what Luna? Professor Snape is really THE Potions Master Severus Snape. Isn’t that just so cool?” Harry left the room once again, this time squealing with suppressed excitement.

Severus and Hermione groaned in unison and glared at the softly chuckling man in the doorway.

“Sirius is the babysitter tonight I take it,” Remus said when he’d calmed down.

“Yes,” Hermione and Severus chorused.

“Good, he’s the only one who gives him the catnip tea bend.”

Severus and Hermione groaned once more. It was definitely a job for Sirius.
Chapter 13 - Farewell ... for now

Chapter Summary

Tom, Harry and Hermione investigate the Chamber of Secrets.

Chapter Notes

I hope that you all enjoy this one. It is sadder than the other ones but don't worry no one should cry in it :3

Chapter 13 – Farewell … for now

Luna looked around the empty room with interest. As soon as they had arrived, her new – and only – friend had bounced around the entire set of rooms in an attempt to find his make-shift family. Instead of pouting, as she had half expected him to do – the hyperactive teen had muttered something about tea and bounced into the kitchen after telling her to make herself at home.

She giggled softly as one of the glimmering humdingers from her new friends’ nest flew over to her, chattering in an agitated way.

“I’m sorry, I’m not very good at Humdingish yet,” she apologised to the glaring creature. “All I managed to catch was ‘mutter mutter mutter TROLL mutter screech TURNIP scree scree mutter mutter TURTLE.’”

“He said, ‘Trust the *expletive* troll of a turnip-headed mutt to do something like this to his nest-bed. I wonder how hard it would be to turn him into a turtle,’ ” a deep voice chuckled, making Luna jump.

“Thank you for translating for me Sir,” Luna stood and gave a shaky curtsy. “I started learning Humdingish a few days before returning for the school year. I’m Luna Lovegood. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Tom smiled and gave a shallow bow in return. “I am Tom Riddle, Miss Lovegood. Tell me, what other languages are you interested in learning?”
Luna returned to her seat and rubbed the head of the now calm creature with her pinkie.

“Father has taught me several already,” she smiled. “I already know troll, mermish, sasquatch and dwarfish but there are so many left to learn. I think we are moving onto gobbledygook after I master Humdingish.”

“A noble goal,” Tom agreed with a nod, also taking a seat. “It is always a good idea to know the native language of those you do business with on a near daily basis. Have you given thought to …”

A loud crash from the kitchen bought both of them to their feet. As one, they rushed to the door and gaped before Luna dissolved into a puddle of giggles whilst Tom fought his own laughter. There, seated on the floor, was Harry. He had a wide-eyed innocent look on his face while around him tea leaves, sugar and flour lay spread out and mixed with broken glass. Wrapped loosely around the mischief maker was a long piece of dark blue wool and a silver ribbon was dangling over his left eye.

Hermione, Severus and Remus entered the room, only to hear: “It wasn’t me, honest,” and laughter as Tom lost his battle with his control.

Severus gaped as he took in the destruction of the kitchen. They were only ten minutes behind the other two. How in the name of all things magical did one person do so much damage?

“And this would be why he is Sirius’ problem,” Remus sighed in resignation as he stared at the mess in his kitchen. “He’s the only one hyperactive enough to keep up with him when he is like this.”

“Please tell me Harry has something good planned to go with tea this afternoon,” Sirius groaned, rubbing his temples as he glared at his two extra assets. “I swear I’ll never look at a girl for her boobs alone ever again.”

“We aren’t having tea this afternoon” Remus growled. “And did you, by chance, give Harry catnip tea again?”

Sirius looked at Remus in surprise. “Do you honestly think I’d do that after they did this to me? I’m terrified of transforming to dog form: What if Padfoot is also female and goes into heat? I know for a fact that neither Fang, nor the beast Hagrid named ‘Fluffy’ has been fixed!” he started to hyperventilate. “I can’t chance it! And I can’t do anything like I used to because I’m not used to this
body! I want my own back!"

Remus and Hermione exchanged horrified looks, both being certain that Sirus was the culprit. Before they could react, Harry was before them, bouncing on the balls of his feet with a giggling Luna behind him.

“Hi Remi! Hi Siri!” he shouted, waving his free hand around frantically. “This is Luna. She’s my new friend! Luna this is my Uncle Remi and Uncle Siri. Siri is a girl now because he’s being punished. He was a very bad puppy!”

Severus and Remus snorted in amusement as Sirius lowered his head onto his arms and groaned softly. He really didn’t need this right now. He was tired, stressed, frustrated and almost in tears. All he wanted was a cup of tea and a sweet to hold him over until supper time while he over saw his and Minerva’s combined detention. He did weep when the door opened and Harry squealed, “Draco!” and ran to the blonde, still dragging Luna with him.

It was after Harry had chattered away for almost half an hour to Blaise – who was attempting to escape the talkative demon – and an amused Draco that it happened. Somehow Harry touched Draco’s skin with his own hand and a brilliant flash of light filled the room. When everyone could see, they laughed at seeing the now shy and deeply red Harry trying to hide his face in Draco’s chest as the blonde male laughed.

“Thank you for the fun afternoon, Harry.” Luna’s voice said, making the teen look at her in confusion. “It was the most fun I’ve had in a long time, but I must be going.”

“Why?” Harry pouted. “Couldn’t you stay just a little bit longer?”

Luna gave the slightly older teen a brilliant smile. “Thank you for asking, but I have a few things to do homework wise. I would also like to read over and make a summary of tomorrow’s lessons.”

“What are you doing tomorrow after the main meal?” Harry asked.

“I’m not sure. Why do you ask?”

Harry flushed slightly. “Several reasons, really,” he mumbled. “The first is that I really enjoyed your company and was hoping you would like to continue being my friend.”
Luna beamed at him. “I would like that very much. I know you are a very busy person, so when I come tomorrow I’ll bring my schedule and diary so we can organise a few times a week to spend together.”

“How about three times a week: two social and one ‘tutoring’ session?” Harry asked hopefully. “I remember you mentioning you needed to practice ingredient preparation. I was thinking that I could teach you the basics of potions preparation while also teaching you to cook a few simple recipes – it’s safer to teach with herbs, spices and vegetables and not as expensive. You also get to feel, smell and taste the difference – something you can’t do with a potion.”

Luna stared at Harry, who met her gaze without hesitation, allowing her to search for what reassurance she needed. After a few moments, she smiled.

“I would like that immensely,” she chirruped. “I’ll write Father immediately to tell him about it. I’ll remember to tell him you are a claimed submissive as well, so he won’t charge up here with threats.”

Harry laughed as he hugged the girl farewell while leaving most of the people in the room in a stunned silence.

“Can someone explain what that was about?” Blaise asked as Remus and Harry began clearing the table and Sirius – now very thankful to have been able to gain his true, male form back – started to organise his things for the detention he was supervising, a cup of very sweet tea beside him.

“It turns out that the hyperactivity was a result of Draco’s magic reaching out for Harry. After all, the contract between the two of them was accepted only two nights ago and since then neither had spent much time together. Harry wasn’t as badly affected since he slept curled up in Draco’s bedding last night, while Draco didn’t get any physical contact between the two of them this morning to reassure himself that his mate was okay, nor to feed. That is the reason that as soon as Luna left, Draco pounced.”

“What about his reaction to Miss Lovegood?” Severus asked.

“Luna is a submissive creature herself,” Tom chuckled. “I’m not too sure which one, however.”
“Nymph,” Harry said with a small smile. “She said I could tell you all before she left. She communes with the elements, which is why she always seems to be a little bit dreamy and is why she can see the hidden ones. She also gave me a message for you Tom. She said we had to talk to Salazar about a Chamber for there you will find what you are looking for.”

Tom nodded in confusion. He decided to talk to the human serpent-speaker once curfew arrived. That way, no student could annoy him with insidious questions. Honestly, fancy asking him if he only ate rats when he had a plate full of the same food they themselves had just eaten before him.”

coldheartedline

Tom smiled at his two kits. When the two of them had discovered him talking to the Founder of the serpent’s house, neither of them allowed him out of their sight and he had had to allow them to come with him. Privately he was overwhelmed with a warm tingling feeling sitting in his chest when it hit him that they wanted to do this with him – not for their own curiosity, but to be there for him should the small flame of hope that had re-ignited at the young Nymphs’ words be crushed yet again.

“Go in the door on the left,” Salazar murmured. “When I was alive, this was just a washroom – a place to clean up after potions or Herbology – not a female chamber pot room.”

Harry and Hermione giggled and followed their mentor into the room, blinking when one of the basins moved at a hissed ‘open’. The three demons exchanged looks then ran over to the slide-like entrance. All three of them jumped – one at a time – into the hole, all releasing sounds of enjoyment at the treat.

“Have fun?” Salazar asked with poorly concealed amusement.

“An immense amount,” Tom replied with a rarely seen spark in his eye. “I’m assuming we follow the trail of skeletons.”

Salazar chuckled softly. “That would be correct.”

The three demons shrugged and carefully made their way towards the opening on the other end of the wide tunnel.
~Open~ Salazar spoke once more, causing the serpentine locking mechanism to unlock.

Once again the three demons entered the room cautiously just before an annoyed voice called out:

“Who the bloody Hell are you and what are you doing here?”

Tom gaped as Hermione called upon her flames so the three demons could see the speaker properly. Standing before them was a tallish woman with acid-green slit pupils, black scales framed her face and covered the rest of her head and her teeth were small, sharp and pointed backwards.

“Forgive our intrusion, my Lady,” Tom purred, bowing in the traditional fashion between demon of the same rank and/or species. “My name is Tom Riddle – last surviving member of the Gaunt Clan. The two half-hatchlings to my side are my former students and part of my extended adopted family, Miss Hermione Granger and Harry.”

Both teens gave a bow of a subordinate to an older, more experienced demon, causing the mysterious lady to relax slightly from her defensive position.

“I am Nagini. I was discovered by Bathilda – the protector of this place – when I was but a snakeling. I’ve been here ever since – leaving only when Bathilda or I heard of possible demon clans I might belong to.”

“I too, have been searching for other snake demon clans. I stopped my search momentarily when my kits called for my presence, but now they are both grown and have met their mates, I have decided to resume my search. You are welcome to join me if you wish.”

Harry let out a small, sad mewl when Tom revealed his plans, but did his best to stifle the sound. Tom had already spent twelve valuable years teaching him and Hermione and he couldn’t blame him for wanting to find a family of his own now that he and Rinie were on the verge of starting their own families.

Tom chuckled softly and knelt before Harry to look into his eyes. “It’s only ‘see you soon,’ not ‘farewell’,” he stated softly. “No matter what I do or where I go, you and Hermione will always be my Prince and Princess. Nothing and I mean NOTHING will or can change that. I’ll still be in writing distance and I will visit every few months, not to mention visit for birthdays, holidays and weddings.”
Harry nodded. “I know Tom, I’m just being silly.” He wiped his tears away and gave a giant grin. “You have to find yourself a Clan and a mate. You promised us that we would have younger siblings and I’m still waiting!”

Tom laughed and ruffled Harry’s hair as he stood only to be engulfed in a hug by two teary-eyed kits.

Nagini smiled slightly at the sight.

~Hello Bathilda~ she watched in shocked amusement as Tom and his kits froze at the new presence before all of them shifted to their animal forms as a defence. She smiled wider as she saw the green-eyed kitten curled protectively under a red fox while both smaller creatures were wrapped protectively in the coils of a white and silver king cobra with red eyes.

Hissing laughter came from behind Nagini. ~Hello snakelings ~ a feminine voice which was deep with age hissed. ~You must be the guests Master Salazar guided here. I am Bathilda, the Slytherin family guardian~

Nagini and Bathilda watched in interest as the kitten uncurled and slowly returned to his human form.

~Forgive us for our response to your presence, my Queen~ the boy hissed softly with a deep bow. ~We have met others of your kin before and it almost cost us a member of our family~

Bathilda paused in surprise at the Kit’s words.

~We are also used to it being just the three of us in a human inhabited area so everything non-human was considered a threat – particularly with an unclaimed submissive with us~ the fox demon added, standing in front of the young man now she had also transformed.

~It is alright~ Bathilda hissed, watching the still weary snake demon as he returned. ~It is my own fault for appearing as I did. Salazar did warn me against it~

“If you don’t mind Mr Riddle,” Nagini interrupted softly. “May I talk you offer over with Bathilda?”
“Of course,” Tom replied with a smile, now he was assured of the basilisk’s word. “I will not be leaving until dawn, so take all the time you need. I would like to stay in this room, however, if neither of you mind.”

~I do not mind. Come along Nagini, I feel we have several hours of talking to do~

Nagini gave a shallow bow to the three guests and hurried after the ancient basilisk.

Harry held tight to Hermione’s hand as the two of them followed Tom, Nagini and Bathilda along a well-worn path. It was only a few minutes before false dawn and they were being led to where the school’s wards ended to farewell Tom and Nagini as they started their joint journey. He desperately tried to be happy for Tom – he could feel the waves of joy flowing from the older demon from where he was – but there was a small part deep in is chest that hurt immensely.

When Hermione squeezed his hand slightly, he looked up and gave her a real smile, noticing that she gave one back with the same sad spark in her eye that was in his. Both of them laughed softly at themselves before running to catch up with the rest of the group who were standing on either side of the hidden entrance.

“It is a lovely day to begin a journey,” Nagini murmured, looking at the sky.

“That it is, my dear. That it is,” Tom answered with a grin.

~Where are you planning on going first~ Bathilda asked as the two kits ran up to them.

~I was thinking of going through Europe first before going through the Americas, Australia then Africa and the Middle East~ Tom replied.

~Sounds good to me~ Nagini smiled.

Tom smiled and hugged Harry and Hermione to him tightly. “There is a letter for each of you on your respective beds. I want you to do me a favour and open them tonight instead of right away. Can
you do that for me?”

“We can Tom,” Hermione whispered, thankful to hear no waiver in her voice. “Don’t forget to write us.”

“Yeah,” Harry cut in with a mischievous grin. “We want to hear everything! Where you go, what you see, who you meet, when your mate’s eggs hatch…”

Tom let go of a laughing Hermione in order to attack Harry’s sides with his fingers. Taking her chance, Hermione turned to Nagini and patiently waited for the female demon to finish her own farewell to her companion of several decades.

“Hermione?” Nagini asked when she noticed her.

Hermione smiled and bowed to the older female. “I hope you find what it is you are searching for. Remember to write us also and don’t worry, neither I nor Harry will allow Bathilda to become too lonely.”

“Yes, we’ll visit every day,” Harry chirped, bouncing over to the three females. He threw his arms around a shocked Nagini and hugged her tightly. “Take care of yourself and … and take care of Tom too please. He’s horrible at taking care of himself,” he whispered.

“I promise,” Nagini whispered back and shocked the both of them by kissing the teen on the forehead. “I’ll write frequently as well. Expect lots of small gifts too.”

Harry giggled softly and released his newest family member. “Be safe.”

Tom smiled. “We will Kitten. You take care of everyone for me alright?”

Harry nodded, waving as the two snake demons walked away and ignored the sharp pains coming from his chest and behind his eyes.

~Come Hatchlings~ Bathilda hissed after almost forty-five minutes had passed. ~Let’s return to the Chamber. Would you like to stay for a few hours~
~We’d love to~ Hermione answered, glancing worriedly at her silent younger brother.

Bathilda nodded and gently nudged Harry’s chin. ~Do not fret snakeling~ she said ~they will be back sooner than you think~

Harry nodded and smiled at the enormous snake. ~Thank you. We’ll have to leave at about six to make it back in time to make breakfast, but we can stay until then~ the three of them re-entered the tunnel, laughing and chatting like old friends.

When Severus, Draco and Blaise arrived at Remus’ rooms that morning, it was to the sight of a mountain of food ranging from plain buttered toast to magnificent creation made of sugar and very little else.

“Father will meet us after breakfast,” Draco told Remus as he sat down. He wanted to eat breakfast with mother.”

Remus smiled before chuckling at Blaise’ yelp of shock as another plate of colourful cakes appeared where his left hand originally had been. “Don’t worry; we don’t have to eat all this. Harry got a letter from Mrs Figg asking for a cake or plate of biscuits to contribute to the stall they are having today. Ever since he has been baking and making everything he can think of. This is his third batch of everything. I’m expecting an owl any minute now.”

As soon as Harry walked into the room, Draco was out of his seat with his arms around his mate.

“What’s wrong, Kitten?” he asked as he carried the teen back to his seat. Harry buried his fact into Draco’s neck and refused to answer.

“What happened?” Draco asked Hermione when she entered and looked sadly at Harry.

“Tom left today at dawn,” she answered robotically. “And a few seconds ago the mentor bond he forged with us broke.”
Blaise flew out of his chair to Hermione’s side, pulling her into a strong hug while Draco pulled Harry closer to him. No one said a word as soft sobs filled the room, everyone feeling useless to do anything about it.
Lucius took a deep breath and knocked on the door before him. He had told the people in the Ministry and the businesses he owned that he would be unavailable for anything bar the most pressing of emergencies. Many of his associates accepted it, but there were a few people – the Minister included – who were less than happy with him for it and it wasn’t until he put his foot down and threatened to put them up for criminal charges with the creature’s rights department that they finally stopped.

He nodded his greeting to Remus as he opened the door and stopped cold at the sight before him. Draco and Blaise were seated side-by-side on the two seater lounge with their respective mates seated sideways on their laps so their legs were entwined. The thing that caught his attention the most however was the sight and scent of saltwater that was surrounding the four of them.

“What happened?”

Draco murmured something to Harry who nodded.

“How have they taken it?” Lucius asked as he moved into the room to stand behind the two couples.
“We will be alright,” Hermione said with a sad smile.

“We know he will come back,” Harry murmured sleepily, “it was just a shock because we weren’t expecting it.”

Lucius gave into his desire and ran one of his hands through both Harry’s and Hermione’s hair, smiling when they both slightly leaned into his caress.

“Harry, I’m sorry but I have to go to class now. Will you be alright?” Draco asked.

Harry and Hermione smiled at their mates. “We will be.”

Draco nodded and stood, blinking when he and Blaise ended up with an armful of animal rather than their mates.

Remus and Sirius laughed softly. “Looks like you will be having company of two sleeping kits, Lucius.”

Lucius chuckled and sat on one of the seats. “It’s a good thing I bought some things to do, isn’t it? Now,” he said with mock firmness, “pass me my soon-to-be son-in-law and his sister and head off to class.”

Draco and Blaise laughed and with one last pat/scratch/snuggle type thing with their mates, they placed the two of them beside the older blond, who had pulled a book from his pocket and started reading it, absentmindedly patting the combined ball of kitten and fox.

With a chuckle, everyone left the room heading out for the day.

-bunny bunny bunny-

Lucius chuckled as a black blur launched itself at the paper he had just pushed to the opposite side of the table. It was just after eleven and while Hermione had changed back after she had woken, Harry had remained in his kitten form.
“I hope that isn’t important,” Hermione said with a smile as she walked into the room with a tea set for two and a saucer of milk.

Lucius smiled and shook his head. “Not important at all. My businesses have an annoying policy of separating the sections of their reports with a blank page. It’s such a waste because they won’t use the paper again. I normally put it into a draw in my desk and use it for notes, drafts and letters to people who would faint at the sight of the Malfoy parchment.”

Hermione nodded as she placed the tray down before picking Harry up and scratching his stomach. Her laughter joined Lucius’ when Harry attempted to latch onto her hand.

“I have everything ready for lunch; I just have to put it into the oven in about fifteen minutes so it’s ready in time for when everyone gets here.”

Lucius chuckled when Harry purred happily and licked Hermione’s hand before jumping down and running to the saucer. As he and Hermione stated with their own drinks, Lucius bathed in the knowledge that his son would be happy with his somewhat quirky mate.

-Turtle tonga line-

Sirius, Remus, Severus, Draco and Blaise all closed their eyes as they inhaled the slightly spicy scent coming from Remus’ rooms.

“Smells like Hermione is cooking today,” Sirius said after making sure he wasn’t drooling.

Remus nodded his agreement. “I don’t know whether that is a good thing or a bad thing.”

“Why? Is Miss Granger not a good cook?” Severus asked.

“No, quite the opposite, in fact,” Remus hastened to reassure his guests. “It’s just … Harry normally only allows Hermione in any kitchen he views as his without his presence if he is sick, inured, depressed or she spends several hours begging him to allow her free reign.”
“Then instead of staying out here wondering, why don’t we go in?” a female voice asked. Everyone in the group tensed and spun around, only to relax when they saw who it was. “One of Harry’s humdingers invited me to lunch. I also have a request for Lord Malfoy from Daddy. I thought since he was here anyway, I could ask him his thoughts before daddy makes another mistake like the plumpy soup disaster.” She shook her head mournfully. “He still hasn’t accepted that wizards cannot eat food of the Seelie or Unseelie court.”

While everyone else stood blinking at the odd girl, Remus turned to the door and opened it. Lucius’ laughter was the first sound that hit their ears, followed closely by Hermione’s. Intrigued, the odd group crept into the dining room doorway and laughed. Lucius was in the process of shredding paper, only to use it to entice a surprisingly active kitten into pouncing, clawing and chewing on it, making the paper even harder to use it in an attempt at blackmail.

Luna was the first to notice something different about Harry-the-kitten and before anyone could protest, she reached out and pulled him to her chest, scratching his head with a finger. “You should change back Harry,” she stated. “The Humdinger’s would like their nest back before the nargal’s discover them.”

In reply, Harry just cuddled into her before delicately biting her nose, making her giggle and put him on the ground. Once he was a fair distance from anyone Harry transformed back into his human form where he stretched leisurely before circling around Draco, rubbing himself on the older teen.

Lucius, Severus, Sirius and Blaise laughed at the dazed look on Draco’s face. Remus smirked slightly when he was the next to receive the same greeting, making Draco growl possessively one moment then grin goofily the next at the thought of being the first to receive said treatment.

“You spent all morning in your animal form, didn’t you?” Remus asked, amused.

Harry nodded happily as he greeted Sirius, Severus and Blaise in the same fashion. Everyone looked surprised when Harry turned and included Luna in his greeting.

“Um … what are you doing Kitten?” Sirius asked as he happily settled into the seat beside Lucius.

“Now you smell like family,” Harry stated, bouncing in his seat. “Family is good. Family is safe.”

“Family is forever,” Hermione finished with a small smile, getting an answering grin from Harry.
“You do realise that the reason Lucius is here is so you get used to him and get to know him properly don’t you?” Sirus teased gently. “Not to kitty-sit.”

Everyone laughed when Sirius failed to duck the plate that Lucius swung at him playfully.

“For your information, I thoroughly enjoyed my time here this morning and I think I passed muster considering he is seated beside me, poking at my ribcage at this very moment.” Harry giggled and poked him higher up on his ribcage, making the Malfoy Lord twitch as he struggled not to give into the demand of the ticklish sensation. “If I’m completely honest, Harry has only really been awake for just over an hour. Even though he woke when Miss Granger did, he decided that he would rather curl up on my lap or my paperwork for a few hours.”

“And I found out a lot of things about him,” Harry said determinedly. “I found out he has a strong sense of family, he is a cat person, he has an odd sense of humour …”

“Hey!” Lucius pouted, making Harry giggle.

“And he’s a real charmer,” Harry continued. He sent Draco a slightly heated, yet innocent flirtatious look. “It’s no wonder I didn’t stand a chance when Draco turned on the charm: He definitely takes after his father.”

Draco cleared his throat nervously and fidgeted slightly, very happy that he was wearing loose robes. He sneered at the knowing looks on Remus’, Blaise’s, Hermione’s and his Father’s faces, cursing their heightened senses.

“Anyway,” Harry continued, “just wait until you try what ‘Mione has made for lunch. It’s yummies.”

“What is it Kitten?” Draco asked with a smile as he moved to place a kiss on his mate’s head.

“Spicy chicken salad,” Harry announced happily, only to pout when Luna was the only one to react the way he wanted everyone to.

Hermione laughed at his face when this happened. “They don’t know what it is, Hun,” she giggled. “It’s an Asian-styled salad with a chicken breast that was marinated in a mix of Thai Red Curry paste and coconut cream before being crumbed and roasted. It is then set aside to rest before getting sliced
and arranged on top of the salad.”

“That sounds absolutely delightful!” Blaise said with a smile.

“That’s good,” Hermione responded with a sweet smile, “Because that is what you will be getting regardless.”

Blaise blinked in shock as everyone laughed at him.

-and the rhino’s rumba in a tonga line-

Lunch was filled with lots of laughter, gentle teasing and – in the case of the two couples and the absence of Tom – mild flirting. It wasn’t until lunch was almost over that everyone realised what a bad idea it was to have Lucius and Harry in the same room when Lucius mentioned Blood Magic and the Ministry’s outlook on it.

“The Minister is an idiot,” Harry stated, making everyone stop what they were doing and look at him. “The normal, everyday average wizard can’t even USE blood magic.”

“What do you mean?” Lucius asked, honestly curious. “The Malfoy family have always been able to do blood magic.”

“I have as well,” Sirus admitted. “The rest of my family can’t, but I can.”

“I mean what I say,” Harry stated. “Only very strong wizards can use blood magic and even then it will only work more than eight per cent of the time if the wizard has a close connection to a daemon of some kind. The Malfoy’s have always been able to use blood magic because of one reason – their vampiric heritage.” Harry shrugged. “Rinnie, Tom and I can do blood magic, as can Remy if he chose to. Siri however … Siri is a special case as it could be one of several things. It could be due to the depth and strength of his connection to Remus and my Father, or it could be because he was adopted into my family unofficially or it could be due to his animagus form being that of a Grimm, considering that Grimms are the favoured pets of some of the more … deadly demons.”

“Really?” Sirius asked, leaning forwards with interest.
“Yes,” Hermione replied, blinking at the unnatural Sirius-like behaviour the man was exhibiting. “Most people associate Grimms with death – but that is incorrect. A Grimm without a demon master haunts the areas in and around graveyards, deserted buildings or lonely tracks in the wilderness. It is their duty to protect the innocent from harm. Muggles call them black dogs or demon hounds because of this. There are stories that are still coming out today about a lady or man seeing a large black dog and then vanishing only to be found lifeless a couple of days later. More frequently, however, are reports of women, children and to a lesser degree, men, seeing a large black dog when they felt unsafe or insecure. They say that the dog followed, guided or romped around them as they made their way back to a place they were safe in before vanishing into thin air before their eyes.”

“Oft times,” Harry continued, cutting in seamlessly when Hermione paused for a drink, “It is discovered some time later that the time the dog revealed itself to the person, there was some form of danger in the area.”

“What type of danger?” Remus enquired.

“One lady was maybe thirty feet away from the hiding place of a well-known murderer who had escaped from prison. Another young lady passed by a supposedly abandoned building only an hour before it was discovered to house a band of sexual predators. The most recently reported was by an eight year old girl and her five year old brother. They had been separated from their mother by accident and a large dog showed up and led them to her. When questioned, the daughter told the authorities where they were. It wasn’t until then that more than the older or more superstitious of the force believed her because the children had been right on the doorstep of a building that was under suspicion of being a child abduction ring.”

“Mastered Grimms only reveal themselves to the humans whom their master wishes to consume,” Hermione said with a smile as Harry went back to eating. “That is why those who suffer death-by-Grimm have been found with various markings or missing pieces.”

“For instance,” Harry continued, giggling softly at the groans of disappointment that came from Sirius, Remus, Severus, Draco and Blaise as a warning for the beginning of class sounded.

“You’d better put this into a pensieve for us kit,” Sirius warned.

“Yeah, anything that actually holds Sirus’ attention for this long is gold,” Remus teased.

“If you like,” Harry began shyly, “When you cover Grimms in class, I could come and talk about it.”
Everyone stopped and stared at the madly blushing submissive in shock, making him giggle slightly in nervousness “If you don’t leave now, then you’ll be late.”

Five yelps sounded, making the remaining four laugh.

“Aren’t you going as well Luna?” Hermione asked.

“I have a study break for these two lessons because I have astronomy tonight. I hope you don’t mind me staying here instead of leaving.”

“We don’t mind,” Harry assured the girl before turning back to Lucius, making both girls giggle softly. “For instance,” Harry repeated, “Those who have claw-marks on their shoulders were fed on by demons that devour souls. Those who looked like they had been mauled were the prey of demons who obtain sustenance through blood or flesh.”

“Fascinating,” Lucius stated, eyes gleaming at the new knowledge. “I can see us getting along simply marvellously.”

Harry grinned widely at his soon-to-be Father-in-law before seating himself beside Luna and holding a soft conversation with her. Within moments however, the four of them had stated another deep discussion – this time about, of all things, the use of cutlery while eating certain foods. This conversation took them through to when Luna had to leave and the rest of their family returned.

Everyone could tell that Lucius wasn’t the only person who was disappointed when he announced he had to leave for the day. Harry and Hermione said their farewells before disappearing into the kitchen. Lucius hugged his son and left chuckling over their last discussion.
Chapter 15 - Out Shopping a Malfoy

Chapter Summary

Harry spends time with Draco and Lucius.

Chapter Notes

I apologise for the amount of time it has taken for me to get this very short chapter out. For those of you who do not know my way of working, I shall explain.

When I write something, I have to hand write it first, then type it up. As this is the case, I often am further ahead with my hand written chapter then I am with my typed and, likewise, further with my typed chapter then I am with my posted. I will only type up the next chapter when the written chapter I am working on has been completed, similarly I will only post a chapter when the next chapter to type has been typed. As of today I have now completed writing 30 chapter of this story, typed up 23 of them and, as you can tell, posted 16 of them. This also means that if something happens to interfere with the writing process, everything gets put on hold.

To begin with, Chapter 30 didn't want to be written and what had been written came out yelling, screaming and scratching up everything in its path. When I finally got it somewhat contained, It decided that everything would come out at once so it looked like something the dog brought up on the lounge room carpet. When I finally got it fully contained and everything was running smoothly, the chapter didn't want to be finished and then I got sick.

Anyway, Please enjoy this newest chapter, short though it may be, and I hope that it will not be so long before I post the next chapter.

Chapter 15 – Out shopping a Malfoy

The following morning’s greeting astounded Lucius as the second he stepped into the room he had received a huge rib-crushing hug from Harry.

“Hello Little One,” he smiled, unknowingly using Severus’ pet name. “How are you today?”

“Very good thank you Sir,” was his reply. “Severus needs some potions ingredients but is too busy to get them himself – can you come shopping with us?”
“I would be delighted,” Lucius said with a smile. “I will go and ask the Headmaster for permission for Draco to come with us.”

Harry’s face lit up at the thought of spending the day with Draco. “I think I would like that Sir,” he said with a large smile. “Rinie isn’t going to be coming with us. She’s staying here with Blaise since he is going to be coming with me tomorrow when I go see Lady Zabini.”

“Did you wish for me not to come tomorrow?” Lucius asked.

“Please come,” Harry said, slightly panicking. “I’m only going to be one for three hours maximum and I’m sure that Draco would love to have your company.”

Lucius chuckled softly and ran his hand through Harry’s hair. “I was only checking, Harry. I don’t want to come here if I’m only going to annoy you when you are busy. Now, you go back inside and I will be right back.”

Harry nodded happily and went back to the group. Forty minutes late found Lucius and Draco walking down the path towards Hogsmeade with Harry bouncing along a short distance ahead of them.

“Do you think he will be able to handle a shopping trip with us?” Lucius asked his son. “You know how your Mother is after a day shopping with the two of us.”

Draco shrugged. “To be honest I have no idea. I asked Hermione how she thought he’d go and all she did was giggle at me.”

“Well, we will see after today, won’t we?” Lucius asked.

“Hi Mr McG!” the two vampires heard Harry call and both of them looked up in time to see Harry throw his arms around a mildly shocked man. After a moment the man let out a deep, chest rumbling laugh and hugged the small teen back. “Hello there, Harry-mi-lad! No Hermione today?”
“No Sir,” Harry chirped back. “I’m going shopping with Draco and Mr Malfoy.”

“Are you really?” Duncan smiled. “Well then, why don’t you introduce me to the two fine lad’s coming up behind you ’fore we head our separate ways?”

Harry beamed at the man and dragged him over to where Lucius and Draco stood, watching with amused smirks on their faces.

“Draco! Mr Malfoy! This is Mr McG. He has a sister who works here and comes to have tea with her every now and then.”

Duncan laughed and held out a hand to Lucius. “The names Duncan. I’m Minerva’s brother.”

Lucius shook the other man’s hand firmly. “And how did you become acquainted with our resident demon siblings?”

Harry blushed as Duncan recounted his first meeting with Harry and Hermione as well as the resultant morning they had spent together as they made their way towards Hogwarts.

“It was lovely to meet you, Mr McGonagall,” Lucius smiled once Duncan had finished his tale. “Maybe one day in the future we could have you over for lunch.”

“I’ll cook!” Harry called out happily, making the three older males laugh.

With one last farewell, the small group separated with the promise of an owl later in the week. Once the three younger men reached the gates, Lucius put a hand in the middle of each boy’s back and guided them into Hogsmeade to begin what would hopefully be a fun day full of what Malfoy men did the best – SHOPPING.

-Pretend I’m a pole dancing line-

Shopping with Harry was not an experience for the faint of heart, Lucius decided. It had been three hours since they had left Hogwarts and they had yet to leave Hogsmeade. It wasn’t that Harry was difficult or slowing them down – it was that he entered every store and looked at everything before
questioning the staff on the items until more than one staff member broke down into tears of relief after they had left.

Lucius chuckled as he looked up at where Harry and Draco were seated while he ordered something to snack on before the three of them left for Dagon Alley. Hopefully that trip wouldn’t be as intense as this one.

-\|- line dancing -/\-

It was worse, Lucius decided as he watched as his son tried to calm his hissing and pacing mate after the owner of the only apothecary in Diagon Alley refused to serve him, even after he had proved he was legally allowed to purchase those items that were kept under lock and key behind the counter. Without warning, Harry stopped and sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“Do you mind if we go somewhere after this?” he asked. “I need some ingredients as well as Severus and since that … person … in that poor excuse of a shop will not serve me, I’ll just have to go to my usual provider.”

“We don’t mind. Let’s continue our shopping and then we’ll go to your provider,” Lucius agreed, “But first, how about Lunch? He shook his head at the disappointed whine that came from the now happy demon as he lead the two youngsters to the nearest eating place.

-Work work all week long-

It was half an hour after the evening meal had finished when Harry shadowed into the room holding the rest of their rag-tag family with one hand on Lucius and the other on Draco. Both blondes looked as though they had survived walking through a hurricane after participating in a tri-Athlon.

“Did you have fun?” Hermione asked Harry with a smile

“It was so much fun! We’ll have to do it again soon!” Harry exclaimed happily, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“So, did you manage to keep up with the two of you?” Hermione teased as the two blondes fought to remain standing upright.
“I’m going home for a long bath and then bed,” Lucius yawned, much to Severus’ delight.

“Starting to feel your age, are you Lucius?” Severus jabbed.

“Sev, I’m sore!” Lucius whined. “Now I know how you feel when I drag our around the Alley.”

“Oh yeah, Professor?” Harry cut in, wringing his fingers together. “I sorta, kinda cancelled your account with the Diagon Alley Apothecary.”

Everyone froze in shock.

“You did what?” Severus asked, too shocked to show his infamous temper.

“I didn’t mean to,” Harry stated in a pleading tone of voice. “The idiot behind the counter wouldn’t serve me even after I showed him the note you wrote and my own certification, so I kinda …” Harry muttered something and turned away, cheeks burning.

“What did you do?” Severus asked, trying his hardest not to laugh at the suddenly shy teen.

Harry muttered something again, making Draco and Lucius chuckle as they both downed a pepper up potion that Remus had handed to them.

“I didn’t quite catch that Young One.”

“I may have, possibly sorta cursed the shop in parseltongue before vowing that no one in my family will ever do business with them again,” Harry said, just above a whisper.

You could hear a pin drop in the room at the absolute silence that overcame every person in the room.

“You didn’t.” Hermione breathed, eyes wide in shock. “Sweetie, tell me you didn’t put a demon
“I can’t tell you I didn’t, Rinie,” he said, turning away from her with tears in his eyes, “Because I
damn well did. And I would do it again with no hesitation Hermione, so don’t try to tell me that what
I did was wrong.”

“They are lucky that all they got was a curse, Miss Granger,” Lucius stated seriously. “If Draco had
heard what caused Harry to curse the business, then they wouldn’t be alive.”

“What was the curse?” Sirus asked.

“What was said?” Remus asked at the same time.

“Demon and those close to demon will find the shop distasteful and refuse to do business with them
or anyone associated with it,” Harry answered Sirus. “As for what was said,” Harry moved so Draco
was seated and he was sitting on his lap. “One of the men behind the counter said that it was a pity I
was with the Malfoy’s as if I wasn’t I’d be a good fuck toy and any resultant young would be perfect
for potions ingredients.”

A deep growl came from Remus and Sirus while everyone else went deathly pale at the words.
Draco buried his face into Harry’s neck, gripping him tightly so he couldn’t disappear on him.

“Then thank you for saving me the shame of being a customer of theirs,” Severus stated. “I was only
a customer of theirs because they gave me a discount due to being a Professor attached to Hogwarts
and a potions master.” He sighed, “Now I just have to find someone else to gain my ingredients
from.”

“You don’t need to,” Harry stated shyly from Draco’s lap. “I added you onto my account with my
source and provider. I have a few things for you … but I need to find them. I remember putting them
into a plastic bag ...”

Muttering to himself, he started pulling shrunken bag after shrunken bag out of his pockets before
doing the same to Draco – who looked like he couldn’t decide whether to moan in embarrassment or
arousal, so he just grit his teeth and scrunched his eyes tight and listed all the ingredients and steps
needed to make both wolfsbane and polyjuice potion in an attempt to focus on something – anything
– else.
Severus gaped as more and more bags were enlarged and set aside until a soft exclamation of happiness came out of Harry’s mouth. “Okay, this bag holds all the plant-based ingredients, this one holds all the animal-based ingredients and this one hold the mineral-based ingredients,” Harry rattled off as he handed three large bags over to the stunned man. He gulped when a fourth bag appeared. “This one has all the paperwork for you to fill out should you decide to make you own account. There are also copies of every certification of every staff member, every result from each investigation that has been made, the way to contact them, details of the staff – as in what position they hold, how long they’ve worked for the business etcetera. Finally there is also a copy of each of their catalogues and a supply of order forms.”

“Thank you,” Severus blinked. “I’d better go and deal with these then look through all of this stuff. I will see you tomorrow.”

“I would go through the paperwork first,” Hermione said with a smile. “The bags and the storage containers are charmed with so many preservation charms that the ingredients in them will still be fresh in a thousand years or more.”

“If you need or would like help in preparing the ingredients, you know where we are,” Harry said with a sweet smile. Severus nodded and left the room in an absent-minded daze.

“I’d better follow him to make sure he gets back to his room,” Lucius chuckled. “And I best be heading home as well. I shall see everyone tomorrow.”

Over the next half an hour, Draco and Blaise said their farewells and left for their dormitory, leaving Harry to sort through his eighty-odd bags.
Chapter 16 – The Best Laid Plans

Harry pouted when he looked at the clock.

“Are you alright Sweetie?” Hermione asked, running a hand through his hair.

“I have to go now and Draco isn’t here so I can’t say bye,” he pouted deeper, making Hermione laugh softly.

“That just means you get to deal with him when you get back doesn’t it?” she announced, mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

Harry looked at his sister and smirked in answer. It was time for a little of his daemon to appear. With a nod he vanished.

Hermione turned and came face-to-face with Remus, Sirius, Severus, Lucius and Draco. She allowed an evil smile to form on her lips that forced Remus and Sirius to back up as they paled.

“Someone’s in trouble,” she announced in a sing-song voice, her smile widening into a grin.

“Who?” Remus gulped.
“Someone who wasn’t here in time to say bye to his mate,” she continued in the same voice, making Draco pale and Sirius and Remus to gain a little colour.

Sirius put his hands on Draco’s shoulders and looked at him seriously. “I suggest that you don’t run – it makes it so much worse. Answer everything honestly and do everything he tells you to do. Nothing will be more important than getting his forgiveness.”

“I don’t understand,” Draco stuttered softly. “I thought I had lots of time to get here.”

“Well you didn’t,” Hermione giggled, “now you have to pay the consequences.”

Lucius frowned as Hermione danced out of the room and Draco’s face lit up in recognition before running from the room.

Remus startled everyone by laughing hard enough to grab his ribs. “I – I feel sorry for Draco and Blaise,” he wheezed.

“Why?” Severus asked his eyes narrowed.

Sirius grinned suddenly. “Oh I’m such and idiot! It all fits!” he burst into laughter.

“What is going on?” Lucius growled.

Remus held up a hand in the world wide gesture of waiting as he attempted to calm himself.

“What happened this last week?” he asked once he calmed down to the odd chuckle.

“A lot more than other weeks,” Severus sneered. “But to answer your real question,” he continued under Remus’ glare, “we met Harry and Miss Granger, discovered they are mated to Draco and Blaise, met Tom, saved Willa’s twins, signed bonding contr …” his eyes widened and he spun around to face Remus and Sirius so fast his robes snapped much like a whip. “No,” he whispered, eyes wide.
“It’s the only thing that fits, including Tom leaving when and how he did,” Remus replied.

“What is going on?” Lucius roared.

“The bonding contracts between Harry and Draco and Hermione and Blaise were signed on Wednesday. They would have been acknowledged on Thursday sometime and Tom left on Friday, severing his bond to them,” Sirius stated. “Think about it Lucius! You aren’t normally this slow!”

Lucius blinked a few times before it hit him and he burst into laughter. “They are testing them, aren’t they?”

Remus grinned and winked at the man, “And Draco has until Harry’s birthday to put up with it. Blaise has a few weeks of a few months to go through it as his and Mione’s instincts will be appeased in that time. Harry’s instincts however …” he shook his head slowly. “Harry’s instincts will not stop until he is claimed.”

Lucius shook his head in amusement. “And knowing my son, he is probably looking forward to it. I think that I will go and find him to keep myself amused until Harry returns.” Ignoring the chuckles behind him, Lucius set out in search of his son – who knew when the next time he would be able to see his heir like this again?

-I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts-

Harry only just managed to brace himself before two small projectiles hit him with a thud. He smiled down at the two girls who had attached themselves to him.

“Will you be able to show us the babies again?” Carla asked excitedly.

“That depends,” Harry said, kneeling down so he was closer to their heights. “Have you two been good girls since I last saw you?”

“I’ph been good,” Layne injected with large, earnest eyes. “Cawa too. Mama’th been bad dough.”
Harry widened his eyes, catching sight of Blaise, Nicholas and Willa out the corner of his eye. “Really?” he asked with mock-shock that made Carla giggle and Layne to nod seriously.

“Yeth. The didn’t eat all her dinner tho the had to go to bed early.”

“That is bad,” Harry managed to say seriously. “How about I look at your Mama now and before I go I look at you, Carla and your papa?”

“But I’m not thick,” Layne said, wrinkling her nose in confusion.

“No, you’re not sick,” Harry agreed, tweaking her nose playfully, “but I need to make sure your papa is okay because he is helping your mama so much that if he gets sick, then so will your mama and the babies.”

“But why doth that mean I need to haph a Healer appointment?”

Harry smiled slightly and leant forward, causing the two girls to copy him.

“It’s because your papa is scared of his appointment,” he whispered to the girls as though he was telling them a secret. “If your Papa sees his two girls sit through the appointment with no trouble, then it might just make him see how silly he is for being scared. Remember, shh! We don’t want to make your Papa embarrassed about it okay?”

The two girls nodded seriously then pulled Harry to his feet and over to where the rest of their family was. Harry grinned to himself when Layne say on her Father’s lap and Carla sat close to him, making sure that the man remained where he was. Closing his eyes, Harry cleared his mind of all thoughts and placed his hands on lady Zabini’s forehead and stomach, pushing his magic into her, muttering words and numbers out loud that Blaise quickly wrote down, even if they made no sense to him.

Harry removed his hands with a smile and opened his eyes. “Both little ones are recovering nicely, as is their mama. I want you to continue on all the potions until next time I see you, which will be on Wednesday. I also want you to eat smaller meals over the day. Have as much as you can handle in the morning but stop when you feel comfortable. Have a piece of fruit or vegetable sticks between breakfast and lunch. Have lunch and have something between lunch and dinner then have dinner and supper before going to bed.”
Willa nodded her agreement with a sigh of relief.

“And here are your sons,” Harry said with a soft smile, projecting an image of the two boy above their Mama’s stomach. “From what I can gather, they will be born mid to late November. Things are starting to get rather cosy in there for them now”

He looked at the five Zabini family members and gave an honest smile. Willa was watching the two unborn babes with tears of love glittering in her eyes, her hand tightly gripping one of Nicholas’.

Nicholas was gazing at his wife with love, devotion and pride, barely glancing at the image floating above her. When he did look up at it, his chest visibly swelled and he straightened in his seat, proud of himself and his growing family. Blaise gazed at the unborn twins with a fierce protectiveness that took Harry’s breath away.

“This is the man Rinie will spend her life with,” he thought to himself. “He is protection. He is safety. He is family.” He was unsurprised when the almost golden eyes of his sister’s mate locked onto his own and their owner bowed his head slightly in acceptance of the wordless acceptance bestowed on him.

With a small smile at the older teen, Harry turned to look at the two girls and only just managed to contain the urge to coo at the two of them. Both girls were watching the image with eyes full of wonder. He stopped the image with a small pang of disappointment, smiling softly when a few whimpers of protest came from the small family.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I will put it up again next week. I’d like to check everyone else over before Blaise and I have to go.”

“I understand,” Willa smiled sweetly. “You have people to get home to, not just us.”

“And a few reports to write as well,” Harry laughed. “Not to mention making up a folder for everyone as Healer, now,” he turned to the three seated on the lounge, “who wants to go first?”

“Me!” Layne shouted, jumping off Nicholas’ lap and bouncing over to Harry. “Me pwease.”

Harry laughed softly and sat her down beside her Mother. He shot Blaise a thankful look when he saw the older teen seated with a quill at the ready. Harry closed his eyes and put a few fingers on
each of Layne’s temples before calling out words, numbers, signs and colours. When he was finished, he smiled down at the girl and pat her head softly.

“You are in very good health, my Dear,” he smiled. “Your adult teeth are forming really well and your bones are very strong.” He looked up and caught Nicholas’ eye and spoke directly to him. “Cut down on the amount of fruit she is eating and add more protein to her diet. Adding nuts of some kind to her morning and afternoon snack will do the trick. I’ll send you a copy of some ideas if you’d like.”

Nicholas smiled thankfully at him for the suggestion as Layne grinned and slid down from her seat and ran back to sit on her father’s lap, only for a grinning Carla to appear in it.

“My turn!”

Harry smiled and began the entire process again.

“You have good strong muscles,” he told the happy eight year old, “but your bones are a little bit weaker then what they should be. I’ll give your papa some recipes to try with you as well, how does that sound.

Carla nodded her agreement. “Why did you put your hand on Mama’s belly but not me or Layne?”

“Layne or I,” Blaise, Harry, Willa and Nicholas corrected her, making everyone laugh.

“Layne or I,” she parroted cutely.

“I put my hand on your mama’s belly because it is the closest I can get to touching the babies. It’s easier for my magic to check people I’m touching,” Harry explained.

“Okay, thank you. Blaise’s turn!”

Blaise laughed. “No, not Blaise’s turn, munchkin. I got my turn done this morning before I came here. I’ll say that it’s Papa’s turn.”
“Yeah! Pap’th tuwn! Layne sang out before putting a hand on each of his cheeks. “Don’t wowwy Papa, it dothn’t huwt.”

Nicholas nodded his head seriously, hiding his confusion masterfully. “Okay, I won’t be. How about you go sit with Mama and Carla so I get my turn over with.”

Layne nodded and stood up. “No wunning away.”

Nicholas, Blaise and Willa looked at the girls in confusion while Harry just giggled to himself as he prepared to check his final patient. Once he got Blaise’s attention, he dove right into this work, ignoring everything around him. He was frowning when he pulled his magic back.

“You need to start taking better care of yourself,” he scolded the older man gently. “You have a wonderful family you need to take care of. I’ll write up what I’ve found so you all understand what is going on with each other and I’ll write up what everyone needs to eat more of so potions won’t be needed in the near future.”

Nicholas nodded his agreement as Blaise hugged the girls’ goodbye and helped his mother sit up. “I’ll expect an owl from you in a day or two.”

“Owl?” Harry asked, tilting his head to the side in confusion.

“I’ll explain it to you later Harry,” Blaise cut in with a smile.

“Okay,” the young cat daemon chirruped happily, bouncing over to give both girls a hug and a gentle hand running through their hair with a wistful, longing look. He was shocked to find himself in a hug instigate by the Zabini family Matriarch.

“I know it’s hard on you my dear,” she whispered. “Your time will come, I promise. I can tell just by watching you with my girls that any children you and Draco have in your future will be the luckiest children in the world to have you as their Mama.”

“I agree,” Nicholas added, wrapping his arms around the two of them, steering them into the foyer. “Neither of our girls have ever behaved like that during a check-up before. How did you do it?”
Harry giggled softly, noticing Blaise listening carefully to them, neither girl in sight. “I told them that you needed a check-up and were a little bit scared but if you were to watch how brave your two girls were during their appointments, and then you wouldn’t be so scared.” He joined into Willa Zabini’s laughter at the look of shock on both Nicholas’ and Blaise’s faces.

“Yes, young one, your future children will be lucky indeed. I also hope you will take something into consideration over the next few days for me,” she said when she had completely calmed down.

Harry tilted his head in curiosity.

“I want you to be the one to deliver the twins. Normally it would be an elven healer who does it, but Nick and I trust you more than any of the elven healers we have met.”

“What does the position entail?” Harry asked in all seriousness.

“Generally nothing,” Nicholas answered. “The problem is that Willa’s elven family will try to discourage you from doing so using all the dirty low-down tricks at their disposal. They will not go so far as to harm you as you are a submissive creature who is being courted and who’s dominant can and will take every ill-wished thought out of their hides; but they will try to drag your name through the mud. They will try to turn you into a scandal and they will try to get your Healer’s certificate removed for malpractice of because of your youth.”

“We are also naming you and Draco godparents,” Willa explained. “That will make them even more annoyed since being a godparent is an important delegation to elves, and it is almost never given to someone who is not family.”

“Thank you for telling me and I accept,” Harry answered. “Rinie belongs here with Blaise. This is her new family and family is important to us. Your magic and mine have already accepted us as family and nothing will change that. Not Rinie marrying Blaise, not the birth of the twins and most assuredly not a few jealous elves.”

“If you are sure,” Willa stated, worry still evident on her face.

Harry smirked at the woman making the three elves gape at him as he reminded them that even though he was a submissive, he was still a daemon.
“Envy is often called a green-eyed monster,” he stated with a mischievous glow to his eyes. “Let’s see what happens when elves possessed by the green-eyed monster meet a green-eyed daemon with connections to the Marauders, a fox daemon and a cat’s natural ability to find trouble.”

With a grin that Willa couldn’t help but return, he grabbed Blaise’s arm and shadowed away.

Willa rested against Nicholas, feeling giddy. “Is it wrong of me to hope that they family does try something against him?”

“If they do, then they deserve everything that comes their way,” Nicholas stated firmly. “No matter what, we will stand by that young man because as he said - family is the most important thing. They threw you out of the Clan due to what that light elf did, so they are not family.”

“I agree Nick, now, how about you get me to bed before you need to roll me up the stairs.”

“Ma’am yes Ma’am!” Nick saluted playfully before swooping in and picking her up bridal style and carrying her to their room

Everyone in the room looked up when the shadows in the room darkened and seemed to solidify until the two missing teens stood before them. Blaise walked briskly to Hermione and bowed over her hand. “My Lady,” he purred.

“Why don’t you go put that stuff upstairs in your room Kitten,” Remus suggested with a sad smile. “Lunch is almost ready. You can do whatever you need to do with it after you have eaten.”

Harry nodded and trudged up the stairs, not noticing the slight twinkle in Remus’ eye. He frowned slightly when he got to the room. Something felt off about the room. Cautiously, he opened the door and gaped in shock at what was inside. A petition had been erected in the middle of the room, separating his belongings from Hermione’s. The room was now done in monochrome with
everything in white, black or differing shades of grey. Looking up, he was greeted with the over-cast sky of that day with fake rain falling for two meters below the ceiling.

His jaw dropped as he caught sight of his bed. Where before stood a single four-poster bed with hideously coloured hangings that made him think of the sun throwing up, was now home to a vaguely familiar sight. It wasn’t until he got closer that he realised why it tugged at his memory. Standing before him was a physical representation of the nest-like bed that Arthur and Will Denison were first exposed to at the Egg Hatchery in Dinotopia.

The circular structure and the large semi-conical foot were solidly built of bronze. Another step forward bought him within touching distance and Harry discovered just how heavenly soft the top felt. Without hesitation, he climbed onto the bed, purring at the firm inner structure while the soft outer structure attempted to pull him deeper into them.

“I’m sorry to say that none of this is permanent,” Draco softly stated, looking lovingly down at his mate. “Everything is transfigured so it won’t last long, but it was the best I could do at such short notice. I took my memories and photos to a crafts hall with the hope that they would know of someone who could craft it for me. They found someone, but they said it would take a long time to get it perfect.”

Harry just looked at Draco in silence, no longer disappointed with his mate’s inattention to him that day but also unwilling to let him know that fact.

Draco looked away and around the room that was slowly fading to its original design as his spell work wore off. “It is my hope to have found a property to build a house of our own design on in time for our bonding. I want it to be our place – a place just you, me and our younglings can go to and feel safe.” He cleared his throat uncomfortably and looked his surprised mate in the eye, ignoring how sensual the younger male looked as he half-knelt, half sat on the now regular-issue bed. “Father and I started looking this morning and it would be a delight if you would consent to allowing me to escort you to the properties that Father and I deemed acceptable after the midday meal. Remus and Severus have agreed to come as chaperones, just in case Father is called away or has to leave for any reason.”

Harry looked around the now familiar twin-share room, noting with disappointment that everything he had loved about the area was no longer evident. A slight movement caught out the corner of his eye had Harry whipping around and staring in shock.

“Draco,” he asked incredulously, “what happened to my hangings?”
The blonde vampire smiled as he looked at what had caught his mate’s attention. “I entered this room for the first time this morning after you had left for the Zabini residence and the first thing that caught my eye was the eyesore disguised as bed hangings. After determining that it was your bed and not Hermione’s, I decided to buy a new curtain that was more suited to your tastes.

Harry gave the charcoal grey velvet fabric another soft stroke before looking at Draco with clear, bright eyes. “It would be my pleasure to allow you to escort me to a possible housing site.”

Draco smiled and held out his hand to help his mate from the bed. Once Harry was standing before him, Draco raised the hand in his to his lips and placed a gentle open-mouthed kiss to the back of it before tucking it into the crook of his arm.

It wasn’t until the two of them were almost at the door that Harry realised that they weren’t alone. Hermione and Blaise stood just inside the doorway and Lucius filled the entranceway. With a reassuring look at Draco, Harry removed his hand from its place on his mate’s arm and took a tentative step towards Lucius. Taking a deep breath, he surprised everyone by dropping into an elegant curtsey that had Draco’s mind producing X-rated images of his mate before his mind blanked out with a near silent ‘GAH!’

“I apologise for this interruption, Lord Malfoy,” he said softly, yet clearly. “It wasn’t not my intention for this to occur today - I was hoping that business could have waited until I was settled, but it seems that it isn’t just the wicked that get no rest.”

“Lucius, please Harry. You are family so calling me by one of my titles is pointless and I understand completely about business getting in the way of plans. If I am to be completely honest, I am a little disappointed about not spending time with you this morning since I will be returning to my usual schedule tomorrow until Narcissa is allowed to come with me, and even then it will only be for meals. I am, however, so very proud of you for what you have managed to do for Willa and Nicholas. The Zabini family are close friends of the Malfoy family and have been for a very long time. Hearing about how diligent you have been with Willa’s care in this stressful time cancels out any disappointment, jealousy or annoyance I might have felt at loosing time with you.”

Harry flushed lightly at the praise and turned back to Draco as he straightened from the curtsey. It wasn’t until he was close enough to see himself reflected in the silver eyes of the young vampire that he noticed something was wrong. Frowning slightly, he allowed a sliver of his magic to check over his mate. When the result came back clear, he gently shook the blonde as he called his name. After getting no response, Harry turned around until his eyes locked with the worried eyes of his soon to be Father-In-Law.

“I think I broke Draco,” he whimpered.
Within half a minute of hearing about his godson’s predicament, Severus was before him waving a vial of mixed rosemary, sage and basil oils under the teen’s extremely sensitive nose. Everyone watched with amusement as the young vampire’s nostrils flared moments before he coughed and spluttered into awareness.

“Gods that's nasty Sev,” Draco gasped, glaring at the man through tear-filled eyes.

“That is the point of it Draco,” Severus responded, ignoring the giggling coming from behind him. “Now, are you going to share what put you into a state that gave me reason to use this combination?”

Everyone gaped in shock as Draco’s eyes flicked to Harry before he turned a glowing red.

“Not in particular,” he mumbled, blushing brighter as the images flashed before his mind’s eye once more, not registering the noticeable flinches of his Father and Severus.

Taking matters into his own hands, Lucius stepped around Harry and gently smacked his son’s cheek with the palm of his hand.
“May I ask what that was for Father?”

“You were projecting loud enough to get through both my and Severus’ shields,” Lucius told his son calmly and as softly as he could to prevent his son from further embarrassment. “As much as we love the fact you have found your mate, neither of us wants to ever see him like that … EVER.”

Draco looked up into his father’s face, mortification written all over his own.

“I recommend meditating when you wake up and before going to bed,” Lucius continued with a soft smile and placing his hand gently on the cheek he had slapped in order to stop his son’s rather imaginative – and disturbing – thoughts.

“As well as spending an hour after the evening meal to work on your Occulmancy,” a more-than-slightly embarrassed Severus growled softly. “Those thoughts of yours have to remain as thoughts for another ten months remember, and I would appreciate them being PRIVATE thoughts.”

Draco moaned softly and hid his face in his hands as Remus, Sirius and Blaise caught onto where his thought had been and were currently in various states of hysteria at his expense with Hermione watching them worriedly and Harry ignoring them in favour of watching Draco.

“Are you okay Draco?” a sinfully soft voice full of concern asked.

Draco looked up into wide green eyes full of worry for him and small sharp teeth worrying at a bottom lip almost absent-mindedly as their owner focused on the older, more dominant teen. Without warning, Draco pounced, pushing Harry against the closest bed-post and lowering his lips to his mate’s abused ones in an act of pure dominance.

Harry squeaked softly then mewled into the possessive kiss as his mate’s hand found its way to the back of his head and clenched a handful of hair in a tight grip. As though they had a mind of their own, Harry’s hands gripped Draco’s waist tightly before they slowly slid up the blonde’s stomach, caressing the firm, well defined chest until they came to rest on the blonde’s shoulders.

Draco growled possessively as more submissive mewls fell from his mate’s lips. He growled in appreciation as his kitten bared his throat without needing provocation when his bruised, swollen lips were released. Losing no time, he latched onto the unmarked offering, half-hissing, half-growling out the words of an ancient instinct driven ritual buried within the minds of all dominant creatures. As the last worlds were completed, Draco bit down as hard as he could on the tempting treat before him,
unknowingly sealing the ritual in a way that could never be ignored, hidden or forgotten.

Silence filled the room as everyone present watched the two. Eventually, the silence was broken by Lucius.

“It’s going to be a loooooooong ten months,” he sighed.

~ Wishmeluckfirsttimetryingtomakedridfruitinadehydrator~

After forty five minutes of attempting to separate the snogging couple, Hermione succeeded in separating them by dousing the two with ice cold water. She watched with dispassionate eyes as both boys hissed at her.

“Don’t you have an appointment to keep?” she asked, raising an eyebrow. “You only have the afternoon free since it is your final year.”

“My apologies Miss Granger,” Draco said as calmly as he could while he dried both Harry and himself off with a wave of his hand. “I do not know what got into me for me to behave in such a deplorable way.”

“I think you will find that hormones are the cause,” Severus stated dryly. “Combine that with your imagination and the scent of your mate and you have enough trouble to outdo the damage that the Mutt can do.”

“Well, I am a Demon Sir,” Harry stated from his bed, still managing to pull off the innocent look even though he had been completely ravished not too long before, “it’s only natural that trouble follows me around.”

“More like you cause it Imp,” Remus stated, amused.

“Better me then Sirius,” was the serious reply.

Remus nodded after a slight pause. “That is true. The trouble around you is normally due to you being too cute for your own good. The trouble around Sirius is normally due to …” he trailed off into
thought. “How to best put it?” he mused.

“Because of his foot-in-mouth disease,” Hermione stated firmly.

“Hey!” Sirius shouted in mock rage.

“What?” Hermione asked, eyes glittering with hidden humour.

“You could have been nicer about it,” Sirius pouted.

“She was nice about it,” Harry chirped happily as he stood, shadows caressing him lovingly. “I would have said it was due to your big mouth and habit of contracting verbal diarrhoea.”

Everyone laughed when Sirius leapt towards Harry, who ran from the room with a playful shriek. Sirius followed him shouting, “Traitor!”

“Let’s go eat,” Remus chuckled. “Then we can leave.”

“Sounds good to me,” Severus smirked

“Is Miss Granger going to be alright here?” Lucius asked with a slight frown as he looked around for the girl in question.

“Sirius will be here,” Remus smiled knowingly at the Malfoy Lord, “and Blaise will be in class most of the afternoon.”

Lucius smiled in relief, making everyone with him chuckle softly as they followed the barking laughter of the Grimm animagus, the shrieking laughter of the cat-demon and the joyful laughter of the fox demon.

~whoelikeswinter?~
Aeron Carthwryt glanced at his watch for the fourth time in six minutes and scowled. His client had five minutes before they were scheduled to meet with him, but he was still annoyed that they were not already at the first property waiting for him.

“Thank you for meeting with us today Mr Carthwryt,” a young male voice stated. “I trust you haven’t been waiting for long?”

Aeron turned around sharply only to come face-to-face with a youth of around seventeen with ice-grey eyes and hair of platinum blonde. Behind him stood a petite youngster with black hair and the brightest green eyes he had ever seen. The sound of a throat clearing bought his attention back to the taller teen, who just raised an eyebrow at him, obviously waiting for an answer.

“Look kid,” he stated with a slight sneer, “I’m busy. The client I am waiting for is now …” he looked at his watch, “fifteen minutes late and I’m not interested in whatever you have to say.”

“I see,” Draco drawled, looking the man over like one would a rust-covered car. He spun around gracefully and placed a gentle hand on the back of his companion. “Come along Harry, it seems we are wasting Mr Carthwryt’s very valuable time. We will go back to Remus and Severus.”

Harry smiled up at Draco as the blonde pulled out a sleek silver mobile and pressed a few buttons while walking slowly in the direction they had come from.

“That wasn’t the best thing to do,” a smooth tenor voice stated from Aeron’s side making him jump. “After all,” the voice continued, “That was your client for this afternoon.”

Aeron froze in place as the owner of the voice cheerfully called for the two teens to wait for him. His blood froze when the younger blonde’s voice reached him as the person on the opposite end of the line answered.

“Hello Corin, it’s Draco. Would you mind rescheduling the inspections for some time next week with a different employee? The one you sent is … how did he put it? Ah yes … ‘too busy to waste his time on whatever I had to say since he wasn’t interested’.”

Aeron gulped when the two blondes and the raven-haired teen stopped and after a short discussion nodded and the phone was switched off. Then his phone rang.
After hanging up from the verbal thrashing he had received from his boss, Aeron glared at it. As he passed the trio, his eyes landed on the black haired teen.

“Aren’t you a little too young to be engaged, or are you just the family slut?”

The teen placed a calming hand on the younger blonde and smiled sweetly at the disgraced man.

“Aren’t you too old to behave like a petulant five year old denied sweets or do you act that way because that is your intelligence level?”

Aeron’s face turned bright red in rage and he lifted his hand to backhand the boy, only for the older blonde to catch his wrist and a stern voice barking out his name. He turned to glare at the new intruder, only to pale at the dangerously narrowed eyes of his boss and the murderous expressions on the faces of two new males.

“You are to go and back your desk, Mr Carthwryt. From now, you are fired. You will get your last pay cheque in a few days. I want you gone before I get back. If anything is damaged or missing that isn’t yours, I WILL be charging you.”

“Be assured that I will be pressing charges,” the older blonde stated firmly, “on behalf of my son.”

“And I will be pressing charges on behalf of my charge,” the sandy-haired male growled. “How dare you call any minor by that atrocious term!”

“It just makes it worse for you that you chose to take your temper out on the Heir of the Most Ancient house of Potter, who is engaged to the heir of the Malfoy line,” the new dark haired male purred.

“Let’s not forget godson and possible heir to the Ancient and Noble house of Black,” the sandy-haired man stated with a sadistic grin of pleasure as Aeron fainted.
Chapter 18 - The green green grass of home

Chapter Summary

Harry and Draco find what they are looking for

Chapter Notes

Sorry this has taken so long peeps. I now have a job and finding time to do anything is hard.

Chapter 18 – The green green grass of home

Lucius sighed in exasperations as Harry once again rejected the place they were looking at.

“Picky, isn’t he?” Severus muttered, unable to completely hide his amusement at the blonde’s behaviour.

“I think I’d rather go shopping with him again,” the blonde man muttered back. “At least he had a reason to do what he was doing there.”

“He’s got a reason for doing this as well,” Remus said as he watched Harry and Draco converse with the lady who was their guide for the afternoon. “Remember what Draco said – ‘A place for them and their younglings where they can feel safe’. If Harry doesn’t’ feel safe then he won’t allow Draco to waste his money on it.”

“Add to that that it was YOU and Draco who picked out the areas, not HIM and Draco,” Severs said seriously. “You probably didn’t take his interests into mind when you stated what was wanted.”

As everyone gathered around the port key to the next property on the list, Lucius blushed as he realised that, once again, he was treating his son and his son’s mate as though they were fledglings.

~~~harrykittyiscute~~~
Harry kept his eyes clenched tight as the seemingly innocent item they were touching spun around yet again as it lifted them off the ground. He leaned back slightly as the arms of his mate tightened around him slightly in assurance. As soon as the sick feeling growing in his stomach vanished after the journey was over, he opened his eyes and gaped. Before them lay a paradise of gently rolling hills, green paddocks, a small wood and a gently bubbling stream.

“Can you see it?” Harry asked softly as he leaned back against Draco’s chest, ignoring everyone else.

“I can,” Draco whispered back looking around in awe. “Four buildings around an inner courtyard, two or three rooms in each - A kitchen/Dining combined in the inner courtyard, bedrooms in two buildings, family room and toy room in another with a large study and an entertainment room in the other.”

Harry nodded, seeing what Draco could see. “Kitchen garden around the outer edge of the courtyard and a soft grassy area for our kits to play and A nice garden for when our kits are all grown with kits of their own …” The two of them beamed at each other and hugged in excitement.

“Do you see any of that?” Severus asked the two men beside him.

“No,” Lucius deadpanned.

“All I see is green,” Remus said with a slight grin, “And it looks like Draco is off the hook with Harry … for now at least.”

“You have to admit that he did the smartest thing possible in that instance,” Lucius smirked as his son strode over to their realtor to converse with her while his mate happily skipped around the area before laying on a patch of grass and rolling around on it happily, making the three men laugh softly.

“Yeah, he did,” Remus agreed, “now all he has to do is make sure that he can keep abreast of designing a house, getting it built, keeping up with his schoolwork while studying for his NEWTs all while lavishing Harry with the same amount of love and devotion he has been giving him since they first met.”

Severus rubbed his temples. “I’ll make sure to have a ready supply of calming potion on hand for when he breaks down.”
Lucius just gaped at the werewolf. He hadn’t needed to do that for Draco’s mother … Merlin help his son; he was going to need it.

~~~Ilovevamp!draco~~~

Hermione and Sirius pounced onto the first person to enter the room, resulting in Remus yelping as he was tackled to the floor, much to Severus’ entertainment.

“How’d it go?” Sirius asked once he and Hermione had untangled themselves from their victim and had given both men a plate of food each. “And where are Harry, Draco and Lucius?”

“It went … eventually,” Severus smirked. “Harry certainly has more of his mother’s taste then his fathers, that’s for sure.”

Sirius let out a barking laugh and ran a hand through his hair. “Let me guess, Lucius went extravagant and expensive and Harry said no to each and every one of them.”

Remus nodded with a grin as he took a gulp of his tea, “Only to confuse everyone bar Draco when he chose a block of land, nothing else.”

Blaise snorted in amusement from the doorway into the kitchen making everyone jump at the sound. “Draco would have bought a block of land from the beginning if Lucius hadn’t gotten involved. One of his hobbies is design and he has wanted to build his own house since he was four years of age. Lucius thought that it might be too much for Draco and suggested they look at houses rather than land. Looks like Draco got his wish after all.”

“He most certainly did,” Severus muttered. “To the point that both he and Harry could see the house already built and themselves living in it after their children leave for lives of their own.”

Blaise whistled, impressed. “So where is the big lug? Don’t tell me he’s gone and started the plans already.”

Remus sniggered at the disgruntled look on the other teen’s face. “No, Draco and Harry joined Lucius at the Three Broomsticks for the evening meal. Lucius is apologising for not coming back for
three days since work and Narcissa is insisting on his time.”

The three who didn’t know nodded their understanding.

“Isn’t it Bella’s turn to be introduced tomorrow?” Sirius asked after a couple of moments.

“Yes,” Blaise replied. “And Mondays are mine and Draco’s busiest days so we will only really get to spend time here for meals and until curfew. Draco will have even less time than I will because he has called for Quidditch tryouts from right after lessons end to the beginning of dinner. At least I will have the time before we eat to do homework – Draco will have to do it after eating.”

“I’m sure he will manage just fine,” Hermione said with a sweet smile. “Harry still hasn’t written up his finding from everyone’s appointments this morning. He will probably do it tomorrow while Draco does his homework. Harry is happy to just spend time in the same room as people he likes. He doesn’t need their attention on him all the time.”

Everyone looked up as the door to the room opened to reveal a sparkly-eyed Harry.

“Sorry it took so long,” he chirruped happily. “Draco had to go somewhere before we had our meal so Lucius kept me company until he got back. Draco sends his thanks and apologies for not coming in. He said he wishes to double check the work he has done for his last few assignments.”

Blaise ran a hand over his eyes. “Not again! I had better go and prevent him from re-writing them all again.” He bowed to the people in the room and placed a gentle kiss to the back of Hermione’s hand. “I shall see you on the morrow.” He left the room with his head held high, winking at Hermione before the door shut behind him, leaving a giggling teen in his wake.
Chapter 19 – I’m your Auntie Bella, but you can call me Trixie

Chapter Summary

Harry's first meeting with Bellatrix one on one.

Chapter Notes

Please don't kill me. *hides just in case*

The following morning Hermione woke feeling as though something was horribly wrong. It took her several minutes before she realised what was wrong; Harry had fallen asleep in their room the night before and he wasn’t in it any more. It had happened every now and then when they were still at Mama Figg’s, but he had always woken her up before leaving. She shook her head in an effort to get rid of the feeling of abandonment. Just as she was about to kick off her sheets, the door opened a little.

“She’s still asleep,” she heard Sirius whisper to whoever was behind him. “Are you sure we have to do this?”

“Yes,” Remus’ voice sighed. “Every day since Harry and Hermione met she has been woken by him. Today will be the first time outside of sickness that it will not have happened. She will need us this morning.”

Hermione let out a soft sob as it hit her that Harry wasn’t going to be there to wake her up and within a minute she had a familiar pair of arms around her; Arms that had held her comforting after falling down and bumping her head. Instinctually, she put her arms around the person holding her and burst into heart-wrenching sobs.

~~~talltalllines~~~

“What’s the matter with Rinie?” a worried voice came from the doorway five minutes after the tears had started. “Is she sick? Is she hurt?”
Remus spun around while Sirius looked up from the girl clinging to him only to see Harry standing in the doorway holding a tray containing a pot, a jug and two mugs on it. His eyes never left the shaking form of his sister and his ears flattened in worry.

“Maybe you should go and let us deal with this Kit,” Remus said softly as he walked towards the teen. Large green eyes looked up into Remus’ and he flinched at the devastated look in them.

“You don’t want me here?” Harry asked in a small, broken voice that made both men rear back at the raw pain it held and Hermione to look at him. “Can … can y-you give h-her this?” Harry held up the tray, placing it gently on top of the closest piece of furniture to him. Without another word, Harry picked up one of the mugs and shadowed out of the room.

Moments later, three trays full of food and a stack of mail on each appeared, as did another with another full pot and two mugs. None of them heard the door to Remus’ rooms opening, nor did they hear it being shut firmly five minutes later. When the three of them eventually made it to the entrance rooms, the only thing they found was a letter and an untouched plate of food and a pile of unopened mail.

~~~apleasedontkillmeline?~~~

When Harry woke that morning, he smiled at the idea he’d had just before going to sleep. Without wasting a moment, Harry leapt out of bed and wrote three letters. Reading through them, he nodded and sent them to the recipients through his shadows, which had taken the form of owls for this job. From there, he made his bed, had a shower and dressed as quietly as he could. It was tradition for him to wake Hermione up in the morning and until Draco and he were bonded, he would continue to do so.

He felt, however, that his usual method of jumping on her as a kitten was below the level of maturity a marked and contracted submissive should show.

So, fighting the urge to transform by remember just how exhausted his sister had been the night before, he skipped happily into the kitchen to start breakfast and get a pot of tea ready for the two of them to share while they caught up with the other like they hadn’t been able to do since before they left the Orphanage. Humming happily, he sorted the mail that was on the table and put his and Hermione’s onto two separate trays, followed quickly by cutlery and a plate loaded with food. As he looked at the clock, he mentally went through a checklist.
‘Send letter to Blaise, Draco and the Professor asking them not to come until lunch so Rinie and I can have time to chat … Check

Make Rinie’s favourite breakfast … Check

Make a pot of tea for two … Check

Remember to do the same for Remi and Siri … Check

Sort mail … Check.’

With a satisfied nod that everything had been done and hoping that the extra hour sleep had done Hermione some good, Harry picked up the tray holding the tea and walked carefully to the room he shared with his sister

~~~noreallypleasedontkillmeforthisline~~~

After Remus had told him to leave the room, Harry worked mechanically to put Hermione’s, Remus’ and Sirius’ meals on the trays and to send them up to them. It wasn’t until he sat alone at the normally crowded table with an empty tea mug and a plate of food he could no longer handle the thought of eating that he allowed the hurt that was in his chest to manifest physically into barely heard bitter tears.

He was so deep in his depressed thoughts that he didn’t notice the dark-haired lady that had just stepped out of the fireplace until a gentle hand ran thorough his hair.

“Wh-who y-you?” he asked, hiccoughing for breath through his tears.

“I’m your Auntie Bella,” she replied with a tender smile, “but you can call me Bellatrix or Trixie until you are more comfortable around me.”

Harry nodded and leaned slightly into the hand in his hair, tears still streaming down his cheeks. “I-I’m H-Harry. P-please to me-met y-you,” he managed to get out between hard-to-get-breaths.

“What’s the matter Sweetling?” Bellatrix cooed, unable to help herself. She had always wanted children of her own, but after she had miscarried for the fourth time, it had been discovered that she would never be able to carry a child. An illness she had caught in her childhood hadn’t been caught in time for any damage that it had done to her internal organs to be fixed, essentially leaving her infertile. She had been devastated by the news and her husband hadn’t wasted time in divorcing her and marrying his mistress.
Harry opened his mouth and the story poured from his lips between newly started sobs.

Bellatrix hugged the teen tightly to her when he had finished his story, mind racing. Nodding firmly, she released him and placed her hands on his cheeks. “Don’t worry about them,” she said with a soft smile. “Everyone here knows that Sirius is an overgrown child and while Remus is an intelligent man, he hasn’t realised yet that it is best to allow things to work out naturally and to not interfere unless he is asked to mediate. As for Hermione … she has been your protector for so long that it is going to take her a while to get used to the fact that she is no longer your primary protector. It will help a little bit since she has her own mate wooing her, but by the time they bond, you will have already bonded and had at least one litter. It is only hitting her now because Draco initiated the highest form of bonding between vampire and mate yesterday and you are reacting to it by becoming far less shy, more mature and more independent than you normally are.”

Harry nodded as he thought on what had been said. “Is that why Lady Malfoy acted the way she did when we first arrived? Draco told me that once he reached a certain age she started pulling away from him. Is that why? Was she trying to prevent the amount of hurt she would feel at Draco finding someone for him to care for?”

“That she was,” Bellatrix stated, impressed. “It may have taken a while, but she did eventually admit it. She didn’t think about the fact that whoever Draco mated with would be family as well.”

Harry nodded. “Do … do you think she would be interested in going to a café for tea sometime today?” he asked, biting his lip, unsure.

“I have a better idea,” Bellatrix grinned. “How about the three of us – You, me and ‘Cissa – go out for some girl time at the day spa? The one Cissa and I frequent caters to females and submissives of creature decent. I’ll leave a note for the three upstairs and I’ll tell Sev where we are going so he can tell Draco, then we will go to the Spa House and contact Narcissa to join us.”

Harry nodded shyly, a small smile on his face. “I think I would like that Auntie Bella,” he said. “I’ll pop down to the Professor while you write the letter.” Without waiting for a reply, he vanished into shadow.

“That would be a hand talent to have,” Bellatrix murmured softly as she reached for the parchment.

~~~chickenlinedance~~~
Ten minutes later Harry found himself sitting on a red leather lounge chair in a waiting room that smelt slightly of coconut, vanilla and sandalwood sipping at a freshly made cup of green tea with lemongrass. As soon as they had arrived, Bellatrix had gently pushed him into a seat and had spoken to one of the ladies behind the counter before leaving thorough the cheerfully crackling fireplace.

For a moment, Harry felt a small wave of depression wash over him when he turned to point out the interesting way the flames had changed to green before Bellatrix had vanished to Hermione, only for him to remember she wasn’t with him, but that moment was over within only seconds as another pot of tea was delivered. He was halfway through the second pot when Bellatrix returned, followed closely by a very attractive blonde lady whom he knew to be Draco’s mother.

Harry hesitated slightly before he placed his cup down and stood up. “G-good m-morning Lady M-Malfoy,” he stammered as he extended a hand that shook with nerves. “I’m H-Harry. I-it’s nice to m-m-meet you.”

Narcissa ignored the hand and stepped forward, bringing the nervous and slightly scared demon into a tight hug.

“It’s Narcissa Dear,” she whispered into the boy’s black hair. She pulled away and held him at arm’s length, looking him over. “I apologise for my deplorable behaviour towards you the first time we met. I do not know why I reacted in that manner and I will try my best to ensure it doesn’t happen again.”

Harry smiled shyly up at her. “It’s okay Lad … Narcissa,” he blushed at the amused stare both women gave him to correct his vocabulary. “Auntie Bella explained it to me earlier since Rinie is reacting oddly at the moment. I also can’t judge you for wanting to protect your son.” Harry grinned a bit and giggled softly, “after all, I’ll probably do worse to anyone after one of my kits, when I have them.”

Narcissa laughed joyously. “I pity the mates of my grandchildren then. They will have demons, vampires, elves, a werewolf and more than a few wizards and witches watching their every move.”

Harry giggled softly, only to jump when a new voice sounded from beside them.

“I apologise for interrupting,” the lady said with an easy smile, “the rooms are ready for you now. We have you booked in for the house special including the detox bath, exfoliation pool, reflexology massage, manicure, pedicure and facials amongst other things. There are drinks and snacks provided
throughout the day, as is lunch. Please follow me.”

Narcissa and Bellatrix exchanged looks and grabbed one of Harry’s arms each, pulling the giggling teen with them and unable to prevent their own laughter from joining his.

~~~bouncyline~~~

To say that Draco was angry was an understatement. He paced around the room he shared with Blaise growling deep in his chest. Blaise, who was seated on his bed, remained silent, knowing that the blonde vampire would eventually calm down.

“You are going to be late for lunch if you don’t leave soon,” the blonde muttered after throwing himself face-first onto his bed.

“I was unsure as to if I was going,” Blaise replied bluntly. “I have no desire to deal with a vampire who feels as though they’ve been betrayed by one of their own.”

Draco sat up abruptly. “I would NEVER stop you from seeing your mate, Blaise. I’m not that heartless. I know that Hermione’s reaction is normal and I have a book I want you to give her when you do go that will clear it up for her. I’m pissed at Sirius and Remus for making it worse. If they had just butt out and realised that Harry now looks to me for guidance and how to act, they would have seen that harry and Hermione would be fine and I wouldn’t be not seeing my mate right now!”

Blaise smirked, knowing Draco couldn’t see it. He found it hilarious that Draco was acting like the proverbial bull in the China shop over him not seeing his mate. “Which book and where is it?” he asked. “I want to get there before Professor Snape so I can watch the show and give him one of his own.”

Draco chuckled, knowing that Severus was on the other side of the door listening in just in case he was required to calm a raging vampire. “I do believe that Severus already has it in his hands and has done since the beginning. Remember, he dealt with Aunt Bella when Father claimed Mother so he would be familiar with the signs and would know that I would eventually cool down enough to realise that Hermione’s reaction is natural and expected.”

He smiled at his friend. “Make sure to tell her that even though I’m not happy with any of them, I don’t hold it against her.”
“And what are you going to be doing?” Severus asked as he stepped into the room.

“I am going to have lunch in the Hall then go to the library to start my Arithmancy homework and finish my charms essay. If I can get the research for the first done, I’ll only need an hour to do a rough write up for Blaise to look over and tell me what I’ve missed.”

Severus nodded and swept from the room, a chuckling Blaise following him. Draco rubbed his eyes tiredly before gathering the things he would need and walking out of the room.

~~~spaline~~~

“Did you want to go first or shall I?” Severus asked before they even let the dungeons.

“I think I will go first,” Blaise said thoughtfully. “I want to use this opportunity to make this lesson stick in Hermione’s mind.”

“What lesson is that?”

“The one where she learns not to take everything those two say as gospel without talking to the other party first. Draco and I may be friends first and foremost, but it doesn’t change the fact that the Zabini family swears fealty to the Malfoy family every generation. I’m not going to allow anyone to endanger either bond I have to Draco over something so minor as a submissive growing into the person they are meant to be due to the right Dominant’s touch. It has happened to subs all throughout history and will happen to subs far into the future.”

“I can’t argue with that,” Severus stated, secretly amused by the younger males reasoning.

The two of them reached their destination within ten minutes and Severus walked in, followed by Blaise.

“Hey there,” he said with a genuine smile at the cinnamon eyed girl.

“Hi Blaise,” she replied, “Sorry about breakfast.”
“Don’t worry about it, Draco and I understood. Did you enjoy the time alone with Harry?”

Hermione looked up at him in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

“Draco and I got a note from Harry this morning asking if we would mind not having breakfast with you today so the two of you could spend an hour or so together to reconnect after the full on week that you’ve both had. He also said something about it allowing you to sleep a bit longer as well since you seemed exhausted yesterday. I admit to noticing something a bit odd yesterday but I never thought it was exhaustion …”

Remus and Sirius exchanged panicked looks as Hermione covered her mouth with both hands and tears welled up in her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Blaise asked a little shocked at the response.

“Harry didn’t wake Hermione or us up this morning,” Remus explained, wide-eyed. “We thought it was because he was starting to exclude us from his life now he has his mate.”

“And did any of you think of asking him what was going on?” Severus asked with an eyebrow raised, already knowing the answer. He shook his head as the three of them looked away.

“Draco apologises for not being here,” Blaise stated, bringing everyone’s attention to him once more, “but he felt that if he did turn up, he would do something that would harm his relationship with his mate – such as killing one of his family members. As it stands, he is very annoyed at you Sirius and Remus,” his eyes flicked to Hermione.

“He also said for me to assure you that he doesn’t hold you responsible for this mess even though he isn’t happy with you either. He heard stories from his parents and Professor Snape about how his Aunt reacted to know why you reacted the way you did.”

“He wants you to read this,” Severus cut in when Blaise stopped for a breath. “This is the book I gave Bella when Lucius began courting Narcissa. He believes you will benefit from them in some way.” He handed the teary-eyed girl a book of average thickness. “It describes all levels of a vampire courtship – including what happens with a submissive during the entire process.”
“Draco may not hold it against you,” Blaise stated, making Hermione lose the slight smile she had given the older male, “but I do. I almost didn’t come today.”

Hermione, Remus and Sirius gaped at the Dark Elven boy.

“W-why?” Hermione asked, voice trembling slightly.

“You didn’t talk to Harry about the problem,” Blaise answered bluntly. “Harry changed a routine that hadn’t changed in many years and instead of asking him if something was wrong you allowed someone to throw him out of the room you were in – while you were in tears, none-the-less – and neither adult checked on him to see how he was. It was only luck that he forgot that Bellatrix was coming today otherwise he would have been alone in his misery until one of you decided to finally get your arse downstairs.”

The three of them flinched back.

“On top of that,” Blaise continued, “Harry is Draco’s mate. Draco is my best friend and he has been since we were toddlers, but he is also my Liege Lord. My family have sworn fealty to his family for many generations. I swore fealty to them a week before school started. It is only because Draco made it adamantly clear that he would never keep my from my mate and his urging me to come that I came at all.”

“You know what happened this morning,” Sirius stated with his eyes narrowed. “Why did you act like you didn’t know?”

“I heard Harry’s side and what Bellatrix had guessed. I wanted to see what Hermione had to say and how she reacted to what the plans were. I can honestly say I wasn’t surprised to discover that the story I heard and that had been put together by Bella was one hundred percent on the money.”

He placed a hand on one of Hermione’s cheeks and gave the girl a gentle kiss on the forehead, “next time something like this happens, talk to Harry. If you can’t do it alone, fetch me and Draco. All four of our lives are intertwined and none of us will be left in the dark. Believe me when I say that I will be going to Harry for advice when you do something I have no experience with and I don’t doubt that Draco will be here nearly every day in the near future begging for even a hint at something Harry likes,” He finished teasingly, making Hermione giggle. “Now, what’s for lunch?”

Severus smiled slightly as Blaise lead Hermione into the kitchen before turning to the two men
before him. “Learn how to keep out of other people’s business,” he stated bluntly, making the two of them wince. “You could have aided in the collapse of the strongest partnership in the magical world and all because of a natural process all submissives who find their dominant goes through. It’s called ‘Grounding’, I suggest that you look it up and learn to wait until you are asked to help or your help is genuinely needed. I would think of a way to apologise to all four youngsters if I were you. Oh, and stay clear of Draco until Harry has had a chance to calm him down; He’s rather pissed at you.”

Severus followed the two youngsters into the dining room, leaving two very pale men behind.

~~~lineline~~~

Harry smiled into the darkness of the sensory deprivation tank. At first, he was weary of the device but once he entered it he relaxed as soon as the lid had been closed. It felt like home and safety. It was memories of nests made in cupboards and wardrobes and playing hide and seek after finding a cosy hole in a tree just the right size for a tiny black kitten. With such comforting memories playing in his mine, it wasn’t at all surprising that he fell into a deep sleep, a soft rumbling purr filling the endless darkness.

After the hour had passed, Narcissa and Bellatrix waited anxiously for the top of the container Harry was in to open. Both women had experienced the device and while they enjoyed the opportunity to allow their minds to come to a halt every now and then, they had no idea how their guest was taking it. As soon as the top opened, neither woman could prevent the coo that came from their mouths at seeing the cat demon fast asleep while a shadow prevented him from sinking. They almost squealed like little girls when the teen’s green eyes opened into slits and he yawned and stretched in the same fashion as the feline he was.

“I guess you like this one,” Bellatrix said with a smile.

Harry nodded frantically, a large grin on his face. “if I’m really good, do you think I can get one for my birthday?”

The two women looked at each other and grinned. “Ask Draco,” they chorused. Harry giggled.

“What next?” he asked as he bounced on one spot. So far they had been slathered in mud – Harry didn’t like that one bit; it made his tail itch and it was a pain to get out out of his fur – wrapped in seaweed – Harry made the ladies with him laugh after they noticed that he had started to eat it – and had a rather tasty herbal tea and fruit salad and just now they had finished a session of complete and utter darkness.
“I think the exfoliation pool and then the detox bath before lunch. How’s that sound?” Narcissa asked.

“Sounds wonderful.” Harry chirruped happily. The time he had spent surrounded by shadows had enlivened him to almost hyperactivity.

~~~kittyline~~~

It was well into lunch when Narcissa and Bellatrix managed to stop laughing every time they looked at Harry – who was still pouting at them. They had been unlucky enough that they hadn’t been able to go right into the exfoliating pool due to it already being used, so they had swapped it out with the detox bath. As only two baths had been available, Harry had admitted to not liking the scent that was coming from them and had easily agreed to the foot soak as an alternative.

The event that had both women almost in tears of mirth, however, came when they had been given the all clear for the exfoliation pool. The pool itself was only large enough for a maximum of eight people and was, much to Harry’s interest, full of fish. Needless to say, the feline in Harry sat up and took interest once the teen entered the water. For the entire forty-five minutes they were in the pool, Harry was torn between allowing the fish to do their jobs and catching the wriggling snacks. The latter was what had given Bellatrix, Narcissa and the two women in charge of the room a bad case of the giggles.

“From now on, no exfoliation pool,” Narcissa’s humour filled voice stated as she ate her meal.

“I agree,” Bella nodded, an arm wrapped around her stomach. “I haven’t laughed that much since before my wedding.” A movement at the corner of her eye made her focus on Harry. “Aren’t you hungry?”

Harry looked up from the fish he was poking with his fork. “I am, it’s just … am I the only one who’s noticed that we’ve gone from being eaten by fish to eating fish?”

The two older women looked at each other and burst into peals of laughter once again leaving Harry to pout cutely at them, secretly happy that he had made the two ladies laugh – even if he didn’t think that what he had said was at all funny.

~~~quizline~~~
It was just after the evening meal when the two ladies and Harry returned to Hogwarts.

“Thank you both for the wonderful day,” Harry said bashfully. “I’ve never done anything like that before.”

“Thank you for allowing the both of us to share in your day,” Narcissa replied with a smile. “We enjoyed it just as much as you did.”

Harry smiled sweetly at them. “Would you like to come in for a cuppa? Everyone is here already, even Lucius.”

“That sounds lovely,” Bellatrix answered for both of them, indicating for Harry to lead the way, even though she knew where they were heading.

They were almost at their destination when a blur attacked Harry in the middle of the corridor. Bella and Narcissa blinked in surprise when Harry melted into Draco’s embrace while said blonde sniffed and licked all over his mate’s neck.

All four of them jumped when a throat was cleared close to them. Standing in the door that Draco had just left from stood Lucius and Severus, both with an eyebrow raised, both with arms crossed and both wearing a look on their face that screamed, ‘Teenagers.’

“Did the three of you have fun today?” Lucius asked once Draco had released Harry.

“It was wonderful!” Harry chirruped, “They had a pool full of snacks-that-weren’t-snacks and a container of dark!” Harry’s eyes lit up and he turned around and through himself at his mate. “If I’m really really good, can I get a container of Dark for my birthday?” he asked, looking up at the taller blonde with wide, hopeful eyes.

Draco felt himself melt even as he tried his hardest to not give in. He sighed and, ignoring the giggles coming from his mother and Aunt, said, ‘We will see how the construction of the house is going first. Once the house is done, then we will see.”

Harry beamed and snuggled into Draco’s chest, allowing himself to be lead towards Remus’ rooms.
As the two of them became more involved with each other, Lucius and Severus looked at the two laughing women in confusion.

“Snacks that aren’t snacks?” Severus mouthed in question, moving aside to allow the boys to pass.

“Container of Dark?” Lucius mouthed at the same time.

Narcissa hooked her arm through her husbands with a smile as she and Bellatrix pulled the two men into the room once again, telling them everything that had happened that day.
That night was the first time in anyone’s memory that Harry refused to acknowledge Hermione, Sirius or Remus. From the very moment he stepped through the door, Harry greeted Severus and Blaise yet refused to look in the direction of his family. After nearly an hour of watching his mate interacting happily with all of his family without shying away and discretely watching Remus, Sirius and Hermione mope, Draco stepped in.

“I’m going to get some more drinks,” he said as he stood, “Who wants what?”

A chorus of ‘Tea please’ with one ‘Coffee” responded to him and he chuckled.

“Think you can come help me Kitten?” he asked Harry with a smile.

“Of course!” Harry beamed, excusing himself to Lucius and Narcissa and laughing softly at Bellatrix – who was playfully trying to lick Severus’ cheek while he was holding a conversation with Remus and Hermione.

Once in the kitchen, Draco pulled Harry into his arms, tucking the demon’s head under his chin.

“Draco?” Harry asked, confused.
“Why aren’t you talking to them?” Draco asked softly, knowing that his Father, Remus, Blaise and Hermione at least would be able to hear their conversation. “Is it punishment?”

Harry pulled back as fast as he could. “No!” he answered, face full of alarm. “It’s not polite to air dirty laundry before guests. When everyone goes, I’ll talk to them and get it all sorted out. I don’t want to be rude and leave the room to deal with a personal problem.”

“It’s not just that,” Draco stated, putting a gentle hand on Harry’s cheek. “Tell me, Love. I can’t help if I don’t know.”

Harry nuzzled into the hand on his cheek slightly before turning and starting on making the drinks for everyone in the other room.

“Remi and Siri have known me since I was born,” Harry said softly as he waited for the water to heat up, choosing to do it manually rather than with magic. “Rinie has known me since I was two.” He went silent again.

Draco waited patiently as he got the milk jug and sugar container ready, knowing that his mate needed time to sort out his thoughts and emotions.

“They’ve known me for so long and they still thought that of me,” Harry said, his voice full of how much he was hurting. “Have they always thought that I would abandon them the minute I had a mate? Have they always thought so low of me? Have they been waiting for it to happen so they could hurt me before I hurt them? If they thought it of me, why did they stay? Was it for the memory of a man that lives in their hearts but means not much to me?”

Harry turned to face Draco and was pulled tight to his chest.

“I love mum and dad,” Harry whispered, ‘they are my parents but … I don’t remember them. It was Mama Figg and Rinie who looked after me when I was sick or scared. Mama Figg taught me to cook and how to take care of myself. It was Tom who taught me to read and write. Mama Figg and Tom are the only parents I remember. I’m terrified that Sirius and Remus have only stayed with me due to their relationship with my Father and not because they love me.”

“And Hermione?” Draco asked, hugging Harry tighter, knowing deep down that this wasn’t a new fear for his mate.
“Rinie and I are bound by the ritual we did, so I know she loves me,” Harry began.

“But,” Draco urge softly after several minutes of silence.

“So why did she believe Sirius and Remus right away without using our mental bond like she usually does? I know I shut my side of it down, but we always keep it closed when at least one of us is asleep.”

“Does the connection open on its own or do you need to open it?” Draco asked.

“It opens itself half an hour after we are both awake. It’s how I knew to take Rinie’s tea to her.” A tear fell down. Harry’s cheek as he looked up at Draco. “She didn’t even pay attention to what my thoughts were because the only time I thought of you was a part of my ‘to do’ list of the morning and the rest of it was focused on what we could talk about.”

Draco leaned down and gently licked the tears from Harry’s cheeks. “Hush Kitten, it’s alright. We’ll fix this. First we will have ourselves a cup of tea with everyone and once everyone is gone we’ll set up a talk between you, Hermione, Sirus and Remus. How’s that sound?”

“Would … Can you stay? Please?” Harry whispered, biting his lip.

“I will stay to mediate Kitten, if that is what you wish, but you need to be the one to talk to them. It will be hard, but it will be worth it – You’ll see.”

“Promise?”

Draco placed a soft kiss to the bridge of Harry’s nose. “I promise. After this, your relationship with all three of them will get stronger. Misunderstandings are a big part of family life – one that you and Hermione don’t seem to have had before due to your upbringing and your natures. While they do hurt more than betrayal, Misunderstandings lead to growth for both the individuals and to the relationships between the individuals. I can promise you that you and I will have a few of them over the years as well as arguments, debates, fights and territorial disputes – but it never means that we don’t love each other anymore, nor does it mean that we never did love each other. It just means that we are two people with differing opinions who are trying to live side-by-side the best we can.”

Harry nodded, looking even more alarmed than before.
Draco sighed and shook his head. “For example,” he said, making Harry look at him, “would you say Willa and Nicholas loved each other?”

“Of course,” Harry replied with a smile at the thought of the elven woman and her husband. “They adore each other, that much is obvious.”

“Would you believe that sometimes the two of them fight so much that Blaise gets the girls and brings them to my place?”

Harry looked startled. “Really?”

Draco nodded, completely serious. “Sometimes they fight over the kids and sometimes fight because they are both really tense and they just snap at each other. The biggest fight the two of them had was seven years ago when Blaise got his letter for school. Nicholas wanted him to go to the school Willa had gone to in Italy because they have a better range of subjects to choose from compared to Hogwarts, but Willa wanted Blaise to come to Hogwarts because he was going to be closer to her and he would have a friend with him. Mother, Father and I had Blaise and Carla at Malfoy Manor or nearly a full week before the two of them appeared one day and apologised to us all for their behaviour and to thank Mother and Father for looking after Blaise and Carla before seating the two of them down so they could talk to Blaise about what he wanted.”

Draco placed a gently kiss on the tip of his mate’s nose with a smile. “So you see, every relationship has it’s rocky patches, but in the end everything works out if both parties want it to.”

Harry smiled shyly up at Draco before nuzzling into Draco’s chest and walking away to put the finishing touches on the tea.

Draco sighed in relief that he had managed to calm his mate down without putting his foot into it too badly.

~~~bouncykittyissleepy~~~

Blaise hugged Hermione goodbye as everyone else slowly trickled out the door. “I’ll see you tomorrow for breakfast,” he said with a small smile. “I have a full day of classes to go to so I might have to give lunch a miss.”
Hermione pouted up at him. “Why can’t you stay?”

“It isn’t my place to stay,” Blaise answered, putting both hands on Hermione’s cheeks. “When Sirius did something that hurt Harry by accident, did you allow Harry to face him alone?”

Hermione scowled, “No! Of course not!”

“And did you allow Tom or Mir Figg or Remus to be in the same room when Sirus was apologising to Harry?”

Hermione sighed and slumped. “If Remus wasn’t there at the time it happened, then no, I didn’t. I’m not used to being the one that hurts him Blaise.” Hermione looked up at her mate with watering eyes. “Everything seems to be falling apart since Tom left.”

“Tom left because he had to ‘Mione,” Blaise stated. “If he hadn’t gone when he did, neither you nor Harry would be forming bonds with me and Draco. A mentor bond that is formed between non-family members needs to be broken for the mate bond to form. Tom’s part in your lives had finished. If the circumstances were any different, you and Harry would never hear from Tom again. Somehow you, Harry and Tom created a much deeper bond than the usual non-familial mentor/student one.”

“Tom was desperate for a family,” a soft voice said from the side making the two jump. “He wanted to adopt us but due to ancient law the only being that could adopt us were family members or members of our own sub-species of demon. Because of this rule, we may have, quite possibly, forced the bond to mutate somehow.”

Blaise blinked in surprise when he looked at Harry who had a small half-smile on his lips.

“You are welcome to stay if you like Blaise,” Harry offered, looking at the space above his head, “this affected you as well; not just as Rinie’s mate, but as Draco’s vassal.”

Blaise smiled crookedly, “I don’t have to stay if it makes you uneasy Harry. I’m sure Draco will tell me how it went.”

“I don’t mind you being here Blaise. You and Rinie may not be progressing as fast as Draco and I
are but your lives are entwined together just like Draco’s and mine are. I wouldn’t dream of keeping something like this from you.”

Blaise smiled and lead Hermione into the dining room as Harry vanished into the kitchen with Draco following him with his eyes.

~~~CongratulationsWerebunny87~~~

After fifteen minutes of complete silence bar the sound of china being picked up and placed down, Harry sighed.

“Why?” he asked, looking up at the two men and Hermione who all seemed to shrink under his gaze. “Why did you change our go to plan when something changed? I knew that I would have a personality change when I was mated and I know that Rinie knew because she was in that class with me when Tom gave it to me. Mama Figg also covered it with us every year until we took over the sex talks with the younger children.”

“I’m sorry Harry,” Hermione said, looking away in shame. “I wasn’t expecting it to happen so fast and so soon after Tom broke our bond to him. I felt like I was being left alone; forgotten. It has always been me who has lead the way in everything in our lives to this point, but I can’t help you in this because I don’t know what is happening.”

She sniffed and wrapped her arms around her waist. “I knew intellectually that you would change – becoming more confident and independent from others except your mate – but I wasn’t expecting it to happen so soon or so fast or for the amount my heart would hurt due to you not needing me anymore.”

Harry walked over and pulled Hermione into a hug, nuzzling her softly and making her giggle wetly by putting his nose into her ear. She responded by gently tweaking one of his ears, making their mates smile at each other in relief.

“I’m always going to need you Rinie,” Harry said as he rubbed his jaw along hers. “I might not need you to guide and protect me anymore, but I do need you to love me. To talk to me as a friend and older sister and to help Draco to convince me that I’m not fat when I’m waddling rather than walking when I’m full of my own kittens. I’m going to need you to be there holding my hand when Draco faints or is kicked out of the delivery room for freaking out. My kittens need to know their Auntie Rinie.”
With a soft sob, Hermione vanished, followed closely by Harry. Draco raised the table cloth and smiled at the sight that met his eyes. Curled up together under Hermione’s chair was a small fox kit curled up with an even smaller black kitten alternating between licking the foxes face and pouncing on the tip of the busy tail that was attempting to cover the foxes muzzle from view.

“We’ll let them reconnect before continuing,” Draco said as he sat back up with a fond smile, “More tea?”

Thirty minutes later, Harry changed back, face flushed with happiness. He vanished under the table for a moment and returned with an arm full of sleeping fox. “I believe three quarters of this is yours,” Harry giggled as he placed the sleeping animal on a bemused Blaise’s lap.

“Only three quarters?” Blaise asked with a raised eyebrow. “And who may I ask, does the other quarter belong to?”

“Family of course,” Harry teased, making Blaise laugh. When Harry returned to his seat, all traces of playfulness vanished.

“Do you only talk to me because you were friends with my Father?” he asked Remus and Sirius bluntly, making everyone who was awake in the room flinch, “Because most of the time that is how it feels.”

“Of course not!” Sirius said, voice revealing his shock. “How long have you been thing that?” WHY would you think that?”

Harry put his head down and muttered something that made Remus flinch.

“I’m sorry Kit, unlike you Hermione and Remus, I don’t have super hearing so you are going to have to speak up.”

“You treat me as thought I am him at times and when Hermione, Mama Figg, Tom or I say so you treat me differently. Both of you stumble between calling me Harry and James at times. You either hug me as though you are terrified I will vanish from you or you hug me like Lucius hugs Severus – one armed and awkward. You tell me stories about mum and dad and you start acting like you did in
them then are disappointed that I don’t want to do things that dad would do with you. Don’t get me started on how often you have needed to be reminded that I am not James Potter because we will be here until next year.”

Harry stopped, gasping for breath. Sirus opened his mouth then closed it with an audible snap when Harry held up a hand.

“Then there are the times that you respond to something without getting all the facts, believing that you are RIGHT when you aren’t. You don’t know enough about me that you can deduce what I am going to do next – And yes, while this is mostly Sirius, Remus does it as well – he is just better at hiding it. It feels like you don’t want to know who I am and would rather me be a clone of James. I can’t take it anymore.”

“It hasn’t got that bad … has it?” Sirius asked, shocked.

“It must have done for Harry to mention it,” Remus replied, his hand over his mouth. “Mooney has been alluding to something like this happening for the last few months, but I ignored him as part of trying to suppress him. Gods I am such an idiot!”

“No arguments here,” Draco drawled.

Sirius and Remus scowled at the blonde who just raised an eyebrow.

“We promise to try change Harry,” Sirus said, turning to look at the teen, “but we will need help from you to do so.”

“Tell us when we start bothering you,” Remus stated.

“Tell us when we start treating you as James,” Sirius contributed.

“And be patient with us,” Remus said as he got up and knelt in front of Harry. “We will stuff up from time to time. It doesn’t mean we don’t care, if just means we are focusing on other things.”

“We don’t mean to hurt you,” Sirus added, copying Remus. “We have loved you since Lily
announced she was pregnant and we will continue to love you and Hermione as well as any and all 
Kits the two of you bring into this world because you are family and that is what family does.”

Draco and Blaise left the rooms as quietly as they could as Harry sobbed and threw himself at the 
two men. Both of them felt lighter than they had that morning and they could almost feel the familial 
bonds that bound the odd family together grow stronger.
Chapter 21 - Letters from Abroad

Chapter Summary

Basically just fluff, because fluff happens a lot in this story. I'm so sorry.

Chapter Notes

I know, I know. I'm posting another chapter before 2 or more months have passed.
Please don't die of heart attacks.

Chapter 21 – Letter from abroad

The following morning found all four members in the small and strange family smiling from the moment they woke up. Once again, it was Harry who was the first to wake. Instead of getting up right away, he decided to lie in bed and think over the events of the previous day. After several long moments of thought, he leaped out of his bed and made it before heading downstairs. He was half-way through planning breakfast when he noticed the large stack of letters on the table that he had ignored the previous day.

He bit his lip as he guiltily remembered that he hadn’t done any of the work he had planned to do the previous day. With a determined nod, he mentally prepared himself for a long day of paperwork. He just hoped that Bella wouldn’t mind.

~~~Ireallyshouldntbewatchingcookingshows~~~

For the second day in a row, Hermione woke by herself. This time, however, she looked around the room and smiled when she saw a pot of tea, her mail, an empty mug and one of Harry’s special spiced fruit scones appear on her bedside table. She prepared her tea the way she preferred and took a sip while reaching for the letter on top of the pile.

Rinie,

I have a lot to do today so can you deal with lunch and dinner? I’m drowning in paper … Save me?
She chuckled and shook her head in amusement. Her brother always made jokes about needing to be saved from evil paperwork when both of them knew that he would glare at anyone who dared to touch it. She bit into the hot, buttered scone and moaned softly as the sweet spice coated her tongue and filled her nose.

‘This,’ she thought as she reached for her next letter, ‘is pure bliss.’

~~~nowIwantaspicedfruitscone~~~

When Bellatrix looked into the sitting room of Remus’ quarters, she was greeted by the sight of Remus, Sirius, Hermione and Blaise – who were trying to prevent themselves from laughing, Severus – who had a hand over his mouth and his eyes closed as his shoulders shook – and Draco who had a pout on his face and one of his fingers in his mouth.

“What happened?” she asked. Her reply was everyone in the room bar Draco, who scowled, to burst into laughter.

“Draco touched Harry’s paperwork,” Remus eventually managed to gasp out. “You do NOT touch Harry’s paperwork – especially if said paperwork is anything to do with his job as Healer, his journals or letters.”

“Oh dear,” Bellatrix said, her top lip twitching in amusement. “What did he do?”

“Gave him a deep scratch across a knuckle and promised to castrate him after Draco had given him one or two litters if he did it again,” Sirius said with a wince of sympathy.

Bellatrix looked at her cousin incredulously. “Are you sure he’s a submissive?”

Hermione smiled at the woman. “He is a true submissive. It is true that he can and does act dominant in some cases, but that is because he is a DEMON submissive. We are a possessive species and our submissives are completely useless until there are children involved or they find and are accepted by their mate. Harry used to not eat unless either Mama Figg or I put food onto his plate because – and I quote – ‘There’s just so much to choose from.’”
Hermione smiled nostalgically, “but when one of the younger kids that had been adopted, Harry’s claws came out. One time Harry went to visit one of the children that had been adopted out without warning and saw the next door neighbour hit into his kid for no reason. Someone else had witnessed it and called the police but by the time the police came it was too late. Harry had the boy behind him and had sliced the man up rather badly with his claws. When the police moved in to restrain Harry, he hissed at them then returned to cooing and healing the mother and child. He ruffled the kids’ hair, smiled at the mother, hissed at the man then walked to the house that he was supposed to be visiting to check on his kitten.”

Remus smiled at Bellatrix. “It’s hard to imagine, I know. Just think of James’ protective quality and couple it with Lily’s temperament.”

“I heard that Remi,” an amused voice said from the doorway behind the wolf, making them all jump slightly. “Breakfast is ready, if you are interested.”

Silently everyone walked into the small, over-crowded dining room.

~~~IwonderifIhavealltheingredientstomakepizzascrolls~~~

Harry allowed the soft murmuring to his right wash over him as he dutifully and methodically turned the random numbers, patterns, shapes and colours that Hermione and Blaise had dutifully written as he called them out into an easy-to-read, universally acceptable medical file for each member of the Zabini family. When he was finished, each file was neatly put together and placed in the expanded cabinet he’d had specially made for his patients.

“That was quick,” Hermione said, looking up from the book she had been given the day before. “It normally takes you longer to complete.”

“It was done sooner than I thought,” Harry admitted, “but that could be due to the different circumstances between the backgrounds of the Zabini’s to my usual clientele.”

Hermione nodded thoughtfully. “That is most probably it,” she agreed at last. “Did you want to do lunch since you finished earlier than you thought?”

“Well I do need a break …” Harry mused. “How about we both do lunch today?”
“Sounds good to me,’ Hermione beamed as she snapped the book shut and got to her feet. “What do you have in mind?’

“How about fishcakes? We haven’t had those in a while. With that salad you made for Mama Figg’s birthday last year.”

“The one with the nuts?”

“No, the one with the herbs.”

“Sounds good. Let’s go!”

Laughing, the two teens walked into the kitchen, leaving behind a bemused Remus and Bellatrix.

~~~Ineedtea~~~

What’s up Bella?” Remus asked the abnormally quiet lady beside him.

“I thought the purpose of this was for him to get used to me and to know me,” she pouted.

Remus laughed softly. “He is getting to know you Bella. You being in the same room as him allows him to get used to your presence: Your aura, scent and sound. The only people who he fully interacted with in this process was Blaise and Draco. Even Severus had to deal with being ignored by Harry in favour of a journal, paper or meeting.”

He sighed and rubbed his eyes. “I will be the first to admit that my and Sirius’ behaviour yesterday was pure stupidity on our part, but the result was Harry forming a sort-of bond with you and Narcissa. Before yesterday even the sound of someone saying Narcissa’s name was enough to make Harry freeze. It may not seem like it now or tomorrow when he has an appointment with Willa to check on her and the twins, but he is getting to know you.”

Remus smirked, “The first day he had with Lucius, he spent most of it asleep in cat form.”
Bellatrix laughed at that, feeling much better about being there.

The door to the room opened and Bellatrix screeched, “SEVIE!” and threw herself onto the man, glomping him and making everyone laugh at the softly cursing man.

~~~Iwantchickensausages~~~

Harry was nearly a quarter of the way through his pile of letters when he froze.

“What is it Harry?” Hermione asked, biting her lip in worry.

“I … I got a letter from Tom …” he said, raising shocked and hopeful eyes to meet hers.

“Open it!” Hermione urged, face breaking out into a beaming smile. “And read it out loud.”

Without further provocation, Harry tore into the envelope to reveal several pages of writing.

Dear Hatchlings.

Today I must say, has been both the best and most heartbreaking day of my long life to date. I have loved, nurtured, taught and punished you both for many years and as I recover from the backlash of our bond to each other breaking, I am more than proud to claim the both of you as my students and surrogate family. I know that the breaking bond will have affected you as much as it affected me, and I apologise deeply for that.

The both of you have turned out so much better than I had hoped when I first lay eyes on you and I left the two of you as well rounded young adults with bright futures ahead of you. Together the two of you have taught me that nothing is impossible if you have people who love and support you through everything. It was only this that made it possible for me to walk away from you today. Thank you for believing in me, for trusting me and for welcoming me into your mismatched family.

You will hear from me soon and often.
Forever bound to you by Love and Spirit,

Thomas M. Riddle.
Chapter 22 - An Uneventful Day

Chapter Summary

Harry does what he should have done the previous day and he just behaves as his usual kitty self

Chapter Notes

Yes yes, another one posted so soon. I swear I'm not sick

Chapter 22 – An Uneventful Day

Harry and Hermione looked up at each other, both with tears being held back by pure will.

“He …” Harry swallowed against the lump that had formed deep in his throat, “He’s proud of us,”

“And he still loves us,” Hermione added in a whisper, only just louder than Harry. “He still thinks of us as family.”

As one being, the two moved closer together and curled up as best they could. When they were secure in each other’s embrace, they allowed their tears to fall.

~Hampsterline~

Bellatrix smiled softly as the kitten and fox playfully jumped and pawed at each other. She had been alarmed to find the two of them with silent tears and had, without thinking, swooped down on the two of them cooing and drying their tears. She hadn’t felt it was her place to pry, so rather than asking what was wrong, she just asked what she could do to help.

In reply, the two of them transformed into their creature forms and curled up together on her lap.
She was shocked from her thoughts by bell-like laughter and a rough, wet thing touching her face. She opened her eyes and let out a startled squeak when she found herself eye-to-mouth with a black fuzzy thing full of sharp teeth. The laughter once again came and Bellatrix became aware of what the wet, rough thing was, as well as a loud rumbling that she had somehow managed to ignore until now.

“Can someone tell me what, exactly, the cute fluff-ball is doing?” Bella mumbled from around Harry-the-kitten’s stomach.

“Congratulations,” Remus said with dry amusement, “you’ve been adopted by a nesting cat-demon.”

Bellatrix pulled the kitten off her head and gaped incredulously at the man.

“Is now a bad time for a visit?” the owner of the bell-like laughter asked.

“Luna!” Harry yelled happily as he wriggled free of Bellatrix’ grasp and ran towards the girl. Ignoring the man who was standing beside her, he glomped his laughing friend purring happily.

“I’m happy to see you too Harry,” Luna said, ignoring how her odd friend was sniffing her and running his fingers through her hair. “How are you today?”

“He’s nesting,” Remus said with a chuckle. “It finally hit him that his mentor was no longer his mentor and that he is in the process of being courted, so don’t be surprised if he starts mothering you.”

Harry jumped when a laugh that was slightly deeper than Luna’s, but no less musical, came from behind him. Without releasing his blonde friend, Harry tilted his head back until he was able to look into a pair of silver eyes.

“Hi,” he chirruped, “you’re pretty.”

The man smiled softly at the younger male.

“Thank you,” he said, “as are you.”
Bellatrix chuckled softly as Harry once again turned shy and hid his face in Luna’s neck.

“Harry, that was my daddy,” Luna giggled softly as the slightly older male sneezed due to the scent spray she had chosen that day. She giggled again when her friend said something, tickling her with the vibrations. “I didn’t get that sorry.”

Harry nuzzled her neck before starting to lap gently at the corner of her eye, purring soothingly.

Remus coughed, trying to hide his laughter, making Harry snap out of his mothering mode once more. As he realised what he had done, he blushed.

“Sorry,” he mumbled with a pout, “I want a kitten.”

“I know you do Kitten,” a new voice came from the doorway.

Within the blink of an eye, Harry vanished from his spot and appeared in the arms of his mate, mewling for his attention. The black-haired teen let out a purr of contentment as Draco’s fangs slipped easily into his shoulder and stayed there. After a few moments, the fangs were removed and the holes were licked closed.

“I also want kittens,” the blonde whispered into his mate’s flickering ear. “I can’t wait to see you round with kits and fledglings, smelling my blood within your body and hearing multiple heartbeats where only one should be.” He nuzzled the spot his fangs had just been, “But we have to wait. Only ten months Kitten, then we can start on a kitten or three of our own.”

Harry nodded, flushed with both embarrassment and desire for what Draco had described.

Draco placed a gentle kiss to the top of Harry’s head and pulled a flat square box rom out of his robe. “I ordered this the day after we signed the contract,” he said as he turned Harry around in his arms and placed the box in his hands.

Harry looked up at him with large green eyes, hugging the box to his chest. “For me?”
“For you.”

Harry beamed up at Draco and gently removed the ribbon so he could open the box. Harry’s eyes widened at what his mate had got him before looking at the slightly nervous vampire.

“I …” the blonde sighed and looked away, flushing slightly. “On Sunday when you got back from visiting Willa and Nicolas, do you remember me biting you?”

Harry nodded with a soft smile. “You also did an odd hiss-growl before-hand.”

Draco nodded, still not looking at his mate. “That odd hiss-growl and the bite was a ritual used in ancient times to bond a vampire to their chosen. When we are young, our non-vampire parent feeds us. Once we reach mating age, we no longer are allowed to take their blood and must stick to the artificially made crap until we find our mate. It is rare for a vampire’s mate to live the same length of time as the vampire so a ritual was formed to bind the vampire’s and its mate’s life forces together so the mate wouldn’t die before the vampire.”

Harry smiled sweetly and rose on tiptoe to nuzzle his mate’s cheek. “And you performed it on me that day, didn’t you?”

Draco chuckled weakly. “Yeah, I did. It may have been sub-consciously done, but it was still done.”

“I don’t mind that you marked me Draco,” Harry said, cooing softly. “I am yours and you are mine: Our signed and sealed contract is proof enough of that and I probably needed it,” he admitted.

“I still would have preferred to talk to you about it though,” Draco responded, looking down at his mate. “Anyway, the gift is part of the ritual.”

Harry looked back at the open gift with new understanding. Reaching into it, he pulled out a leather wrist cuff that looked butter-soft. It was deep grey in colour with a silver and emerald dragon design stitched around the outside. Harry traced it, awed at its beauty.

“It is my personal motif; my emblem,” Draco said, watching his mate closely. “My name means ‘Dragon of Bad Faith.’ He reached into the box and pulled out a collar that matched the cuff perfectly, but had a small dragon charm added. “This is yours,” he said as he placed it around Harry’s neck, gently caressing the cat-demon’s cheek as he ensured it was on correctly.
“This is a claim – my claim – on you for those who do not have an enhanced sense of smell,” Draco explained as he fiddled with it. “Dominants get a wrist cuff. Submissives get a collar and those who are born as neither or both are given a necklace or bracelet.”

“So if Blaise was a vampire, he and Rinie would have a necklace or bracelet?” Harry asked, fiddling with the cuff.

Draco smiled and nodded, pulling his hands away. “Exactly.”

Harry nodded with a smile and gently put the cuff on the wrist of the blonde’s dominant hand before placing a soft kiss to the area. When he raised his head, he was startled to see Draco’s hand reach for the pendant and the same hiss-growl language from the other day came from the blonde’s throat. Both cuff and collar glowed a soft grey before slowly vanishing from view.

“Amazing,” Luna’s father said, breaking the silence and making both Draco and Harry to jump and hiss at the man. Everyone else laughed or chuckled at the couple.

“You forgot you weren’t alone, didn’t you?” Bellatrix said, still chuckling softly. She started laughing again when Harry growled cutely at her.

Luna followed her friend to the table when Remus called out that the midday meal was ready. She wasn’t participating in any of the conversations that were going on around her, but she didn’t feel left out. For the first time in her life, she was included in a group of people who accepted her and were happy to know her. A hand grabbed hers, pulling her from her thoughts as her first friend playfully stuck his nose tip into her ear and sniffed, making her giggle.

‘Yes,’ she thought as she was pulled behind the playful cat-demon, both of them giggling uncontrollably, ‘I could easily get used to this feeling.’

~2BA Line~

Bellatrix smiled as she watched the two demons. She had been lucky in that Remus had explained to her that Harry only needed them to be in the room with him to get him used to their presence. If she hadn’t been told, she would have felt extremely put out since the wonderfully playful teen was now seated at the table surrounded by paper and parchment.
“Sorry about this,” his voice said, pulling her from her thoughts. “I should have done this yesterday.”

“No no no,” Bellatrix hastened to assure him, “I don’t mind at all. In fact, I find it fascinating to watch you write. You don’t seem to stop writing, if just flows smoothly. Even Severus, who is the most literate person I know, can’t write like that; even he has to stop and think of the appropriate word of phrase to use at times.”

Harry smiled shyly. “It’s because I know them so well,” he admitted as he returned to the parchment before him. “I know how advanced their language skills are so I don’t need to think of how they will interpret something and I know where their interests lie so I can talk – well … write – to them about what they are interested in. The younger children get stories about Hogwarts and the people inside her – a history lesson disguised as fun. Mama Figg or one of the older kids read them out for them so they are all together in one scroll. One scroll per portrait or person. So far they have heard about Siri and Remi. I’m thinking of doing Blaise and his family next. I’ll ask tomorrow if they mind.”

“Tomorrow?” Bellatrix asked, confused.

“Yeah,” Harry replied with a distracted smile on his face. “I see Willa for an hour or so on Wednesday’s s and Sundays. I’m her new Healer so I’m keeping a close eye on her and the babies.”

“So I still come tomorrow?”

“Of course,” Harry looked scandalized at the thought of her not coming. “Just come at around lunch time instead of breakfast, unless you want to chat with Hermione and whoever else comes during the day.”

Bellatrix nodded her understanding and focus on the sight and sound of Harry’s pen running smoothly across the paper he was writing on.

“I don’t really talk to the younger children who are in school about much,” Harry admitted as he put aside his now finished letter to one side and reached for a medium sized scroll and a small stack of parchment. “They tell me about their friends, what they are learning and beg me to come visit soon while I ask about how school is going, how they are and promise to visit them as soon as I can. It is more of an exercise for them to practice their reading and writing than anything else. Each child gets a paragraph or two written for them and them alone, while the majority of their letter from me is written in one big communal one for the entire orphanage that Mama Figg reads out.”
Bella smiled and leaned back, allowing the teen to talk.

“The older kits and the teens get longer letters and what we talk about depends on the person. I have learnt a lot of things from them and our discussions on their hobbies and interests. Then there’s Mama Figg and Tom. They are the ones who get my longer letters.”

“It sounds like you have made quite the family from them,” Bellatrix stated softly.

Harry nodded and looked up at her, pausing in his writing. “That’s what we are,” he said with a smile, “a rag-tag bunch of people whom no-one wanted or no-one could care for who found family in each other.”

“It was you who brought us all together though Harry,” Hermione said with a smile. “We wouldn’t be as close without you being there.” She placed her own pile of paper and parchment on the opposite side of the table to Harry and Bellatrix with a soft sigh of relief. “You are the centre of our family.”

Harry flushed lightly as he placed his pen down and massaged his wrist to get his blood flowing properly once again.

“I’m sure you would have managed,” he eventually said with a smile. “You always have.”

Hermione blushed lightly. “Are you alright to do dinner tonight?” she asked, changing the subject. “You haven’t cooked for a while.”

Harry nodded and hummed in pleasure as he stretched. “I’m going to start now.” He turned to Bellatrix. “Are you staying for the evening meal?”

The older woman quickly went over her schedule and slowly nodded. “Yes, I do believe I can stay for tonight’s meal. I should also mention that Narcissa will be with me tomorrow.”

Harry and Hermione smiled at her.
“Remus told us that during lunch,” Hermione said as Harry wondered towards the kitchen. “You and Lady Malfoy take over Remus’ and Sirius’ classes during the full moon, don’t you?”

Bellatrix nodded. “I take over Charms for Sirius and Narcissa takes over Defence.” She shuddered slightly, “Never, and I mean NEVER get on her bad side. One student thought that due to her breeding, sex and slim body she wouldn’t be a good Defence instructor. Not only did he discover the folly of his thoughts, but the rest of his class got front row seats to the prowess of the Black Family.”

“I had heard from Sirius that the Black family were highly trained in combat.”

“Oh we are,” Bellatrix agreed, “and we all specialize in a different form of combat as well. Narcissa is best in Defensive Combat; Sirius is best at duelling and I am good with weapons. Sirius’ younger brother is a Master of using potions in combat and mine and Cissa’s older sister is one of the best strategists in the UK.”

“It sounds as though you have a very strong family,” Harry said as he placed a tray of tea and biscuits onto the table between the two females. “Is it something to do with genetics or is it trained into you?”

“A bit of both to be honest,” Bella shrugged. “We are taught the basics for everything from a young age and when we discover what our forte is, that skill is trained to an inch of its life. Draco has gone through it even though he is the Malfoy heir.”

“It makes sense,” Harry stated, placing a full tea cup and saucer in front of both females. “Even though he is not a Black by name, he is a Black by blood. The lessons he learnt in childhood he will want to teach to his own children.” Without a thought, Harry’s hand rested itself on the area where his and Draco’s future kittens would grow.

“And once we decide on what they are gifted with, we will do our best to help them master it,” Sirus said as he plonked himself into the seat beside his cousin. “After all, until I find someone worthy enough of the Black family name to carry an heir, it will be one of Harry’s and Draco’s kids that will be the Black heir.”

He grinned at Bellatrix. “Hey Trixie, you ready for tomorrow?”

Bellatrix grinned widely. “Has there ever been a time I’ve not been?”
Sirius grinned back at her, revealing their shared heritage as his features mirrored hers. “There is always a first time for everything.”

“Not when it comes to me and my time torturing your students there isn’t,” Bellatrix retorted gleefully.

Sirius laughed and pulled the older woman into a hug. “Have I ever told you how glad I am you are related to me? Life would be boring without you to challenge my stupidity.”

“You have no idea how glad I am to hear that Remus and I aren’t the only ones to do so,” Hermione stated from her place at the table.

Sirius yelped, let go of Bellatrix and fell backwards in shock. Harry, Hermione and Bellatrix burst into laughter as he blinked stupidly at the young brunette.

“When did you get here?” he asked blankly.

“We’ve been here all along Siri,” Harry said with a laugh.

Once again the man blinked as though dazed and the three with him began laughing once again.

~12Line~

Remus, Severus, Draco and Blaise stopped and inhaled deeply, ignoring the loud chatter going on around them. Almost hesitantly, Remus opened the door and a wave of scented hot air broke over them.

“Whatever it is, I hope it is dinner,” Blaise said, mouth-watering.

“It is, but it isn’t ready yet,” Hermione said with a smile from her place beside Bellatrix.

Draco put his bad down and nodded at his soon-to-be-sister-in-law. “Is Harry around?”
Hermione smiled. “He’s just getting snacks to go with our tea.”

Draco smiled his thanks and sank into the closest chair with a sigh of relief.

“Are you alright Draco?” Harry asked as he placed a large pot on the small table in the centre of the room.

“Just a bit tired Kitten,” he said, smiling at the concerned male. “I have a bit of homework to do and not much time to do it in. Quidditch tryouts are on tonight and I’m not sure if I want to be on the team this year. I don’t think I will have the time or the energy to do what the team needs me to do.”

Harry climbed onto his lap and nuzzled his cheek softly. “Do you enjoy playing?”

“I do enjoy it, but I will give it up,” Draco answered.

“Don’t do that,” Harry said, causing Draco to rear back in surprise to look at his mate. Harry smiled at him.

“You need to have some time for you,” he said calmly. “If you don’t you will burn out or you will lose yourself. I love you too much to allow that to happen.”

Draco looked at Harry with such a deep seated love and adoration that everyone in the room gaped. Harry returned the look with one of his own and ran his hand gently through the vampire’s blonde hair.

“Go to the tryouts Love,” Harry said with a soft smile. “Do your best, spend time with friends and acquaintances who aren’t caught up in the drama of creature mating habits and then come back to me and eat good food surrounded by family before turning your attention to business. When you leave, you hug me tight, take a moment to absorb my scent and aura, then you go back to your Dorm and relax before going to bed and tomorrow, you do it all over again.”

Draco placed a gentle kiss to Harry’s temple and pulled him down until his head was tucked under his chin and the black-haired demon was seated side-ways.
“What would I do without you Kitten?” Draco asked.

“Drive us all insane before attempting to kill Sev for making you drink artificial blood,” Blaise said dryly.

Draco laughed and reached for his cup. “That sounds accurate,” he admitted. He settled deeper in the chair and no-one was surprised to see his hold on Harry tighten slightly.
Chapter 23 – Mothering 101

Chapter Summary

Harry gets clucky

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 23 – Mothering 101

It was a surprise to everyone when the only person not to arrive early for breakfast was Harry.

“He didn’t come back last night either,” Hermione stated when it was brought up within her hearing. “He told me he was going to see someone and vanished right after you left.”

“I went to see Bathilda,” Harry said as he stepped out of Draco’s shadow, “and I fell asleep.” He snuggled into Draco’s chest before happily purring as he licked along his mate’s jaw line.

Draco’s eyes widened and his pupils dilated making Sirius, Remus and Blaise burst into laughter, making Harry jump and give a half hiss, half growl.

While everyone was laughing, Harry pulled a jar of what looked to be burnt orange oil from his pocket and handed it to a no-longer breathing Severus Snape.

“This is … What … Huh?” the dark haired pale skinned man stuttered.

Harry smiled and pulled another, identical jar from the same pocket and held it up so the light from the morning sun caught it and changed the colour enough for a dusk pink shine to appear.

“It is,” Severus mumbled as he held his own jar the same way, watching the way the substance
moved within its container. “How did you get this?” he asked once he had shaken himself out of his stupor.

“I was asked to collect it,” Harry said with a smile as he handed the jar he was holding to the still shocked man.

“What is it Severus?” Narcissa asked from her position beside Bellatrix.

“It’s basilisk venom,” he whispered in awe, “Pure, undiluted venom.”

“Freely given from an unmated female of one thousand, three hundred and eighty two years of age,” Harry said fondly. “She doesn’t need so much venom since her home is never in need of defending against other serpents and she is fed by the house elves so she has no need to hunt. The build-up of venom was becoming too much so she asked for me to drain her sacks. She didn’t care what I did with it, as long as it was no longer in her.”

“Did you thank her for the gift kitten?” Hermione asked.

“Of course I did,” Harry sounded offended, “What do you think I am?”

Hermione flushed slightly and mumbled an apology.

Harry nodded decisively once and turned back to Severus with a smile. “Bathilda has also offered her sheddings to your use if you wish it. She offered it to me, but I have no need for basilisk parts. My potion skills revolve around health and medical issues …”

“And potions containing basilisk are as far from medical as it is get,” Severus finished for him with a smirk.

“Exactly,” Harry said as he linked his arm through Severus’ and moved towards the dining area, throwing Draco a loving smile as he passed.

“He really is a perfect addition to the Malfoy family,” Narcissa remarked with a delighted smile. “He will be a wonderful host.”
“Is it just me or is he more sociable than he was at our first meeting?” Bellatrix asked.

“He is,” Hermione said with a sad smile. “It is the bond with Draco. Now that the two have started the courting process and Harry has been accepted and the bond started by his mate, Harry’s inner self is maturing – for lack of a better term – to reveal who he really is. I keep forgetting he is no longer my responsibility: nor is he my innocent kitten. His instincts are telling him he is ready for kittens of his own.”

“I know how you feel,” the Malfoy family Matriarch said as she thought about her actions when her son’s heritage was revealed. “You were his mother, sister and best friend all in one and now he is ready to fly the nest.”

Hermione chuckled softly and linked her arms with both Narcissa and Bellatrix before following the crowd into the dining room. “At least I have practice for when my own little ones eventually need to spread their wings.”

The two older ladies laughed at her and the three of them entered the room.

~~~Line’sgonnamakeitalright~~~

Harry giggled as Carla and Laynee pulled him into the house, both babbling about being able to see the babies again. Behind him, Hermione laughed as she ran to catch up with them. ‘This,’ she thought as she fingered the scroll Draco had asked her to give to the Zabini adults, ‘will be interesting.’

“Girls,” Nicholas’ voice called out with poorly concealed amusement, “He needs to see your mother before he can show us the boys.”

“Before Harry starts,” Hermione interrupted, “I have something for both you and Lady Zabini from Draco; a request, if you will - and Blaise gave Harry a letter for the two munchkins so neither he nor they would hear it.”

“We haff a letter fwom big bwoffer?” Laynee asked with large eyes full of excitement.
“Yes and a present for two of his favourite girls,” Harry said with a smile. “So how about us three go into the room beside where your mama is so you can get them while your Papa and Rinie talk to your Mama. That way we are close by for when everyone is ready to see the twins.”

“Yeah!” both girls yelled, each grabbing onto one of Harry’s hands and dragging the laughing male down the hall.

Hermione and Nicholas followed them at a more relaxed pace.

“Is everything alright with Draco?” Nicholas asked when he was sure the three ahead of them couldn’t hear him.

“It depends on your definition of ‘alright’,” Hermione replied. “He is well both mentally and physically but I think he may start stressing soon. This year isn’t going to be easy on him after all.”

“Easy on whom?” Willa’s voice called out.

Hermione bowed shallowly, “Lady Zabini.”

Willa waved a negligent hand as if trying to wave off the girl’s politeness. “Please call me Willa. You are my son’s mate, after all. Now, whose year isn’t going to be easy?”

“Draco’s,” Nicholas replied, taking a seat beside his wife.

“Why?” she asked in confusion. “He doesn’t start his training to take over from Lucius until he is out of school and the NEWTs, while stressful, shouldn’t pose too much of a problem for someone of his intelligence.”

“Harry and Draco signed their bonding contract last week,” Hermione stated, shocking the two. “Not only does he have to prepare for his training with his father and sit his NEWTs this year, but he is also courting Harry, designing his own house, participating in that sport everyone here seems to love and he needs to control Harry’s instincts while struggling with his own. That is why I am here,” she pulled out the scroll Draco had entrusted her with and handed it to the couple.
After several moments of silence, Willa sighed then giggled. “Let us ask the girls what they thing about this. We will give you an answer for him before you leave.”

Hermione bowed once again as Nicholas rose from his seat and exited the room.

~~~MyLine~~~

with Harry and the girls at the same time

The room Carla and Laynee had dragged him to made Harry smile. It was designed for comfort with its soft colours, obviously worn-by-use furniture and a carpet so luxuriously fluffy that he was positive an angora rabbit could be easily lost in it. He settled into the chair he had been lead to as he searched his pockets for the letter and package from Blaise.

The girls giggled at him when he let out a happy exclamation once he found what he was looking for before they clambered onto the seat with him, cuddling into his sides. With a soft smile down at them and moving so one arm was wrapped around Carla and the other arm began playing with Laynee’s hair, he opened the letter.

“Hello my sisters,” he read softly so he didn’t break the silence of the room completely. “It has only been a week since I last saw you, but so many things have happened that it feels longer. I am learning a great deal from my Professors and have once again joined the chess and Defence Clubs. I was hoping that a new club or two would be operating this year, but I wasn’t too surprised to discover that there wasn’t.”

Both girls pouted, making Harry giggle softly.

“I have been getting to know Hermione in my spare time and I can say that I am honestly happy she is my forever person. I am thinking of asking Mother’s and Father’s permission to have her stay with us for a while over the winter holidays so the four of you can get to know her. I won’t say she is perfect, because she isn’t, but where would the fun be if she was perfect?”

Harry stopped to giggle at the shock that was coming from his sister, who was listening to them through their link.

“I hope the two of you are behaving for Mother and Father and that you are helping them where you
can. I have given Harry a package for each of you. They are a combined present from both Draco and I. We hope you enjoy them. Love … Your person.”

The room was silent for a couple of moments before Carla moved.

“May we have our presents Harry? I promise we will write a thank you letter after we know what we got.”

Harry smiled and pat both girls on the head gently. “Up you get, I need to find them first.”

The girls obeyed with a giggle, watching as the teen followed them with a stretch. When he started to search for the gifts, both girls tried catching the lazily flicking tail, laughing when they failed, only for it to playfully bop them on the nose in retaliation while Harry giggled softly along with them.

None of them noticed that Nicholas was standing in the doorway watching them with a large smile on his face.

~~~Lineonthefloor~~~

Everyone in the room was silent as they watched the twins as they floated in their own little world. Hermione’s eyes flicked between Harry, the girls, Willa and Nicholas and the babies on the screen. She was not the only one who noticed the almost desperate longing in the Shadow-Cat demon’s eyes as he once again began feeling the urge to nest.

Willa and Nicholas blinked in shock when Laynee left her spot on the bed to clamber onto Harry’s lap. Almost immediately, the dark-haired teen began purring and licking at the five year old’s cheek. The spell slowly wore off as Harry’s attention was transferred to the Kitten on his lap, pushing his hormone-flooded brain into a state of pure ecstasy.

Laynee, who had first been shocked into giggles at her Draco’s forever person’s actions, allowed herself to be eased to sleep by the combined effects of the soft chest rumbles and the soothing laps of a slightly scratchy tongue.

Once Harry had cleaned Laynee’s face to his satisfaction, he stretched and curled protectively around the sleeping girl, purring his head off as he followed her into a deep sleep.
“Neither of you were kidding about him were you?” Willa stated softly with a bemused look on her face. “I could literally feel the desire he holds to be filled with kittens of his own. I don’t understand how Draco can resist giving him what he wants.”

“Everyone in our make-shift family have agreed that Draco is stronger than they are for not only stopping himself from giving into Harry’s desires – particularly since they mirror his own so closely – but also for being able to hold him close while he does so.”

Nicholas whistled, impressed with his son’s best friend.

“It’s alright if you leave him here,” Willa said as Hermione debated on how to wake her boy up. “It might do him some good to spend time with the girls. We’ll send him home after he and the girls wake up from their nap.”

Hermione’s head snapped up and looked at the lounge that her brother had claimed. True to Willa’s statement, Carla had wiggled her way into a gap and had promptly fallen asleep as soon as Harry had welcomed her into his make-shift nest.

“Tell Draco that he has our permission to take the girls this Sunday after Willa’s appointment,” Nicholas said with a small smile. “If this works out the way he thinks, then we will allow him to have the girls one day every second weekend until it is closer to the time for the twins to be born, where they can be gone all weekend. As godfather, it is only natural that, if anything is required along the line of babysitting, Harry will be our first choice. The first month will be us looking after them thought, unless an emergency occurs.”

I will remember to inform him of that,” Hermione responded with a soft smile. “I will see you again sometime soon.” With one last smile, she left in a ball of flame.

Nicholas gently rubbed his wife’s swollen ankles gaining a moan of appreciation. Both adults glanced guiltily towards the kitten pile on the chair beside them and exhaled in relief as all three remained asleep.

“Hot drink and a sandwich?” Nicholas offered.

“Please,” Willa smiled, holding out her hand. “Does having it on the balcony sound alright?”
“That sounds wonderful,” he responded, pleased that Harry had said that Willa and the boys were strong enough for small walks several times a day. He had been worried about the amount of time she had been without fresh air and direct sunlight.

“I can’t wait to feel the sun on my skin,” Willa purred as if reading her husband’s mind.

Nicholas smiled and helped her to her feet. “Then allow me to escort you to your destination Dear One and allow our daughters and guest sleep.”

With a soft laugh, Willa nodded and allowed herself to be lead from the room.

~~~PokemonLine~~~

Lunch had just ended when Harry walked into the room, smiling sheepishly.

“Did you have a good nap Kitten?” Hermione teased gently.

Harry nodded, flushing lightly. Draco chuckled and pulled the younger male tight to his chest.

“More importantly, did you enjoy your time with the girls?”

Harry smiled brightly, making his eyes sparkle. “I did. When we woke up we made lunch, had a tea party and played with the puzzles you bought them.”

“That’s good to hear Love, because I have a surprise for you.”

Harry turned in Draco’s arms and looked at him with his eyes larger than they should have been able to grow.

Draco smiled and pressed a gentle kiss to the top of his mate’s forehead. “I am taking you out for dinner tonight after I finish my schoolwork and after my last lesson I am taking you to Diagon Alley
and on Sunday after Willa’s appointment you and I are going to be taking Carla and Laynee out to
give Willa and Nicholas some time alone. I got permission from them today.”

Harry pounced on Draco with happiness pouring from his body. Draco held him tighter. “I may not
be able to give you kitten of our own yet,” he whispered after gently kissing Harry’s temple, “but I
can give you the next best thing until I can.”

Bellatrix, who was the only person left in the room, smiled and left the technically engaged pair
alone to soak in the presence of their significant other.
Chapter 24 – Shy no longer

Remus’ rooms had never been as full as it was that morning. Not only were he, Sirius and Hermione present but Draco, Blaise, Severus, Bellatrix, Lucius and Narcissa were there. The only person missing was Harry and that was due to him having his morning visit with Salazar’s ‘pet’ snake in the Chamber of Secrets.

Remus sighed and shook his head in amusement. He had found that he had been getting more introspective since he signed the contract between Harry and Draco. He wasn’t regretting signing it but he was kind of regretting the change it had triggered in their kitten. It wasn’t a big change, but it was enough of one that it made him feel as though the younger male no longer needed him like he used to.

He was once more pulled from his thoughts; this time by a hand on his shoulder.

“It feels like everything is going so fast,” Sirius said softly as he watched the newly arrived Harry bounce over to where Lucius, Narcissa and Hermione were chatting. “He’s no longer our shy little kitten.”
Both men watched the two teens interact with the older Malfoys in silence.

“I don’t know if I like it,” Remus admitted softly. “I’m so happy he found his mate but …”

“But you don’t want to let him go.”

Both Remus and Sirius turned and saw Draco and Blaise watching them.

“It is understandable,” Blaise continued softly as both men fidgeted under Draco’s gaze. “You claimed – or tried to claim – him as your cub. Even though you didn’t raise him, you still view him as a child and now that he is slowly losing that carefree innocence that made your own instincts urge you into protecting him, you are beginning to feel lost.”

“You are torn between doing what you have always done,” Draco continued with an odd gleam in his eye, “and what you are reading from Harry’s behaviour. It will take you a while until you accept that he no longer needs you the way he used to. It is no longer your job to protect him,” The blonde stressed, “That is my job now, but that doesn’t mean that he no longer needs you.”

“He’s right Remi.”

Both Remus and Sirius jumped into the air when the wide green eyes of the person they were talking about appeared right in front of their faces.

“I don’t need you to protect me as much as I used to,” Harry continued, eyes intensely earnest, “but I still need you just as much as I did when I was younger. I still need you to give me support during times when I doubt myself and I still need you to comfort me when I’m down and mostly … I need you to love me no matter what.”

“Oh kitten,” Remus sighed and pulled him into a hug, “We will always – ALWAYS – love and comfort and guide and support you, just as we will always protect you, even if you don’t need us to. This old wolf is just being silly.”

“It hurts a little,” Sirius admitted joining in on the hug, “Knowing that this vibrant, charming creature you are becoming is due, not to us but Draco. That he is also the person who is now in charge of
your happiness and protection makes us – well, me at least – feel inadequate. We didn’t raise you like we should have and now both of us have lost our chance to do so.”

For a moment, silence reigned in the room as everyone watched the almost complete family share a heart-warming moment until …

SLAP! SLAP!

Both men yelped and their hands flew to their heads in an effort to soothe the sharp sting that was left behind from their kitten’s slap.

“Just because you didn’t raise me doesn’t mean you didn’t contribute to who I am becoming,” the angry teen said, slapping them once more. “You came to see me every day you could when I was younger and you told me why you couldn’t take me with you but you were still there! You taught me to read and write and how important it was to protect the ones you love; even if it means that you have to deny yourself what you want the most.”

“The main thing you did for me,” Harry continued after stepping back and scowling at the two men with his arms crossed over his chest, “is telling me of my heritage. Even though I haven’t seen them in many years, I can honestly say that I know mum and dad because of the stories you told – and still tell – me.”

“Don’t think of it as losing us,” Hermione finally spoke up from her spot near Blaise. “Think of it as the family spreading out.”

She smirked suddenly, making the two men pale. “And as for missing out on raising Harry,” she paused, still smirking.

“If you wait a year,” Blaise continued, copying his mate’s smirk.

“Then you will have a litter to help raise,” Draco finished with a heated gaze at his mate.

The two men paled further and fell on the ground as their innocent kitten purred happily at that announcement and glanced at the older blonde teen coyly over his shoulder.
The adults laughed at the men. Harry gulped and let out a soft moan as, without breaking eye contact, Draco bit into an apple and licked the juice from his lips.

Everyone watched as Harry made his way slowly towards his mate with a small smile on his face and a spark of mischief in his eye. When the young Demon got to his destination, he curled sensuously around his mate before stealing the apple that was still being held loosely in the blonde’s hand. He took a bite from the flesh beside the mark left by the blonde and sucked gently to ensure none of the juice escaped. He then licked the mark he had made and gave the fruit back to his dominant. With a wink, the younger teen turned and gracefully made his way back to the two giggling women at the back of the room.

“Remus,” Sirius said after watching their boy for a few moments in silence. “I’m almost afraid to say this but … Our boy is becoming more like his mother every day.”

“Terrifying, isn’t it?” Remus answered with a small smile on his lips as his inner beast growled approvingly as Draco reigned in his lust before moving to talk to his father and Severus who were – while not on the opposite side of the room as the teasing minx – far enough away from him that his mind and focus were on the men before him rather than his mate.

It was at that moment that the sandy-haired male accepted the change in his kitten and the person responsible for the change.

“He’s no longer out kitten Sirius,” he said with a peaceful smile that hadn’t been seen since before Peter had died, “he’s grown into our little Hellcat. I can’t wait to see what he gets up to in this stage of his life.”

Sirius stood beside his best friend and clapped a hand to the slightly younger man’s shoulder. Allowing his calm acceptance sooth his own worries until it was like they were never there.

“Whatever it is,” he added softly, “you better believe we will be there to witness the chaos.”

“Or causing it, in your case,” Remus teased without removing his eyes from their nephew who was happily chatting with Narcissa and Bellatrix. Hermione had obviously disappeared into the kitchen.

“I’m insulted,” Sirius sniffed, “How could you say I cause it?”
“I agree with him,” Hermione piped up as she walked into the room carrying a tray of fresh fruit, tea and hot buttered toast with an assortment of toppings. “He isn’t talented enough to cause chaos. Trouble, definitely, but Chaos? Not even close.”

Sirius smirked triumphantly at Remus.

“That talent is reserved for women and bearers,” Harry said as he, Narcissa and Bellatrix came close to the tea service. “After all,” he added with a smile, “what is logical about someone riddled with hormones?

It was now Remus’ turn to smirk as Sirius pouted.

A yelp made the man’s head fly up and look at Harry. It seemed that Draco had managed to sneak up on the young demon while he was deep in thought and startled him when he touched his shoulder. This caused the youngster to jump in shock. At the soft laughter that came from the younger blonde, Harry threw his elbow back into his ribs.

Hermione, Blaise, Bellatrix and Narcissa burst into laughter as another soft yelp sounded – this time from Draco.

Remus allowed the laughter to wash over him as Draco growled playfully and pounced, grabbing Harry off the ground and spinning him around.

‘Yes,’ Remus thought as he joined in with Harry’s laughter. ‘Our kitten may no longer be our kitten, but it doesn’t mean he isn’t still ours. It just means his family is extending. I can handle that.”

~~~sleepylineneedssleep~~~

Remus whined softly when there was a knock on his door just as he sat to talk with Narcissa. As he tried to find the resolve to rise to his feet, a high-pitched squeal made him and Sirius wince, missing the sound of the door opening.

“Luna!” Harry squealed again, pulling the girl into a hug, making her laugh.
“I’m happy to see you too Harry,” Luna said with a smile. “I’m not too early for our lesson am I?”

“No, not too early, the earlier the better for today. Is there anything you don’t need to focus on?”

Luna smiled apologetically. “I’m afraid I need help with everything. I can’t even seem to cut things coarsely properly.”

Harry nuzzled the top of her head and cooed at her softly. “That’s alright; we will take it one step at a time. What is the skill you are best at and what are you worst at?”

“I’m bad at everything, but I’m best at peeling and worst at dicing with powdering a close second.”

Harry nodded and guided the girl into the kitchen, waving absentmindedly to the amused crowd that had gathered. “We will start off with what we are having for lunch and then we will make a gift for you to give if either you or your father comes across a fairy ring.”

“Oh that would be wonderful,” Luna said as the door shut behind her. “We have tried to leave gifts before but … well … they don’t seem to like them very much.”

“It doesn’t surprise me,” Harry said with a smile as he absent-mindedly put the kettle onto the stove top. “Fairies and elves have a different set of tastes than what you would be used to. They like predominantly sweet things and no meat. Most of them will accept small gifts of cream or milk straight from the cow, but fresh berries, honey, thimbles of dew, spools of spider silk and sweet-smelling petals are often favoured gifts. For you, I am willing to share one of my recipes I make with those aged six and under at Mama Figgs. It’s a sweet spice mix that has always been welcomed.”

Luna beamed at the raven-haired teen and hugged him, being careful to not knock the container he held out of his grasp.

“And for lunch?” she asked when she got herself under control once again.

“Lunch will be lots of peeling, chopping, mixing and tasting. Today we are making,” he paused to pour hot water over the odd mix of items he had put into three separate teapots. “A lovely creamy chicken soup with pasta. It is simple, tasty, filling and very nutritious. Even better is that it can be made using ingredients that you and your kin find appealing to your tastebuds while still being palatable for the humans in your life.”
“Yay!” Luna cheered. “When Daddy holds the monthly business dinner not many people are happy to be invited. If I can master this then maybe the next one I attend with him will be different.”

“I’m sure it will be Miss Moon, I’m sure it will be,” Harry stated. “Now, this is an onion …”

~~~isitoddthatIamnowcravingthsoupp~~~

“What do you think they are doing in there?” Sirius asked as he stared longingly at the door that had the most wonderful smells coming from behind it.

“Cooking,” Hermione stated absent-mindedly as she took notes from the book she was holding in her hand. “Creamy chicken Pasta and vegetable soup if I’m not mistaken – with a twist added for Luna’s palette.”

“How did you guess that?” Bellatrix asked.

“It is always the first thing Harry teaches the older kids at Mama Figgs to cook without his help. There is a lot of peeling, chopping and slicing to be done. That isn’t including the amount of stirring to be done nor the close watch on timing.”

“So it is the perfect recipe for aiding someone in understanding some of the processes involved in potions making without endangering them or the people around them,” Remus smiled. “He’s got a good idea there.”

Hermione nodded, looking up from her book for the first time in over an hour. “It’s also an easy, forgiving recipe that, even if a mistake is made in its creation, tastes just as good as the original.”

“It all depends on the tastes of the person who makes it, in other words.”

Everyone jolted slightly at the unexpected voice of the Headmaster.

“Yes,” Hermione replied “As a nymph, Luna’s tastes lean more towards bitter, salty and sour tastes
rather than sweet, creamy or spicy, so she might remove some of the root vegetables and add some bitter greens or add some form of pickled vegetable or even just added more salt and finished with a squeeze of lemon juice.”

“Close,” Harry stated from the doorway. “We used soy milk and added some blended tofu as well as the bitter greens and lemon juice.”

“You are all welcome to taste it if you want,” Luna said in her usual dreamy way. “I have enough for my dinner tonight and lunch tomorrow and I just sent some to Daddy. I have enough left for a spoonful for everyone to try, but I understand if you don’t want to try it; my tastes are extremely different to that of a human.”

“Then it is a good thing that most of us aren’t human, isn’t it?” Hermione giggled. “I’ll give it a shot.”

“We all will,” Narcissa said smiling at the shy girl. “Even if we don’t like it, we will still be able to give it a go.”

“Even I will try it,” the Headmaster said with a smile. “If you allow it my Dear. It has been many a year since I’ve had a meal prepared by one of the Nymphs.”

Luna’s eyes widened in delight, “You have eaten with my kin, Headmaster?”

“My mother was an Earth Nymph,” he said with a twinkle in his eye. “Father was an ordinary wizard. My younger sister was a Nymph and my younger brother was like me – an ordinary wizard with the taste of a Nymph. Fortunately for all of us, I was the only one of the both of us who got the mind of one.”

“Earth Nymphs favour sweet and sour tastes, don’t they?” Harry asked, smiling at Severus, Draco, Blaise and Lucius as they entered the room.

Albus chuckled and turned, nodding at the new comers in greeting.

“That they do, my boy.”
“Something smells wonderful,” Draco greeted.

Harry nuzzled into him with a soft purr. “Luna and I have been cooking.”

“He’s a very good teacher,” Luna smiled. “He cooked the normal one while coaching me through the making of mine.”

“She’s really good at it,” Harry said with a beaming smile. “All she needs to do is focus completely on what she is doing.”

“Either that or have someone who can stop my mind from wondering,” Luna giggled.

“Ah yes,” Albus said with an amused smile. “I had almost forgotten about that aspect of being a Nymph. I remember Mother and Arianna were very flighty with their attention. I don’t know how often Father and Aberforth had to pull one of them or myself back to the real world.”

Luna and Harry exchanged looks and giggled. As one, they moved towards the elderly man and herded him into the kitchen. Draco, Blaise and Hermione exchanged chuckles before following them, shaking their heads. They would never understand the minds of Submissives. As they listened to the joyful laughter that was coming from the kitchen, none of them believed it to be a bad thing.
Chapter 25 - The Duties of a Courting Dominant

Chapter Summary

Someone tries to get between Harry and Draco. They weren't expecting the reaction and they and their parents get an education.

Harry and Narcissa bond over shopping and Harry and Draco start a family tradition.

Chapter Notes

Yay for another update! This one is longer than the last one and I hope you enjoy it as much as I did when I was writing it. And just a warning, I'm serious about the last page break.

Chapter 25 – The Duties of a Courting Dominant

Blaise watched Draco silently from his seat in the common room. The previous day had proven to the blonde that his Mother’s rash handling of his submissive hadn’t harmed the formation of a relationship between the current and future Malfoy family Matriarchs’ and the relief almost poured off him.

“What are your plans for the day?”

“I have a few classes after lunch,” Blaise answered, “so I was thinking of spending the morning with Hermione.”

Draco nodded.

“I hate these new timetables,” Draco sighed. “This evening I have astronomy and before dinner I have Quidditch practice. Mother has decided to have a day of bonding with Harry so neither of them will be around until after the evening meal.”

He leant forward and rubbed his eyes.
“First will be breakfast with everyone, then I’m heading to the library for a few hours. I’ll do the research for the new lot of assignments I’ve been given and I’ll complete the ones I have started already. Then I will attend my first lesson, lunch and first afternoon class. I’ll sleep for half of the time before the last lesson and do more of the plans for the house in the remaining time. Go to the last lesson and do more of the plans before I have to leave for a meeting at Gringotts with Father then back for Quidditch training, followed by a shower and dinner before kidnapping my mate for a little time with him before doing more of my assignments before Astronomy.”

Blaise just watched his friend with amusement. He had long become used to Draco’s habit of planning his day out loud rather than either in his head or on paper.

“Full day,” he commented. “If you’re ready, we should probably head up to Professor Lupin’s room – that is if you wish to see Harry before he leaves.”

With one last look around the room and in his bag, Draco nodded and followed Blaise from the dormitory, deep in thought.

~~~They’re taking the hobbits to Isenguard~~~

When the two of them entered the room, the first thing they noticed was the laughter. A cold chill travelled down their spines as fear slithered into their hearts. They exchanged horrified looks. If what they thought was happening, then they would NEVER be able to live it down. Without a second thought, both of them hurried towards the sitting room.

“…Cius on the ground in tears with half his head bald and what hair he had left was an amalgamation of bright red, puce, yellow and pale pink and in the shape of a shark fin.”

Draco closed his eyes in resignation. This was what he was scared of. His mother was telling stories about his childhood. Beside him, Blaise was sniggering softly.

“What are you laughing at?” Draco muttered, “If you can’t remember, you and I were together nearly every day so she has just as many stories about you as she does me.”

The horrified look that appeared on the elf’s face was almost enough vindication for the vampire.
“Let’s get this over with,” the now almost depressed Blaise said in resignation.

Draco pushed the door open, feeling as though he was going to his own funeral … only for the first thing for him to see being his mate’s joy-flushed cheeks, wide smile and sparkling eyes. Suddenly, the blonde’s embarrassment vanished as though it was never there. It was then that the true meaning of having a mate hit him and everything snapped into place.

Ignoring everyone else, the blonde strode to where his mate was sitting and, after gently pulling him to his feet, claimed his lips with a deep kiss.

It was silent in the room when they separated, panting for breath and eyes focused entirely on the other.

“I am so glad we belong to each other,” Draco whispered heatedly as he pulled the younger male to his chest and pressed his forehead to his mate’s. “You deserve the world and I will do everything in my power to prove to you that you are my world every day that I am alive.”

The flush on Harry’s cheeks darkened as his mate’s words registered in his mind. He bit his lip indecisively for a moment as his ears flicked back and he closed his eyes. After several moments his eyes snapped open, full of determination.

“I accept your vow,” Harry said, keeping his eyes locked on Draco’s. “In return, I will prove that I am worthy of your devotion and spend the rest of our lives proving it so no one will ever be able to claim I am not worthy of you.”

“There are very few things you could do to make me break my word Harry,” Draco said, staring intently into the wide green eyes below his, “and none of those things are something you will do unless you were forced into it or tricked.”

Harry looked away and Draco gently coaxed his head up with his finger until they were once again looking into each other’s eyes.

“And if anyone ever attempted to do so, whether they succeed or not, I will hunt them down and tear them apart for daring to harm my world.”

“That is a very bold claim,” Remus stated firmly, breaking into the glass bubble that had formed
around the pair. “Do you think you can honour it?”

Draco turned his head to stare Remus down, something that shocked everyone in the room.

“No,” Draco stated, tightening his hold on Harry, who stayed where he was trustingly. “I don’t think I can honour it: I KNOW I WILL honour it. I am a Malfoy and a born Vampire. Both are possessive, protective sons-of-a-bitch individually but when combined …” He smirked and stood straighter, revealing the power he normally contained within him so he didn’t make anyone uncomfortable. Beside him, Harry instinctually relaxed his tight hold on his own tightly controlled power and Remus gaped as he saw the ease and speed that the two separate power sources combined.

“Let’s just say that anyone stupid enough to try it had better have the blessings of the gods themselves, because they will need it to remain a member of living society,” The blonde stated, his traditionally grey eyes holding a red glint in their depths.

The tension that had built between the couple and Remus due to the almost visible presence of their combined magic broke when Hermione – who had been watching the unfolding events from just inside the dining room – loudly announced that breakfast as ready.

In the blink of an eye, the magic vanished and Draco steadied Harry as he stumbled due to the backlash of his first magic merge.

As they headed into the next room, those who had enhanced hearing did their best to ignore the almost breathless ‘We have GOT to do that on our bonding night,” that came from the Shadow-Cat demon as the couple waited for the young submissive’s legs to hold his full weight.

~~~thinkDracowouldallowmetoborrowHarryasasnugglebuddy~~~

Narcissa walked through the streets of Godric’s Hallow with a bouncing Harry beside her, chattering away about someone she didn’t know. When she had told him that they were going to be spending the day in Godric’s Hallow – an all magic township that was a short twenty minute walk from Godric’s Hollow – she was surprised when he asked if she would mind visiting the cemetery so he could visit his parent’s graves. After assuring the youngster that she didn’t mind, they had left the school in a flash of floo powder.

“Um … Cissa?” Harry’s unsure voice snapped her back from her thoughts.
“I apologise young one,” she said with an apologetic smile. “I didn’t mean to zone out on you.”

“That’s alright,” he giggled softly. “Rinie always told me that I was impossible to shut up when I got onto certain topics. I guess that everyone from Mama Figg’s is one of them.”

“And so they should be,” Narcissa said. “They have been a part of your life for the majority of your life. They would be the equivalent of your cousin, nieces and nephews.”

Harry beamed up at her and started to walk beside her calmly.

“Do you have any nieces or nephews?”

“I do,” Narcissa smiled. “A niece from my oldest sister. She got the Black family Legacy, the poor child.”

Harry made a questioning sound.

“She has the gift of metamorphmagi: She can change her appearance at will. It is both a blessing and a curse. Nymphadora – like I said, poor child –“ Narcissa replied to Harry’s shocked giggle with a smile. “As I was saying, Nymphadora Tonks is currently in Auror Training. Her ability is allowing her to get unrivalled scores in disguise and imitation, but is making it difficult for her to pass her stealth and grace classes.”

“It makes sense,” Harry said with a hum. “The constant changing shape, density and length of the bones, muscles, tendons and sinews would mean that she hasn’t had the benefit to get used to how her body works like the rest of us, so she is like a toddler. They know the motions and can do it but they lack the experience to do it well.”

Narcissa laughed. “I hadn’t thought about it like that, but it sure fits, more than you know. As a baby her eyes and hair were the only things to change. In her toddler years, it was common for her to change her sex. It wasn’t until she turned six that her body started to change shape and size. She didn’t start getting control over it until she was fifteen or sixteen.”

“And by then it was too late for her to learn her own body without resorting to binding her legacy.”
Narcissa nodded once again and headed towards a store that was tucked between a bakery/café on the left and an Antiques store on the right.

“I hope you don’t mind if I do a spot of shopping today,” Narcissa said with a rueful smile. “Lucius surprised me last night with tickets to see my favourite group of performers next weekend over in Canada. I have several nice outfits I could wear, but none of them are suited for the weather over there at this time of year.”

“I don’t mind at all,” Harry said with a beaming smile, “I might even do some shopping for myself, Rinie and Draco as well.”

“Wonderful!” Narcissa clapped. “My boys may be able to out shop me, but I swear neither of them has any sense of taste when it comes to fashion.”

Harry giggled softly, thinking back to his shopping trip with Draco and Lucius. “If you need me to slow down, just tell me,” he said to Narcissa who was looking at him questioning. “I kinda, sorta wore Lucius and Draco out the day we all went shopping together.”

Narcissa burst into laughter.

“Oh my dear, dear child!” she exclaimed when she finally managed to get herself under control. “I haven’t laughed that hard for a long time. It was time and passed that someone outpaced them for once. I will gratefully take any advice you can give for my outfit and accessories.”

Harry giggled and gave the woman a quick hug before allowing her to lead the way to their first stop.

~~~sleepysleepysleepyooochocolate~~~

Draco closed his book with a scowl as yet another giggle came from the table a few rows away from him. Madam Pince – a witch who had a drop or two of dragon blood – nodded at him in approval as he treated the books and scrolls around him with respect, even in his annoyance. He packed his things in his bag and turned to put them away when a pair of muddy green eyes appeared before him. He groaned internally.

“Hello Delia,” he said as calmly and as blandly as he could.
“Hello Draco,” she giggled as she twirled a piece of her hair around her finger. “I heard that you refused Pansy again.”

“Pansy refused to believe that she was not my mate,” he said as he turned away from her in an attempt to escape her. She was another female who refused to acknowledge that a man she wanted was taken and/or not interested.

His eyes caught Madam Pince’s and she nodded, standing from her seat, hoping to stop the girl before she damaged something. Sighing in relief he moved towards the shelves only to freeze when two arms wrapped around his waist. Two arms that didn’t belong to his mate. Something snapped inside him and his vision turned red.

Madam Pince swore loudly when the stupid female touched the Malfoy Heir in such an intimate way. Knowing that she wouldn’t get there in time to prevent her from being injured, she flared her magic in an emergency call that all staff members could understand, calling for medical help and aid in restraining a non-human student. She just hoped that someone got there in time: It was so difficult to remove blood from parchment after all.

~~~cananyonehonestlytellmethedifferencebetweenaseedandanut?~~~

Narcissa looked at the stylish dress that she had on in astonishment. It was a beautiful creation of tan and cream wool that ended mid-calf. It was form fitting to the waist then flared out slightly, allowing room for a pair of silk legging to be worn comfortably underneath it for warmth.

Behind her, Harry had clasped his hands to his chest, green eyes sparking.

“Oh I knew that would look marvellous on you!” he cried out in delight. “Now for the rest of it!”

Before anyone in the store could blink, Harry had vanished into a nearby shadow.

“…Is he always like that?” the shop assistant asked hesitantly.

“Not that I know of,” Narcissa responded, blinking in shock. “The first time I met him, he hid behind a lounge and refused to come out until my son claimed he was under his protection before me, my
sister, my husband and one of our dearest family friends.”

Both she and her assistant remained blinking at the spot for several long moments.

“How long ago was that?’”

“Would you believe two weeks ago?’”

The attendant turned to look at her incredulously just as Harry returned. Seeing that neither woman had moved from their spots since he’d left, he tilted his head to the side before getting a mischievous look on his face. Withholding a giggle, he copied the expression on the assistant’s face and stared at Narcissa as well, making sure to keep the assistant within view so he would know when she moved.

For around ten minutes, Harry copied the assistant without either woman noticing. It wasn’t until the owner of the store began laughing at the teen that Narcissa noticed what he was doing.

“You little Imp,” she laughed, pulling him into a hug. “When did you get back?’”

“About ten minutes ago,” he replied with a giggle. “I thought we could cast a few illusions before buying the accessories.”

“Don’t you mean ‘transfigure some things’?’” the attendant asked, slightly put out that he had been copying her.

Harry tilted his head to one side.

“Why would I want to transfigure something?” he asked. “It is a cheap imitation that pales when compared to the real thing and a complete waste of magic. I’m not saying that it is completely useless, only when it comes to things of quality and that you want to last for a long time. You don’t use transfigured thread or pins while making clothing, do you?’”

“He’s right, maDear,” the seamstress said. “Transfiguration is good in a pinch, but it is only for short time. You will see me using pins that are transfigured from fabric scraps when I have need on an intricate order, but only on the sections I’m sewing first and I only do it when I have to; same with
“It’s alright maDear,” The seamstress said in a gentle tone. “When you haven’t the money for things than transfiguration is a very good thing to utilize, but in a business sense, it is quality that is required. Do you remember that dress we made a few months back?”

“The one that looked like a sparkling pink dandelion head?”

“Aye, that one. We ran outta pins real fast on that one, ‘member?”

The assistant nodded her agreement, thinking back to it. “We had to transfigure over three hundred pins just to hold the main part of it together.”

“Now, d’ya remember where I started sewing from?”

The girl’s eyes lit up with understanding. “Oh I see! You started sewing from the spot where the oldest transfigured pins were and as you removed them, they returned to their original form.”

“Exactly,” the seamstress smiled. “The change wasn’t my doing, it was the magic that was used to transfigure it running out.”

“What about illusions?” she asked, confused once again. “Don’t they also take up a lot of magic?”

“For a normal witch or wizard, yes.” This time it was Narcissa who answered, watching as Harry did something to her outfit while keeping her away from the mirror. “There are some families with a drop or two of creature blood that gives them an added boost – a short-cut, if you will. Some are well known; such as the Black Family’s ability with weaponry and Defensive magic, while others are only speculated upon – such as the belief that the Weasley family is connected with fertility magic.”

The assistant nodded, deep I thought.
“Why don’t you go out for a cuppa Luv,” the seamstress said, gently pushing the unresisting girl out the door, handing her a quickly penned note. The three watched as she stumbled her way to the bakery beside the shop.

“Thank you for your patience,” the seamstress said with a sigh as her gaze remained on the short path to next door, “The poor lamb was abandoned at eight years of age. Apparently she didn’t learn fast enough for her guardians so they stuck her in a dark corner of an alley and disappeared. I found her two months later; took her in, I did and began teaching her my line of work.”

She shook her head with a semi-fond smile and turned towards her clients and gasped in delight.

“Lady Malfoy! You look positively delightful!”

Narcissa blinked at the woman before turning to look in the mirror and gaped at her reflection. Her eyes darted around until they landed on Harry’s proud face reflecting in the mirror from behind her. She turned her attention back to her reflection to inspect the additions in more detail.

Along with the dress, she now wore a tan and pale blue pair of knee-high boots with a slight heal and lined with a dense, warm fur, a cream and pale blue belt with gold highlight, a pair of gold and tan fur-lined gloves, a pair of fur-lined earmuffs and a gold scarf with small pale-blue and cream leaves. All in all, the whole outfit looked as though it was made just for her.

“What about a coat or jacket to go with it?”

“If you wear a pair of silken garments under it, you can place a warming charm on them and the coat you wore to the massage parlour would go well with it if necessary. Now, let’s go get the rest of your outfit! Lucius is going to swallow his tongue when he sees you,” Harry said with a giggle as he pushed the now laughing woman back into the change room.

~~~forsomereasonireallyfeellikeporkbuns~~~

Severus, Blaise and Hermione winced as Draco destroyed the room he was trapped in. The professor’s had arrived in time to prevent Draco from severely injuring the girl, but none of them had succeeded in calming him from his rage.

“I have never seen him react like this,” Severus said helplessly. “I don’t think even Lucius will be
able to calm him now.”

“I can’t.”

Everyone turned and looked at the blonde-haired vampire.

“If what I guess has happened, then the only person who will be able to calm him is his mate.”

“Before I call him, I want to know what happened,” Hermione stated. “The more information I can give him, the faster Harry will be able to soothe him.”

Lucius sighed. “The female in question is well known for stealing – or trying to steal – other people’s boyfriends. She has never tried with someone with a creature inheritance by looks.”

“Until now,” Blaise said with a shake of his head.

Hermione nodded, her eyes slowly glazing over. After several moments, she smirked and burst into laughter.

“Care to share, Miss Granger?” Severus asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Harry is coming as soon as he finds Narcissa to tell her what has happened. I’m laughing because Harry is not happy in the slightest.”

“I’m afraid I don’t follow,” Lucius stated after several silent moments.

“Me either,” Blaise and Severus agreed.

Hermione giggled softly.

“He may be a shy, submissive type, but he is still a demon,” she explained. “That means he is over-
Severus and Lucius exchanged looks, smirks slowly appearing on their faces.

None of them reacted when the shadows beside them grew, but the three men jumped slightly when Harry clicked his tongue.

“Oh that really will not do,” he said to himself as he watched his mate. “Something has to be done about that.”

Without paying the slightest bit of attention to the five people around him, he vanished only to appear in the room with Draco.

“Draco,” he mewled, filling the room with his scent by rubbing along the sole vent that pushed hot air into the room.

Draco froze, his eyes wide and nostril’s flaring.

Now that he was sure he had the older teen’s attention, he slowly made his way towards him, cooing, purring or mewling to ensure Draco remained focused on him. Once he was within reach of Draco, Harry unknowingly placed his hands in the same place as the human who had caused the reaction. In the blink of an eye, Draco had Harry pinned against the wall, his hands held above his head and the blonde’s fangs in his throat.

Harry mewled happily as the tension left Draco’s body as the first droplet of blood touched his tongue.

Draco took a few mouthfuls of his mate’s blood before releasing his grip on the younger man. Slowly, he raised his head to look into loving green eyes.

“Hello,” he whispered.

“Hello,” his mate giggled. “Are you going to tell me why Rinie called me to protect a room from
being destroyed?"

Draco’s eyes flashed red. “It was only being destroyed because they wouldn’t allow me to kill the bitch who dared to try getting between our bonding.”

Harry’s eyes brightened dangerously before calming once more. “And how did she do that?” he purred.

“She dared to touch me the way you do,” Draco responded, nuzzling his mate’s neck.

“She What?” Harry hissed, pushing Draco away from him, only to start rubbing his face, head and hands all over his mate’s shocked form, muttering: “This is mine. So is this, And this … That as well. Can’t forget there,” under his breath, but still loud enough for Lucius, Hermione and Blaise to hear.

“I – I see wh-what you mean,” Blaise said thickly as he fought his laughter.

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Hermione said with a smirk. “Wait until he starts on the person who did it.”

They watched in amusement as Draco pulled Harry into a brutal kiss to stop the teen from stripping him. Severus opened the door – which had unsealed as soon as Draco’s rage-filled magic had dispersed. Lucius sneezed and covered his nose.

“He is … extremely possessive,” he stated at Narcissa’s and Severus’ questioning looks. “I can almost taste whatever he has marked Draco with.”

“So why aren’t Miss Granger or Blaise reacting to it?” Narcissa asked.

“I’ve been coated with it – or something similar to it – every day since I was three,” Hermione replied.

“I’ve become used to it, “Blaise said with a depreciating smile. “I had no choice in the matter since Hermione is my mate and I share a room with Draco.”
The three adults looked at the two incredulously.

“Like I said, He’s possessive.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing Rinie,” Harry pouted as he and Draco finally left the room.

“It is,” She teased back, “for the person who touched what is yours.”

“I feel neither shame nor embarrassment. They shouldn’t touch what is mine.”

“And if they didn’t know it was yours?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Harry turned his nose up slightly.

“It isn’t my fault if they don’t notice my claim,” he said, “and it is a moot point in this instance since the entire school knows he is mine. Now, let’s go to the hospital wing so Draco can get checked so ‘Cissa and I can get back to shopping.”

Lucius and Draco paled at the thought of Harry shopping, not that anyone besides a smirking Severus noticed, while their respective mates pulled them in the right direction.

~~~nowiwantroastvegies~~~

“…E beast responsible for this attack killed!”

The group heard the commotion coming from the Hospital Wing long before they reached their destination. Harry gestured for the group to stop at the doors to listen.

“Please refrain from calling the students of this school by any derogatory terms,” they heard the Headmaster say, a slight hint of steel in his voice. “Did you or did you not sign the parental permission form for your daughter to attend my school?”
“We did but …”

“And,” Dumbledore continued, completely steamrolling over the younger male, “Were you or were you not told before you signed that we also taught those with magical being and magical creature blood in this school?”

“We were but …”

“And did or did not the Professor who explained this to you state that those with these inheritances were to be treated with respect and caution during certain times – times, I may add, that would be announced by a teacher to the entire school?”

“She did but…”

“And did or did not your daughter also listen in, read and sign the contract stating that she understood the warning and the consequences of what would happen should she ignore the warning?”

“She did but …”

“So why do you think one of my students deserves to die due to your daughter’s negligence?”

“BECAUSE ALL SHE DID WAS TOUCH THE MONGREL BRED BASTARD!”

Everyone in the room jumped and, in some cases, swore as the doors were thrown open with enough force that they bounced off the walls when they hit them.

“Hello Madam Pomphrey,” Harry chirruped as he skipped into the room, pulling Draco behind him. “Would you be a Dear and check Draco over for me? I would do it myself but I’m not allowed to be alone with him if either of us is in any way unclothed until we are bonded.”

Poppy opened her mouth to scold the teen before catching his eye and swallowing. Even though he
had a smile on his face and spoke with a happy tone, his eyes revealed just how angry he was. She decided to do the smart thing and obey, casting a few spells that kept them from prying eyes while allowing them to view what was occurring with the others.

As soon as Poppy and Draco vanished behind a screen, Harry smiled his fakest smile at the girl in the bed and her parents. Everyone bar the parents noticed the girl flinch back.

“You must be very proud of your daughter,” he began, locking his eyes onto her father’s. “She must be the first person in your family to have magic for you to react this strongly to a perceived threat.”

“We are proud of her and everything she has accomplished,” the man said with a beaming smile. She will go far.”

“I have no doubt of that,” Harry smiled. “There are always new openings for people with her background and talent, and if she works hard enough, she may one day find a Lord of an Ancient house that has lost his wife to take her in.”

“What do you mean?” the woman – who had yet to speak – asked. “What does working as a liaison between the normal and magical world have to do with being taken in by a wifeless Lord?”

Harry looked at them in confusion. “Who wants to be a liaison?”

“Our daughter,” the man hissed.

Harry looked even more confused. “So … she isn’t training to be an exotic dancer and escort?”

At the angry expressions on the adult’s faces and the shocked one on the female on the bed, Harry hummed thoughtfully.

“Well that explains why you make so many stupid mistakes; no exotic dancer or escort would dare going for someone with an inheritance of some kind – let alone a Dominant in the middle of courting – but you should know that whoring yourself out won’t work either.”

“Now you see here …”
“No,” Harry stated firmly. “This is NOT the mundane world. Out there it may be acceptable for young ladies and gentlemen to act like they are perpetually on heat – though if any of the young ones I am in charge of decides to do so, I will kick them so hard up the rear end they won’t be able to even THINK of sitting for at least a month – but in the magical world IT IS UNACCEPTABLE.”

Delia opened her mouth and Harry shot her a stern glare. For good measure, he glared at her parents as well.

“Yong wizards are to hold themselves with dignity and are to keep any dalliances they have behind closed doors unless they are serious about the person – then they are forbidden to be alone with the object of their interest. Young witches are to be posed, polite, reputable and, most important of all – VIRTUOUS. In BOTH cases, the person who eventually marries them should have NO doubt in their mind about how faithful their partner is to them.”

“All of this was mentioned in the booklet that is given to each new generation magical to read before they sign,” Blaise stated when Harry turned to nuzzled into Draco in greeting.

“I wasn’t given any booklet,” Delia stated, glaring at Harry as Draco nuzzled into his hair.

Harry widened his eyes. “You didn’t? Oh my, then that changes things.” He gently pushed Draco away and conjured a piece of parchment and a quill. “That is a serious offense. I’m going to need to know who it was that introduced you to the magical world and everything you can tell me about them.”

“What for?”

Harry blinked at the now pale girl. “For the investigation of course. I know that if my son or daughter hadn’t been given what they were supposed to receive and they still were made to sign the contract, I would be wanting to get legal satisfaction from them – especially if they were as …” he paused to think of the most polite way of saying what was on his mind, “sexually advanced as you are. Even if you are still untouched, the number of different boys you have been caught with in various places around the school – this is without going into the fact that most of them were in relationships with other people at the time – it will follow you through life.” Harry explained, ignoring the girl’s panicked face and her parent’s angry ones.

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husband, wife or bonded. From an employer’s point of view, it shows that you are indecisive and are willing to sleep with your co-workers and boss to make up for mistakes: In other words … no one will take you seriously. All of this is explained in the book that you say you were not given.”

“This is why we need the investigation to be done as soon as possible,” Hermione stated. “It is possible that you weren’t given the information about this because someone wanted to groom some of the prettier or smarter girls from non-magical families to be used as brood mares. So you need to tell us who introduced you to the magical world so they and you can be questioned under Veritaserum and have memories of that time removed, compared and studied by a professional.”

“If you are found to be the victim of such a crime, then the person responsible will be fired from their job and imprisoned. Their reputation will be completely ruined just by the fact that they are under investigation.” Harry continued. “However, if it is found you did get the book and ignored it, you will be lucky to get a job transfiguring fertilizer from Hippogryph manure for the Society of Worm Welfare.”

The girl gulped and her father finally lost his temper.

“MY DAUGHTER IS NOT A COMMON WHORE! SHE ISN’T INTERESTED IN BOYS AT ALL!”

Harry pulled a folder from thin air and dropped it in front of the man.

“This is a record of every detention your daughter has had since she started school,” Harry stated, “Each piece of parchment has been soaked in a potion to reveal only the truth and hold enough spell work that each one could power the magical lighting in a classroom for a week before running out.”

“Each record holds the date, time and Professor that she was given the punishment by, as well as the situation she was in to get the detention in the first place and what the detention entailed. You can go through that while we fill out the complaint form.”

“It was Minerva who was responsible for introducing Miss Johnston to the magical world,” Severus stated from a corner, making Delia whimper softly. “It is one of her duties as Deputy Headmistress. We can get her here and do the investigation right now if you like. Both the Headmaster and I are qualified to remove, submit and review memories.”

“N-n-no, that’s okay,” Delia squeaked as her Father looked up from the paperwork he was reading
with a dark glower at his daughter. “O-on s-secon-nd thought I-I-I re-remember a b-book that m-might be the o-one you m-mentioned.”

Everyone looked at her and jumped when Harry clapped his hands together.

“Well then,” he said with a beaming smile, “My advice to you is that clean your act up. Stop acting like you are on heat all the time. Stop stealing other people’s partners and focus on your schoolwork so you aren’t qualified only for the life of a prostitute.”

She nodded her head rapidly and Harry smiled and pat her head none-to-gently. “Make sure you also read up on magical inheritances ok? You are lucky Draco here only roughed you up a bit; he could have killed you for daring to get between our courting.”

“If it wasn’t for Madam Pince, I would have,” Draco growled, pulling Harry into his chest, glaring at the girl darkly.

Harry started purring in an attempt to calm his dominant. When that didn’t work, he tilted his head to the side and mewed softly.

Acting on instinct, Draco bit down and released a calmative into his mate. Harry cooed sleepily and began purring once again. As he felt his mate calming, Draco also calmed down and removed his fangs. Instead of raising his head, Draco buried his face into Harry’s neck, licking, nuzzling and nipping at it, causing Harry to giggle softly.

“We will leave you alone now,” Albus said, eyes twinkling as they glanced at the courting couple. “Poppy will have my head if I bother you much longer.” He turned to her parents as he stood. “If you have any questions, feel free to ask our resident Healer – Poppy Pomphrey – the way to my office. I would be happy to answer everything for you.”

The two nodded at the man who began following Severus from the room, helping the Older Malfoy couple herd their clingy son and his mate from the room since the blonde refused to be separated from his more-than-patient mate. Just before the doors closed, Mrs Johnston spoke.

“Is what that boy said true? Is my daughter cursed to be a street walker just because of something so stupid as not reading an information booklet?”
Albus sighed and walked back to his seat.

“This is both an easy and hard question to answer,” he said softly as he lowered himself into a chair where he could see all three of them. “To understand the easy answer, you need the hard answer as background.”

He closed his eyes in thought.

“Talking as the Headmaster of this school, I can say that what young Harry said is not true, but,” he continued, raising his hand to stall the questions he could see forming, “Speaking as the head of the Wizengamot and one of the representatives of the IWC, I can tell you what he said is true. Hogwarts is the only school in Europe and the surrounding nations that does not follow that rule. Worldwide, there are only three or four other schools that don’t follow it. The truth is … if your daughter had been attending any school but this one, she would have been removed from her classes and given a new schedule that focused on prostitution the very first time she was caught interacting in a less-than-innocent way with a member of either sex unless she could prove the person she was with was her fiancée or they had claimed her as their mate.”

He stood once again and smiled sadly at the pale green family. “While ignorance might be bliss in the non-magical world, in the magical world, knowledge is power.”

The only sound that was heard after he left was the echo of the doors closing.

~~~pokepokepokeIthinkitsdeadpokepokepokeoke~~~

“Hey Draco,” Blaise greeted as a wet-haired teen vampire slid bonelessly into the seat across from him with a soft whimper, “Did you get much done?”

Draco whined again, put his head back and covered his face with an arm. “I got next to nothing done,” he moaned. “I got my research done and I finished one of my previous assignments, but I haven’t slept or eaten or done any planning due to making up for the lessons I missed.”

“Well, we best get you some food so you can rest,” Remus said from the door to the dining room. “After today’s episode, I’m surprised that you didn’t fall off your broom.”

“I almost did,” Draco admitted as he pulled his arm away from his face. “I’m lucky that when I did
end up coming off my broomstick, I was actually hoping off.”

Remus clicked his tongue at the blonde.

“Come on Kiddo,” he said as he levered Draco out of his seat. “The evening meal isn’t going to be ready for another ninety minutes or so. You can use that time to sleep.”

“But…”

“No buts young man,” Remus said. “You can have Harry’s bed since he isn’t here. Either me, Blaise or Severus will wake you up to eat and when your mother and Harry return, you will spend time with Harry so you both fully recover and re-bond from earlier. Your schoolwork can wait another day.”

Draco sighed and nodded, not bothering to hide his exhaustion. “I want my bag with me though. It has something very important to me in it,” he explained at the suspicious look he was getting from Remus. “I want to share it with Harry, so I bought it with me tonight.”

Remus nodded his understanding and watched carefully as Draco grabbed his bag and made his way to the room that Hermione and Harry shared. Five minutes later when Sirius peeked in, Draco was curled around Harry’s pillow and out like a light.

~~~isn’tdracojustthecutestwhenheisasleep~~~

Harry and Narcissa entered the room with a burst of laughter and a rustle of paper bags.

“How was your day?” Hermione asked as Harry lowered his parcels to the ground beside the chair he had claimed as his.

“It was fun,” he said with a giggle. “We had lunch at the same place as you and me ate at with Mr McGonagall. I had what you had that day and Narcissa had something that was very colourful.”

“And what did you do for dinner?”
“We haven’t eaten yet,” Narcissa admitted. “We were more worried about Draco than we were hungry, so we decided to come back.”

Harry, who had walked into the dining room, returned with a frown. “Draco isn’t here. Is he alright?”

“Don’t fret so Kitten,” Remus said as he followed him out of the kitchen. “He is here, but he has proven that he is his father’s son.”

Harry looked at him questioningly.

“Instead of resting and re-centring himself after this morning, he continued as if nothing happened while still running ‘What If’s’ through his head. In doing so, the silly boy over stressed himself. I told him to go rest on your bed around eighty minutes ago. Either me or Blaise will go and wake him in ten minutes,” he continued as Harry prepared to go to his mate.

Harry pouted, making everyone around him laugh.

“Will you be joining us for dinner?” Sirus asked Narcissa, being drawn in by the laughter.

“Not tonight,” she smiled, quickly wiping the laughter tears from her eyes. “I will stay long enough to check up on Draco, then I will go home to have dinner with Lucius. It has been a while since he and I have had a meal together.”

Harry huffed in annoyance and curled up in his chair, turning his back to an amused Remus.

“Oh dear,” Hermione laughed, “it looks as though you’re being snubbed this time Remus. Normally it is Sirius who gets snubbed.”

“That’s because I have enough sense not to tell a clucky submissive NOT to go to their mate after someone tried to break them apart,” Sirius said as he seated himself on the edge of the couch Harry was on. “Did you want to go wake him up Narcy?”
“What have I told you about calling me that Ori?” Narcissa scowled. It was evident that she despised the childhood name Sirius had bestowed on her. “I’ll go wake up my son but next time I see you, I will show you just why Lucius runs when I get a wand in my hand.”

With one last glare at the nervously smiling Sirius, she strode purposefully up to the room she knew Harry and Hermione were sharing. As she disappeared up the stairs, Sirius let out an exaggerated sigh of relief that made Harry giggle softly.

“He really is alright kiddo,” Sirius whispered while Remus and Hermione pretended not to be listening. “Either me or Remus would have taken you to him as soon as you got here if he wasn’t.”

“Still want to see him,” Harry whispered back.

“I know and once Narcissa has finished talking with him, then you will be able to see him. Tomorrow is also Saturday so Draco can be with you for longer than he has been these last few days and tonight he is all yours until curfew.”

“Really?”

Sirius smiled softly and gently rubbed behind one of Harry’s ears. “Really,” he answered him, “he has been banned from all work related things. He needs time with you just as much as you need time with him.”

“He’s right Kitten,” Draco said as he knelt in front of the lounge so he could look over his mate’s head to see his face. “I haven’t been a good Dom lately, focusing on myself more than you as I have. I promise to do better.”

Harry had turned around and faced Draco as he spoke. Once he was finished what he had to say, Harry raised his clenched fist and dropped it gently but firmly onto the top of his mate’s head.

Draco let out a high-pitched yelp.

“That was for being an idiot and saying stupid things,” Harry stated. “You have been a very good Dom; the only thing you’ve failed at is taking care of yourself. You have to take care of your well being too Draco or you will fail to take care of me. I can’t take care of you until we have been bound so until then, you have to take care of your own health.”
“Speaking of that,” Remus cut in, “Professor Dumbledore wants us in the Hall for breakfast tomorrow for an announcement to the school. He’s going to ensure that something like today doesn’t happen again.”

“Good,” Harry nodded decisively, “she should have read the booklet she got.”

Sirius hid a laugh in a cough.

“Yes, we heard about that,” he said, failing to hide his amusement. “For future reference, Hogwarts doesn’t follow those rules anymore; it hasn’t since 1942.”

Harry looked horrified.

“Don’t worry,” Severus said, “after he explained it, the girl’s parents weren’t offended.”

Harry ignored Severus and looked back at Draco.

“If any of our children decide to get sent to school, they aren’t coming here – not without one hell of a fight from me.” He held up a hand to silence Draco when he opened his mouth. “I am not having a child of ours attend a school that allows them to do what they wish without repercussion until they leave its protection. Better to have a job as a respectful prostitute than being known as the office go-to girl due to a wild youth at school.”

“One of the reasons I wanted Draco to go to Durmstrang,” Lucius stated from beside the fireplace, making Draco close his mouth as the protest he had in his throat died. “The only reason I allowed Narcissa to have her way in sending him here was because he is a Dominant and Blaise was going to be here. If he had been born either a daughter or a submissive, I would have stood my ground.”

“I wouldn’t blame you,” Sirius said, thinking about what happened to Harry the first day he and Hermione had arrived.

Draco, whose mind also recalled the same memory as Sirius, growled softly. “When the time comes for our young ones to obtain their education, we will discuss it further, but I agree that unless their hearts are set on Hogwarts, I will not argue with where they go.”
Harry smiled at the older teen then sniffed the air in confusion. “Why can I smell something burning?”

Remus and Sirius looked at each other with wide eyes and yelped, “Our dinner!”

The two men vanished into the kitchen, followed by the sound of laughter and two short flares from the floo system.

~~~danceturtledance~~~

Harry purred as he snuggled into Draco’s embrace. Dinner had been over for roughly forty-five minutes, but with cleaning the kitchen, washing the dishes and sorting out the bags of shopping he had bought during his day with Narcissa, no one in the room had been idle. Now that the clean-up was done, everyone was in the sitting room and relaxing until it was time for Draco and Blaise to head back to their dormitory.

Remus and Sirius were in their own armchairs. It seemed that the house-elves had decided that since Sirius was spending most of his time in Remus’ rooms, he must not like his room, so they had transferred all his stuff to Remus’ now enlarged rooms.

Hermione and Blaise were sitting on the plush carpet with the coffee table between them as they played a card game while taking sips of Harry’s special hot chocolate. They were treating their relationship just like any other, having the benefit of developing their friendship slowly. Both knew that the other wouldn’t run after someone else and had agreed to a long engagement.

Harry and Draco were also seated on the floor, but they were in front of the fireplace leaning against the couch. Harry was laying on his side with his head resting on one of Draco’s thighs, purring happily as behind his ears was scratched and the fire danced for his amusement.

“This is nice,” Draco murmured softly, not noticing the privacy spell Sirius had cast over the area the two were in that allowed them to be seen but not heard. “With your permission, I would like to begin a family tradition. I want to know that no matter how busy we are, that there will be a time each day that I will be with you and our future children.”

“What is this tradition and when do you want to start it?” Harry asked.
“I want to start it tonight,” Draco answered, not looking down as Harry moved so he could look up at the teen. “As for what it is … I want us to share something we both love and have done since we were little.”

Draco looked down at that moment and Harry’s breath caught in his lungs.

“I wish to share my favourite books with you; and not just the books themselves, but the stories behind them. Where I got them, who was with me, why I like them: EVERYTHING that I connect with the book.”

Harry raised a hand that was shaking slightly and put it onto Draco’s cheek.

“I would be honoured to begin this tradition with you; with the condition that it not just be limited to our favourites. I’d like for us to be able to one day sit side by side with our children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews around us as we read a newly released book to them,” he whispered. “No restraint on genre either. I want our family to know that no matter what they read, it is acceptable – It has to be age appropriate though.”

Draco smiled lovingly at his mate. “I agree my Dear.” He summoned a small bag to him and caught it carefully.

“This book is very special to me,” he said softly. “It used to belong to Grandfather – Father’s Father,” he clarified, “He died when I was around eight or nine, but in all my memories of him, he was a giant. He wasn’t much taller than Father, but he wore authority like it was a cloak and it made him seem so much larger than what he actually was. My first clear memory of him was from when I was five.”

Draco had a faraway look in his eye, reliving his memory. “I had just run from one of my tutors who wanted me to read from a book that had one word per page with a picture of the word drawn on the opposite page. I thought it was a waste of time and told him so … then I ran.”

He chuckled at his past behaviour then turned serious. “I didn’t realise that Grandfather was in the room beside the one I was in and had heard everything. He told the tutor that I was more advanced than that and to come back the following week with the proper equipment. He then came to find me. I got into trouble for running off and being rude instead of explaining that it was too easy. I remember saying that I didn’t need a reading tutor.”
Draco caressed the book that was still in its bag. “He then made me a deal. When I could read and understand a book of his choosing, then he would tell the tutor his presence was no longer needed. This was the book he chose. I watched him copy it into a blank book and he handed the copy to me. It took me two years to be able to read every story it held – no matter how boring I found some of them. The night before he died, he called me into his room and handed me this bag and said: “This was my Grandfathers. He gave it to me and now, I give it to you. Take good care of it and pass it on when its time with you has finished.” That was the last thing he said. I opened the bag the day he was buried and found this book. I want to share it with you.”

Harry got up onto his feet and jumped onto the lounge eagerly.

Draco laughed and followed his mate to the chair. Once he sat, Harry returned he head to Draco’s lap. The blonde smiled and opened the old leather covering before returning his hand to his mate’s hair. Softly, he began to read.

“Now Rann the Kite brings home the night
That Mang the Bat sets free –“

~~~ifyoudon’tknowwhatbookthatisfromi’mgoingtoldisownyou~~~

From the other side of the room, Remus and Sirius watched both couples with barely noticeable smiles.

“These four are going to be a force to deal with, aren’t they Mooney?” Sirius remarked.

“No one will be tempted to get between them, that’s for sure, “ Remus answered. “Do you regret not bonding to anyone?”

Sirius shook his head. “Nah, I’m not one for all that pompas ceremonial crap. Anyway, the only girl worthy enough for my parents to become Lady Black was Deloris.” He shuddered. “I’m glad that she was found guilty of using her position in the Ministry for nefarious purposes. How about you Mooney?”

“Sometimes I do, but Dora was right – we wouldn’t have worked as a couple in the long run. She’s more interested in work than a family and all I want is a family.”
Sirius clapped his best friend on the shoulder in understanding. “Not to worry. One day you will find a she-wolf to howl over.”

Remus growled and tackled Sirius to the floor before play wrestling like they did on nights of the full moon.
Chapter 26 - The Best Way to Spend a Saturday

Chapter Summary

Fluff, fluff, fluff fluff and more fluff.
The group meet Bathilda and a picnic occurs

Chapter Notes

Merry belated Christmas to those of you who celebrate it and Happy whatever you celebrate this time of year to everyone else.

Hope you enjoy the chapter

Chapter 26 – The best way to spend a Saturday.

Narcissa, Bellatrix and Lucius flooed into Remus’ rooms and froze at the scene before them. Draco was laying on the lounge with Harry in cat form curled up on his chest. Both were fast asleep. Beside them on the floor was Draco’s copy of ‘The Jungle Books’, its bag underneath it so the book itself didn’t get damaged. Movement to their left made them turn, only to blink is surprise when, on the other lounge in the room, they discovered Blaise and Hermione in the same position as Draco and Harry.

The smell of freshly brewed tea and a soft chuckle snapped them from their stupor.

“Cute aren’t they?” Sirius asked softly. “Severus is watching breakfast and Remus is in the shower.”

“The four of them fell asleep really fast last night,” Sirius explained, seeing them look at the two couples again. “Remus and I decided against waking Draco and Blaise and sending them to the dorms. We thought that Draco and Harry could both use a night of safety surrounded by familiar magical signatures and each other.”

He smiled as he noticed Draco’s eyes open slightly as he began waking. “They were the perfect picture of domestic bliss last night as well,” he teased.
“That means the two of us will have a blissful life after marriage,” Draco countered, moaning as he stretched. On his chest, Harry-Kitty was also stretching. “Did you sleep well Kitten?”

Harry purred happily and rubbed his chin and cheek on Draco’s nose before biting it softly. The older teen chuckled and scratched the top of Harry’s head with a finger.

“I thought we were supposed to have breakfast in the big Hall,” Hermione said drowsily as the scent of cooking food wafted from the door leading to the kitchen.

“No,” Severus replied as he directed plates to land on the now enlarged coffee table, “We are to be there at breakfast time for the announcement Albus wishes to make, but we are not required to eat there.”

“What has been planned for today?” Remus asked, walking into the room without a shirt. Bellatrix and Narcissa blushed and looked away, giggling softly. Everyone laughed softly as Remus blushed and glared at Sirius for an unknown reason.

“After this meeting, I’m going to go visit Bathilda since it is my turn,” Hermione said with a stretch before reaching for her tea. “I might ask her if she knows of a nice place to have a picnic lunch; it will do us all good to go outside for a bit.”

“Oh that sounds wonderful Rinie!” Harry squealed, transforming as he leapt off Draco’s chest. “We haven’t had the time to walk through the lovely forest around this place yet.”

The people in the room with the two exchanged horrified looks.

“Um … Harry,” Remus started, “You do realise that the forest is called ‘The Forbidden Forest’ don’t you?”

“Of course,” Harry chirruped.

“You do know it is called that for a reason right?” Sirius added when it became obvious that Remus wouldn’t – or couldn’t – say anything.
“Most things are named for a reason Siri,” wash his cheerful reply.

Hermione chuckled softly as she gently broke the yolk of her egg with her fork. “You seem to be forgetting that we are demons,” she said before taking a bite of her food. “And that on top of being of demonic decent, Harry is also a member of the feline family – a family that is known for its natural curiosity and ability to get into trouble to fulfil that curiosity.”

She grinned at the dazed men, showing most, if not all, her teeth. “So basically, no matter what you say, we will be going into the forest. You can either come with us and watch as Harry and I revert back to our kit-hoods over every new discovery, or you can stay here and mope.”

“It isn’t like we will be alone Sirius,” Harry said with a fond roll of his eyes. “Bathilda said that she would come with us as a sort of guard from anything that will do us harm. They will still come to us, but they won’t attack.”

“This may sound silly,” Lucius stated after exchanging looks with Narcissa and Bellatrix, “But who is Bathilda?”

“Oh, I forgot you don’t know her!” Harry said excitedly. “She is one of the protectors of the school: The serpent of Hogwarts Coat of Arms. Salazar was her pet.”

Hermione laughed at the looks that crossed over the faces of the past and present Slytherin’s faces.

“She is Salazar’s pet snake,” She clarified when she eventually calmed down once again. “She’s a little bit lonely since her latest companion left with Tom so Harry and I see her on alternate days. She says she likes being around hatchlings again.”

“Don’t you mean that she is a descendant of Salazar’s pet snake?” Bellatrix asked.

Harry giggled; obviously giddy at the thought of exploring somewhere new with loved ones around him. “No, she was Salazar’s original owner. Said he was the most adorable little hatchling she’s ever seen.”

“I heard that,” a voice with a slight hiss to it said from near the fireplace.
“HI ZAR!” Harry yelled as he bounced over to the portrait. “We were just talking about ‘Thilda. They are having trouble understanding you were hers.”

Salazar blinked and turned to Hermione for a translation.

“He keeps insisting that you were Bathilda’s pet rather than her being yours,” Hermione giggled. “Harry wants to go into the forest and she volunteered to be a guide/ body guard for us when we go in.”

Salazar chuckled deep in his chest, letting out a series of long hisses. “In a way he is correct. My parents abandoned me when I was young due to my ability to talk to serpents. Bathilda found me and started nuzzling me. I asked her if she was going to eat me and she laughed at me before taking me back to her family nest and begging her dame and sire if she could keep me.”

Everyone watched with jaws agape as Harry stuck his tongue out at Hermione playfully and she returned it good naturedly.

“But that means that she is over a thousand years old,” Narcissa stated. “There are no snakes that live that long!”

“There is one,” Remus said, his face a mix of awe, longing and fear.

“She’s closer to twenty-five thousand years old actually,” Salazar said in amusement at the same time as Remus figured out what she was.

Remus looked at Harry and Hermione incredulously, back at Salazar then back to his kits. “A basilisk,” he croaked through a suddenly dry throat. “You have been visiting a basilisk in its lair.”

Harry and Hermione tilted their heads to one side.

“And?” they asked.

“Why didn’t you invite me?” he whined, “I’ve wanted to see one since I was a cub.”
Harry, Hermione and Salazar laughed at the pouting man.

“Gryffindors,” Severus sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. Around him Lucius, Bellatrix and Narcissa nodded their agreement.

The group stood in a dark corner behind the Head table. It had been decided that rather than Hermione going down to see Bathilda, Salazar would go see his one-time guardian and tell her of the group’s plans then, after the meeting that Albus had called in the Great Hall, the group would separate to gather what they wanted before meeting up at the entrance to the Chamber.

Hermione was going to get food from the kitchen elves with Blaise and Sirius. Harry and Severus were going to be getting the potions kits in hope that they would be able to find some more – or new – ingredients to play with. Remus was going with them to collect his writing set and camera so he could inspect and record everything he saw in order to publish a book about what was in the Forbidden Forest of Hogwarts for the Headmaster.

Draco and Lucius were going to collect a few chess sets and travel-sized Quidditch board games – which had Remus and Sirius gasping for breath through their laughter when they found out. They still wouldn’t explain what they found so funny. Narcissa and Bellatrix were going to return to their homes to change their outfits to something more appropriate for walking around in.

Silence fell in the Hall as Albus stood and everyone in the group turned their attention to the man who effortlessly controlled the attention of every person in the large room.

“As you all know, one of our students was admitted into the Hospital Wing yesterday,” he stated, blue eyes completely serious. “The staff and I have been listening to all the theories that are already being thrown around and I am now going to clear them up. Yes Miss Johnston was attached by another student. No that student is NOT being punished for it because he was in the right. Yes Miss Johnston’s parents came to the school and were told what had happened to their daughter and lastly, Yes Miss Johnston will be returning to classes sometime next week.”

He looked over the students before him while he waited for the information he had told them to sink in.
“Miss Johnston did a very stupid thing and tried to break a courting by approaching the dominant then blamed it on him. It was thanks to the submissive that the situation was resolved since he was knowledgeable in the rules and laws of our sister and brother schools and had the forethought to bring supporting evidence with him; one of which was the signed and magically bound contract between him and his dominant. If anyone – and I mean anyone – makes this out to be more than it is, then they will be punished.”

He returned to his seat and Minerva took his spot, her lips thinner than anyone had ever seen them.

“If you are a pure-blood or half-blood raised in the magical world, then you may leave if you desire,” she said. No one in the Hall dared move for fear of missing something important. After several minutes of waiting, Minerva nodded once. “For those of you who are introduced to the magical world by me or one of the other Heads of House, we give you an information booklet for a reason. You. Must. Read. It. Thoroughly.”

She looked at the students severely and several people from each house flinched back and slid guiltily down in their seats. Her lips disappeared as she pursed them tighter in her anger.

“The incident yesterday with Miss Johnston wouldn’t have happened if she had read what had been given to her. It was through her own negligence that she was attacked and as a result, she almost got one of our staff investigated for illegal prostitution handling and her parents calling for the Heir of one of our more prestigious family’s death.”

The entire student population flinched as though physically struck. Even the students who had been guilty of not reading the booklet were shocked.

“As it is,” Minerva continued, “our school is the most lenient school where our student’s behaviour is concerned. Due to yesterday’s incident, the Headmaster, several members of staff, the Board of Directors and the Education Department in the Ministry are debating whether or not to implement the same rules that were removed around six hundred years ago: Rules, I might add, that are still in effect in all bar three other schools worldwide.”

The student body held their breaths for different reasons. For the purebloods, half-bloods and those mundane born and raised students who embraced their new world, they held their breaths in hope because even though Hogwarts was one of the premier schools of magic in the world, most countries refused to hire someone who was educated there because of the lack of discipline. Those students who hadn’t read the booklet or had and ignored the information held their breaths in horror as they realised that life as they knew it would forever be changed.
“As of yet we have not come to an agreement, but this year WILL be the last year our students have the level of freedom you have now.”

Without another word, the Transfiguration Professor returned to her seat and the silence was shattered by several hundred thoughts being voiced at the same time.

The group behind the table vanished as thought they had never been there with only those closest to the Headmaster noticing him inclining his head in that direction.

~~~how many times can a person sneeze without breaking something?~~~

Lucius, Narcissa, Bellatrix and Sirius were silent as they stared up at Bathilda. Everyone in the group except for Harry and Hermione had frozen when they first saw the snake the two demons and Salazar spoke so fondly of. To say she was large was an understatement; she was – in a word – massive. It took only a few moments for Remus to shake off his shock and awe to take over. Almost without taking a breath, he had begun to shoot out question after question before stopping with a blush and asking if she would mind if he asked some questions since very little was known about her species.

Her hissed laughter was what snapped Severus out of his shock and, with Hermione acting as translator for Remus, turned to Harry. “She is where you get the venom from?” he asked weakly.

Harry nodded happily.

“She was very obliging,” he reassured the man. “She said anytime you require more she will be happy to help you out.”

“The,” the older man swallowed nervously, not knowing how his statement was going to be received, “the jar you gave me wasn’t all of it, was it?”

“No,” Harry grinned as he bounced around in a small space near the man. “I have the other jars set aside for later. I should warn you that this type is actually more potent than the stuff you buy; it’s not diluted like that stuff is.”

“I, I’ll keep that in mind,” Severus said looking at the crested serpent with awe and respect. “Can you ask her if I have permission to touch her?”
Bathilda turned to look at him and to the amusement of everyone, wrapped herself around him so he couldn’t escape and nuzzled him, hissing in pleasure.

He looked at her wide eyed before turning to face Harry, who was desperately trying to hold in his laughter.

“I don’t want to know what she is doing, do I?” Severus asked with a sigh of defeat.

“She’s just happy to have another hatchling,” Harry said as he also got nuzzled by the serpent. “You remind her of her first pet. Now, weren’t we going exploring?”

Blaise and Draco shook off their shock at those words and silently made their way to their mate’s sides – only to find themselves under intense observation. After several intense moments, both of them received a tongue flick and a hiss before the intimidating creature pulled away to once again be bombarded by questions from Remus while Severus had moved to try snap the others out of their daze.

“She likes you,” Harry said with a smile before he ran after the small group who were some way ahead of them, hesitating slightly before exiting the opening.

The two old friends remained where they were as they watched the originally shy teen glomp a laughing Hermione.

“Life is definitely not going to be boring with them around, is it?” Blaise asked with a smirk.

“No, no it isn’t,” Draco responded with a smirk back at the Elven-born male. “And just think … we are in this together. Once we bond with our mates, we will no longer be Lord and Vassal. We will be family.”

“Aren’t we basically family anyway?” Blaise chuckled.

“Yes,” Draco stated as he started after the group before they got left behind, “But this will make it official.”
Blaise blinked for a while before a slow grin spread across his face. He ran after his friend and Liege Lord happily. It wasn’t every day that the Malfoy heir told you he saw you as family.

~~~buttermenholsareworthlessasthroatlozengers~~~

Narcissa looked up from her book when a shadow covered it. She giggled like a school girl when Lucius smiled down at her before sitting beside her. With a loving smile at him, she turned back to her book, smiling to herself as he linked his hand with hers. It wasn’t often that Lucius allowed himself to relax from his Lord Malfoy persona, but when he did, it because very obvious just where Draco got his charm from.

“Are you trying to ignore me my Love?”

Narcissa gasped softly and her eyes widened when Lucius’ voice came from beside her ear. She had been so deep in thought that she hadn’t noticed Lucius put his arm around her waist and move closer to her. Goosebumps ran down her arm when his lips moved softly against the delicate skin behind her ear.

“I think you are,” he murmured with slight amusement. “What do you think I should do about that?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about Luc,” she replied, looking at him with innocent blue eyes as she played along with him.

“Oh don’t you?” Lucius asked, raising her hand he held to his lips.

Narcissa’s breath caught in her throat as Lucius placed a gentle kiss to her open palm then gently trailed his fangs over her wrist, his own clear grey eyes burning into hers.

Slowly Lucius made his way closer to her shoulder until his mouth was once again beside her ear.

“There is music in the air,” he whispered, drawing her gently to her feet. “It is compelling me to dance to its hypnotic tune.” He pulled the book gently out of his wife’s hand and placed it on the conjured seat with the utmost care, not once allowing his eyes to move from hers.
“Who am I,” he whispered once he was standing upright and looking down at her, “to deny its order when it is promising so much pleasure?”

Narcissa shivered at the heated growl in his voice at the end of his speech and allowed herself to be lead into an elegant dance that was guided by music only Lucius could hear.

~~~yesiknow:I’masap~~~

Bellatrix watched her baby sister with a bitter-sweet smile. She was happy for the couple and, she thought with a giggle, it was obvious that there was nothing wrong with the attraction that had formed over twenty years previous; but she was wondering what was so wrong with her that she couldn’t have what they had with her own ex-husband while they were married.

As if he had heard her thoughts, Sirius stepped up beside her and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“You did a marvellous job of raising her Bella,” he said softly. “A much better job than Aunt and Uncle could have done – better than Mother and Father could have done. She is a true Lady of the Black line – as are you.”

He shocked her into laughter when he then picked her up and joined Lucius and Narcissa on the sun-lit grass, guiding her through a dance that had been rammed into his head since he was old enough to walk.

Bellatrix let out another burst of laughter when Sirius gave her an extra twirl at the end. Sirius smiled at his older cousin’s laughter, stepped forward and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

“You are a beautiful, strong woman Bella,” he stated, eyes full of conviction that what he was saying was the truth. “NEVER believe otherwise, no matter who tries to tell you otherwise. As for the mongrel who divorced you – well, I never agreed to Mother marrying you off like that. He was bad for you from the very beginning, so don’t you dare wish yourself back beside him. He wanted a doll; something pretty to look at and for him to play with, not a partner.”

He placed his hands on her cheeks and gently wiped away the tears with his thumb, “there is someone out there for you Bella. Someone who will love all of you, not just your pretty face and five foot pedigree. To him it will not matter that you were disgraced by your ex, nor that you will not be
able to give him a child from your union due to something outside your control. When you find him, I will be the first to welcome him to the family and, when you decide you want kids – if you still want them – I will cast the spells for the ritual to accept the child into the Black family without hesitation.”

He let her go and pulled her into a tight hug. “You deserve to be happy just as much as Narcissa and Andromeda do Trixie,” he whispered. “And I will destroy anyone who says otherwise.”

Bellatrix disregarded her upbringing and threw herself at her younger cousin, sobbing in relief at the knowledge he was behind her.

Sirius caught her and held her as tightly as he could, letting her know that he was there.

~~~Ialwaysseeremusgivingbellatrixachocolateheretellingherchocolatefixeseverything~~~

Severus looked up from the patch he was sorting through for potential ingredients to see both Harry and Hermione doing the same six feet away from where he was, but looking towards the clearing.

“Is everything alright?” he asked, knowing that the two of them had better hearing than him.

“Auntie Bella is upset but Siri is with her,” Harry replied as he returned to putting living black and brown beetles into separate jars with dead leaves and bark in the bottom. “Lucius and ‘Cissa are dancing. Remi is taking pictures and measurements from and of Bathilda to add to his records and Draco and Blaise are playing some type of game.”

Severus chuckled when he heard that Lucius and Narcissa were dancing but his heart went out to Bellatrix. She had been named the Mother of the group since she was – not only the oldest, but – the person to go to if you were having a bad day. Their entire group viewed the crazy-haired woman as an older sister and she, in turn, treated them like she treated Andromeda and Narcissa; something that he had shamelessly absorbed when he was younger and desperate for someone to treat him with even a smidgeon of affection.

“I hope she finds what she is looking for,” Hermione said.

“Siri is right Rinie,” Harry said with a smile, “She will one day find what she needs and until then, we will help him destroy anyone who tries to prevent her from getting it. I know a few good places
to hide the bodies.”

Severus shuddered slightly; the black haired teen had said that with a little too much enthusiasm for his liking.

Hermine just laughed and returned to what she had been doing before being interrupted.

~~~ineedsleepandhaveaweirdurgetowatch’atrollincentralpark’~~~

“I used to get annoyed with them when they did that,” Draco commented as he made his move against Blaise’s bishop. “At first it was from embarrassment, but it slowly changed to jealousy as I got older. Now I have Harry …” He trailed off and looked after his mate.

“Now you have Harry it doesn’t bother you anymore right?” Blaise asked, thinking about his own thoughts and feelings about his mother’s and step-father’s interactions both before and after meeting Hermione. “Instead it fills you with happiness and hope.”

“Happy that they are still so in love with each other and hope that me and Harry will be just as happy in our relationship as they are now,” Draco agreed.

Blaise nodded as he finely made his move.

“It’s the same with me,” he said. “It is amazing just how much changes when you find your mate.”

Draco nodded his mind fully on his next move. “I wonder how everyone would react if we pulled them away from what they are doing and joined in with the dancing.”

“Severus and Harry would kill you and Hermione would sit and watch while eating popcorn and shouting out suggestions,” Remus answered from where he was measuring an amused Bathilda’s rear fangs while standing in her mouth. “Never get between Harry and collecting his own potions ingredients. The last time someone tried they had to be taken to Mungos with deep scratches to his hands, arms, face and neck. To make it worse, he was harvesting a plant with corrosive sap – an import from the demon realm.”
All three males shuddered at the thought of having the sap from any of the demonic imports added to their systems; those plants were *vicious*.

“Then we shall wait until after lunch to dance,” Draco said decisively, moving another piece. “Checkmate.”

Blaise swore only to get yelled at from four different people. Everyone – including Blaise himself – laughed.

~~~Urghit’salmostsweetenoughtomakeyoupuke~~~

Remus looked around at the unlikely group that was spread out around the clearing with amusement. Sirius and Bellatrix were fast asleep against a dozing Bathilda’s side. If he looked closer, he could just make out the shape of her last meal – a trio of Acromentula that had decided it was a good idea to attack their group as they were preparing for their own midday meal. They had either not noticed the basilisk or had ignored her presence, leading to their own demise.

Lucius and Narcissa had taken Blaise and Draco’s positions on either side of the transfigured table holding the chess set and were amusing themselves by flirting through playful insults.

Severus was seated alone in the centre of the clearing surrounded by vial upon vial of basilisk and Acromentula blood and venom. He was looking at them with eyes glazed over in what Remus hoped was shock and not another emotion that was very inappropriate for company.

Hermione and Blaise were seated on the ground not far from where he was, leaning against a tree trunk and discussing about whatever they had finished reading. By sounds of it, their relationship would be full of passion … if how their talk was progressing was any indication: but it could also have been the subject they were discussing. No one could say that the two of them weren’t passionate about their books.

Lastly, his eyes landed on the pair he wanted to focus the least on: Harry and Draco. Draco had taken a leaf from his father’s book and had swept the younger teen up into a dance the second the meal had been cleared away. He quickly looked away before the reason for him not wanting to focus on the couple made him lose control of his amusement. Harry – who only knew a few demon dances Tom had taught him – was combining one of the least sensual dances with Draco’s movements. Unfortunately for the blonde, while the dance was less sensual in demonic terms, it was more so than anything performed fully dressed in wizard and Vampiric communities.
Remus pulled himself out of his thoughts before he reached the memory of Draco’s face when Harry had first slid down the boy into a perfect split and back without effort so he didn’t start laughing and put off his plans.

With a deep inhale, he closed his eyes and focused on finding the deep amber ball that he pictured his magic to be. Finding it quickly, he exhaled and allowed his consciousness to sink into it. After several moments he opened his eyes and found himself nose-to muzzle with his darker half.

“It’s been a long time since you were here last Pup,” Mooney stated in his deep, gravelly voice that filled Remus with a mixture of fear and awe. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your company?”

Remus closed his eyes briefly before snapping them open and bowing.

“I came to apologise,” he said softly. “I swore when I first talked to you I would do my best to combine us into one being rather than being two separate entities in one body. I lost focus on what was important and couldn’t tell fact from fiction causing me to break my word. It has taken Harry and Hermione being here to knock some sense into me. I am deeply sorry that I have fallen so far and humbly ask your forgiveness.”

Mooney let out a deep rumble, making Remus cringe back before noticing it held no malice or anger. He frowned in confusion before it hit him: the bloody beast he both was and contained was laughing at him! Without fully thinking it through, Remus straightened and glared at the wolf-spirit he held with his arms crossed and foot tapping in annoyance.

Mooney gave him a canid grin and licked right up the middle of Remus’ face, making the man splutter and curse.

“Gods that is nasty!” Remus said as he wiped his face with his shirt.

Mooney once again gave a rumble of laughter.

“Calm yourself Pup,” the larger-than-should-be-allowed being said, “Your apology is accepted. It will take a while for everything to happen,” he warned, “so don’t expect the next three or four moons to be any different than usual.”

Remus nodded his understanding, deep in thought.
“I suggest going to a mind healer like the kits suggested,” Mooney stated after watching the man. “Don’t just talk about set things though, talk about everything – Good, Bad, soothing, embarrassing. Leave nothing out.”

Remus sighed in resignation and nodded. “It looks as though I will be having regular meetings with Harry.”

He rubbed his temples. “Who knows how this will turn out?”

“Everything will be fine, you’ll see,” Mooney stated. “You and your Pack mate should be proud of the Kit.”

“We are,” Remus said with a fond smile. “He is an amazing young man and we couldn’t be prouder of him.” The smile slowly faded from his face. “Maybe we should make a point of telling him more often… telling them BOTH more often.”

“They do know you are proud of them,” Mooney said, “but telling them verbally is a good way of reassuring them.”

“Then the first thing I’ll do is kidnap them and tell them,” Remus said firmly before coughing softly and flushing slightly and adding, “And making an appointment with my mind healer.”

Mooney started laughing and Remus slowly faded from his mind.

“Damn wolf,” he said, more amused then annoyed as he opened his eyes. Remembering what he had said to make his inner beast laugh, he slowly got to his feet with a groan and wince. After stretching out his aching limbs, he got into position and waited for the right moment to pounce.

He laughed when Harry let out a shriek when he grabbed him before the teen could sense him and pulled him into a tight hug.

“After this moon, can you set aside a time for a mind healer’s appointment for me?” he whispered, “I think I’m ready to sort out my head and start trying to merge with Mooney.”
Harry smiled and hugged Remus back just as tight, ignoring how the older man’s hands trembled. “Of course I will Remi. I’ll look on my schedule when we get back to the rooms.”

Remus nodded and tightened his hold on the boy.

“We might not say it as often as we should,” he murmured into Harry’s hair, “but Sirius and I are so proud of you and Hermione and what the two of you have accomplished so far in life. Both of us have no doubt that Lily and James are proud of you: Are proud to call you their son.”

Harry let out a soft sob and squeezed the werewolf tightly enough to make his ribs creak.

Remus winced slightly before running a hand through the teen’s hair soothingly until he was released.

“Now,” he said as he wiped the tears from his Kit’s face, “You go back to spending time with Draco while I go and talk to Hermione for a bit. Love you Kit.”

Harry smiled widely and whispered, “Love you too Remi,” and with a final hug, he returned to Draco’s arms and continued to dance around the clearing.

Remus smiled and turned around so he could do the same thing to Hermione.

~~~whatisitaboutoblivionthatmakesitsofuntoplay?~~~

It was late evening before the group returned to the castle and everyone privately thanked the gods that the following day was Sunday. Upon discovering that Harry was going to be spending part of the morning with Willa, Narcissa invited herself along since it had been a long time since she had seen the other woman. Blaise and Hermione were also going along so they could see the twins: Blaise also had a heavy feeling in the pit of his stomach that something was going to go wrong and had promised to go as protection for Harry … Just in case.

Remus and Sirius were going to be getting their things ready to go to the Manor for three nights since the first night of full moon was that night.
Severus was going to be in his lab all day making Remus’ wolfsbane potion and some more pain potions for the hospital wing. He wasn’t the only person to start cursing when the owl arrived with a note saying that Peeves – the resident poltergeist – had managed to get into the hospital wing and destroyed over half the potions in the room, but he got extra points for originality. As it was Remus, Sirius and Hermione were torn between wanting to be there when Harry met up with the nuisance and wanting to be on the other side of the world. They had no doubt that when Harry was done with him, Peeves wouldn’t dare think of touching the Healing wing ever again.

Lucius was going to be at the Manor getting it ready for the full moon and Bellatrix was going to be gathering the things that she and Narcissa would need for their lessons. When she was finished, she was going to visit her parent’s graves and go to an appointment at Gringotts.

Draco, after much thought, decided to remain in the school and work on his plans for the house. He wanted the construction to be at least started before Christmas. Thankfully he already had several designs planned out previously so all he had to do was decide which would work best for what he wanted before taking it to the goblins for review.

That night everyone slept peacefully with little dreaming, none of them wondering when everything would fall apart.
Chapter 27 – Harry’s hidden side

It didn’t surprise Narcissa that everyone was gathered in Remus and Sirius’ room when she arrived the following morning.

“Morning,” Sirius greeted her.

She nodded her head in greeting and settled onto the seat beside her cousin with a sigh of contentment. She smiled thankfully at her son when he handed her a cup of tea prepared the way she liked it. She hummed in pleasure at the taste of the bittersweet liquid.

“Are you looking forward to seeing Mother?” Blaise asked.

“I am,” Narcissa smiled. “I feel horrible knowing I haven’t been to see her in so long, even when I knew she was having a hard time with the pregnancy.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Blaise stated with a small chuckle. “She was too sick to even see me, Carla and Laynee some days while her original Healer did what he was doing. Since Harry took over, she and the twins are doing really well.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” the blonde said with a smile. “I sent her a note last night saying I was going to be visiting with you all today. She seemed excited to have some adult female company, the poor Dear.”
Blaise laughed.

“I don’t doubt that she is looking forward to it,” he said. “Father does his best but he isn’t exactly a female and though I admit that he does a good job, he just isn’t mentally equipped for ‘girl-time’.”

Narcissa laughed her agreement as Harry and Hermione walked into the room, followed by Remus and Severus. All four of them were carrying a tray that held either food or another tea pot.

“Morning Narcissa,” Hermione smiled, “You look lovely today.”

“Thank you Hermione, you are also looking wonderful today.”

Hermione laughed in delight and Harry gave the blonde woman a hug in welcome after he deposited the tray he had been carrying.

“I’m glad you decided to come today. Willa is getting a little lonely and … I have a feeling that something is going to go wrong,” he whispered. “If I’m right, I need you to watch and protect Willa, Carla and Laynee with Nicholas and leave everything else to me, Blaise and Hermione.”

Narcissa opened her mouth to protest and Harry covered her mouth with a finger.

“You and Nicholas need to keep her and the girls as calm as possible if it does happen,” he told her firmly, “Any, and I mean ANY, stress or fear that she feels will weaken the things I just started to fix. If that happens, she WILL lose the boys,” he said firmly. “As her Healer, it is my job to oversee everything that can harm the health of her or her boys. I’m hoping that the trouble will be something that can be soothed away, but if not, I can’t focus on getting rid of the problem and keeping my patient calm at the same time.”

Narcissa blinked and heaved a sigh of acceptance. Harry smiled at her in gratitude and bounced off to tackle her son in a hug.

“Don’t worry,” Hermione said with a small smile as she handed the older woman a plate of food as Blaise just blinked in shock after the small teen, “he knows what he is doing. He may be a submissive, but he is a DEMON submissive.”
“What does that have to do with anything?” Narcissa asked.

Hermione just smirked, her eyes twinkling, as she popped a tiny pikelet into her mouth.

~~~ihateheadcolds~~~

Narcissa watched in shock as both girls ignored her and glomped a laughing Harry the second the group of four appeared in the entrance way.

“Papa wants to see you before you see Mama,” Carla said seriously after she calmed down. “He and Mama got a letter at breakfast and they went pale after reading it.”

Narcissa, Blaise and Hermione exchanged troubled looks as Harry lowered himself to the same level as the girls.

“Did your Mama do anything other than go pale?” he asked seriously. “Like curl up around the babies, start breathing really fast or get sick?”

“No thee didn’t,” Laynee replied before Carla could. “Carla and I made them calm down, but we got put in the corner.”

“We didn’t mean to put oatmeal all over the ceiling,” Carla added with a completely innocent look on her face, “We were aiming at each other.”

“And it got Mama and Papa out of their bad things, so it was worf it,” Laynee finished.

“You are both wonderful girls,” Harry said as he ran a hand through their hair, “but when I asked you to keep an eye on your Mama, I didn’t mean for you to get into trouble for what you did.”

“It wath all we could fink off,” Laynee admitted while lowering her head.
“That’s fine sweetie,” Harry cooed, pulling the girl into his arms and standing, nuzzling her happily. “Now, let’s go find your Papa!”

The three of them left the room, leaving behind a giggling Hermione, bemused Blaise and speechless Narcissa. Not once since either girl had been born had they ignored her presence when she was in the room, nor had they failed to greet Blaise. Narcissa followed the mated pair from the room deep in thought and her heart aching at being replaced.

~~~willsomeonetellthetrollplayingthebongoesinmyheadthatitistimetogohome?~~~

Everyone in the room was silent until the door clicked after the girls left to go back to their mother.

“The kittens told me you got a troubling letter this morning,” Harry said, looking intently at the still pale man. “Before you tell me about it, I need to know if either you or Willa need healing.”

Nicholas opened his mouth to argue, but Harry silenced him by raising a hand.

“Nothing in that letter is more important than the health of your family. I told all of you that but the only people who seem to have taken that to heart are the girls – who I am going to kidnap after today’s appointment and take out for ice-cream as a reward for doing what I asked of them. Now, I will ask once again: Do either you or Willa need healing?”

Stunned, Nicholas shook his head. “We took one of the potions you told us to take to remain calm after the girls had their food fight …” He blinked and looked at Harry incredulously. “You told them to do it?”

“I told them that if your behaviour changed to include anything on the bad behaviour list to get you both out of it any way they could. If it didn’t work, then they were to call me on the rings that I gave them when I first took over from your original healer to protect them and your wife.”

“I’ll go check over Lady Zabini Harry,” Hermione stated, “as well as the girls, just to make sure.”

Harry through a quick grin at his sister and returned his attention back to Nicholas.
“Now, first, you will allow me to check you over then we will discuss the letter AFTER I check Willa and the twins – Yes, with the girls in the room because it concerns them as well.”

Nicholas opened his mouth to argue then closed it with a sigh. “Alright, alright, you win. Let’s go back to the main room and get this over with.”

Harry smiled happily and pat Nicholas’ shoulder as the defeated man walked past him. “Good boy, you know the most important lesson anyone can learn.”

“And what is that?” Nicholas asked tiredly.

“Never argue with your Healer when it concerns the health of you or your family. Now you just need to learn to investigate your Healer before accepting their word as law – not that you will need to do it with me. Always insist on getting their FULL name, qualifications, who trained them, where they trained and an oath stating they will do everything in their power to protect the health of you and your family – everything I did the first day I met you and saved the twins.”

Nicholas nodded and silently led the group to where Willa and the girls were.

~~~ifanyofyouarethinkingaboutseeingMoana,Ihighlysuggestthatyoudosoo.itisasawesome!~~~

Everyone in the room was enthralled by the sight of the twins on the projection above Willa’s stomach. Carla and Laynee had squealed excitedly when they noticed Narcissa and were now seated on her lap as they watched their baby brothers. Everyone pouted when Harry cancelled the spell and sat beside the pregnant woman so he could keep her calm through the next conversation.

“Tell me about the letter you got this morning,” he said gently.

Willa and Nicholas exchanged looks and sighed.

“The Elven Council heard that we replaced the other Healer without consulting them,” Nicholas stated with a scowl. “Apparently it is now the law that all people with elven heritage need to have an Elven Healer and they are now planning on taking over the job of watching over the pregnancy; even going so far as to threaten kidnapping her and keeping me and the girls from ever seeing her or the boys ever again since I am human and the girls take after me.”
“They indicated that a representative of the Council would be here at lunch with a Healer to take me away should we resist,” Willa stated calmly since Harry had put a hand on her chest the second her heart rate had begun to rise.

“Over my dead and decaying body,” Harry hissed as his eyes began glowing. “We have an hour and a half to prepare, so let’s go.”

Harry turned to the shocked Narcissa and her two leeches. “I want you to stay as close to Willa as possible. ‘Cissa, you are in charge of protecting her if they turn up before we get back. Laynee, Sweetheart, you are going to be my alarm. The second that the strangers step foot on this property, you push the middle of your ring. The second they move towards you, your sister, your Mama or your Papa, you press it again and I will be here. Do you understand?”

“Yeth,” Laynee said, completely serious as she removed herself from Narcissa’s arms and stood before Harry, her sister following her. “Ith it Thafe for me to thit on Mama’th lap?”

“Not this time youngling,” Harry told her softly.

Laynee nodded her understanding and remained where she was as Harry turned to Carla

“I want you to go upstairs and collect all of the potions we made for your Mama and put them into a special bag that Rinie will give you. Do you remember the potion that your Mama and Papa had this morning?”

Carla nodded, paying close attention to what was being said.

“I want you to put all of those same potions into this bag.”

He handed over a small pink bag that looked like a kid’s play bag.

“You will keep this bag with you at all times and give the other bag to either your Aunt Cissa or to your Papa. Do you understand?”
“Yes. Can Laynee help me get the potions?”

“She certainly can, but make it quick. Also grab your favourite toy, one each,” Harry then knelt down and kissed both girls on the forehead. “I know I can count on you to do this girls. Now scat.”

Both girls grinned up at him, hugged him tightly and vanished.

Harry then turned to Nicholas.

“Do you have control over the wards or does Willa have sole control?”

“We have joint control over them,” Willa said when it became evident her husband wasn’t going to answer.

Harry sighed and planted a hand in the middle of the man’s chest and snapped his mind back to the present by adding a small, sharp burst of magic.

“Are you with us now?” the teen asked with a slight scowl, making the man flush slightly in embarrassment as he nodded.

“Good,” Harry stated, “I want you to raise the ward that will warn you whenever someone appears on your property and who they are. As soon as the Elves get here, you are to tell Laynee to push the button on her ring if I am not here. This is important so do you understand?”

Nicholas stayed silent and Harry growled, making everyone pale when he vanished from his place and appeared with his hand around the man’s throat.

“Do you have any idea what is at stake here?” he hissed lowly at the now terrified man. “Every time you blank out the world and ignore me is one more chance that you WILL lose both your wife and your boys. If you are too fucking gutless to respond to a threat then hand over control of the wards to Blaise and go hide in the basement until the threat is taken care of. These arrogant toerags are threatening your family – your UNBORN KITTENS and here you are just planning on lying on the floor and allowing them to walk over you to get to them. You disgust me.”
Nicholas glared at Harry as he raised the wards. “I love every member of this family,” he ground out between his teeth, “How dare you say I am willing to allow anyone to take them from me.”

Harry nodded and smirked, “Then prove it to them that you aren’t going to bend over and be their bitch. Remind me to schedule an appointment with you to discover why you keep blanking out like that.”

He let the older man go and tapped him on the cheek before spinning and facing Blaise.

“I need you to go to your family library and search for the book of Elven Laws. I’ve worked with an Elven Healer before and she mentioned that every family had one and it was self-updating. If you find it then tell Rinie and she’ll tell me. It is a point in our favour if you don’t have one, so make sure you search thoroughly.”

Blaise nodded his agreement and turned to leave the room just as the girls walked through the door.

“I’ll help him,” Nicholas said. “There are rooms that have books that he won’t be able to get into without me or Willa being there with him. Willa can tell Laynee when someone we don’t know comes in so they won’t be caught unprepared.”

Harry nodded and the man left the room, closely followed by Blaise before they separated; Blaise to go to the library and Nicholas to search his and Willa’s room and offices.

“Rinie, you know what I want you to do,” he said.

Hermione nodded.

“I am to get all of our Healer credentials and our Healer bags. What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to go see Yanize [pronounced Yah-Knee-S], Trendan and Emelaine for one thing I was hoping I would have time to obtain,” he grimaced.

“What’s that Sweetie?”
“Apprenticeship papers,” he growled before vanishing in a swirl of shadow leaving a gobsmacked Hermione behind.

~~~roundandroundandroundandroundandround~~~

With how viciously his magic was swirling around him, Harry wasn’t surprised to find the three people he was looking for in the Hallway on their way to meet him.

“What is wrong Young One?” Yanize asked in concern when they reached him.

“Someone is trying to interfere with one of MY patients,” Harry hissed, eyes flashing dangerously. “Some jumped up, self-important politician has threatened to not only remove my client from my care, but threatened to remove her from her family and not allow them to ever see her or the boys again. To make it worse, they are hiding behind some trumped up law that I don’t even think is real to make them submit: So here I am, coming to get paperwork to take on an apprentice when I SHOULD be focusing on my growing bond with my mate, his family, my sister, her mate and his family!”

All three of them winced before frowning.

“Tell us everything from the beginning.” Trendan ordered as they turned and headed towards their office. “We will do our best to help you and your patient through this as legally as possible.”

“Thank you Healer Trendan, I apologise for my continual interruption of your day. If I may ask, can you also contact Healer Evangeline of the Elves for me please?” I may need her knowledge.”

“There is no need Young One,” a soft voice heavy with age stated. “I am already here. Now, how can I help?”

Harry instantly relaxed as he turned and bowed to the beautiful woman who had spoken.

“Mistress,” he said as the others with him murmured a soft ‘My Lady.”
Lady Evangeline nodded to the three older Healers before turning to the young demon.

“I haven’t been your Mistress for many years young one,” she said with a soft smile.

Harry straightened slowly to meet her solid white eyes with a soft smile of his own.

“That may be true Mistress,” he said, “but you will always be my Mistress. You trained me after all.”

As the older woman laughed, Harry allowed himself to look over her with a Healer’s eye. Her skin was slightly pale and her hair more of a dull brown rather than the rich chestnut colour he remembered it being; but other than that, the only proof of her aging was the aura she had surrounding her. All in all, she didn’t look a day over thirty-five even though she had just celebrated her third century in the medical field. What made it even more incredible was that she had been blind for over three-quarters of it.

“I’m glad to see you in good health Mistress,” he finally said as they finally reached their destination. “We will need to arrange a meeting to catch up after everything calms down.”

“I agree Young One,” Lady Evangeline replied. “I will be awaiting your message.”

“I apologise for interrupting,” Yanize said, “but we are ready.”

Harry sighed and closed his eyes to concentrate. After a few moments, he began to talk, telling his superiors about everything that had happened in the past two weeks. When he finished, silence ruled.

“We really need to catch up Young One,” Lady Evangeline mused. “I have not heard of this new law that you mentioned and I should have if it is a real law since I am the oldest of us still living so they can do nothing from that direction,” she assured her latest apprentice.

“You said that the patient in question swears fealty to your mate’s family?” Mind Healer Yanize asked.

“Yes,” Harry stated. “They have for the past several generations, but only those on her Grandfather’s side of the family – of whom she is the last remaining.”
Lady Evangeline and Trendan grinned predatorily, making the two older men to gulp and Harry to be filled, once again, with determination. The two women and Harry leant in and began planning, ignoring the now terrified men.
Chapter 28 – The Elven Council tries to interfere

Chapter Summary

The Elven council gets put into their place and Harry and Hermione bring up some good points to their Superiors

Chapter Notes

Sorry it was so late. I hate summer

Chapter 28 – The Elven Council tries to interfere

Everyone who had remained at the Manor was surprised when Harry and Hermione arrived at the same time, but even Hermione was surprised at the look of bloodlust that was evident in Harry’s eyes.

When Harry left the room, Hermione quickly warned the small family to stay away from the dark-haired teen until after the confrontation. Narcissa was the one to ask why and Hermione stared her down.

“Someone has threatened one of his patients,” Hermione explained, “A family under his protection who have young. Submissives are most dangerous when protecting young. Harry was infamous at Mama Figgs for threatening all of the prospective parents with bodily harm if they dared to think of harming one of his young ones before they were even allowed to see the youngsters. If they found who they wanted, Harry made plans with them to visit them at random times and he gave the child a way to contact him in an emergency.”

“So what does that mean?” Willa asked wincing as one of her boys kicked her. “For us, I mean.”

“It means the Council will need new members if they move against me,” Harry stated as he walked into the room. “And thanks to my Mistress, I will be able to do it legally. Did you find the book?”

Blaise and Nicholas shook their heads in the negative, flinching back when a dark smile stretched over his lips.
“Perfect,” he purred as he returned to normal. “You can all relax now. There is nothing they can do to any of you.”

“What do you mean?” Blaise asked.

Harry smirked as both Willa and Nicholas tensed as someone arrived in the Manor.

“Let the games begin,” he purred once again before taking charge of the situation and the house elves that had popped in. To everyone’s surprise; the House elves obeyed him without question.

Once all the funny little creatures had vanished, Harry turned and smiled at the small family.

“Shall we?” he asked with an innocent look on his face that none of them could bring themselves to disbelieve. “Lunch will be served first and then the meeting will commence. Remember this is YOUR house; No one can destabilize you in your territory if you don’t allow them to. Lucius and Draco will be joining us after the midday meal as well.”

Harry raised a hand to silence any protests that would come.

“It is their right to be here. As vassals of the Malfoy family any attack on your family is an attack on theirs. They are honour and duty bound to come to your defence. While Narcissa and I are here, the case will be stronger with the two men here – not because they are men, but because they are Malfoy’s by BLOOD, and magic is strongest when bound to blood.”

He gave a blood chilling grin to the adults as he organised the order they would enter the room in.

“There is also the fact your family does not have a book of Elven law. Only the Elven Council can destroy one and they are only destroyed when a family is expelled from the Elven Community. Mistress and I did some looking before I came back and we found records that the Zabini family was expelled from the Elven Community twenty years before Willa’s grandfather swore fealty to the Malfoy family due to one spoilt brat who wanted to mate a submissive female of the Zabini Clan who already had a dominant courting her. When he tried forcing himself on her, her older brother and her soon-to-be-bonded attacked and killed him, causing them to be banished.”
Willa and Blaise looked at him with wide eyes before shark-like grins stretched across their faces and they relaxed into a more confident stance.

“They can’t do anything to us,” Willa whispered with happy tears, “they really can’t do anything to us.”

“No, no they can’t,” Harry stated. “Now, let’s go and prove that to them.”

~~~IswearMotherNatureisPMSing~~~

The three Council members scowled when the door to the dining room they had been taken to opened. They glared when the oldest boy walked in, escorting a female; both of whom ignored them. The next person to walk through the door were the two female children and who they believed to be their nurse. The three of them eyed the slender teen predatorily, noticing that he was a submissive. None of them noticed the look of disgust that the youngster aimed at them, nor the soft growl that was coming from the couple that first entered.

Next through the door was Willa, Nicholas and Narcissa: the former being supported by the latter two. The family all remained standing until Willa had been seated and Nicholas sat, indicating for those around them to sit.

“We are …” The Councilman was cut off by the arrival of several house elves with platters of drinks. If the tiny creatures made just enough noise so conversation was unable to be held unless it was to the person or people beside you, no one mentioned it. Once their drinks had been distributed and the elves vanished, the Councilman tried once again.

“We are here to …”

Once again he was interrupted by the arrival of the house elves, this time with platters of food that were distributed between the people who were at the table. When everyone’s plate was put before them and the elves vanished, the Zabini family didn’t give the man a chance to talk as they took it in turns to fill their plates; with Harry filling a plate for himself, Willa and the two girls.

Nicholas frowned slightly at the three invaders as the rest of his family and guests waited for him to say they could begin eating.
“Is the food not to your liking?” he asked them, seeing their empty plates.

“We are not here to eat,” the male in the middle answered stiffly, “We are here in relation to the letter you received earlier today.”

“It is a discourtesy to make an appointment at lunch time and refuse to eat,” a deep, smooth voice stated from the door. Everyone turned to look at the speaker to see two blonde men standing just inside the doorway.

“Our apologies for arriving earlier than we said,” the older of the two said with a shallow bow towards Nicholas and Willa, “Our business was completed sooner than we estimated.”

“That is alright my Lord,” Nicholas said with a deeper bow to Lucius. “As our Liege Lord you are welcome here at any time.”

Draco hid his smirk as the three Council members paled but didn’t bother hiding his anger when one looked at his mate with lust-filled eyes.

“It is also a sign of bad breeding and upbringing to lust after someone who isn’t your mate,” he said coldly, making the three outsiders flinch and Harry to give him a thankful smile.

“As is talking business at the table,” Willa stated firmly, eyes glittering coldly. “The three of you should know this already and if you didn’t then the Council has fallen farther than I thought.”

The Elven trio went silent and, after exchanging looks, put a small sample of the available food on their plates. The meal was begun and was completed in complete silence. The smugness that came from Harry only amused those in the know.

~~~The worst thing about sliding on carpet is finding hooks and needles that were lost~~~

The three Elven Council representatives were astounded when, instead of being lead to a study by the Zabini couple, they were led into a large sitting room. They were even more shocked that it wasn’t one of them who started the meeting.
“Who do you want to take over the care of Mrs Willa Zabini?” the black haired submissive asked firmly as he placed himself between the Councilmen and the woman in question. “I don’t want just a name either; I want rank, number, the name of their Master or Mistress, their personality, a written copy of their declaration and a memory of them saying it before I allow them to step foot in the same building as her.”

“Who do you think you are?” the oldest elf roared, cheeks red in anger. “How dare you order around your superiors!”

“There are only four people who are my superior;” Harry stated coldly, his eyes going a frosted green, “and not one of them is you. Not even my contracted dominant is my superior. As for who I think I am: I am Master Healer Harry, Number MH0074017, Apprenticed by Lady Evangeline and current Healer to the Zabini family due to YOUR incompetence.”

“What do you mean by ‘incompetence’?” Lucius asked with narrowed eyes.

“In researching a way to make sure this event didn’t harm Willa at all, Mistress and I came across several individuals who have been apprehended by the Healer’s Guild for various acts of negligence, abuse and malpractice who were allowed their license due to the Elven Council.”

Harry grinned at the now very pale males.

“Mistress is also not at all happy with what she has been hearing from her attendants and wanted me to tell you all to be at the next meeting or she will boot your arses off the Council and reinstate a royal family.”

“As for this so-called law,” Hermione stated as she moved to stand beside her brother when she noticed the tiny tremors he had in his back muscles. “The Zabini family has not been members of the Elven Community since the time of Willa’s Grandfather. Add that to the fact that every member swears fealty to the Malfoy family,” she shrugged, “You could have started a war that we would have finished.”

Unnoticed by the three before them, Hermione was running a hand down Harry’s back in a bid to calm him.

“You think…”
“No!” Harry snapped, eyes flashing. “You haven’t been thinking. You allocated a Healer to the Zabini family without proper authorisation from the Healer’s Guild – A healer, I might add, that tried to kill two of his patients and damage two children.”

Ignoring Hermione’s effort to pull him back and calm him down, Harry stalked towards the three frozen elves. “A Healer that had over half of the Elven Council’s signatures on his papers to become a Healer saying they witnessed his pledge to – and I quote – ‘Do no harm to my clients’.”

He crossed his arms and scowled at them.

“You don’t want me to look after the growth of the babes? Fine by me, I’ll do it with or without your blessing, but you make sure to tell the Council that to get rid of me they will need to destroy me.”

“And to do that, they will have to go through us,” an age-heavy alto came from the door.

Harry moved to where he could see the intruders and bowed deeply. “Mistress.”

Lady Evangeline sighed and shook her head in amusement.

“We have been over this once already today Young One. I am no longer your Mistress,” she stated as she helped him up from his bow, using her magic as a guide. “You have greatly surpassed me in all areas and I am proud to call you my equal and, eventually, my superior.”

Everyone gaped at the woman as she chuckled at the feelings that were floating around the room at her words.

“Yes Young One, you will one day be my superior, so please stop calling me ‘Mistress’.”

“I will try my best My Lady,” he said with a small blush, his temper disappearing like it wasn’t there due to his shock at her words.

She smiled and pat his cheek like a proud Grandmother before placing him into Draco’s arms. “You just focus on your growing family and leave dealing with these idiots to me.”
“Okay my Lady,” he whispered as he snuggled into Draco’s chest with a yawn.

Everyone smiled when, as soon as Draco sat on the chair with his mate, Carla and Laynee joined the couple before all four of they joined Harry in sleep.

“They are really attached to him, aren’t they?” Narcissa asked softly as she watched her son lower his head in defeat at not being able to move.

“They do,” Willa replied just as softly. “Sometimes I wonder if I should be jealous or not.”

“It’s his nature,” Hermione said as she joined them, noticing how Lady Evangeline dragged two of the Councilmen by the chain she had joined them with while leading the third out by his ear from the corner of her eye.

“The kids at Mama Figg’s reacted the same way to him,” she continued.

“As true as that may be, I want to look over him,” one of the men said, looking at the couple in worry. “It isn’t normal for him to be this tired this early.”

“Thank you Master Healer Emelaine,” Hermione said. “If the problem hadn’t sorted itself out by tomorrow, I would have dragged him to you myself.”

The three at the door just chuckled and moved further into the room. One of them quickly moved to where Harry, Draco and the Zabini girls lay, murmuring to himself as he prepared to check his patient.

“Please forgive us for just barging in without an invite,” the only woman of the small group said with a bow to the Zabini adults. “We promised the Kit that we would help where legally possible, but forgot to ensure a way to contact him. I am Emma Trendan, Top Healer in Europe and her neighbours. Beside me is Mind Healer Jacob Yanize and with the Kit is Master Healer Blake Emelaine. The three of us are the Heads of the Healer’s Academy – though Harry insists on calling us the Healer’s Guild for some reason.”

“Because being called ‘Healer’s Academy’ gives the illusion that you teach the Healing Arts and are
therefore nothing but glorified teachers,” Draco responded from his spot at the bottom of the dog pile. He shuffled slightly at the looks he was getting. “What? It was one of the things he and I talked about when we had our first date.”

Hermione and Blaise exchanged looks and chuckled softly.

“One day you will have to tell us just what you two did on that date,” Blaise said as he put an arm around Hermione’s waist.

“We ate dinner, we played a getting-to-know-you game Harry told me about – one we still play every chance we get. What did you do?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Blaise blushed and looked away while Hermione hit her forehead with the palm of her hand.

“I should have known that Harry would insist on that!” she cried, “As for us … well … we talked about books.”

Willa snorted in amusement as her son and his mate both flushed in embarrassment.

“Why am I not surprised,” she said with a smile, “You always did love your books more than anyone else in the family. I certainly named you correctly.”

“Mother!” Blaise yelped.

“Oh?” Hermione asked, a glint in her eye.

“I named him after my seven times great Grandfather. Everyone who knew him remembered him for his love of literature and how he loathed to destroy the written word.”

“He sounds like a man I would have liked to have met,” Hermione stated. Her eyes flicked to Blaise and back to Willa, having gained a mischievous glint. “I guess I’ll just have to settle for his namesake though.”
“HEY!” Blaise yelled, making the women laugh and Draco to snarl.

“BE SILENT Blaise,” he ordered, “try to remember someone is having a medical examination and that your sisters are asleep.”

Blaise looked away in shame, murmuring an apology with Hermione not too far behind him.

“How is he?” Lucius asked the man as he stood with a soft frown.

“He needs to go on a potion once a month until the month before his bonding,” Blake said. “It isn’t anything bad, but more of an aid.”

“What is wrong?” Hermione asked, only to flinch back at the sharp look all three medical personal shot her.

“I believe the first to be told that is Harry and, if he wishes it, Draco,” Emma chided her gently. “Please remember you are no longer in the position of running his life.”

Hermione flinched once again and nodded, allowing Blaise to pull her into a comforting hug.

“Why is Blaise hugging the pretty lady?” Carla asked sleepily.

“That pretty lady is being courted by Blaise,” Draco answered.

“Ithn’t thee Harry’th thithter?” Layne asked with a yawn.

“Yes she is,” Blaise replied, hiding his nervousness. He loved his little sisters and it would be hard on him if they didn’t like his mate.

Carla and Laynee exchanged looks then looked at Blaise
“You owe us ice-cream,” they chorused.

“Harry and Draco are taking us out for afternoon tea, but you can take us for dinner and dessert,” Carla stated.

“Bring the pwetty lady ath well,” Laynee ordered as she snuggled back into Harry. “We haff to embawath you in fwont of her.”

“We wouldn’t be little sisters’ fi we didn’t,” Carla finished with a yawn, most of the way asleep again. “Ask Harry what we can …”

Hermione, Narcissa and Willa burst out laughing as Blaise looked at his two sisters with a look of relieved horror on his face.

“Congratulations,” Draco drawled, “You’ve passed the chibi test.”

“I’m honoured, really I am,” Hermione replied, rolling her eyes, “But I’m sure I only passed due to my relationship to your snuggle-monster.”

Lucius snorted in amusement from where he was helping his wife stand.

“Your relationship with Harry just gave them the assurance that you were worth giving a chance to,” Nicholas told her with complete seriousness. “The last time Blaise bought someone home the girls ran her out of the house within ten minutes with her in tears.”

“I almost failed that assignment as well since I had to work with her on it,” Blaise scowled. “It was only me explaining that my partner refused to come near me due to her fear and hatred of my younger siblings that I passed.”

“I remember that,” Narcissa said with a shake of her head, “didn’t you take the girls into the school and the girl in question ran out of the room screaming?”

“No, that happened a month later,” Willa said with pursed lips. “She visited a week after Laynee was born and Carla was only three so don’t ask me what they did to her.”
“She was an airhead,” Draco said with a roll of his eyes. “She fainted when I walked out of the floo even though she had been told I was babysitting for you that evening. As for what the girls did, I really couldn’t tell you.”

“Laynee drooled on her and when she shrieked, Carla turned her hair grey and white since she had been shocked out of a deep sleep. She then decided she would only have children if there was a house elf to raise it.”

“She sounds like a monster,” Harry yawned, giggling when the people around him jumped.

“She is,” Draco replied softly, “Just be glad that you haven’t been forced to interact with her yet.”

“Okay,” Harry smiled then blinked, “Why are the heads of the Healer’s Guild here?”

Three groans came from the Healers and they all covered their eyes.

“Academy child! We are the Heads of the Healer’s Academy!” Emma said.

“And how many classes are taught there?” Harry asked with faux innocence. “How many students attend?”

Harry dropped the innocent act and frowned lightly, “By definition an academy is a school for specialized training.”

“It is also a society of scholars, writers, scientists and the like,” Emma responded with a twitch of her lips. “What makes you think Healers are not included?”

“I never said we couldn’t have an Academy or three, “ Harry scowled. “I’m just stating that it is inappropriate to call the building where we gather for important meetings and celebrations an Academy. Calling it a Guild is more appropriate since a guild, by definition, is a club, society or an association of people with common interests formed for protection and mutual aid. It is commonly used for craftsmen and what are Healers but craftsmen who are skilled in treating discrepancies in the humanoid body?”
Everyone blinked in shock at the teen who had realised who was in the room with him and had hidden his bright red face in Draco’s chest.

“He’s got a point,” Jacob sighed, rubbing his face tiredly. “We are more of a Guild than an Academy.”

“But is it worth the hassle of changing the name?” Blake asked. “All that paperwork, just to change one word.”

“If I may?” Hermione started hesitantly, biting her lip.

Emma and Jacob nodded their permission.

“It will be worth the trouble for the rest of us, if not for you. Harry and I are lucky since we don’t have to wait for an appointment with the three of you, even if we do make one, if it isn’t an emergency, but for our co-workers without that privilege, it takes nearly an hour on normal days to get to the front desk just to make an appointment, then there is almost a weeks’ wait for emergencies and nearly a month for non-emergencies.”

“And most of those there are to ask after joining the Academy for learning,” Harry added softly. “And when they discover we don’t actually teach anyone, they make trouble for everyone in the waiting area.”

“It isn’t as noticeable to those in higher positions, but a change has to be made,” Hermione stated just as soft.

The three older Healers exchanged looks and nodded.

“We will bring it up at the next meeting,” Blake said, “but now, I would like to speak to young Harry and Draco in private if you don’t mind.”

The two teens managed to separate themselves from the napping limpets without waking them and followed the older man into the Hallway. Hermione watched them go while biting her lip in worry. Blaise squeezed her hand gently and smiled soothingly when she looked at him.
“Don’t worry Mione,” he said softly, “Draco won’t let anything bad happen to him and you know that Harry won’t keep anything bad from you.”

Hermione nodded and stopped chewing on her lip but couldn’t help but look at the door once more.
Chapter 29 - Much Ado about Courtship

Chapter Summary

Harry meets Peeves, Hermione reveals some of her past, Draco and Harry go on a date and Sirius is made fun of frequently

Chapter Notes

Of all the chapters I’ve written and posted so far, this one is my favourite. I hope you all enjoy as much as I do!

Chapter 29 – Much ado about courtship

The group that had been at the Zabini’s walked into the Hogwarts Entrance hall in complete silence. Without hesitating, they started up the stairs to Remus and Sirius’ rooms while somehow managing to avoid the students in the over-crowded space. They were half way up the second staircase when a barrel of water fell onto Harry and Hermione. Everyone in the vicinity froze at the visible outburst of magic that came from the siblings.

In the blink of an eye, several tendrils of shadow exploded from the cat-eared teen while an orange flame exploded around both of them, drying the soaked teens. It wasn’t long before everyone’s jaw dropped when the shadows that had come alive due to Harry’s anger curled back to him holding the silenced form of the resident poltergeist.

“So you are the one responsible for the wonton destruction in a place of Healing,” Harry hissed causing Hermione, Remus and Sirius to move until their backs were pressed against the wall. “There are times and places for chaos and destruction and two places you DO NOT prank are the kitchen and places of Healing.”

Peeves made an odd yelping noise as the shadows tightened around him and turned him until he was facing the wall.

“I was just going to ask a friend of mine to ward those two areas from you, but now I’ve changed my mind,” Harry stated. “Due to your inability to control yourself and making me late for watching over kittens, you must be punished.”
With that said one of the shadows flattened out at one end, took aim and hit the ghostly rear end of the prankster with a solid THWAK. For the first time in history, Hogwarts was silent.

“You DO NOT do anything to harm kittens!” Harry hissed as another Thwack sounded. “Pranks are supposed to be funny WITHOUT victimizing or damaging the target.”

Another Thwack came and this time Peeves yelped softly.

“You caused the destruction of over half of the potions used to heal people, therefore endangering the lives of kittens for no reason bar for your own personal entertainment.”

Another, harder, THWAK was heard as the shadow once again landed on Peeve’s rear end.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?” Harry hissed as he maneuvered the shadows to bring the still shocked poltergeist to stand before him.

Peeves silently shook his head.

“You do realize he is a poltergeist right?” Lucius said as calmly as he could.

“So,” Harry said with a scowl, “Poltergeist or not nothing gives him the right to endanger the lives of kittens. One of the potions he destroyed was a fever reducer made without willow bark. Not important to many people, but what if one of the kittens comes down with magic fever? It is vital that they get that potion immediately or they could lose their magic, but since HE destroyed the special order what will happen if a kitten with an allergy to willow bark is affected?”

Lucius paled. “The child would either die or lose their magic …”

“Which will leave them broken,” Harry finished turning to the horrified Peeves, ignoring the crowd of teachers, students and ghosts.

“As punishment, you have to go to the Headmaster, the Matron of the Healing Hall and Professor
Snape and verbally apologise to all of them for all the trouble you have caused. You WILL then spend the rest of this year HELPING the Professors. After this year, you can go back to being a pain-in-the-arse with three exceptions. One; you WILL stay away from the kitchen. Two; You WILL stay away from the Healing Hall and all areas potions are made and stored and three; You will NEVER, and I mean NEVER, target first years again.”

Everyone in the room could tell that the petite demon was serious as every time he made an order, he punctuated it with another blow to the wriggling poltergeist’s rear end with a shadow.

“Do you understand?”

Peeves let out a yelped “Yes” as he nodded his head as fast as he could.

“I will make sure he obeys,” a slightly cold voice stated from one side of the room. The crowd from that section separated to allow the speaker to get through.

“Baron,” Draco nodded in greeting from his place beside his Father and within arms’ reach of his mate.

“Heir Malfoy,” the spectre replied with a nod of his own before turning his attention back to the black-haired teen. “You have my word as a spirit of Hogwarts Young One.”

“You had better,” Harry stated coldly. “As benign spirits it is your duty to reduce the pestilence of those with less benign natures. If I hear of even one kitten being harmed due to something involving this … annoyance … You will be joining him in a live preview of the correct way to dissect a rodent – as one of the demonstration dummies.”

He suddenly smiled sweetly at the shocked ghost.

“It was lovely to meet you Sir, enjoy your day.”

He cheerfully bounced over to where he had spotted Luna, linked arms with her and happily skipped down the nearest walkway.
Hermione, Sirius and Remus cautiously walked away from where they had tried plastering themselves as a section of Hogwarts' walls.

“You are very lucky Mr Poltergeist,” Hermione said after a short period of silence.

Peeves glared at her, rubbing his tender flesh. “How does what just happened make me Lucky?”

“He treated you as if you were a young child who didn’t know what the consequences for your actions were,” she stated. “You got a spanking, a talking to and made to apologise. If he treated you as an adult your insides would be on the ground in a dungeon room as he tried various ways of killing you.”

“He discovered one of the children he raised in the Orphanage had been kidnapped one day last year,” Sirius stated before Peeves could open his mouth. “The men who did it worked for the gang Remus and I were investigating and brought the kid to the warehouse.”

“Neither Sirius nor I were there,” Remus stated, “or we would have stopped their plans.”

“We were the first to get in the next morning and it’s a good thing we were,” Sirius continued. “The kid was sleeping in a bubble with his wounds covered and our sweet, innocent Harry was covered head to toe in blood, happily humming as he injected a special concoction of his own invention so the men wouldn’t do something as disappointing as dying on him while he played.”

“Don’t let his nature fool you,” Hermione stated firmly. “Yes, he is a submissive. Yes, he is sweet, innocent and completely dependent on his Dominant for strength, but he is also a DEMON. He only shows his demonic side when it comes to his position as a Healer and when the well-being of children comes under suspicion.”

“We are just lucky enough that he is currently courting,” Blaise added, his amusement evident, “and currently wants his own litter. It was just your luck Peeves that you got him with a prank when he was going to get ready to babysit my younger sisters while in a clucky phase.”

The Baron chuckled softly and shook his head. “I admit the youngster has spirit. You have a most intriguing mate, Heir Malfoy.”

Draco’s eyes glazed over as he though over what he knew of his mate.
“You have no idea,” he replied once his thoughts snapped back to the present, a gleam deep in his eye. “If I may beg pardon, I have prior plans for this afternoon. Harry and I will bring the girls here in time for you and Hermione to have dinner with your parents.”

Blaise flushed slightly but smiled thankfully.

Draco nodded once, bowed politely to his parents and followed his mate’s scent to the source, his thoughts on what he could do to reward his Kitten’s actions. Seeing Peeves get a public dressing down and spanking was the best way to cheer up his day.

~~~Whydoestimemovesoslowlywhenitishot?~~~

Draco smiled softly as he watched his mate interact with Carla and Laynee outside the Zabini Manor. Since they had been later than they thought thanks to the incident with Peeves, they had taken the girls to a Café in Diagon Alley for an early afternoon tea before going to a nearby park in the mundane world to allow them to use up some of their nervous energy from that morning.

At the moment Harry was chasing after a giggling Laynee; who had snuck up on the teen while he had been focused on his tickle attack on Carla. Just as he was going to catch the youngest Zabini girl, Carla pounced and knocked him off his feet, allowing both girls to turn the tables on their attacker.

“There is no sound more precious than that of a child’s laughter,” a low female voice said from beside Draco, making him start guiltily. “And that young man is one of the best at getting it from them.”

“You know Harry?” he asked, not removing his eyes from his mate.

“I do. I work for Arabella Figg,” she replied. “It is good to see him so happy, even if the Orphanage does seem slightly darker without him and Hermione there.”

Draco froze and a smile slowly formed on his lips. Without hesitation he nodded his head to the unknown woman and headed for his mate and two charges. He had plans to put in place and reservations to make.
Hermione inhaled deeply as she faced the closed doors of Zabini Manor. A hand touched her shoulder and she bit back a yelp of surprise. Spinning, she came face-to-face with an amused Blaise.

“Relax ‘Mione,” he soothed as his hand returned to holding Carla’s. “You have already met so there is no reason to be this jumpy.”

“This is different,” she said softly. “I have met them on a professional level. This is personal.”

“You can’t tell me that the girl who blows kisses at an annoyed snake demon without hesitation; who TALKS BACK TO the same annoyed demon, is nervous to meet an elf and a human?” he asked her incredulously.

Hermione flushed softly.

“That is also different. Tom is Tom and even if he hadn’t approved of you it wouldn’t have mattered since no matter how much the three of us wish it, he is not in a position to interrupt our bonding. Nicholas and Willa, however, have that right. Just because we are mates doesn’t mean we will be able to bond if they don’t approve.”

“We wouldn’t prevent Blaise from bonding with his mate,” Nicholas said from the doorway. “Sure, we would if we suspected foul play such as potions and whatnot, but we have no reason to suspect that of you. He’s personality hasn’t changed since he met you and the Malfoy family doesn’t see you as a threat to their vassals, so all that is left is to allow us to get to know you and vice versa. Now come in, diner is ready.”

Hermione followed the older male with her head down so her hair hid her embarrassment. Beside her Blaise sighed; His Father had to learn to be more tactful in these situations. It was understandable that Hermione would react this way since so much had occurred for her these last few weeks and her life had been turned completely upside down.

He would deal with that part later. For now, he had to comfort his mate. … Or not, he thought as he witnessed his mother smack his father up the side of the head and apologise for his behaviour towards Hermione, stating that he was only male so he didn’t know any different. Blaise paused for a moment to wonder if he should feel insulted for other males before pushing it to one side at the sound of Hermione’s laughter. He could swallow his manly pride for once to listen to that sound.
Remus watched with a small smile as he and Sirius watched Draco recite Romeo’s monologue of his love for Juliet in soft French to a blushing Harry.

“Now that was smooth,” Sirius whispered. “I don’t know if I should be applauding him, taking notes or getting between the two and threatening Draco’s balls if he even thinks of touching Harry.”

“Take notes,” Remus stated with a smirk, “You need new material.”

The wolf in human form smirked wider when his companion choked on thin air. A victory was a victory after all, no matter how small.

“Will you do me the honour of allowing me to escort you to dinner this evening?” Draco whispered into Harry’s ear after he gently kissed his mate’s palm. “I feel as though I have been lax in courting you as of late.”

Harry looked up at Draco and nodded with a soft smile, not trusting his voice.

Draco pressed a barely-there kiss to Harry’s head then took several steps back. “I had better go prepare then. I will be back at six to pick you up. Don’t wear anything too fancy okay?”

Harry nodded with a smile and, before he could talk himself out of it, he leapt forward and pressed his lips innocently to Draco’s. After several heartbeats, he pulled back with a giddy giggle and vanished in a puff of shadow.

Draco put his fingers to his lips and smirked. He nodded politely to the two men watching them and walked out the door, mind racing with ideas.
“You and Harry seem to be very close,” Willa stated between bites of her entrée. It had been decided by the Zabini Matriarch that meeting Hermione as her son’s mate was worthy of a pretentious coursed meal. She was gifted with the girl’s fond smile, knowing she had made the right choice with her opening comment.

“We are very close,” Hermione said, smiling down at her soup – a rich, thick concoction full of meat and vegetable chunks. “My biological parents abandoned me at Mama Figg’s Orphanage when I turned three and my demonic heritage revealed itself. A year later Sirius and Remus appeared with Harry, explaining that they will be visiting him when they could but they couldn’t raise him due to starting a new investigation the following day.”

She took another bite of soup and hummed softly in pleasure.

“They saw me and placed Harry beside me while they signed the papers stating that no-one was to adopt Harry without consulting them first and just as they said goodbye to him, Harry’s demonic heritage came out. At first, I thought they were leaving him the same way my parents left me, but they smiled proudly and hugged him tight, telling him they were so proud of him and his Mama and Papa would be as well.”

She looked up with a self-depreciating smile. “I remember feeling envious of him until both men ruffled my hair and told me that as the elder of us, they were looking at me to take care of their kitten for them, and then they left with a hug and kiss on the forehead for the both of us. It wasn’t long before I became a member of their small family and I realised that Harry really did need someone to look after him.”

“Have you ever tried to find your real family?” Carla asked with all the innocence of a small child.

Hermione chuckled and flicked the girl’s nose playfully, ignoring the wince from Willa, Nicholas and Blaise.

“Harry, Remus and Sirius are my real family,” she explained. “Blood means nothing when it comes to family. All that matters is the bond you have with them.”

“Look at our family,” Blaise cut in with a thankful smile at Hermione, seeing what she was doing. “I share blood with Mother, you, Laynee and the twins, but not Father correct?”
Both girls nodded, frowning in confusion.

“Yet I call Father ‘Father’ just like you and Laynee do, just as when he introduces us to people he works with, he introduces me as his son.”

Both girls’ eyes lit up with understanding, making everyone laugh softly as their bowls vanished.

“She has a point though,” Willa said after the laughter tapered off. “Have you tried contacting your biological family?”

“I did once,” Hermione admitted softly. “Harry and I ran into them by accident when we took the younger kids to the park one day. I have two younger sisters and a younger brother. They had one of my uncles with them. I had a moment of hope when, after they saw me, the Uncle said they had made a mistake in getting rid of me. It broke when he continued on to say I was pretty enough for my body to be sold to some of his clients who pay big money for exotic looking girls.”

Platters of food appeared on the table in the horrified silence. No one dared move until Hermione let out an honest laugh.

“Harry attacked them, keeping them away from my siblings, accusing all three of them of paedophilia, slave trafficking and prostitution. It wasn’t until the police got involved that he calmed enough to tell the Officer that they were looking at our charges and discussing about selling someone’s body. It took a month before my parents were allowed to come and get my siblings from the Orphanage. Even then he threatened them to take better care of them since there was evidence of all three of them being harmed in one way or another.”

She took a platter with a thankful smile and absent-mindedly served Carla and Laynee like Harry had at lunch.

“Nothing has made me laugh as much as the look on their faces when Harry told them the best thing they ever did as parents was decide to give me up because he wouldn’t trust them to look after a Rubbish Dump before smiling and closing the door in their faces.”

“I don’t doubt it,” Blaise said with laugh, “Not after what happened back at the school.”

“What happened?” Nicholas asked as he began on the pasta dish in front of him. Blaise, with
Hermione chiming in every now and then, proceeded to tell his family about the confrontation between the cat demon and the resident poltergeist of Hogwarts, successfully erasing everyone’s darker thoughts concerning Hermine’s past.

~~~Ineedteabutitistoohot~~~

Harry looked at the building before him in complete bemusement. He knew for a fact that the small café they were in front of wasn’t anywhere in England, as evident by the sun hanging high in the sky.

“Where are we Draco?” he asked, hiding behind his dominant as his ears and tale flicked back and forth.

“The southern island of New Zealand,” Draco answered with a smile. “We are having our first course here.”

“First course?” Harry asked, tilting his head cutely.

“Yes. Dinner tonight has seven courses eaten over several hours and finished with either tea or coffee and a small sweet to nibble. The seventh years have one or two free days a month to ignore school in a bid to reduce the end of school stress caused by over worked students at exam time. I have one scheduled for tomorrow so I thought I would spoil you tonight and catch up on what I didn’t finish today, tomorrow.”

Harry buried his face into the area between Draco’s shoulders and hugged his mate as tight as he could. “Thank you,” he whispered, “You are too good for me.”

Draco chuckled deeply. “Not true my kitten. If anything you are too good for me, but I’ll be damned if I allow anyone else to touch you. You are MINE for the rest of eternity.”

“I’m happy to hear that,” Harry giggled as his stomach rumbled in hunger, only to be answered by Draco’s stomach.

Draco joined in his laughter and stepped to one side so he could wrap an arm around Harry’s waist. “Let’s go in Love,” he smiled down at his flush-faced mate. “Today’s first course is, or should be, smoked salmon parcels stuffed with cream cheese, herbs, extra smoked salmon and prawns served
“It sounds wonderful,” Harry admitted shyly as Draco lead him into the café. He smiled knowingly when Draco relaxed upon entering. The entire store was outfitted in shades of blue, green and yellow, bringing a vague feeling of summers at the beach.

“Young Mister Malfoy!” a loud, jovial voice boomed from the staff only area. “Fancy seeing you at this time of year!”

“This is Jeremy,” Draco managed to say before he was caught up in what must have been meant to be a hug.

Harry inspected the man his mate had identified as ‘Jeremy’ with more than a little trepidation. The man was dark skinned, taller than Remus and wide enough across the shoulders that Harry was amazed he could fit through the normal-sized entrance way without turning sideways.

“What are you doing here?” the imposing man asked the blonde after he released him. “When I heard we had a reservation for two under Malfoy, I had thought I would be seeing your parents; or at least your father and a business associate.”

“I’m in my last year now Jeremy,” Draco said with a slight chuckle. “I can leave on the weekends, have one or two days a month I can do school-free things in and I have finished my schooling for several subjects already. I’m also courting at the moment so …” he trailed off meaningfully, hoping the over-excitable man would get the point.

An excited shriek came from the kitchen and an elderly woman ran out and hugged Draco to her, rambling in a tongue foreign to Harry, who was now watching in amusement.

“A courting!” she finally said in accented English. “A courting! Little blondie is courting! She had best be good for you,” she said sternly, “we have never found a female worthy of you.”

“Nor will you ever,” Draco responded promptly. “Mama Rosita, may I present my mate, and soon-to-be bonded, Harry of the Shadow Cat Clan.”

Both the woman and man turned to blink incredulously at the figure neither of them had noticed even though he had been there the entire time.
“Oh Draco, he is adorable!” Mama Rosita stated, dropping the blonde on his rear end, making Harry giggle softly.

Slowly, as to not startle the teen, the woman approached him and lowered herself until she was at his eye level.

“Hello pretty one,” she crooned softly as she gently rubbed one of his ears. She smiled, completely enthralled when he started to purr in pleasure. “Has our little blondie been taking proper care of you?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Harry answered with wide eyes. “He even made time so we could play with the Zabini Kittens.”

He pouted slightly. “I want my own Kittens, but I’m not old enough yet so it is the best he can do until after my birthday.”

Draco chuckled and wrapped his arms around Harry from behind, smiling lovingly at him when he relaxed completely into his chest.

“Can we have our table now Mama Rosita?” he asked, “We have reservations in Japan in forty-five minutes. It is a good thing we came early or our night wouldn’t have worked out.”

With those words from Draco both Rosita and Jeremy let out an exclamation and rushed into the back room, chased by Harry and Draco’s combined laughter.

~~~Isitoddforanauthortobejealousofwhattheyhavetheircharactersdo?~~~

Blaise and Hermione watched Sirius pace with amusement. The man had started pacing at eight o’clock and it was now just before eleven o’clock.

“For crying out loud Sirius, calm down!” Remus exclaimed, antsy due to how close it was to the full moon. “Try to trust them for Merlin’s sake!”
“But Rem,” Sirius whined, “What if something went wrong? Dinner doesn’t take this long!”

“It does when it is a courting gift,” Lucius said from his spot from the fireplace. “Vampires are known for over compensating their courting. If you add Malfoy and Black genes to vampire instinct …” He shrugged, his point made.

Sirius opened his mouth to retort but was interrupted when he heard a soft giggle coming from the other side of the door. He was instantly quiet and shot a quick spell at the door so he could see and hear what was going on, ignoring the amused and slightly exasperated sounds from the other in the room.

~~~TrustSiriustobeavoyeur~~~

“I had a wonderful time tonight Draco,” Harry said as Draco put him on the ground. “Thank you for the gift of your company.”

“It was my pleasure,” Draco said with an honest smile. “I’m glad you enjoyed yourself. Would I be able to trouble you for a full day of your company on Saturday in two weeks’ time?”

“You may and I will be honoured to spend a full day with you.”

Draco beamed and bowed to his giggling mate with a flourish. “Until tomorrow lunch time My Dear.”

He straightened and winked at the still giggling demon. Becoming serious, he stepped towards Harry and nuzzled his neck above where he had placed his claiming bite. “Breath deep,” he breathed into his mate’s skin.

“Fly high,” Harry whispered his eyes half-closed in pleasure. “Sleep sweet.”

Draco pulled back and placed a soft kiss on each of his mate’s eyelids.

“With dreams of you, how can I do otherwise?”
With one last kiss to his mate’s face, Draco knocked on the still closed door, smiled at his mate and vanished down the Hall.

~~~It wasn’t me, I promise~~~

Inside the room, everyone bar a giggling Hermione watched Draco leave in shock.

“When did he become such a charmer?” Lucius asked Blaise, who was still watching in shock.

“He’s always been able to charm the female professors,” Blaise responded, “But he has never been like this.”

It was at that moment that Harry shadowed into the room, only to look at the still shocked people in amusement.

“May I ask what you are doing?” he asked teasingly. “I would assume a game of Charades, but only one person needs to be the fish-out-of-water.”

“They are just surprised by how charming your mate is Harry,” Hermione giggled. “We need girl time so you can tell me EVERYTHING!”

Harry beamed at her and giggled softly himself. “I’ll get the tea and you get the snacks?”

Both demons vanished in a flurry of giggles – Harry into Remus’ kitchen and Hermione to the school kitchens; girl-time meant chocolate. Lots and lots of chocolate.

Blaise and Sirius were the first to shake off their shock.

“Did they just …?” Blaise asked.

“Yeah they did,” Sirius blinked, “the little Imps.”
“Who are the Imps?” Remus asked, ignoring the laughter of his inner beast.

“Harry and Hermione,” Sirius clarified. “They completely ignored that we were here and vanished for ‘girl-time’.”

“They do realise that Harry is male, don’t they?” Lucius asked.

“That’s just a technicality,” Hermione stated as she appeared in a flame from one of the candles on the coffee table. “Submissive males are treated like girls when it comes to certain things, so it is still girl-time regardless of what is between our legs.”

Lucius choked on his own tongue and blushed at the girl’s words as said girl ignored him to say her farewells and sweet dreams to Blaise, Remus and Sirius.

“But I want to know what happened too!” Sirius whined.

“We can wait for tomorrow Sirius,” Remus said, rubbing his temples. “Hermione wants to tell Harry about her night as well. They need time together just as much as they need time with their mates.”

“But …”

“No Sirius! No buts!” Remus snarled, his eyes getting a feral gleam. “This is the price we pay for not being able to take him in after the accident. WE are not the ones with that bond; Hermione is. WE are in the place of uncles. I’ve accepted that, maybe you should start doing so as well.”

Lucius, Sirius and Blaise blinked at the man in shock.

“Looks like I’m just in time,” Severus stated from the doorway, a goblet of steaming potion in his hand. “Drink.”

Remus reached for the goblet and downed the potion, gagging slightly at the taste.

“Narcissa and Bellatrix are in their quarters already so it is safe for you and The Mutt to head to the
Manor,” the potions master continued.

“I best be getting to bed myself,” Blaise said. “Unlike Draco, I don’t have a free day tomorrow.”

Everyone said their farewells and the last thing Severus saw as he left the almost empty rooms was Remus pushing a pouting Sirius into the floo before yelling out the destination.

Severus shook his head at Sirius’ behaviour; Merlin, Morgana and Mordred! Could the Mutt act any more like a child?

~~~It’s raining. I love rain~~~

Harry stared at his reflection in the mirror, wondering where the fortnight had gone. He jumped when a hand landed on his shoulder.

“Calm down Kitten, it’s just me,” Hermione stated softly. “What’s on your mind?”

“Where has the time gone Rinie?” he asked softly. “It feels as though I was telling you about my date with Draco just last night. How can it be Saturday morning already?”

Hermione giggled softly when Harry mentioned his date with Draco before smiling in understanding. “I know how you feel,” she murmured as she straitened his shirt slightly. “It feels as though time has flown since we got here. Neither of us has stepped foot in the library since we got here, which is very not like us.”

“I never really believed Mama Figg and Tom when they said that everything would change when we found a mate,” Harry admitted. “Life seems so much brighter now; so much fuller.”

“It does,” Hermione agreed with a fond smile, “And if I was to run into you now, if I wasn’t here that is, I wouldn’t recognise you as my littermate. You have grown so much since we got here. I can’t even remember the last time you changed into your animal form in fear.”

“I haven’t found much to be fearful of,” Harry admitted. “I don’t feel like a kitten anymore. I’m a little scared that the next time we see Tom he won’t recognise me.”
“He will Harry,” Hermione bought the younger male to her chest in a sisterly hug. “He may not believe his eyes or want to believe that you have grown so much while he wasn’t looking, but he will know who you are and he will still love you the same as he does now. We are family kitten: You, me, Tom, Sirius and Remus. Nothing will ever change that.”

Harry exhaled in relief and noticeably relaxed.

Hermione gave an understanding smile and one last tight squeeze before letting him go.

“What are your plans for today?” she asked. “Has Draco given away any hints for what you are doing?”

Harry gave a half-pout, half-scowl at his sister’s reflection as he set about washing his face and brushing his teeth.

“No he hasn’t,” he stated after spitting out a mouthful of foam. “All I know is that I’m to wear comfortable, casual clothing that I don’t mind getting messed up and to take a hat just in case. It’s so confusing! Sometimes he acts as though he is a prince, sparing no thought of spending over two hundred pounds for a meal for two people – minus drinks – and other times he acts as though nothing could make him happier than to sit on his knees on the dirt floor of a hut eating skewers of fried grasshoppers, grubs and scorpions.”

“At least you know life with him will never be dull,” Hermione pointed out, doing her best to hold in her laughter. “And don’t forget you enjoyed it as much as he did. You were always more open-minded than I was when it came to eating traditional foods of other cultures.”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it,” Harry tried to scowl but his lips twitched every now and then, giving away his own hidden laughter. “How do I know what he really likes? What if he prefers luxury but is toning it down to more run-of-the-mill things I’m used to? Or the reverse; What if he really likes the simple things in life but feels compelled to shower me in luxury as he courts me?”

“Oh Kitten,” Hermione cooed, “It’s possible that your Draco likes the finer things in life just as much as he appreciates the simple things in life. People don’t have to like one or the other, they can like both. In fact, I would be worried if he was only focused on one or the other.”

“Really?”
Hermione smiled and nodded.

“Now that is over, let’s go downstairs for breakfast. I think Remus said he is letting Sirius help him.”

“I’ll grab a case of stomach soothers and a few Toxin leeches,” Harry stated with complete seriousness.

“OI!” Sirius yelled, revealing that he had been listening at the door. Remus’ laughter from the kitchen revealed that he had guessed what had been said with surprising accuracy. This thought was proven as soon as the two teens ran into the dining room, followed closely by an irate Sirius.

“There is a place in the centre of the table for the potions,” Remus greeted as he walked into the room with a large tray holding several platters piled high with food ranging from a simple bread to fruit to fried bacon and sausage.

“Not you too Remus!” Sirius exclaimed as the door opened to reveal the usual breakfast crowd and Luna.

Harry rubbed his nose against Draco’s in greeting before glomping the blond girl. “I didn’t know you were coming for breakfast Luna.”

“I wasn’t going to since you said you are going out today, but I got a letter from Daddy last night. He said to tell you and the Headmaster ‘thank you’ for the recipe book you collaborated for him to use when he has human company. He had a meeting last night and he made the chicken pasta soup and it was a hit.”

“Oh, that is great to hear Luna!” Hermione exclaimed as Harry hugged her with a cheer. “What are your plans for the weekend?”

“I have some homework to do and some reading for class,” Luna said as she took a seat with everyone else at the dining table. “Now that I have Harry showing me why amounts of ingredients matter, as well as the preparation of said ingredients, I am finding it easier to prevent some of my potions from being so bad.”
“You are indeed doing much better in my class,” Severus said calmly. “With the first year potions I’ve been having your year re-brewing, yours have been the most improved; especially in potency.”

Luna beamed at the normally dour man and took a mouthful of her breakfast … and almost immediately turned a pale green as the taste hit her tongue.

Severus laughed himself to tears as Sirius pouted while Hermione yelled at him after taking a small taste of the same item Luna had and Harry guided Luna into the bathroom so she could spit out the offending mouthful without appearing to be rude.

~~~PoorLunaandpoorSirius,Iseemtolovetormentinghimso~~~

Harry giggled softly as Draco placed a gentle kiss to the back of his hand once again in reassurance. As soon as the two of them had left the wards of the school, Draco had placed a blindfold over his mate’s eyes. He had then pulled him into a tight hug and apparated the two of them away.

“We are almost there Kitten,” Draco whispered before placing a soft kiss to Harry’s temple. “Can you stay right here so I can make sure everything is set up?”

A surge of mischief hit Harry unexpectedly.

“Right here?” he asked.

“Yes, right here,” Draco responded.

“Not here?” Harry took a step to the right then jumped backwards, “Or here?”

Draco chuckled and captured his mate, planting a soft kiss on his nose as he placed him back where he was.

“No, not there or anywhere else. Just right there.”

“Why right here?”
“Because right here, I can do this,” Draco placed a quick kiss onto Harry’s neck before sinking his fangs into the same spot. He took a few sips before whispering a healing charm, “Without anyone seeing.”

“That’s a good reason,” Harry mumbled softly, blinking dazedly from the immense feeling of belonging that threatened to take over him.

Draco chuckled and pressed a soft kiss to his mate’s temple and vanished to ensure his surprise was, indeed, ready.

Harry wasn’t sure how long he had waited for Draco to return, but he still hadn’t shaken his mind free of the slight thrall he had fallen into when he did return.

Draco chuckled again at the sight of his mate and placed soft kisses across his cheeks and nose until he gave a full body shudder as he came back to Earth.

“Are you ready Love?” Draco asked softly.

Harry nodded and held out a hand for the blonde to hold while guiding him.

Draco placed an open-mouthed kiss to Harry’s palm before wrapping the appendage around his own arm. The walked in silence for a few moments until Harry’s ears twitched, picking up a familiar sound. While he was trying to place it, a shrieked, “Harry!” made him jump before a rush of small tanks ran over to him, causing for both him and Draco to land on the ground.

Harry felt Draco untying the blindfold around his eyes as he attempted to calm his racing heart. When the fabric was removed, Harry blinked and was pulled to his feet by a medium-sized, soft brown blob. Draco was suddenly behind him once again, slipping a pair of sunglasses over his sensitive eyes.

Once his eyes stopped streaming, Harry opened them and promptly felt his jaw drop. Before him stood everyone for the Orphanage – including the elderly Arabella Figg.

“Surprise Kitten,” Draco whispered, “I hope you enjoy your day with them.”
Harry closed his mouth and took a step towards the congregation before turning and pressing a closed mouth kiss to Draco’s lips.

“I’m so glad you are mine,” he whispered while panting softly, eyes glazed over once again, this time with unshed tears of gratitude.

The younger teen blinked rapidly until he could see properly and then vanished in the direction of the oldest person in the area.

Draco watched after him with a small smile on his lips.
Chapter 30 - Tom's Mistake

Chapter Summary

The title says it all

Chapter Notes

Hello again people. Good news from me ... I have between 8 and 15 chapters left to WRITE of this story. I completed chapter 36 last night. Since I'm getting so close to posting the chapters that I'm now writing I've decided to start posting only one chapter at a time. This gives me a good chance to do my best at editing the chapters since I don't have Beta readers. Honestly, I'm too impatient to have them since I want to post them as soon as they are edited. lol.

As for the chapter ... Please don't kill me?

Chapter 30 – Tom’s Mistake

It had been a month since he had received a letter from his little Prince and Princess detailing the ‘dates’ that their mates had taken them on. Oh he had received other letters from his snakelings, but only one informing him on their courting.

Tom signed and looked at the letters he held in his hand, heavily debating whether or not to send them. IF he sent them, then Draco would be pushed to his very limit, but if he didn’t send them, then he would need to re-think his tests. Shrugging, he attached the letters to the stork before him and let it go, telling it who to head to.

“Don’t you think that was a little harsh Tom?” Nagini asked, now quite able to hide her amusement. “He has, after all, treated Harry with respect.”

Tom grinned at his companion.

“I was debating whether to send it or not, but in the end I’ve put too much work into it to go to waste,” he admitted. “Besides, I tested Blaise before we left; now it is Draco’s turn.”
Nagini raised a non-existent eyebrow at her travelling companion. She had discovered early on that he could be vicious when protecting what he thought belonged to him.

“And how much worse is Draco’s test to the one you gave Blaise?” she asked, crossing her arms.

“Only three times as worse,” Tom said with a grin, “I’m waiting until Harry’s birthday to pull the test that is ten times worse than the one Blaise did.”

“Harry is going to murder you,” Nagini stated. “He isn’t even going to wait for you to go to sleep; He will just lull you into a false sense of security and then kill you without hesitation.”

“Why do you say that?”

Nagini looked at Tom incredulously.

“You do realise that Harry and Draco are getting bonded on Harry’s birthday don’t you? You should do since you have whined about it to me several times already.”

Tom paled and gulped slightly.

“If you cause Draco to be late by even an eighth of a second Harry will be very angry with you,” she continued, inwardly smirking at his distress while not showing any sign of noticing it externally. “Weren’t you the one to tell me the other day that he and Hermione changed the sex of a close family member because they were mildly annoyed with him?” It makes you wonder what they would do to someone they were really angry with.”

“I … I think I will go and re-arrange my plans a little,” Tom stuttered before almost running for the door.

Nagini smirked as soon as she heard the door close. While she understood Tom’s over-protective behaviour towards the two siblings, she thought he was going overboard with his testing of Harry’s mate. If she had her way, Tom would only test the poor boy once. Harry wouldn’t be impressed if his ex-mentor turned his mate into a psychiatrist’s wet dream after all.
Hermione, Sirius and Remus looked at each other with wide eyes as they took in just what Tom wanted them to do.

“Harry is going to kill us,” Hermione gulped as she re-read the words on the page, hoping that she had misread them.

“He wants a copy of the memory of it happening as well,” Remus gulped, “So we can’t just say we did it and make up a result”

“He doesn’t say we can’t tell them,” Sirius stated, “Nor that we can’t tell everyone else.”

“The Castle will never be the same again,” Hermione said forlornly. “It was such a magnificent structure as well.”

“I’m more worried over how this will affect Harry’s new personality,” Remus confessed

Hermione and Sirius both whimpered at the thought. Over the month since Draco had surprised Harry with a picnic with the entire populous of the Orphanage, Harry had continued to change from the defenceless kitten he had been to an independent almost-out-of-kitten hood adolescent. It had really shocked everyone who they had come in from their morning classes to find a cat that looked exactly like Harry’s animal form, but almost five times the size, spread out across Harry’s usual seat. Sirius had choked on his tongue when said cat had then transformed into Harry.

It was only his sense of smell – thanks to Mooney – that Remus didn’t have the same reaction, while Hermione was caught between squealing with happiness and crying at how fast it was happening. In the end, she had only frozen for half a heartbeat in shock before gathering him in a hug and whispering her congratulations to him.

“We will have to get everyone here for next weekend,” Remus stated with a slight agitation. “Full moon is in two days’ time and I will need the weekend to recover from that—“

Thanks to the work that Harry had put into combining Remus and Mooney into one cohesive unit, the man no longer looked as though he had gone five rounds with the Whomping Willow after a warm-up round against Jack-the-Ripper after a full moon, but he was still exhausted afterwards. Silently he cursed the fact that the previous month had been one of the rare blue moon events.
“Not to mention that the Slytherins would raise Hell if we prevented their seeker from playing the first game of the season,” Sirus stated dryly.

“I’m sure they’d live,” Hermione responded dryly. “I’m sure that they would behave in an appropriate manner considering it is a matter of courting. If not, then it is easy enough to set Harry onto them. He will ensure they understand the delicate edge they stand on.”

All three of them looked to the door when it opened, allowing a wave of excited student chatter into the room.

“How were lessons?” Sirus asked as Hermione left to get a tea service prepared and lunch served.

“Long,” Blaise and Draco moaned as they collapsed onto the lounge.

“Harry got called away an hour ago,” Remus stated when he noticed Draco’s nostrils flare. “He said one of Blaise’ sisters have started to cough and snuffle and Nicholas just wants to make sure she doesn’t give it to Willa.”

Draco nodded his understanding as he relaxed into the seat a bit more as muscles he wasn’t aware of being tense, relaxed.

“What are everyone’s plans for this coming weekend?” Sirus asked as the fireplace turned green and Bellatrix stepped out.

“I’m going to be recovering from the full moon,” Remus stated.

“Bella and I will be marking the surprise quiz we are giving our students, as well as the homework we collect,” Narcissa responded.

“I’m taking Hermione on a picnic and doing homework the rest of the time.”

“I have Quidditch on Saturday and a meeting at Gringotts on Sunday,” Draco stated. “Harry is going
to the orphanage on Saturday and he has Willa’s appointment on Sunday. I’m taking him out for dinner on Sunday night.”

“Why do you ask Sirius?” Lucius asked.

Remus and Hermione exchanged looks before they handed their letters to Blaise and Lucius. Sirius, who had handed his to Bellatrix, watched with hooded eyes and Draco – who was reading over Blaise’ shoulder – paled drastically

“We are going to need everyone here next weekend to help,” Remus stated. “We don’t know how Harry will react to the catnip after ingesting it now that he is no longer a kitten.”

“As you can tell, we will be unable to do anything to help Draco if anything goes bad for at least twelve hours,” Hermione stated. “It is completely out of our hands at this point in time.”

“We will need help with damage control afterwards,” Remus stated firmly. “Best case scenario will be that he only becomes a bit hyperactive.”

“Worst case scenario is he will go psychotic and destroy everything he comes in contact with,” Sirius stated bluntly.

“He could have either, both or neither of those reactions,” Hermione stated looking seriously at Draco. “It could be that it will only affect him in his animal form or it might affect him worse in his humanoid form. We just don’t know.”

“I’ll be prepared,” Draco stated, “if I have to be locked in a room with Harry while he is high on catnip, I better stock up on lots of water and headache potions. I also better take in the entire series we are going to read next – just in case.”

“Now all we need to do is tell Harry,” Remus sighed.

“Tell me what?”

Everyone jumped as Harry appeared from Lucius’ shadow. He smiled softly at Blaise “Everyone is
“fine,” he said soothingly to the suddenly tense male, “Carla just had the start of a head cold. All she needs is lots of vitamin C, water and rest. If she gets that tonight she will be running around tomorrow.”

Blaise nodded his thanks as he relaxed into the hand that was now massaging his scalp.

Seeing that Hermione was busy, Remus handed Harry his copy of the letter Tom had sent. Harry read it through several times before looking up. The look in his eyes made Remus visibly flinch back.

“When you send your confirmation letter, tell him he will be lucky if I talk to him any time soon and if anything goes wrong, what Rinie and I did to Sirius on my eighth birthday will look like a grain of salt compared to what I will do to him.”

Remus, Sirius and Hermione paled as they exchanged horrified looks.

“Harry, sweetie …” Hermione began, “What, exactly, can be worse that what we did to Sirius that day?”

Harry, who had been on his way to properly greet his mate stopped and turned.

“Rinie, my dear sister,” he purred darkly, making everyone in the room shiver as cold fingers traced up their spine, “All you have to do is use your imagination.”

Sirius and Remus whimpered at the gleam that crossed their kitten’s eyes before he turned and returned to his normal, shy, adorable behaviour.

“I almost feel sorry for Tom,” Narcissa said, breaking the silence.

“Only ‘almost’ my dear?” Lucius asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Narcissa responded primly. “Almost. He is interfering with my son’s only opportunity to give me grandchildren and while I was originally against being a grandmother so soon, I have decided that I would rather get them when I am young enough to do things with them rather than when I am
bed-bound and crotchety.”

“Good point,” Lucius stated after several silent moments of contemplation. “The continuation of the Black and Malfoy names is at stake.”

“Until you find a nice person to settle down and have young with, Draco is the future of the Black family,” Bellatrix interrupted before an insulted Sirius could protest.

“So no more feeling sorry for Tom then?” Remus asked in amusement.

“Not from us,” Narcissa stated.

“But fear of the wrath of our son-in-law is rising,” Lucius added as he watched the boy snuggle into Draco just as the bell for the start of classes rang.

Everyone who heard him laughed in nervous agreement.

~~~Bewarethewrathofsoftfluffythings~~~

Harry and Hermione watched the sight before them with no little confusion.

“Tell me,” Hermione murmured to Blaise, “just why this sport is popular enough to cause all the chaos of these last few days.”

It was now Saturday morning and the two demons were attending their first Quidditch match. Needless to say, neither was impressed with what they were watching.

“To the magical community Quidditch is more important than eating,” Blaise stated with a chuckle, ignoring the flabbergasted looks on the faces around them.

“There is something seriously wrong with the magical community,” Harry deadpanned as he turned his eyes back to his mate. “I’d much rather enjoy a meal that was made with love for the purpose to be shared with family and friends myself.”
“I’m with you there, Harry,” Hermione stated as she returned to watching the game, wishing she had thought to bring a book with her.

She blinked as a muggle fantasy book appeared before her eyes. She took hold of it and smiled at her brother; he never failed to remember her favourite series and the Obernewyn series was one of her top five favourites. Without wasting a second, she moved until she was leaning against Blaise and opened the book to the first page with a poorly hidden anticipation. Within seconds she was lost in one of her favourite worlds, not knowing that her mate had followed her.

Harry watched them enviously, wishing he could join them in returning to a beloved world, but he shook himself of the thought. His mate was performing in an activity that didn’t involve him; The least he could do is show his support by paying attention to what he was doing … No matter how much the said activity made him want to take a catnap out of boredom.

Still, he couldn’t help but mentally curse the person who was irresponsible enough to allow their child go to school with an infectious disease that was now running rampant through the orphanage – one he couldn’t heal, no matter how much he wanted to help.

~~~CananyoneelseseeHarrychasingafterthesnitchlikeitwasalazerpointer?~~~

Draco walked out of the Slytherin locker room with a gleam in his eye. He had planned to go over his paperwork for tomorrow, but had decided that the three times he had reviewed them the day before was more than enough. Instead, he was going to spend time with his Shadow-kit.

What he hadn’t told anyone was that his side of the bond was strengthening dramatically every day. In fact, just that morning he got a burst of boredom while playing that he knew didn’t come from him. He sighed and rubbed his temples: It looked as though he would need to talk to his Father that evening, but first, he had a kitten to persuade into the air.

~~~Harrytheamazingflyingkitty!~~~

Harry sighed in aggravation and threw his current potions publication onto the table in disgust, causing everyone to look at him in shock.

“What’s wrong Hunny?” Hermione asked softly. She had never known her little brother behave like this.
“I don’t know Rinie,” was her answer. “It feels as though something is trying to crawl out of my skin. The more I try to ignore it, the more I have to get up and move.”

“Nothing happened at Willa’s appointment did it?” Remus asked in a slightly huskier voice than usual.

“Nothing out of the ordinary,” Harry replied. “Carla and Laynee were slightly more clingy than usual and Willa was giving me odd looks every now and then, normally when I was with the girls or talking about Draco. I put it down to me being more jittery today than I normally am.”

“I’m sure that it’s nothing to be worried about Harry,” Hermine said with a soft smile after several moments of silence. “Since you can’t sit still, why don’t we put on some music in the sitting room and dance a bit? Maybe you feel jittery due to not moving around as much as you used to.”

Harry grinned at her and ran after her as she left.

“I’m getting a very bad feeling about this test Tom has for Draco,” Sirius muttered as he watched them go.

“Same here,” Remus admitted. “Moony is pacing and growling about it, but you know there is nothing we can do. Once a formal declaration of testing a potential dominant is issued, nothing can stop it.”

“And we both know how Tom gets when it concerns Harry and Hermione,” Sirius added. “I’m afraid that Draco is going to be going through Hell until Tom is satisfied.”

“What are you talking about?” Severus asked, putting down his quill, followed quickly by Narcissa, Blaise and Bellatrix.

Sirius and Remus exchanged looks and sighed.

“We sent a letter to Tom after we got our orders from him, begging him to reconsider this test,” Sirius began.
“We got a reply that stated we should butt out of business we have no knowledge of,” Remus continued with a slight growl. “He then added that he had instigated the Demonic Declaration of Claiming on Draco when he met him and there was nothing anyone could do about it.”

“I want to know more about this,” Severus stated as he picked his quill up once more, “but I think Draco, Lucius, Hermione and Harry should be here for the discussion as well.”

Once again, Remus and Sirius exchanged looks, this time, ones of relief.

“We couldn’t agree with you more,” Remus stated. “The extent that we know about it is that it is unbreakable.”

“Hopefully Harry or Hermione can tell us more about it,” Blaise stated as he pulled his homework towards him, intent on getting as much of it done as possible so he could concentrate on this newest puzzle later without feeling guilty.

~~~dancekittydance~~~

Lucius sat back in his seat, deep in thought as his son interacted with the goblins that were in charge of construction and warding. While he was extremely worried about his son’s health due to taking on so much, he was so incredibly proud of him as well for how efficiently he was handling everything. Deep down, he knew that part of the reason Draco was handling it so well was the strength of his bond with Harry and it terrified the older blonde.

A soft sigh left Lucius’ mouth as he rubbed a hand over his eyes. While they were waiting for the goblins to go through the schematics and plans Draco had made for the house he had designed for his mate, Draco had told him of the progress of the bond he had instinctually initiated with the younger teen.

It terrified Lucius with how fast and deep the bond had taken hold of the younger couple; it had taken nearly two years for his and Narcissa’s bond to reach this level. A part of him was curious about if it was reacting to the fact that even though Harry was not yet of age, the cat-demon was ready to have a family of his own.

Lucius was shaken from his thoughts by a wave of magic flooding the room, signifying that an agreement had been made and a contract signed.
“We look forward to working with you on this project,” the goblin on Draco’s left stated with a show of teeth that would have been called a smile on any other race.

“It isn’t often that this type of opportunity comes our way,” the goblin on the right stated as he let go of Draco’s hand once the magic vanished from the room.

“I thank you for having the patience to listen to my plans before writing them off from the beginning,” Draco replied as he packed away the papers he had spread across the meeting table. “Depending on how this project develops, I will think of Gringotts - and your teams in particular – for any and all future developments and projects.”

The blonde teen gave a vampiric grin that was almost as frightening as a goblin’s smile. “I will also be willing to hand smaller projects to apprentices. I have made several requests of specially made furniture at several human establishments and the results have been most displeasing.”

The two shocked goblins exchanged looks before turning to the smirking blonde before them and bowing slightly as the grins slowly formed across their faces.

“Give us a fortnight to transfer your basic plans into a working model,” one of them said. “We will send an owl for a reveal to you, your father, your mate and one of your mate’s representatives. If our plans meet with your mates’ expectations, we will discuss these smaller projects – so bring your plans, diagrams, pictures: Everything to do with them, and we will see what we can do about a contract between us as perspective business partners.”

“I will await your owl with anticipation and hope for a successful partnership in the future,” Draco said with a slightly deeper bow. “May your coiffeurs over flow with gold.”

“May your enemies tremble at your name,” both goblins stated, watching as the two blonde vampires left. Just wait until the Head of Gringotts heard about this! One of the richest heirs in the magical community had said that if this project succeeded, then all future projects of similar nature would be given to them, along with all plans the boy had made. Once they were sure both men were gone, they ran from the chambers towards the president of Gringott’s Office, not caring for their reputations or dignity – this was far more important.

~~~I’m suddenly hit with an image of a goblin sized Filch running through the halls of Gringotts~~~
Everyone sat around the extended table in silence as pots of tea were passed around in preparation for this discussion. Blaise had already contacted his parents explaining that he and Hermione would be unable to attend the family meal that evening due to something important coming up concerning Harry and Draco’s courtship, so they had no pressing engagements to attend that evening. By the time Harry and Hermione had taken their seats – Hermione between him and Severus and Harry between Draco and Remus – the tension was so thick it was almost visible.

After several minutes, Sirius sighed.

“Remus and I wrote to Tom saying we were uneasy about this test,” he stated, getting everyone’s attention from the first word. “We requested that he cancel the test and give him a different one. One that doesn’t make me, Remus and Moony uneasy.”

“He dismissed our worries, saying that we were over reacting and even if he wanted to, he couldn’t cancel it since he had enacted – well, initiated a Demonic Declaration of Claiming on Draco when he first met him,” Remus stated.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth while Harry turned pale and swayed slightly in his seat. It was only the fast actions of Draco that prevented the young demon from falling from his seat.

“Tell me he didn’t,” Harry whimpered into Draco’s shirt, “Please tell me he didn’t.”

“He did,” Hermione responded shakily, looking up from the letter she was reading with eyes large with shock, “It is written here clearly in his hand. He also was extremely rude in his response to Sirius and Remus.”

Harry stood and walked until he could read the letter over Hermione’s shoulder. The more he read the darker red his face got.

“I cannot believe him,” Harry hissed, his eyes gleaming. “How DARE he!”

“Harry, calm down!” Hermione yelped as shadows danced around his pacing form, following the agitated swishes of his tail.

“We need you to tell us about this Declaration,” Sirius stated, hoping that this would calm their kitten down a little. It didn’t work.
Draco stood and wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist, purring softly.

Slowly, Harry relaxed until he himself was also purring and Draco easily guided the teen back to his seat. Sirius nodded his thanks and cleared his throat.

“Hermione, what can you tell us about this Declaration?” Remus asked, keeping an eye on Harry.

“Nothing much,” the fox-demoness stated with a sigh. “It is an ancient Declaration that was used for marriages or matings that involved a submissive from a high-ranked clan. There was a belief that if the dominant was the Submissives real mate, then he or she would succeed in passing the tests.”

She rubbed her temples slightly. “There is never only one test given since the testing period ranges from six to eighteen months with a maximum of three tests a month. Once a Declaration has been made, nothing can break it. The Dominant MUST participate or he loses the right to the submissive, even if they are true mates.”

Draco, who was rubbing a purring Harry’s ear, hissed in anger as his eyes turned red.

“I wouldn’t allow it,” Harry stated, revealing that he had been able to hear and understand what was being discussed. He stretched and yawned, revealing a pink tongue. “Tom had no right to enter into a Declaration on my behalf, especially this one. It became illegal to use this particular Declaration when it was discovered that of the many hundreds that were killed due to failure, all bar ten of them were true mates to the submissive, resulting in the soul death of said submissive.”

Harry straightened in his seat and reached for the luke-warm tea. He stared into it with dulled green eyes. “The Demonic Declaration of Claiming is a rune-based ritual spell created by a human man who fell in lust with the submissive daughter of one of the demonic royal lines. He presented the ritual as a way of proving if a dominant is the right one for the submissive; but what he hadn’t told the Demon Lords was that the ritual became three to eight times more dangerous for the true mate than the others. In a contest between the human and the true mate, the human got a better result and claimed the daughter as his, after he killed her true mate.”

Harry took a mouthful of his now cold tea as he tried to control himself. He always became emotional when he thought of this and now that he had to speak about it, he was affected by it much more. That he and his mate were being affected by the ritual was making it worse. Quietly, he continued the history that he had memorised.
“A submissive’s heart, or soul if you prefer, dies the second their mate dies. This means that while the submissive still breathes, still moves and still thinks, they feel nothing. No love, no joy, no fear … and it is only another submissive that can tell the difference. It became common for marriages and bondings that used this ritual to be attended by every submissive in mourning clothes rather than celebration clothes.”

Harry shuddered in real fear, causing Draco to pull him onto his lap while he continued.

“It started out that the winner killed the loser in the contest – because that is how it started; as a contest between suitors – but soon it was evolved into individual testing where it is the magic that is used to power the ritual that decides if the dominant is successful or not. If they are found not worthy, the ritual kills them by draining their life essence from them.”

Harry curled up into a ball, hugging his knees to his chest, eyes wide and filled with unshed tears. “I won’t be able to survive without you if anything goes wrong,” he stated only just loud enough for those without enhanced hearing to catch. “I don’t want you to leave me.”

“Shh Kitten,” Draco soothed, tightening his hold on his mate,” Calm your fears my mate. I will NEVER leave you due to something as negligible as death and I will be thrice damned if I allow a ritual created by a greedy human who wanted what wasn’t his decide if I am good enough to mate with the being Mother Moon and Father Earth created to complete my soul.”

“But …”

Draco silenced Harry by pressing a gently kiss to his lips. “No buts Love,” he said huskily once he pulled himself back from the series of soft kisses he bestowed on his mate’s face. “We are bound soul-to-soul beloved: Father confirmed it earlier.”

He placed a gentle kiss to Harry’s forehead.

“Nothing,” he said heatedly, “can tear us apart. Not now, not ever. Our joining is blessed by the very same magic that was twisted to make such a foul ritual and it will prevail against it. I swear to you My Own that you have no reason to fear for me, for you or for our bonding.”

Lucius decided to help his son reassure his mate and cleared his throat.
“Draco is correct Harry,” he stated in the most soothing tone he had. “The bond that the two of you share has deepened faster than any other I’ve ever heard of. Narcissa and I have a very strong bond – one of the strongest in the history of the Malfoy family, but it took us two years into our marriage for our bond to develop to the same state your bond to Draco is. Nothing is going to be able to tear you apart now.”

“No, my dear. I will not.”

“See Beloved?” Draco asked teasingly, “You can’t argue against two Malfoy men, you simply can’t win! Now, you are going to go empty that horrible cold tea down the sink, make yourself – and ONLY yourself – another one and get the current book we are reading. I will clean up and meet you in the lounge room, where we will claim the long chair by the fireplace and finish this book so we can start a new series tonight before bed.”

He placed a slightly giggling Harry on his feet and kissed him gently on his forehead before playfully pushing him towards the kitchen. Once Harry was safely behind the closed door leading to the kitchen, the playful smile vanished from Draco’s face, leaving behind a very pissed off vampire.

“I don’t care who does it, but someone WILL write to that bastard warning him that if anything happens to MY MATE – even if it is just something as simple as making him cry or causes him to become fearful once again, I will tear him apart and feed his still living form to whatever I can find that will make it the most painful.”

He spun around and stormed out of the room, intent of finding a bathroom that he could both clean up and calm down in.

~~~IthinkDracoisalittletitangry~~~

Harry looked around at his extended family nervously. It was now the day of Draco’s first test and the black-haired teen was desperately fighting the urge to bring up his breakfast. His mate had to survive him under the influence of catnip. Harry gulped as he turned a nasty grey-green colour: He could be the reason his mate was found unworthy. He could be the reason his mate dies.

Before he could work his way into a panic attack, two strong arms encircled him and pulled him tightly to his chest.

“Calm your thoughts, My Own,” Draco whispered into the demon’s ear. “Nothing bad will happen to me due to you. This isn’t a test, Beloved, this is just Sirius’ idea of a prank on me due to showing him up in the last class he taught that I attended.”
Almost against his will, Harry’s eyes closed as the combination of his mate’s scent and voice washed over him. Draco watched as the horrible colour left his mate’s skin as he used his side of the bond to flood Harry’s system with love, hope and devotion.

“All today is, is me and you together in a room alone while under watch by people who are our chaperones to say that I have left you pure as stated by our contract. Nothing more, nothing less.”

Harry opened his eyes and smiled thankfully at Draco, who smiled lovingly back.

“What did you bring as entertainment?” Draco asked as he gently released the younger teen.

“I brought a few journals I bought from a junk shop, a puzzle and ingredients for a few recipes I feel like making. How about you?” Harry responded shyly.

“I brought paperwork, a bit of homework, some music, the book we started last week and the ones that follow it. I thought we could begin by reading a chapter.”

Harry smiled lovingly at Draco and wrapped a hand around the vampire’s fingers. “That sounds wonderful.

With one last smile at their extended family, the two of them walked into the enclosed room.

~~~BeforeIforgettheObernewtynseriesiswrittenbyIsobelleCarmody~~~

It wasn’t until after lunch that it happened. The couple wasn’t allowed to know when the catnip was ingested so it fell to the house-elves to deliver all main meals and drinks to the couple – a fact that had Harry pouting when his ingredients vanished. One of the elves had the smart idea to make a lamb-roast for two using catnip in the place of normal mint. This way of serving it meant that the herb lost a fair bit of its potency, meaning Harry was now tangled in the ceiling-to-floor curtains, unable to move anything except one ear and the tip of his tail. Every now and then, the teen would let out a soft, forlorn mewl that almost made those viewing the incident feel guilty at the amusement they were gaining from watching them.

Draco, as the only person in the room with the demon, managed to keep his laughter to a minimum.
as he gently untangled limbs, paws, claws and tail from the lacy mess the curtain became once it was pulled from its runner.

‘All in all,’ Draco thought as he hugged his snuggling mate closer to himself, ‘this test is going very well.’

He should have known that it wouldn’t be that simple.

~~~Icoudn’tresist~~~

Draco and Harry were in their favourite position to doze in when the blonde’s eyes snapped open in shock.

“Oh no,” he whispered, struggling to remove himself from under his mate without disturbing him.

“What’s wrong Draco?” Lucius asked, being the only one to hear his son’s panicked whisper.

“We have a big, big, BIG problem Father,” he said as he extracted himself from his now softly whimpering mate. “Remus, I NEED a copy of our contract yesterday! It is vital I get it before Harry wakes.”

“But…”

“Don’t fucking argue with me now!” Draco hissed, “I am a hair’s breadth away from my control snapping – something that hasn’t happened since I was three. I have to deal with my own fear of losing my mate, as well as Harry’s fear of losing me and becoming an emotionless toy that anyone can play with and I am very, very, very close to going and finding the snake-faced bastard that claimed to love Harry only to do something as vicious at this to him. Now get me the fucking contract before Harry does something to break the fucking thing!”

Everyone blinked in shock at the blonde who just growled at them in frustration. A burst of flame appeared beside him and a quick inspection found it to be the contract. With a nod of thanks in Hermione’s direction, he opened it and studied it as quickly as he could while trying to block out the soft sounds that his mate was making.
He sighed and rubbed his face in resignation.

“Can you remove it now Hermione? I found what I needed. I just hope if I need to do what I have planned, that he won’t hate me. Please let him not hate me,” he whispered before sitting cross-legged and focusing inwardly in an attempt to use their bond to flush the excessive amount of catnip from his mate’s system. The last conscious thought he remembered having was of him cursing out the house-elf that gave Harry an evening drink of catnip tea.

It was midnight when Draco conceded defeat and stretched his stiff muscles. To his relief, Harry was still asleep, but by the red-faced people looking away from the window, he knew that they had an idea of his particular reaction to the soon-to-be-banned-from-the-school herb. Standing to test the stability of his legs, he walked to the kitchenette and filled the largest glass he could find with water. Praying to any gods who were listening, he gently shook his mate to wake him.

“Draco?” Harry asked drowsily, “What?”

“Sorry to wake you Love, but the catnip you had earlier in the tea you drank isn’t out of your system yet and it is worrying me. Please try to drink all of this,” Draco answered softly, noting the slight flush of arousal on his mate’s cheeks. The blonde swallowed hard and viciously tore his gaze from the arousing sight as he helped the still dozing teen to drink the entire glass.

“Draco, I feel funny,” Harry whined, shifting around a bit in his seat.

“I know Love, just try to ignore it the best you can for me.”

Draco couldn’t resist running a hand through Harry’s hair. When Harry made a soft hurr of pleasure, Draco removed his hand from its place and vanished to get more water for the seemingly drugged teen, face revealing just how much trouble he had in controlling himself.

~~~Ifeelsohorriblefortorturingthemso.I’mahorribleperson~~~

“This is so far beyond cruel, it is unbelievable,” Severus said, wincing in sympathy for his godson as he vacated the room. “If after this, he is still unworthy in Tom’s eyes, I will use his organs as potions ingredients.”

“I think Harry and I will allow you,” Hermione stated flatly, “That is if Draco doesn’t get to him
“I got my house-elves to find as much information on this Declaration as they could,” Lucius admitted. “They discovered that the magic was twisted enough that it removed the original castor’s opinion unless he or she was present from the first test. It then depends on the people surrounding it and the people – or person – it was cast on. If the feelings of negativity are strong enough in even one person, then it is enough to find the Dominant unworthy.”

“Well fuck,” Hermione stated, making everyone blink at her. “Harry is always blaming himself for the trouble he causes and once this is out of his system, he will be full of self-loathing.”

“Draco won’t let him wade in it for long ‘Mione,” Sirius stated with conviction. “He will get him into the right frame of mind rather quickly. I’m more worried about what he will do to Tom when he returns.”

“He locked a Dominant vampire in a set of rooms with his submissive mate – who is not only underage, but already naturally giving off mating pheromones – and drugged said submissive with the active ingredient from a cat-demon aphrodisiac in its purist form,” Remus stated incredulously, looking up from the book he was reading, “and he is making us watch so we can send our memories for his viewing pleasure. I’m hoping that Draco socks him one myself.”

“I would like for Tom to go through this and see how long he takes to break,” Blaise stated. “I know if it was me in Draco’s position, I would have already given in and done something I would commit suicide over. I don’t know how Draco is controlling himself so well.”

“Do we know why the catnip isn’t going from Harry’s system?” Narcissa asked.

“The damned elves are burning catnip oil in the rooms,” Remus growled. “When I ordered them to remove it from where they had hidden it, they said ‘Master Snake said to leave them there until breakfast’.”

“That doesn’t sound very good for Draco,” Bellatrix stated with a grimace, “Harry either.”

Everyone grimaced and looked back into the room, feeling a mix of pity and dread.

~~~hidesinacornerinasmalllofabballasicanbecome~~~
Draco grit his teeth as his mate mewled softly in distress in his sleep once again. It was now almost four in the morning and Draco had been lucky enough that after Harry had finished the second glass of water, he had fallen asleep. The fact that Draco had manipulated the demon so all he could inhale was air saturated in his Dominant’s scent was only a win in his line of thinking. Unfortunately for the vampire, some of the catnip got through and, combined with the heady scent of his Dom, it made for a series of rather less-innocent dreams than normal for his mate.

“I can’t take this anymore,” Draco growled as his mate rubbed against him with a begging moan. “Hermione, go find that ex-Mentor of yours. I don’t care what the Hell he is doing, just bring him here and DON’T allow him near Harry if I am not in the room; I’ll probably end up killing him if I see him near my mate after what I’m going to do next.”

“Remus, Father,” he stated, rubbing his eyes, “I need you to watch and interfere if I look to be going too far. Everyone else …”

He sighed in exhaustion.

“Everyone else stay in the room to help with Tom, but please, don’t look. If I had my way, this wouldn’t be happening until our bonding night, so please, I beg you, allow me to pretend I have had a choice in this.”

Everyone murmured their agreement and everyone bar Remus and Lucius turned their backs to the window, their hearts going out to the teen blonde who’s plans had been ruined for such a stupid thing.

Severus, who had a vague idea as to what Draco would be doing, stopped Hermione from leaving right away.

“Allow him to do what he has to before going for Tom,” he said in answer to her questioning look. “If Draco is going to do what I think he is going to do, then it is best that he does it before Tom can interfere.”

Hermione nodded her understanding and slipped over to where Blaise was so she could hide her face in his chest. Her little brother was in trouble and it was someone she trusted who was the cause of it. On top of that, she didn’t know what to do since she couldn’t help solve this problem.
Draco woke Harry gently and was rewarded by being able to look into Harry’s bright green eyes. His heart broke when he saw they were clouded over with a mix of fear and arousal.

“Draco,” he whimpered, “I don’t like this. Make it stop, please make it stop!”

“Shh, My Own, shh,” Draco soothed, running a hand through Harry’s hair. “I can make it stop; I will make it stop, but first I am going to apologise. I’m sorry that it came down to this Beloved. I tried everything else I could come up with to prevent this from happening.”

While he was talking, Draco had gently removed Harry’s outer clothes and guided the younger teen onto his lap in a way that he couldn’t rub against Draco, while his back was still against Draco’s chest.

Those who were watching were thankful that all they could see of what was happening was Draco’s back.

“Please don’t hate me for this,” he whispered, not seeing those who had advanced hearing in the viewing room flinch at the pure pain his voice held as he said those words. In one smooth motion, he gently pulled Harry’s head to one side and bit down HARD.

Harry’s eyes flew open and his mouth dropped to let out a very sultry-sounding moan of Draco’s name. Soon Harry was softly chanting Draco’s name as he attempted to writhe on his mate’s lap.

Draco closed his eyes tightly in a bid to control his instincts to claim the wonderful being writhing on his lap and removed his mouth from his mate’s neck.

“Let yourself go My Own,” he whispered heatedly, “You are safe: You are loved: You are MINE!”

With those words, Draco once again attached himself to his mate’s neck and flooded the room with
his magic.

Harry’s body tensed up and a deep, guttural yowl sounded deep in his chest as his mate’s presence flooded his entire being, forcing him to experience his very first orgasm.

As soon as Draco felt Harry black out, he removed his mouth from the bite site, lay him down on the couch, covering him with a sheet transfigured from a random object and ran to the bathroom, covering his mouth as he dry-heaved.
Chapter 31 - Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Reactions to the previous chapter

Chapter Notes

Sorry it is late peeps, my laptop broke so I needed to get a new one. Thankfully I got one fast enough, even though I had to pay through the nose for it.

I know that some, if not all, of you will be enraged about what has been done about Tom, but I promise that there is a reason, even if that reason doesn't reveal itself for another handful of chapters. So in light of this, please don't rant at me for going 'easy' on him.

Chapter 31 – Aftermath

The first thing Tom saw when his surprise trip by flame ended, was Harry naked, alone and covered in cum and a bit of blood. He rushed to the door and hissed as Lucius and Remus restrained him.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing?” he hissed angrily.

“Preventing you from getting murdered by my son,” Lucius stated. “The only reason we haven’t tried to do so ourselves is because Draco has first right.”

Tom glared at them, ignoring whatever the hell they were blathering about and vanished, only to appear in the room containing Harry, who was just waking up from his vampire-induced sleep.

Sensing someone who wasn’t his mate close to him while he was vulnerable, Harry whimpers softly and curled up into a ball, hoping to make himself small enough to be ignored. He whimpered again when the person stepped closer.

Tom ignored the whimpers coming from the terrified submissive as he walked close enough to touch him. Unfortunately for him, before his hand contacted the teen, he found himself pinned to the wall.
by an enraged vampire.

“Who the fuck said you could touch MY mate?” Draco hissed, making sure to keep his body between Harry and Tom. “I told them to keep you away from him so we could get some facts straight.”

“He vanished and appeared in there while we were explaining the situation,” Lucius’ voice said, coming from the wall. “He didn’t listen to a damn thing we said.”

“I wasn’t going to just listen to a whole heap of garbage when my kitten had been raped by his supposed mate,” Tom snapped angrily. His eyes widened and he paled drastically when one of Draco’s fists buried itself in the wall beside his head.

“Watch that tongue of yours before you dig an even deeper hole for yourself,” Draco growled. “I am going to hand you over to one of MY house elves, who will remove you and your stench from these rooms so I can clean and calm MY KITTEN – Not yours, MINE – and when we are finally let out of this gods-forsaken room we will discuss what is happening like rational adults, or it will be your ribcage that is next broken by my hand.”

Draco squeezed Tom’s throat tighter when the older male began to struggle, “but first, I have to ask … Did you really issue a Demonic Declaration of Claiming or were you simply getting too high on the power you believed you had over Harry until he is mated and told some bullshit story to keep Remus and Sirius out of the loop? You had best tell the truth, or they will be finding small bits of you scattered between every meat-eating creature between here and Pompeii.”

“How dare you?” Tom hissed, “Of course I issued one. I couldn’t just let you get away with doing nothing to prove yourself worthy of him!”

Tom ignored the soft sob that came from behind Draco, but Draco’s eyes flashed red and Tom found himself being thrown through a wall that should have been impenetrable.

“Stay the fuck away from my family,” Draco hissed. “Congratulations on being the person to break my submissive as well as the reason he almost broke our bonding contract. If I see you anywhere near him until our bonding, I WILL end you.”

“You can’t do that!” Tom yelled.
Draco turned around, the look on his face making even Blaise and Lucius step back. “Give me one chance – just one – and I’ll prove I can.”

He turned around again and made his way towards Harry. Gently, almost as though what had transpired between him and Tom had never occurred, he picked his now semi-calm mate up and carried him into the bathroom to get cleaned up.

~~~oooo,forcefulDraco~~~

When Tom exited from the pensieve, he was very pale, very quiet and extremely apologetic towards Draco.

Draco, for his part, ignored the snake-demon as he, Blaise, Harry and Hermione went through every book, scroll and scrap of parchment they could lay their hands on to further investigate the Declaration.

Tom watched them with a pang in his chest, finally understanding that none of them would welcome him amongst them until he proved himself trustworthy once again. For a man who had seen both younger demons as his own snakelings from a young age, this thought tore his heart apart.

“I knew men were idiots but I didn’t think they were this idiotic,” a familiar voice stated from behind him.

He turned and glared at the interloper, only for her to smack him across the back of the head.

“That is for being an idiot,” Nagini said, once again ignoring the glare he sent her way. “You should have at least researched the damn thing more. For crying out loud on the very next page of the book YOU found it in, it went on to describe what happened to the submissive and that it was banned almost three hundred and fifty years ago.”

“I know I fucked up,” Tom sighed, exhaustion dripping from his very being. “I thought I was doing the right thing in testing Draco that way, after all, our royalty put their own submissive children’s dominants through the same thing.”

He thought about what he had learnt earlier and grimaced.
“And look at how well THAT turned out,” he spat bitterly. “Neither of my snakelings are talking to me; their mates aren’t allowing me closer to them so I can apologise to them and beg their forgiveness and the only two adults who have accepted me for a long time are disgusted with me. Hell, I’m disgusted with me!”

“From what I heard, Draco forbade you from going near Harry after you tried getting between them during one of your set tasks – meaning you didn’t approve of his actions nor his ability to protect his mate,” Nagini pointed out dryly. “Harry and Hermione aren’t talking to you because they probably can’t believe how stupid you are in using a spell/ritual/Declaration – whatever the hell it really is – without researching it beforehand. The fact that it has an eighty-nine percent chance of killing Draco and leaving Harry to be a mindless puppet only fit to be used as a sex-toy for the highest bidder just makes it worse.”

Tom, Harry and Draco all visibly flinched at her blunt words.

“As for the two adults … they are probably very annoyed that you went ahead and did this behind their backs without getting their input into it. Harry, and Hermione to a lesser degree, are just as much their responsibility as they are yours. You messed with a werewolf’s cub, Of course he is going to be pissed off at you. As for the other one … would you go against the word of an enraged, protective werewolf while you were also angry at being left out of – and your worries pushed aside of – an important part of your pup’s life?”

“I’m so screwed,” Tom said as he left the room as quietly as he could. He had books of his own that had been passed down through generations of snake-demons: maybe something to help could be found in one of those Tomes.

~~~Thisiswhyitisimportanttodoresearchbeforeacting~~~

Hermione glanced at Harry as soon as Tom had left and felt her heart break all over again. Her brother was watching the place Tom had vanished from with a mix of love, happiness, sadness and betrayal on his face.

Draco absent-mindedly pulled the black-haired teen to his side in an awkward hug involving the two of them, several quills, eight rolls of parchment, three books and Remus’ wand.

“It’s okay Love,” Draco crooned softly, attempting to calm the boy down. “I know you still love him and that is okay. He was the first person you could look up to as a father figure since your one
passed. It is also normal for you to feel betrayed by him over this. He SHOULD have looked further into it. He also should have included Remus and Sirius in his plans.”

The blond male sighed and nuzzled the top of Harry’s head. “I know I was out of line when I forbid him to come near you the way I did, but he is taking liberties he is not entitled to have. I will, however, take the time later tonight to write an appropriately worded apology letter indicating he may approach you, but on OUR term. He deserves just as much of a chance to apologise and make up for his mistakes as anyone else, and just like with this Declaration, we WILL face it together.”

“But what if I lose you?” Harry whispered softly enough that only Draco could hear.

“You won’t lose me Harry,” he said with full confidence, “You cannot kill something that is technically already dead.”

The blonde froze at his words and slowly, a large smile grew across his face.

“That’s it,” he whispered, “I think I may have just found a solution to this!” he announced, “But before I say anything, I have to double check my thoughts with Father.”

He placed a kiss on the top of Harry’s head and vanished from the room.

“Do you think he will have found a way out of it?” Blaise asked, quill hovering over the parchment he was taking notes on.

“No,” Harry said, “There is no way out of the Declaration. It is a foul, twisted piece of magic that was designed to destroy the true mate of a submissive in order to make the submissive more vulnerable and easier to control.”

“It could be that he has a potential way for him to survive the process,” Hermione stated.

“There were a few cases that the dominant survived,” Harry stated, beginning to feel hopeful once again. “Many of them, however, were killed by the person who instigated the Declaration while they were at their weakest. In those cases, the perpetrator was killed and the submissive in question was sent to the Dominant’s family to live out their lives in hope that having some connection to their mate would allow them some peace.”
He looked up at Blaise and Hermione, eyes shining with hope.

“The only time a mate survived and bonded with said sub was when said mate was a necromancer. Necromancers are classified as non-living beings as, even though they breath and have heartbeats, they cannot be killed by normal means.”

“The can only die by having someone turn their magic against them – something that only they themselves can do!” Hermione stated.

“Something that is also true for vampires, some species of demon and some Elven races,” Blaise stated, incredulously. “How did we not see this?”

“We weren’t looking for a pattern,” Hermione stated as she ruffled through the papers before her. “What species were the Dom’s that survived but got murdered?”

“Two were blood elves, one a Draken – Dragon demon,” Harry clarified at Blaise’s confused look, “One was a were-creature of the feline variety and the last was a turned vampire.”

“Born vampires are stronger and more stubborn than turned vampires as a rule,” Blaise stated. “In fact, they have been known to be voted along-side necromancers as being the hardest beings to kill.”

“And as such, I will not be going anywhere,” Draco stated from the doorway, Lucius and Remus behind him. “The only thing we can think of going wrong is the magic attacking you due to my actions in claiming you – but if that is the case, I can, and will, be a shield between you and it.”

Harry looked at Draco with wide eyes as he glided up to him and bent down so his face was level with Harry’s own.

“Which means,” he continued, “the only thing Tom has done is give me tests to see how good my self-control is; after all, you are very tempting when you beg so prettily.”

Harry’s entire face flushed crimson and he mumbled something hastily before vanishing. As soon as he left, everyone turned to Hermione.
“He’s gone to see Willa and the girls,” she said with poorly hidden amusement. “I do believe that he is still ashamed about his actions last night.”

Draco chuckled softly without amusement. “Oh, I have no doubt that he is.”

He sighed when Lucius cleared his throat by coughing slightly.

“While he is gone, I will write my apology to Tom. Hopefully he will get it tonight and be here Tomorrow to see the both of you before he and Nagini leave the day after to go back to their search.”

“And before he sees the two of you, he should meet with me and Sirius,” Remus stated. “He may not enjoy it – in fact I know he won’t – but he cannot, and will no longer, be making any decisions concerning Harry without our input. He never should have been making those decisions without consulting me, Sirius or Arabella in advance.”

“Which is why I’ve just spent the last few hours writing a bizarre note that was half summons and half invite,” Sirius growled as he meandered into the room. He looked around and blinked. “Where are Harry and Draco?”

“Draco has gone to get his official parchment from our dorm and Harry has gone to see Mother,” Blaise stated as he helped Hermione to make stacks of books, papers, parchments and scrolls ready to be returned.

“Apparently, our kitten is either ashamed or embarrassed about his reaction last night,” Hermione stated, still amused at the fact. Her brother was a Master Healer, meaning he dealt with births, deaths, abuse and gave sex lectures at their local primary and secondary schools when they were still at Mama Figg’s for crying out loud.

“I would not find humour in it if it were me,” Lucius said, voice completely blank as though he was trying not to give into scolding the girl. “If Draco had been any less stubborn or didn’t respect Harry and his bond as much as he does, he would have taken him. The only reason why he hasn’t already done so is because of Harry’s age. If Harry was even ten months older, Draco would have claimed and mated him the first time they were alone because that young man was sending all the right signals for being willing to not only mate, but to be bred.”

He caught her eye and stared her down, not allowing her to look away.
“You may have missed it when I first said it, but the bonding that Draco did has developed further, faster and deeper than any I have ever heard about. He can get Harry’s emotions, so just think of this a moment. Your mate is underage, you have a bonding contract written up and you have a mental bond that allows your mate’s emotions into you head. Then, one day, you are locked in a room with said mate, unable to leave when you feel his lust and horniness, smell his fertility and the hormones that are preparing for pregnancy, taste the arousal that coats your tongue and the back of your throat like an over-abundant spray of perfume. Not only that, but you can see the flush on his face, the small, barely there twitches of their hips and then there are the sounds. The sound of the desperate please and whimpers and whines that fall from the throat as they wordlessly beg for you to take them. The soft sounds of the hips you see moving rubbing against whatever they are sitting on and the slight squishing that their natural lubricant makes as it floods their passage enough to leak out.”

He took a mouthful of tea that appeared at his side and raised an eyebrow at the red-faced girl.

“And then, you must find it in yourself to ignore all of that because you know that if you make one move to do what you both want to happen, you will never be able to have him in your life again because the magic in the contract would tear your bond apart and shred it beyond repair. THAT is what Draco went through and it wasn’t until Harry was almost sobbing that he acted and even then he didn’t touch him inappropriately, nor did he try to give himself some relief. In fact, when it was over, Draco ran into the bathroom and threw up everything in his stomach.”

“Then there is Harry,” he said after he finished his tea in the embarrassed silence his previous words had left. “He is innocent in the way of adult pleasure. Not only is he untouched, but he is untouched by EVERONE; which includes himself. He may know the mechanisms of how it works, but he has never felt it himself. Not only did he beg and plead for Draco’s cock like a desperate slut, he also had his very first orgasm; not even having had a wet dream before – and yes, Miss Granger, our senses can pick that up. Now, how do you think he would feel knowing that every little thing he had done had occurred because he had been drugged and had been witnessed by his mate’s parents, his sister and her mate and his two uncles, then to have woken, sans clothing; covered in his own cum with an angry father – in this case Tom – standing over him, only for said Father to admit to being the one responsible for it?”

Hermione looked away in shame. She hadn’t thought about it like that at all. She hadn’t even thought to think of Harry’s or Draco’s feelings of the entire mess.

“Hermione,” Remus’ soft voice called, making her look at him. “It took Draco an hour and a half to calm Harry enough to prove to him that he hadn’t forced Draco into breaking the contract, and even then it took Draco describing to him everything that he, himself had felt like doing to Harry to prove that he wasn’t the only one affected.”
“Harry likes being wanted that way by Draco,” Sirius added, for once living up to his name. “He enjoys the fact that Draco wants to physically claim him until he is so full of kits that no-one can dispute the fact that he belongs to and with Draco: and it scares him. Draco was the one to suggest he goes and talks to Willa about it. Even though we would love to help him now, none of us are submissive, nor have we felt that way about someone.”

“Narcissa may have been able to help – at least partially,” Remus cut in once more, “but she is Draco’s mother and she witnessed his behaviour last night and that would be fresh in BOTH their minds, making it uncomfortable for them.”

“And as much as I love her,” Lucius stated, “she is human with very little knowledge about other beings. She has always held the belief that duties for different beings should be dealt with by those of the same species. In all the years since we have bonded, she has never attended a vampire council meeting with me, even though it is one of the duties she is supposed to do as my mate.”

“That is why any vampires outside Father and I can – and will – be seen being barely polite to her. Thankfully vampire law prevents other vampires from meeting the mate of another vampire in a formal setting until a month after the mates bond or we would have been flooded by nosey nuisances who only wanted to spread rumours about Harry.”

A practice that we are all thankful for,” Lucius sighed, “or we would have less members than we already have.”

To everyone’s questioning looks, the older blonde stated, “a courting vampire is a dangerous vampire and there are some members of our society who have made it their life’s work to cause as much chaos as possible. Before the law had been passed, and then changed to include the month after the bonding, one such member spread rumours about the intended mate of a vampire Lord’s heir that almost caused the mate to be executed for a crime she didn’t commit. Said member was then killed by the heir the night of their bonding when he broke into their house with the intent to spy on their bonding.”

“Why are you telling us this?” Hermione asked, “Not that it isn’t interesting, but you don’t just give out this type of information for no reason.”

“You are correct,” Lucius stated a he watched his son roughly write out an outline for what he would say. “If one of them were to ever find out how Harry acted last night they could ruin him. They would make everyone who was gullible enough to believe them that he was nothing but a prostitute who would spread his legs for anyone. They hear that you were amused by his reaction, it would be taken as a chance to sample him themselves. It wouldn’t matter to them that he was drugged or that you found his embarrassment funny due to his job because, to them, humour for something like that by a close friend means they are used to the situation.”
“And please note,” Draco stated tensely from where he sat, “that should that happen – well, an attempt anyway – I will not refrain from slaughtering them then ordering you away from him. He may be your sibling-by-ritual, but he is my Life. And I will protect him as such.”

Hermione, who had paled at Lucius’ words, nodded quickly to acknowledge the warning. She sighed in relief when the younger blonde returned to what he was doing. In that moment she vowed to herself that she would tread very carefully when it came to matters concerning Harry; His new protector was possessive to the point of obsession and it didn’t matter if the perpetrator was family or not. He would destroy them no matter their relationship.

~~~PoorHermione,sheistrying~~~

Willa watched as Harry calmed while he interacted with her daughters and thought about what he had revealed to her while they had been napping. While she would like nothing better than to go up to that man and reveal to him why no-one messed with the Zabini Matriarch, she knew that Draco would take care of it, as was his duty and right as Harry’s dominant. More troublesome, to her way of thinking, was Harry’s reaction to the feelings he admitted to having.

She exhaled heavily and chuckled softly without humour. Of course the boy would be scared; he hadn’t had the normal education a submissive normally received.

“Girls, could you go to your play room so I can talk to Harry please?” she asked. Both girls nodded and ran out of the room after helping Harry to his feet after having been knocked to the ground by them.

Harry gulped and slowly made his way to the seat in front of Willa. The older woman laughed softly at his hesitance.

“Calm yourself Kit,” she said, “you know I don’t bite and there is no reason to fear for yourself here. I’ve given what you told me some thought and I came to the realisation that you have never participated in a submissive’s class have you?”

Harry tilted his head to one side in confusion, “Submissive’s Class?”

“Well, that answers that,” Willa muttered to herself before raising her voice to normal levels once again. “Submissive classes are lessons on what a submissive will experience through certain times of
their lives. We call them Submissive classes, but all male bearer’s attend them, no matter the species or what they call themselves. It is always taught by a male bearer or a female Healer. I know of a submissive who had training in giving submissive classes: If it pleases you, I can request he and one of his son’s – who will also be a submissive – to meet you here while Draco is busy with school to get you caught up.”

“I think I would like that,” Harry murmured, eyes partially glazed over in memories. “How do I stop the memories from taking over at inappropriate times?” he asked, flushing in embarrassment when he finally shook himself free of their hold.

Willa chuckled. While she didn’t know what the memory was of, she could guess at how it ended just by the look on the boy’s face.

“The best way to do so is to meditate to bring order to your mind,” she said with a small smile. “Some who are advanced enough – like Severus, Lucius and Draco – have rooms, compartments or folders for all their memories and defences to keep nosey people out.”

Harry smiled at the mention of his mate before becoming thoughtful. “Rinie and I already know how to meditate but I don’t know if it will be enough since our meditation is magically based, not mind based.”

“Only one way to find out,” she said with far too much enthusiasm for Harry’s liking. “Let’s see what you can do!”

~~~IsitoddofmetohaveWillaasafavouritecharacter?~~~

It was late when Harry returned to Remus’ and Sirius’ rooms and it was all he could do to climb into the werewolf’s lap and curl up before he fell asleep. Everyone started at the unusual sight before returning to what they were doing.

Not too long after the teen had returned, Draco and Blaise stood to return to their dorm to prepare for a full day of schooling the next day. Blaise placed a chaste kiss to Hermione’s forehead and bowed to everyone else in the room while uttering a soft ‘goodnight’ to everyone.

Draco, however, gently removed Harry from Remus’ hold and carried him to the room he still shared with Hermione. He ignored the presence of his Father that was following them, already having accepted that the two of them would be under the eye of at least one person when they were together.
until the day of their bonding.

Unfortunately for the younger blond, Harry woke when he placed him on Hermione’s bed so he could pull down the blankets on his mate’s bed.

“Dr’co?” he blinked sleepily.

“Yes Love, it’s me,” Draco said softly as he gently transferred the younger male to his bed.

“Thank you for suggesting Willa,” he mumbled. “She was very helpful. I’m meeting up with a friend of hers who should be able to help more. Sorry for not getting back in time to read a bit.”

“That’s ok My Own,” Draco murmured as he ran a hand through Harry’s hair, “we knew that there were some nights we wouldn’t be able to read due to our schedules.”

“Still feel bad,” Harry yawned.

Draco chuckled softly and flicked Harry’s nose lightly. “I have something even better than reading tonight.”

Harry hummed softly and settled deeper into his bed.

Draco opened his mouth and softly began to sing.

Come forth in joy to greet the morn,

Ye ship-wrecked trav’lers on our shores reborn.

Look up to see the rosy banners rise,

The dawn’s new promise writ across the skies.

Breath deep, seek peace.
Join all and one the great parade,
In birth-hued feathers or in scales arrayed.
Life’s spirit garbed in various attire,
Our island’s wardrobe does its soul inspire.

Breath deep, seek peace

Come round the fountain, crystal spring,
Let ancient wisdom from its sources bring;
A drink to cool the warring and the strife,
The quiet waters of enduring life.

Breath deep, seek peace

Take up the chisel and the drum!
Each adding flourishes with claw or thumb;
So glorious cities rise from stony ground,
Advancing skyward with triumphant sound

Breath deep, seek peace

(James Gurney, Dinotopia, A song of Dinotopia, pg. 109)

Lucius watched silently as Draco pressed a gentle kiss on Harry’s forehead after running a hand one last time through the almost sleeping teen’s hair. Before he left, he placed something in Harry’s hand and curled his fingers around it, whispering a soft charm so it wouldn’t get lost sometime during the night.

Before Draco had taken two steps, Harry said something that made the boy freeze and turn back to see both emerald green eyes open. The cat-demon opened his mouth and repeated what he had previously, this time loud enough for Lucius to hear.
"Love you Draco."

Draco’s body seemed to relax right before Lucius’ eyes and he wasn’t at all surprised to hear his son’s answer of:

“And I love you back Harry. Breath deep…”

“Seek peace,” Harry finished, closing his eyes and succumbing to the sleep he desperately needed.

After Draco left the room with a glowing smile on his face, Lucius entered Harry’s room, curious to see what Draco had given his mate. In Harry’s hand was a matching pair of pendants for the claiming cuff and collar. Both had Draco’s personal symbol on one side and on the other, one had “Breath Deep, Seek Peace’ and the other “Breath Deep, Fly High.”

~~~IthinkIjustgotacavity~~~

In a rented room in England, an owl dropped off two letters to one of the room’s inhabitants. Reaching for the scroll on official looking parchment first, the man carefully opened it and began reading. Before he could finish it, however, tears of joy began falling from his eyes. He had another chance and this time, he was going to make sure he didn’t ruin it as badly as he had before.
Chapter 32 - Attempted Interference

Chapter Summary

Tom comes back into the picture and Harry meets a very unpleasant person

Chapter Notes

I know a lot of you will be very pissed off at me for what I've done with Tom but I don't care. For one thing, it is my story and there is a reason why I have done this. Another is that everyone makes mistakes and it isn't always them that reap the rewards for the mistake. A third will be revealed in later chapters.

Other than that, I hope that you all enjoy the newest chapter and I hope to have the next one out soon.

Chapter 32 – Attempted Interference

Harry was woken by a familiar hand running through his hair, making him purr in contentment. After several moments, Harry opened his eyes and smiled at the man beside him.

“Hi Tom,” he whispered, remember when Draco had told him of the letter he had sent to the older demon with a warm glow that settled in his chest.

“Good morning Kitten,” he whispered back, his eyes glistening softly. “I’m so sorry for putting you through this mess. I should have researched more thoroughly than I did and I should have been here as a witness.”

“Yes, you should have, on both accounts,” Harry said, allowing a little bit of his disappointment at his Father figure show in his voice. He may love the man in a familial sense, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t be angry at him for what he had done.

Tom flinched back and someone gasped softly from the doorway. Harry ignored both.

“You could have been responsible for the Death of the only heir to the Malfoy family – a family high
up in the Vampire ranks – and the spiritual death of myself. It could still end up that way,” he continued without care for how his words were affecting the snake-demon. “I should tell you to leave and never even think of coming back or getting into contact with me again for your actions … but I can’t. At this point in time, I cannot forgive you for your actions, yet I also cannot exclude you from my life entirely.”

Tom looked at Harry, ignoring the tears that had escaped his control; wanting to interrupt the harsh words but being unable to move.

“I hope you enjoy your travels with Nagini,” he continued, “But maybe you shouldn’t write me for a while. I honestly have no idea if I could read anything from you at the moment.”

“Harry!” Draco snapped out, appearing between the two of them. “You will apologise right now for saying that.”

“No.”

Draco growled at him. Harry looked away and crossed his arms stubbornly across his chest.

“Can’t make me.”

Lucius, reading the signs in Draco’s posture, quickly pulled the crying, unresponsive snake-demon out of the room. Just as he left, Draco pushed Harry against the wall, a hand wrapped protectively around the back of his mate’s head.

“Stop it now Harry!” he hissed, eyes glaring down at his mate. “You aren’t doing yourself any favours by doing this. All you are doing is cutting yourself off from your emotions and those around you.”

“He …”

“No!” Draco growled, making Harry bare his throat in submission. “He has already paid for his mistake Harry. You are now just being vindictive for no reason.”
Harry whimpered in distress and Draco’s voice softened though his presence was still firm, keeping Harry in the now, rather than buried in his insecurities.

“You were so happy when I told you he was going to be here this morning to see you and Hermione and your joy when you woke to see him flooded my senses. What happened to change that?”

Tom, who had been snapped out of his thoughts by Hermione, watched and listened with an almost obsessive amount of attention.

Harry whined something that made Draco sigh. He pulled the two of them away from the wall and sat on Harry’s bed, pulling Harry onto his lap and wrapping his arms tightly around him. Quickly he bit into Harry’s shoulder before lapping at the slight wound. Harry instantly relaxed into his dominant’s hold.

“Now tell me Beloved,” Draco said, licking and nuzzling at Harry’s neck while his grip tightened a little.

“I don’t know,” Harry whispered, almost in tears. “I was so happy to see him, but something in me doesn’t think he deserves forgiveness and it came out.”

Draco nipped at the back of Harry’s neck and lapped at it. Harry purred in comfort.

“It felt like he was trying to push his way into the Alpha spot,” Harry murmured sleepily. “He can’t be Alpha; You are Alpha. Only Alpha can have me – Can give me strong kittens.”

Tom’s head fell forward with a solid THUNK as it hit the edge of the doorway. He flicked his tongue out to taste the air and hit his head on the doorway yet again as what was happening actually hit him.

“Tom?” Sirius asked for everyone, including a confused Draco who had just placed a sleeping Harry back into his bed.

“When he wakes I will have to apologies again, this time with Draco in the room. I suggest any dominants you know that aren’t mated only be with Harry if Draco is with him – or he classifies you as not a danger. I am an unmated dominant who isn’t courting a mate and how he was just acting was his inner cat’s way of telling me I was unworthy of mating with him,” he snorted softly in
amusement. “He thought I was trying to take him from Draco so he said the most hurtful thing he could.”

There was silence for several minutes before Hermione, Sirius and Remus copied Tom’s actions.

“There’s more, isn’t there?” Lucius asked, catching their attention once again.

“Yes,” Tom sighed looking at Draco. “I hope you have good control over yourself. Since the magic in this Declaration is aiming to make you fail, it has apparently decided to put him through a fake heat – meaning he will have all the symptoms of a real heat but he is infertile. If I miss my guess, he had one in the first test as well, but this may be stronger or longer.”

“Then it is a good thing I started bonding with him then,” Draco replied, seemingly unaffected. “I’m assuming there will be one test from you a month until our bonding, correct?”

“Yes,” Tom admitted, “Most of them will be things that revolve around Harry. Stuff like spending the day with him, Hermione, Blaise and an adult of my choice doing shopping, spending a weekend watching over the children of the Orphanage alone and cooking a meal – an edible one – for him without supervision. Others will be tests of your own power; Things such as your intelligence, logic, confidence and your control over bloodlust.”

Draco nodded his understanding, even though he was still a little pale at the thought of a full day shopping with Harry and Hermione.

“All I ask is that the test you have for us next month not have a set day or time,” Draco responded after he regained some of his colour. “Willa’s boys are due sometime next month and they have asked Harry to be the one to deliver them.”

“Then it is a good thing I have scheduled you to do a page of logic puzzles a day next month,” Tom said with a smirk. “It will be interesting to see how you will do on them while still holding your spot in your year.”

Draco moaned softly and allowed his head to smack onto the back of the seat he had chosen to sit on. “Why do I suddenly have the feeling that after this year running a business or five will be easy?”

Remus and Sirius laughed while Lucius chuckled. Tom raised a questioning eyebrow at them.
“On top of his schoolwork Draco has his N.E.W.Ts this year,” Severus explained, just as amused as everyone else in the room at Draco’s predicament. “He has also got to court Harry, find time to spend with him, build – or supervise the building of – the house he designed for Harry, keep up his marks in ALL his classes, put in his best effort at Quidditch, take control of one of the smaller businesses his Father is in charge of and now, he has to run this gauntlet as well.”

Tom whipped his head around to gap at Draco.

“What?” Draco snapped without lifting his head.

“If you can make it to Yule without snapping under the pressure, you are a better man than I and deserve Harry as your mate,” Tom answered, awe filling his voice.

“Good,” Draco replied, still looking at the ceiling, “I don’t have classes until just before lunch and I want to spend at least a bit of that time in my mate’s presence so I can tell him about our meeting at Gringotts this coming Saturday to review the 4D model they will have made of the house.”

“You finished it already?” Blaise asked, blinking, “buy you only started it last month!”

Draco raised his head and started at Blaise in confusion.

“Didn’t I tell you I had completed it?” he asked after several long seconds.

“No, you didn’t,” Blaise growled.

More silence followed.

“Oh,” Draco stated without much emotion. “Blaise, I finished the house design. It was accepted by the goblins last weekend with the almost guarantee that there will be more business between us in the future if their additional designs meet mine and Harry’s approval.”

Blaise gaped at the blonde who he seriously thought has lost his mind. “Last … Last weekend!” the
elf shrieked, “and you didn’t tell me why?”

“Let’s see,” Draco continued to deadpan, “it couldn’t have anything to do with it being the first major courting gift to Harry, therefore the only person who can see it before him is the team that are building it, nor could it be that every spare minute I’ve had has been spent in the library so I can get the information I need for my assignments. Also couldn’t be due to me spending most of my time this month trying to keep Harry from making himself sick with worry over what his idiot of a father figure did, nor the fact that Harry, Hermione and yourself have been spending more time with your parents as the twins are preparing to be born, nor that I have had a grand total of five hours sleep in the last eight days, TOTAL. So why don’t you tell me why I didn’t tell you I had finished it and shown you the finished product?”

Blaise flushed and looked away, murmuring an apology, knowing he had crossed the line once the first world left Draco’s mouth.

“Come on Draco,” Remus said as he stood from his seat, “let’s get you into bed with Harry so both of you can get a half-decent rest.”

Tom made an odd sound in protest and Sirius glared him into submission while Remus half carried the stumbling form up the stairs.

“In Vampire terms, they are married,” Sirius stated when he could no longer see the two of them. “They have a semi-completed vampiric bond that circumvents parts of the bonding contract, but they are still following the contract EXCEPT for the part where they cannot be in a room together without supervision. Remus, Lucius and I were the ones to convince them to drop it, even though they only allow it in the privacy of our rooms.”

“They get better quality sleep when they are in physical contact with the other,” Lucius stated. “No nightmares, no whining and, for the first time in years Draco hasn’t destroyed his bed in his sleep.”

“We used to wake before him just so we could watch him try to untangle himself from his sheets,” Narcissa giggled.

“It wasn’t—well, isn’t—odd to find yourself with a piece of Draco’s bedding on you when you wake in the dorm,” Blaise admitted solemnly, “Poor Theo once woke up with Draco’s mattress on top of him. That same day, I was being smothered by his blanket, Gregory was cuddling Draco’s pillow, Vincent had one of Draco’s sheets hanging off his left foot and Draco’s head had been completely wrapped in the other with it tied in a knot around his neck. It took us over an hour to convince him it was lunch time and longer still to untangle his sheet from his person.”
“So you can see, safer to let them sleep together every now and then,” Sirius stated.

Tom just nodded, completely lost.

~~~Havingahousemadeofaluminiumandglassisn’tgoodforheatretension~~~

Harry walked into Willa’s sitting room full of trepidation. He was to attend his first lesson with Willa’s friend, but instead of it just being him and one of his sons being there, he had also bought his daughter and his son’s dominant. That normally wouldn’t be a problem for the teen, but Willa had mentioned that the girl was an unmated dominant and was a spoilt brat.

The only reason he was still here was because Willa, Nicholas and the girls would be in the room with them at all times.

“Hello my Hawwy,” Laynee said as she opened the door to one of the rooms he had never been in before. “Mama said to come in hewe fow the lessons. She is talking to Mither Weathly now wiv Cawla.”

“Hello my Kitty,” Harry replied with a soft smile. “How about I have a look at your teeth to see how they are going while we wait?”

“My big teeph or little teeph?”

“Both,” Harry replied with a soft tap to her nose, making her giggle. She nodded her agreement and opened her mouth. With another smile, Harry placed the tip of his finger into the gap left behind from when her baby teeth had fallen out and allowed his magic to seep into and along her gums. After several seconds, he pulled his finger back and closed her mouth.

“Looks like you will be getting a new pair of teeth in two days,” he told her happily as he cleaned his hands with a potion of his own design. He laughed when the excited five year old started to pull him into a happy spin.

“Oh he’s cute,” an unknown female voice said from the doorway, making Harry freeze. “I’m going to take him home with me this afternoon to introduce him to mum.”
Harry spun around, ensuring to keep Laynee behind him and away from the owner of that voice.

“You will do no such thing,” Harry hissed, glaring at the red-headed female who was smirking at him. “You have no right to say that about anyone since you lost your own mate due to your own unfaithfulness.”

The red-head scowled at him. “You are a submissive, your place is on your back with your legs spread!”

Before anyone could react, Harry had leapt at the girl with a growl, scraping his claws down her face, leaving a slightly green liquid in the wounds before they closed as if she had never been touched by him.

“Good luck finding a bed-mate you don’t need to pay for,” Harry stated, his eyes still glowing in his anger, looking down his nose at the fuming female. “Dominants will always watch you carefully when there are submissives present and submissive’s will react as if you are a threat and respond accordingly. I suggest you stay away from the Malfoy family thought if you don’t want to die.”

“And why should a reputable family like the Malfoy family care about what you did to me?” she snarled.

“Ginevra! Enough!”

It was, to everyone’s surprise but the two red-heads, the sandy-brown haired dominant who put the female into her place rather than her father. “If you had listened to Lady Zabini when she was explaining to your father who it was he was here to teach, you would have known you just announced your intent to force yourself onto a claimed and courting submissive.”

“Not only that,” Nicholas said, staring the stupid girl down, “but you did so in the Zabini house and against the Contracted Submissive to the heir of our Liege Lord.”

The oldest red-head paled drastically and moved in an attempt to stop his daughter from talking. He got there too late.
“And what does that have to do with me? If the idiot can’t keep his submissive safe from other dominants, then he doesn’t deserve one.”

Harry snorted from his spot in front of the girls, who were clinging to each other for comfort.

“You aren’t a dominant,” he said scornfully, “A dominant loves and protects their submissive. They respect the person who will carry – or support – their children and the one who gave them life. You smell of disrespect and lust for a submissive that isn’t yours. No, you aren’t a dominant, you are a sexual predator. Nothing more, nothing less.”

The red-faced girl opened her mouth but Harry just raised his voice a little and startled her into silence.

“I wouldn’t say anything Dearie,” he stated, eyes glowing brighter the longer to started her down, “I’m a shadow-cat demon; I can smell and see every dark and deranged thing you have done in your life and I have no compunctions in spilling each and every one of them for the world to hear.”

“Just who do you think you are?” she snarled, thrusting out a hand with the hope to get him across the eyes with her nails. Harry moved his head back and grabbed her wrist, noticing that Nicholas was trying to find a way to get to the enraged female without leaving Willa and the girls as targets and the other dominant had his hands full with trying to calm his panicking mate. Her father, however, just stood and watched while twisting his fingers together.

“I am Harry,” he eventually answered with enough scorn in his vice that she stopped trying to escape from his grasp. “Master Healer, Shadow-cat demon, submissive mate to Heir Draco Abraxas Malfoy of the Vampire line and personal Healer to the Zabini family.”

He pushed his hand away, letting the wide-eyed female’s wrist go so she was pushed away from him. He ignored the flustered man who was supposed to teach him and face Willa and Nicholas.

“I thank you for your attempt at helping me during this confusing time,” he said to them with a shallow bow, “but I am going to have to refuse the kind offer as I do not feel comfortable in the presence of someone who will allow a dominant child of theirs to attack a submissive, whether they are claimed or not. The fact that said dominant is poaching someone else’s property and disregards her duty as a Dom – going so far as to disrespect the being that is responsible for her life – proves that Mr Weasley is not fit to be a tutor any longer until such a time a mind healer says he is fit for the job.”
“Isn’t that a bit harsh?” Willa asked, exchanging looks with Nicholas. “Arthur has always been extremely submissive.”

“Then he isn’t the right person to teach other submissives,” Harry stated. “What would have happened had I been just as submissive as he is – Hell, what would have happened if I had met Miss Ginevra Weasley before I had been marked as Draco’s? He isn’t strong enough to prevent a forced claiming; In fact, he probably would assist if she ordered him to. It wouldn’t surprise me if that is what she had planned from the beginning since there is no other reason for her to be here when it is a SUBMISSIVE lesson.”

“What about Neville?” the soft voice of the younger red-head male asked.

Harry smiled at the pale older male.

“I’m assuming Neville is the protective young man behind you,” Harry said, getting a shy nod in return.

“He has a legitimate reason to be here,” Harry said softly. “No good Dom would allow their sub to go to an unknown place without some form of protection. The only reason Draco, Blaise or Rinie aren’t here with me is because we were assured only submissives would be in attendance with the possibility of a courting Dom following for protection.”

“What does this mean?” the male now known as Neville asked.

“If any of us suspected THAT,” Harry spat the words as a poisonous glare was sent at the stunned female red-head, “was going to be here, Draco wouldn’t have allowed me out of his sight unless I had Remus, Lucius and Severus by my side.”

Everyone blinked at Ginevra, trying to remember just when the girl had been cursed.

“That sounds a little extreme for a courting Dominant,” the younger red-haired male said.

Harry smiled softly and ran a finger lovingly along the front of his invisible collar, revealing the claiming mark Draco had given him the night he had bound them together in the vampire way. Everyone’s eyes widened at the rarely seen gesture as not even the Zabini’s had known that Draco had taken it so far so fast.
Neville’s eyes narrowed slightly and after a moment of deep thought, he nodded decisively.

“Your argument against Mr Weasley’s suitability to tutor you through this time was well stated and I agree with you in your assessment of his daughter’s reason for being here,” he stated formally. “If further action is taken in the future, I will be willing to stand in your favour as a witness against Ginevra’s personality. As for a replacement tutor, I can recommend my father. He is neither Submissive nor dominant, however he taught my mate and will soon begin my little sister’s lessons.”

“Xenophilous is a good instructor,” the red-headed young man said, ignoring the hurt look on his father’s face. “He is patient and doesn’t mind answering any type of question.”

Harry’s head snapped up and he looked intently at the slightly older male.

“Xenophilous Lovegood?” he asked. “Lulu’s daddy?”

The unnamed submissive nodded in confusion. Harry’s eyes snapped to Neville’s and narrowed dangerously. “Luna has never mentioned a brother.”

Neville’s eyes widened at those words before softening just slightly.

“I am what is commonly referred to as a Foundling. In this case, however, I know who my parents are but I was abandoned because I didn’t get either of the family magics. My father found me later that night as he and mother were dancing tribute to the gods by the light of the full moon. It was they who discovered I had my own form of magic and with their influence it grew in strength and variety.”

Neville hugged his mate closer to him and took a few steadying breaths.

“Luna was told by father not to talk about me while at school. Now that I am making a name for myself as a powerful and talented green mage, my abandoners wish for me back but they don’t know where I am. We are scared that they will target Luna to get me if they knew she was my sister and that is something none of us want to test until she can either take care of herself or she finds her mate.”
“Understandable and very admirable,” Harry stated. I would be honoured if you could ask your father if he would mind having another student when he begins Luna’s lessons.”

“I will ask him,” Neville said with a smile and a gentle kiss to his mate’s head. “Though I am sure he will be thrilled at the opportunity. Come on Georgie, let’s go have lunch with Father and ask him about it.”

The two left with a soft goodbye to the older red-headed male and a polite bow of thanks and apology to the Zabini couple. It didn’t take the mated pair long to shoo Harry and the girls out of the room so they could deal with Arthur and his daughter.

~~~Idon’tthinkitisagoodthingtonotbeabletofeelyourfingers~~~

When Harry walked into the room just after lunch started, the first thing he did was sit himself on Draco’s lap, curl into him and relax for the first time since he had left that morning.

“How’d it go?” Draco asked him softly, well aware that those who had advanced hearing abilities were listening in.

“It didn’t,” Harry answered just as soft, voice muffled in his mate’s shirt. “He bought along two dominants without warning Willa and Nicholas until it was almost time for my lesson.”

Draco growled deeply while Blaise, Lucius and Hermione gaped incredulously and Remus told Sirius and Severus what was going on.

“I understand why one Dom was there,” Harry continued. “He is in the last stages of courting his own mate and he didn’t want said mate to go into an unknown territory without some form of protection. Willa said the first thing he did when he entered their house, after the usual greeting ritual, was apologise for his presence since the person he had arranged to come with his mate had been called into work early that morning due to an emergency. He also ensured that his mate and either Willa or Nicholas was between us at all times we interacted as well as kept his arms around his mate’s waist at all times.”

Draco’s growling calmed slightly at that information and he nuzzled Harry behind the ear.

“What about the other one?”
Everyone in the room starred at Harry in shock when he made an odd hiss-growl sound that came from his chest and the fur on his ears and tail fluffed up.

“The other one was his unmated daughter,” he hissed, “unmated due to her true mate passing due to her taking someone other than them willingly into her bed. She wanted to take me home with her to introduce me to her mother. She intended to force an unwanted claim on me; going so far as to say that if my contracted and courting dominant was stupid enough to not protect me from other dominants then he – meaning you – didn’t deserve a submissive.”

“She WHAT?” Draco growled, his eyes turning red.

Almost immediately Harry tilted his head to the side and mewled submissively, trying this best to calm his mate’s rage. Draco spent the next five minutes sniffing his mate to see if this other dominant had managed to somehow scent mark him without him being aware. He went dangerously still when he caught an unfamiliar scent mixed with blood coming from his mate’s hand.

“What happened?” he demanded as he lifted the limb in question and sniffed it more, trying to ingrain the faint smell into his brain before he started to clean the blood from under his mate’s claws with his tongue, knowing he would remember the smell and taste better that way.

“I took offence at her attempt at claiming me and scolded her,” he admitted without shame. “She entered the room I was in with Laynee, announced her intent on forcing a claim and then said – in front of her father, brother, the girls, Willa, Nicholas and her brother’s dominant that I was a submissive and my place in the world was on my back with my legs spread.”

Draco’s growls got deeper and more numerous.

“So I attacked her,” Harry finished causing Draco’s growls to stop and everyone to stare at him.

“You what?” Sirius asked incredulously.

“I attacked her,” Harry stated again. “No submissive will ever feel safe around her and no dominant will trust her.”
“You …” Hermione started before he eyes glazed over as Harry drew her into his mind to watch the memory. Several minutes passed in silence before Hermione started laughing so hard she choked on her own breath. “You did! Your marked her as a predator! Oh gods, brother Mine, if only I was there to see it!”

“What does she mean Harry?” Lucius asked as Hermione continued to laugh herself into hiccoughs – which only made her laugh more.

“Submissives of all species have one major defence against unwelcome Dominants,” a familiar smooth voice said from the doorway. “I apologise for just entering, but no one answered when I knocked.”

“That is alright Xeno,” Remus stated with a smile. “Harry has claimed Luna as his best friend, which means you are now family.”

“My thanks,” Xenophilous said with a smile. “I’m glad to hear my Luna has made a friend here. Due to our heritage, many find her odd.”

“Point me to them if they cause trouble for her and we’ll sort it out,” Remus stated with a frown. He was the only one of the Marauders who had been against bullying Severus and was, in turn, ignored when he tried to stop them.

As though he knew where his best friend’s thought were, Sirius looked away from the group in shame. He yelped when Severus’ flattened hand connected to the back of his head.

“You have apologised and made up for all the trouble you caused me,” Severus said as softly as he could. “There is no need for your misguided guilt.”

Draco coughed softly, interrupting the conversations that had popped up around the table.

“I apologise for interrupting,” he said as politely as he could with the last vestiges of his rage in his blood. “You were saying something about a protection?”

“No need for an apology young Mr. Malfoy; It is I who should apologise to you for getting distracted,” Xenophilous stated. “All submissives have an instinctual defence signal when they are around a dominant they feel threatened by. It differs for each species but the result is the same – a
sour/bitter scent that surrounds the Dominant and a soft, almost sickly-looking glow that is visible only to submissives.”

“And Harry used it against someone?” Sirius asked, impressed.

“Oh yes,” Xeno said with a smile. “My son said he got her right across the face with his claws then proceeded to call her a sexual predator, refused to see her as a dominant and refused her father as a tutor before requestion said tutor be removed from duty until a mind healer clears him. When Willa stated the tutor was naturally very submissive, he then stated he shouldn’t be a tutor then and proceeded to bring up several good points. That is why I am here alone. Neville has headed to the people who handle that type of thing and George is at home sleeping off his stress. Poor kid doesn’t like confrontation and the thought of what could have happened terrifies him.”

Xeno turned serious.

“I want you to be careful from now on Harry,” he said, eyes full of worry. “You did the right thing, doing what you did – but Ginevra Weasley is a vicious beast when she doesn’t get her own way and her mother is no better, depraved woman that she is.”

“It doesn’t help that the Weasley family has started a one-sided conflict with the Malfoy family over some imagined slight,” Lucius sighed. “Do not worry Mr Lovegood, Harry will be well protected, even if I need to employ a vampiric guard for him.”

“Wonderful!” Xenophilious cheered, standing from his seat. “Luna is starting her lessons next month,” he continued, smiling at the almost boneless teen on Draco’s lap. “I will see you both then. Obviously, you will have prior engagements what with Willa being so near her due date, but if they interfere with lessons Luna will fill you in on what you missed and you can always owl me any questions you have.”

“Thank you Mr. Lovegood,” Harry stated in an almost doze.

Xenophilious chuckled softly and ran his hand gently through the teen’s hair as he aided Draco in standing. The younger blonde nodded his thanks and left to put Harry in his bed.
Chapter 33 - Grim Discoveries

Chapter Summary

Willa goes into labor.

Chapter Notes

Hey people.

Sorry for the long wait but RL decided to butt in. I hope to get the next chapter out much faster than I did this one. Hope you enjoy what I have this time.

Chapter 33 – Grim Discoveries

Harry looked around him in pure delight. The hall he, Draco, Lucius and Sirius were being guided down was built of a mid-grey stone that held flecks of white, pale grey and dark grey stone mixed unevenly throughout it. The goblin who was guiding them couldn’t keep his amusement at the young male hidden.

Draco grinned to himself when he thought back to that morning. Harry had been so excited about going to Gringotts to see the house his mate had created for them that he almost vibrated. In the end, Draco had to feed from him to calm him.

“Do you wish for us to enter with you,” Lucius asked, breaking Draco from his thoughts, “Or do you want it to be just you and Harry?”

“Would you mind if we show Harry first the get you both to come in?” Draco responded, slightly nervous.

“Go right ahead,” Sirius grinned. “As you said to Blaise; Harry should be the first person outside of the Goblins to see it since it is the first major courting gift you are giving him.”

Draco sent the older man a thankful look and guided Harry into the room where the same two goblins from the first meeting were seated.
“I apologise for making you wait,” he stated as he lead Harry to his seat and the door closed behind them. “This is Harry, my mate. Harry, these gentlemen are Snaggletooth and Eurdurik. They head the building, excavation and warding teams that will oversee our home while it is being built.”

“Lovely to meet you,” Harry said with a smile, “I apologise if I become a nuisance.”

Both goblins chuckled in amusement.

“This is a first, right Eurdurik?” Snaggletooth asked, “someone apologising before they need to.”

Eurdurik nodded, “I was thinking more along the lines of someone apologising full stop myself.”

Harry pouted playfully, already deciding that he liked the two of them. Draco joined in with good humour before turning serious.

“How did it go?”

Snaggletooth pulled the original plans from a hidden pocket in the table, starting the meeting officially.

“We didn’t need to make many changes to the original blueprint,” he stated, bringing up a 3D image of what was on the paper. “If we had started building, the structure would have been sound and - when completed - would have been perfectly habitable.”

He quickly pushed a few buttons on the device that currently showed the original building, inwardly laughing as the vampire preened under his demon mate’s cooing. He caught Eurdurik’s eye and quickly looked away as he saw his own amusement reflected at him. It wouldn’t be good relations if he were to start laughing, after all.

“As you can see, the only changes we made were to give more room. I remember you saying this was going to be a home for you, your mate and your future offspring when you needed to get away.”
Draco nodded in agreement as his eyes flicked around the model, taking in the few changes and the differences that they made to the overall design. Beside him, he could feel the deep rumble that indicated Harry was purring deep in his chest – his unique way of showing approval.

“What did you change and how will this affect cost, materials, timing and the over-all feeling of the place?”

As Snaggletooth went into his explanation, Draco listened with most of his mind but a small portion knew that it didn’t matter what the additional cost would be since his Harry’s eyes hadn’t left the small, slowly revolving image, purring deep enough to be felt but not heard. This had his mate’s approval so he would do everything in his power to ensure his mate would get it.

~~~Isitnormaltobejealousofacharacteryouwrite~~~

For the first couple of days after their trip to Gringotts, Draco was surprise-glomped by Harry at completely random times of the day. The most memorable being when the mischievous demon had hidden in the corridor just outside the potions classroom and used the first person out of the door as a spring board right into Draco’s arms after he had tripped. It was still heavily debated throughout the school whether Harry had tripped the poor boy in question on purpose or if he had made himself fall in a bid to get out of the way of the courting submissive.

The day after the Gringott’s trip Harry, Hermione and Luna attended their very first submissive lesson. While originally Hermione wasn’t going to be attending them as she wasn’t a submissive, it had been decided that she would attend anyway since she could, in the future, be called upon to teach the lessons herself. It also had the added benefit of Hermione being able to share the memories of the lesson’s Harry would miss due to his responsibilities as a Healer.

Eventually, however, things got back to normal; well … as normal as things could get in a magic school with a courting in process.

~~~Isitalmostsleeptimeyet~~~

It was on a clear, crisp day just after lunch when it happened. A soft ZAP was heard and Harry vanished before everyone’s eyes with only a slight widening of his own to show his shocked surprise. There was complete silence until a soft noise drew their attention to Hermione.

“He’s fine,” she stated as she finally shook off the almost absent-minded daze on her face that was
becoming very familiar to everyone in the rooms. “Carla used her ring to summon him.”

For several long moments there was silence until:

“Nah, sorry ‘Mione,” Sirius stated. “I give up. Care to explain?”

“Sorry, I forgot,” she blushed. “When we first arrived at the Zabini household, Harry gave both Carla and Laynee rings that would summon him in case the previous Healer came back. After that nasty business was done with, Harry told the girls to keep the rings and use them if something bad happened to Willa. Carla summoned him just now so either Willa is at home with only the girls and is in pain or she needs something that the girls can’t get for her or she has gone into labour.”

“LABOUR!” Blaise yelped.

Hermione captured Blaise’s face between her palms and forced him to look at her.

“Yes Blaise, labour. Normally they would have already been born by now since multi’s generally are born earlier than full term, but that can be put down to Harry being Harry. Now what you will do is collect your things and head to class. I will go see the Headmaster and tell him what is happening. As soon as Harry confirms that it is a birth, I will come get you and Draco.”

Blaise nodded his agreement, ignoring the hands still on his face.

Hermione smiled at him and placed a soft kiss on the tip of his nose. She laughed as he crossed his eyes to look at the spot.

“Good boy,” she managed to not giggle when his attention was once more on her. Her smiled softened into something fond rather than humorous when she noticed the concern still in his eyes.

“Hey, she’ll be fine. In fact, all three of them will be. Harry is there and you know he will not allow anything to happen to any of them.”

Blaise’s nod was firmer this time. He knew from personal experience just how vicious Harry could be when defending someone he adored. He winced slightly as the image of a cringing, grovelling
Peeves entered his mind. The thing that didn’t make sense to him was that the poltergeist hadn’t been doing anything and Harry hadn’t even seen him before he had thrown himself at the demon’s feet, wailing for forgiveness.

As though they had read his mind, Hermione, Severus and Draco winced at the same time he did. For some bizarre reason, this made him feel better about his own reaction. After another moment of stillness, Blaise carefully removed the hands on his face and kissed the backs of them in farewell before leaving the room with a nod to the rest of the inhabitants.

Draco, who was secretly pouting over his own lack of goodbye from his mate, quickly packed up the books and parchment he had surrounding him and followed the Elven youth to their first class of the afternoon.

~~~poorDracofeelsneglected~~~

Harry slumped slightly as once again, his magic was rebuffed by Willa’s body.

“It’s no good,” he told the woman lying on the bed before him. “The boys are ready to see the world and they aren’t allowing anyone to stop them.”

“That’s fine,” Willa said through gritted teeth as her extended stomach quivered and rippled due to the movements of the children within her. “At least this gives us time to notify the family.”

“I hope by ‘family’ you mean Blaise, Draco, Rinie, Lucius and Narcissa and not the pain-in-the-toosh idiots who all but exiled you from your homeland.”

Willa nodded as she relaxed into the cushions behind her.

“Yes, that family. The unwanted elements will probably turn up as well, but it should be easy enough to keep them in check.”

“After I notify Rinie of what is happening, I’ll contact Lady Evangeline. If they decide to cause any problems, she should be enough to give me warning. She can also take over for me in the event I have to go out there and toss some people out on their behinds.”
Willa let out a bark of surprised laughter that made Harry and Willa herself jump in shock, causing both to laugh a little more.

“I would pay good money to see that,” Willa admitted when she had calmed. “For some reason I can see you doing it as well, then after everything is over fiercely scolding them over their behaviour before bursting into tears and hiding in Draco’s chest.”

Harry chuckled sheepishly and scratched the back of his neck with a finger.

“You are probably right,” he admitted, “and Draco would coo at me while simultaneously glaring at them for daring to make me cry then either Laynee or Carla will come over and attach themselves to me and I’ll vanish into a fog of kittenish-wistfulness.”

“Which will change to outright bliss when Nicholas herds you to a chair and hands you both boys to name you godfather,” Willa laughed, wincing as another contraction hit. Harry wasn’t worried since there was so much time between them.

“That is what will happen, I’m afraid,” he said with a self-depreciating smile, “And then poor Draco will need to put up with me begging for kittens while fighting off a mating haze due to my body randomly going into mock heats.”

Willa shook her head, ignoring the slowly opening door.

“When that teacher of yours sets a test, he really goes for the tough ones,” she said before smiling at the intruder. “Hello my Luv.”

Nicholas smiled despite his concern.

“Hello my Dear,” he said in reply. “How are things going?”

“Harry said the boys will be coming this time,” she said with a shrug. “Contractions are far enough apart that I’m able to be calm. I’ll be swearing and attempting to curse you soon enough.”

Nicholas paled and Harry burst into laughter.
“Don’t worry,” he managed to get out, “the potion I’ve got to spell into her will direct her magic to where it is needed so until the twins are born you will be safe from hexes.”

Nicholas let out an odd whimpered sigh, causing Harry and Willa to start laughing again.

~~~Ikindafeelsorryforthementinthischapter~~~

It was just after nine in the evening when Severus appeared in the Slytherin Common room accompanied by Hermione. Silence slowly spread through the room until every eye was trained on the pair.

“I need someone to get Draco and Blaise. Tell them it’s time.”

Hermione watched as one of the students she had seen sharing a table with Draco while he was in the library stand and run up the stairs. Within moments Blaise was running down the stairs pulling Draco with him, his eyes beginning to get wild. Hermione was beside him in an instant doing her best to loosen – if not remove – her mate’s grip on his friend.

“We spoke about this, remember?” she scolded him when his hand clenched tighter on Draco’s wrist. “The longer you panic the longer we take to get to your place to see your dad and the girls. Your mother is in the best hands possible for both her and the twins and as an added insurance, he mentioned he was calling for Lady Evangeline to help control any unwanted visitors or if something happens that he can’t handle himself.”

By the time she finished, Blaise had released Draco and had visibly calmed. He pulled her into a quick hug and pressed a quick kiss to her temple.

“What would I do without you?” Blaise asked as he released her.

“Panic until you started to hyperventilate then black out,” Draco stated dryly. “Just like you did when she had Carla and again with Laynee.”

“Gee, thanks Draco,” Blaise stated, voice twice as dry as his friends had been.
“Welcome,” was his cheeky reply.

Draco ducked under the almost playful punch Blaise sent his way and ran to where Severus was standing.

“The Headmaster has given the both of you an open pass for the next three school days,” the potions master stated as he led the three out of the dungeons. “As tomorrow is Thursday, this means you are due back on Monday evening. If anything bad or unforeseen happens, either Lucius, Narcissa or Nicholas will contact Albus and extend the time. You will, of course, need to collect and complete all work you missed.”

The boys nodded decisively and Severus gave a rare smile.

“Give Willa and Nicholas my congratulations and tell them I will send a welcoming gift in a month if they decide against an introductory party.?”

“We will,” Blaise told him with a soft smile. “Honestly, I don’t think there will be a problem with them holding a party this time. Harry has the Council ranged between being terrified of him, almost worshipping the ground he walks on and tearing their hair out."

“Pity none of your mother’s side of the family are on it,” Draco drawled making Blaise freeze. “If you don’t mind, I would like to be situated before those hypocritical, sexist microcephalic, zymotic, gliomata arrive and make things difficult for everyone.”

Hermione opened her mouth but shut it again when Draco glared at her.

“I know he has enlisted help, but Harry should be focused on Willa and the boys, not on petty creatures who want something to hold over Willa in a bid to control her.”

Draco apparated away, leaving a deep silence in the wake of his words. Blaise and Hermione followed, both slightly ashamed of themselves – Blaise because he had forgotten about the unwelcome visitors who had arrived at both Carla and Laynee’s births and Hermione because she had assumed to know what was happening before getting all the facts.
When they appeared in the receiving room, they found Draco with both girls attached to his side and a very pale Nicholas.

“Eight minutes apart,” Nicholas said, trembling slightly. “You three are the first ones here. I’m hoping the next one is Lady Evangeline because she is who I am waiting for. It was decided I should come here because she isn’t far enough along for the potion and her magic is lashing out at me whenever I’m near her.”

“Is anything wrong? Her magic started lashing out when they were five minutes apart with the girls,” Blaise half asked, half stated.

“Everything is fine Blaise,” Hermione soothed as the fireplace turned green and Narcissa stepped out, followed closely by Lucius. “Girls are generally calmer around birthing time so they don’t normally affect the mother’s magic until it is time for them to enter the birthing channel. Boys react sooner and with two of them …”

She shrugged leaving him to put one and one together.

“We were very lucky and very fortunate that you were a single birth,” Lucius said with a smirk. Narcissa hadn’t been able to attend Blaise’s birth as she had still been recovering from having Draco two months previous, but as Liege Lord, Lucius had to be at the birth to accept the new Zabini under his care.

“Even in the womb you disliked your father and as soon as your mother’s contractions were eight minutes apart you started pulling on her magic; but only when he was close by. He got brave when they reached six minutes apart and pushed a hand into her stomach which resulted in him being propelled into the wall hard enough to knock him out for a few seconds. If there had been another of you, he would have been severely injured or kills,” the man continued.

A sigh of relief escaped Nicholas at that.

“All that has happened to me so far is being turned green, my hair turned to Neptune’s necklace and becoming female from the waist down,” Nicholas explained with a grimace at the female part.

“Neptune’s necklace?” Narcissa asked.
“Also known as necklace seaweed and bubbleweed,” Hermione stated, “to those in the scientific and potions fields, it is also referred to as Hormosira banksia and it is a common form of sea algae; seaweed for those who aren’t pedantic; found in Australian and New Zealand waters which resembles a beaded necklace that hasn’t been closed.”

“Well described Miss Hermione,” the soft, cultured voice of Lady Evangeline responded. “Tell me dear, have the troublemakers arrived?”

“You would have heard them already if they were here my Lady,” Blaise answered her with a grim smile. “They would have been viciously attacking my presence verbally due to my being born out of wedlock to a man not destined as her mate.”

Lady Evangeline’s eyebrows rose.

“That doesn’t sound like the type of behaviour the Willa Zabini I knew would have.”

“The male in question gave a large ‘donation’ to the family for her company then drugged her into thinking they were mates,” Nicholas responded darkly. “Found out about Blaise when she was three months along and as soon as he realised that the kid took after her, he left taking along a blonde-haired blue-eyed human who made the blondes in blonde jokes look intelligent.”

He inhaled deeply to calm himself down – something that failed until Blaise put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“The Clan kicked her out as soon as the mongrel was out of sight,” Blaise stated, “more due to the fact that she refused to give me to one of the family members to dispose of while they wiped her mind of what happened especially the part where they took money in exchange of her forced services.”

“When she refused, they just about disowned her, kicked her out of the place she grew up in said that she bought dishonour on them by sleeping with someone not her mate,” Nicholas stated. “I came into the picture when Blaise was six. As a normal human – though one with magic – I don’t have the ability to sense my mate. I know I was attracted to her but I didn’t know why I was drawn to her.”

He smiled thankfully at the house elf that appeared with a tray of drinks before taking one and sipping it, indicating they should move to another room wordlessly.
“I spoke to her every opportunity I had and after a year or friendship I admitted to her that I fancied her. It was then she told me she was of elven decent, that I was her mate and that she had a now seven-year-old son. I invited the two of them to dinner at my house the next night and got to know the both of them. One and a half years later we were wed and had Carla on the way. Three years later Laynee followed.”

“Father has never held the fact I wasn’t his over Mother’s head, nor has he treated me any different to the girls. Every time that side of the family gathers, he defends me to the best of his ability but he more often needs my help to protect the girls who aren’t elven, even though they have the blood,” Blaise stated.

“I’m very happy to hear that your Mother has such a wonderful mate,” Lady Evangeline stated before frowning. What you have been saying has me worried, however.”

She opened the door to the room harry and Willa were in and absent-mindedly told them she was there before closing the door once again. She did smile when the two girls who were obviously Willa’s daughters sat on the lounge surrounded by Harry’s mate, Harry’s sister and Willa’s oldest in case something bad happened. She also noticed that the older blonde male positioned himself in the best position to defend the two human adults in the room.

“Why does it worry you Ma’am?” Hermione asked.

“Elven children are going missing,” Lady Evangeline stated, understanding that she was answering her ex-apprentice rather than the person who asked the question.

“In the almost hundred years I’ve not attended Council meetings there have been at least seventeen elflings under the age of five that have vanished. Thirteen between the ages of five and twelve and there are reports of females and male submissives of breeding age vanishing for a year or two before returning to their family home with no memory of the time they were gone and proof of child-bearing in and on their bodies.”

Lady Evangeline rubbed her temples and took a deep breath to calm herself.

“Ninety-five percent of the under-fives are never found, forty-five percent of the five to twelves aren’t found and eighty three percent of those that are found have no memory of their lives before being taken. Seventy-eight percent of breeding age that vanish and appear again disappear several years later, not to return. We are unsure if they are taken by the same people or if they somehow regain their memories and run because they don’t feel safe. The remaining twenty-two percent end up killing themselves once they learnt they had been defiled.”
“Good luck to them trying to do that here,” Lucius growled, making everyone jump. “The Zabini family may only be Vassals, but that still makes them family and the one thing that Malfoys do above all else is protect family.”

“Same with demons,” Hermione stated fiercely, shaking herself from Harry’s mind as he became fully invested with Willa once again. “Those boys, Carla and Laynee will be the best protected children this side of the Royal family.”

Nicholas and Blaise visibly relaxed at this statement before they both tensed up again when a wave of magic washed through the house. Hermione and Draco exchanged looks and moved closer to the girls as Blaise stood to position himself in front of the seat. Lady Evangeline managed to hide herself in a corner to witness what was to come.

Within minutes the warm, welcoming atmosphere of the Zabini household turned frigid enough for the girls, Hermione and Lady Evangeline to flinch. Seconds later the door opened to reveal a hall of Elves. The atmosphere turned dark.

“You do realise family and close friends are the only people invited to a birth, don’t you?” Nicholas stated.

“We are her family,” one of the males stated coldly.

“Only when the situation suits you,” Blaise snorted.

“No one asked you Abomination,” the male hissed. “You should have been drowned at birth; You and those insects you call sisters.”

“I know I did not just hear you trying to threaten one of my family,” Lucius cut in smoothly. “Especially not in their house and before the liege lord of the Zabini family on the eve of this monumental occasion.”

“Speaking of the occasion,” a stern voice came from the back of the group, “I would like to see my patient.”
“There is already a healer with her,” Nicholas stated his voice extremely frigid. “One that passed both mine and Willa’s expectations and has our full trust.”

“I’m afraid that neither you nor she have the experience to choose the right Healer for this job.”

The group of Elves had parted to reveal the arrogant face of the supposed Healer.

“And I’m afraid you are mistaken,” Nicholas responded doing a marvellous job at keeping his magic under control.

“You don’t have a choice,” the first elf that spoke snapped, allowing his magic to lash out at Nicholas. “You are to get the second-rate Healer out here and send them away unless you want to be responsible for the death of the babies.”

Nicholas struggled to hold his temper as he listened to the rubbish falling from the aggressor’s mouth. He had already nodded his thanks to Lucius’ quick reflexes that had the harmful magic miss him by a foot.

“As the parents of the twins in question, I say Willa and I have all the choices concerning everything that involves them from conception to them finding their mate,” Nicholas stated through grit teeth.

“And if they weren’t in a state fit enough to decide,” Lucius stated, “that decision rests with me until godparents are named.”

“And as our choice of godparent has already agreed, it is his decision,” Nicholas finished. He could see the slowly burning anger on Lady Evangeline’s face as she listened to the vitriol falling from the people who were supposedly Willa’s family.

“Everyone knows that if an Elven Healer isn’t present during an Elven birth then the child dies,” the Healer sneered condescendingly.

“And yet the Elven children this Healer has delivered have been stronger and healthier than any that have been delivered by Elven Healers,” Hermione stated, unable to remain silent any longer when Harry’s name was being maligned. “The results are open to everyone to look at if they wish, especially first-time parents.”
“No one asked you Halfling whore!” the Healer snapped, lashing out with his magic in an attempt to dominate her.

Hermione just snorted once in amusement.

“Wrong on all accounts,” she said, eyes seeming to burn like the fire she could control. “The Healer in with Willa asked me to voice it; so, I was asked. I am currently being courted and am untouched; so, I am not a whore and I am one of the many subspecies of pure breed animal demons found around this planet: In my case, a fox; so, I am emphatically NOT a half breed.”

In that moment three things happened at the same time.

The first was Lady Evangeline stepping from the shadows to stop the large formation of darkened magic from leaving the bodies of the people wielding it.

The second was the Healer leaping at the couch holding Hermione, Draco and the scarred girls, hissing in rage, only to be forced to the ground by an over-protective Blaise.

The third was the sound of a heavy wooden door being slammed open with enough force for it to lodge itself into the wall behind it and an enraged shadow-cat demon stalked into the room.

“I don’t know who you think you are,” Harry hissed as he stalked towards the uninvited guests, “and, to be completely frank, I don’t care. What I care about is that you are releasing more magic than what a pregnant person can handle. In the thirty odd minutes since you have been here, I have had to use my own magic to protect both the twins and their mother. Enough is ENOUGH! This is not the time nor place for your infantile tantrum, that should be done before the Council – that is if they don’t throw you out on your arse after laughing in your face.”

To the amusement of everyone who knew him, Harry turned around in dismissal

“My Lady,” he nodded in Lady Evangeline’s direction. “Hermione, Draco, Lucius. Think you can handle things out here?”

“Of course, Love,” Draco spoke for the first time since arriving. “Take them in.”
Harry smiled thankfully at Draco as he helped Blaise up from his spot on the Healer’s back.

“You are going to get those unborn killed! The Healer said with a glare at Harry. “And what would a submissive know about anything not done on their back!”

Everyone who knew Harry growled defensively but all Harry did was smile blankly at the floored man.

“You show credentials higher than mine and I’ll start giving a damn about what you say about me.”

The Healer spluttered indignantly and Harry smirked.

“When you have found your tongue, you can give it to Lady Evangeline to check. The Healers Guild is tightening their grasp on all their members. I hope to see you at the next meeting.”

He turned and herded the now amused Zabini men into the room that contained Willa and the two girls, shutting the door firmly behind them.

“Harry says if the Elven Councils decides to further investigate the families who vouched for certain Healers, he will be willing to attend in his usual capacity,” Hermione said to Lady Evangeline making the Healer and several of the intruding party pale.

“What did that child mean by ‘show me credentials higher than mine’? one of the older Elves snorted in derision, “He is barely out of milk teeth!”

“And yet he is one of the top Healers at the Guild,” Lady Evangeline stated calmly, “In fact, it is rumoured that he is on the list of possible replacements for one of the three heads.”

“And he trained under one of the best Healers in his field,” Hermione stated with a secret smile.

“Why thank you,” Lady Evangeline said with a smile in her direction before turning a decidedly sharper one towards the group that was now huddled together.
“I am once again active on the Council,” she announced, “and there have been some things that have occurred since my leaving that are bothering me. I expect to see you before the Council when you receive your summons. You will also be seeing the Kit since he has an ability that makes him invaluable to us in discerning any troublesome people.”

Hermione let out an excited squeak that drew all eyes to her. Instead of being embarrassed like many other would be, she just turned to the Malfoy family with a large beaming smile on her face.

“The first son is born,” she announced. “Both mother and child are well, though he is a little small due to sharing space for so long. He has all his fingers and toes and Blaise has confirmed he obtained his mother’s heritage.”

Lady Evangeline, Hermione and the Malfoys all noticed the strange gleam that entered the eyes of all bar two of the intruders. Not surprisingly, it was the oldest of the small group whose eyes began twinkling happily at the news. Silently the group of five vowed to keep an eye on the others. It looked as though the Council had their first group to investigate.

1. Microcephalic: Having an unusually small head
2. Zymotic: Caused by or relating to an infection or an infectious disease; producing fermentation
3. Gliomata: A tumour of rapid growth on the brain, spinal cord or auditory nerve
Chapter 34 - Draco's Headache

Chapter Summary

Harry gets transported into kittenish bliss and Draco obtains some troubling news

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone,

Sorry for the wait. Here's the next chapter for you all. I hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 34 – Draco’s Headache

In the fortnight following the birth of Briar Nathaniel and Callum Mitchel Zabini, Harry was in a place somewhere between mothering everything that moved and hissing at everything that moved. No one was exempt from his behaviour, not even Draco; who was thankful he always fell into the category of being mothered. Hermione was of the opinion that Draco cheated his way into Harry’s good books by volunteering to watch Carla and Laynee the second he saw the mood his mate was in. Draco neither admitted nor refuted her claim and once she saw Harry interact with the girls she admitted it was the best thing to do.

It was the work of minutes to convince the elven couple to allow the girls to stay with the broody kitty every second weekend; something everyone was secretly happy about.

~~~Dracoisasneakyvampy~~~

When Draco and Blaise arrived at Remus’ rooms, Draco knew he was in for a long day. He was proven right when as soon as the two boys entered the room, Blaise was attacked by his younger sisters while Draco was bombarded by several owls at once, each clambering for his attention. When one of them snapped at Carla when she tried to greet the blonde, Harry surrounded each bird with a ball of shadow and proceeded to hiss at them between scolding them on proper behaviour for delivery owls. By the time the young male had calmed enough to release the thoroughly disgruntled creatures, Carla was laughing hard enough that she had forgotten about almost losing her finger to one of the birds.

With a dark glare at the birds, Harry greeted Draco by rubbing his cheek against Draco’s. Not
wanting his mate to be in a bad mood for the entire day, Draco licked the younger male’s nose. Harry giggled softly and pouted up at him.

“I’d better see what the monsters have for me,” Draco said in an almost whisper.

“Why?”

Draco smiled down a his now honestly pouting mate and placed a soft kiss to the spot he had just licked.

“Because one of them may have something important for me,” he answered, “though why they were waiting for me here rather than leaving the letters in my room like they normally do is beyond me.”

“It could be due to you spending more time in my rooms than your own,” Remus stated with dry amusement. “I don’t mind them coming here for you, but I will put my foot down if the house-elves transfer you and Blaise here; It’s bad enough they did it with Sirius.”

The group ignored Sirius’ mock exclamation of emotional pain with the ease of years of practice.

“No offense Remus, but we would protest as well,” Blaise stated. “First and foremost because we are not yet bonded to our mates and secondly … who wants to live with a teacher while at school?”

“I wouldn’t mind living with a teacher at school,” Draco stated as he finished greeting the girls and turned his attention to attempting to remove his mail without getting mauled by the owls carrying them. “It is Sirius who I would protest living with while at school.”

“You do realise I did live with him at school,” Remus pointed out, laughing internally at the sound of Sirius’ head hitting the table after letting out a semi-pained wail. The man was a drama queen at the best of times and it was always hilarious to set him off.

“You are a braver man than I,” Draco responded, completely serious as he opened the first letter. After glancing through it, he rubbed his forehead and read it again in more detail, resisting the urge to throw something. He really should NOT have got up this morning.
Harry watched Draco pace with worried eyes. While earlier that morning he had been distracted by the presence of Carla and Laynee, he could now see and react to things that didn’t involve kittens: something he knew he should work on now he was being courted. Glancing at the girls to ensure they were okay (they were both giggling over a colouring-in book Blaise and Hermione bought them as they competed over who could make their picture look the silliest so he assumed they were) he carefully stopped behind Draco and hugged him.

Draco jumped in shock at his mate’s touch, not expecting him to notice anything besides Carla and Laynee.

“Can I help?” Harry asked in a whisper.

“I’m not sure,” Draco replied with a slight frown. “Well, some you can but I’m not sure about others.”

“Can you talk about them with me?”

Draco smiled and brushed his hands over Harry’s.

“Yeah, I can talk about them,” he said eventually with a sigh.

“Then I will go make us and the girls a drink and you can talk with us a bit to calm down, then we can talk about what has you so worked up when the girls go out with Hermione and Blaise for lunch,” Harry responded, rubbing his hands soothingly down Draco’s side. With a soft press of his lips to Draco’s back, he vanished into a different room.

Draco stared after him, mind a million miles away. He snapped out of it at the sound of a soft giggle.

“Can I help you?” he asked as he turned to face the girls. To his shock, both girls looked at each other and, on top of their lungs, yelled out:

“Draco and Harry sitting in a tree K. I. S. S. I. N. G!”
Quickly shaking off his shock and slightly flushed due to embarrassment, Draco let out a half-mocked growl and leapt at the girls – who screamed playfully and bolted from the lounge they were seated at.

Harry, from his position in the kitchen, listened to the noise with a relieved smile. His mate was on the way to being less stressed and, he hoped, that what he had planned after their talk would remove it completely.

~~~OIlgetyourmindsoutofthegutter.I’mtalkingtoyousi,Inowyou~~~

Draco uncovered his eyes when he felt a hand run through his hair and looked into the amused eyes of Sirius gazing down at him. He groaned and recovered his eyes with his arm as he slumped further into the chair he had collapsed into once Hermione and Blaise retrieved the tiny she-demons for their planned afternoon.

“They wear you out that much did they?” Sirius joked as he attempted to pull the teen to his feet.

“No,” Draco mumbled. “They gave me a headache. Laynee’s magic decided that dropping a two pound bag of gobstones on my head would be amusing. Thankfully, it was transfigured from something situated just over my head so it wasn’t as bad as it could have been if she had sent it flying at my head from across the room.”

Sirius whistled softly as he finally noticed the bump on the top of the blonde’s head.

“What were you doing to get her accidental magic to act up like that?” he asked, impressed despite himself.

“He was chasing her and Carla around the room while I prepared drinks for us,” Harry answered for his mate, earning him a smile from the slightly older teen. “They started singing that kid’s staple song whenever they think one person likes another.”

Sirius nodded his head, trying to keep his amusement to himself and failing, if the glare Draco was sending him was any indication. He quickly left the room only for his laughter to float back to the pained teen.
Draco groaned and attempted to roll over. Harry laughed softly and placed a gentle hand beside the injured spot, allowing his magic to seep into the area. After several moments, Draco relaxed as the injury was healed.

“Did you want lunch now?” Harry asked. “Sirius has to eat in the Hall because the Headmaster wants to talk to him, Severus is making a few potions for the hospital wing and Remi has a detention to oversee so it will be just us.”

“Lunch sounds fantastic,” Draco admitted with a small smile as his stomach growled at him. “It feels like forever since I last ate.”

“And after, we will talk,” Harry stated in a no-nonsense tone.

Draco sighed and nodded, knowing that tone from Willa when the girls misbehaved … or he and Blaise spoilt them far too much in one day.

~~~Andmummakittyreappears~~~

Draco pulled the letters he had received that morning from his pocket with a grimace. He and Harry had shared a lovely meal of chicken cooked in ground almonds, boiled baby potatoes and a delightfully crisp salad, but now he and Harry had moved into the loungeroom and he was going to have to talk to his mate about what was troubling him.

Don’t get him wrong; He wanted to tell Harry about what was bothering him but a part of him was resisting in a bid to not stress the younger male out. He sighed in resignation as the familiar – and welcome – heat of his younger mate settled next to him.

“Most of the letters were nothing to worry about,” Draco stated. “Mostly they were from Gringotts concerning my private account and investments I have connect to it or concerning the progress of the house. There are three letters that are cause for concern, however.”

By this time, Harry had place his head in Draco’s lap and was purring softly as the blonde absent-mindedly rubbed his ears.

“The least troubling is from Tom telling me about my next trial.”
Both boys grimaced in distaste; Draco from how much it hurt his mate to be going through the shit that was going on and Harry from what Draco has already had to deal with due to Tom’s stupidity in the last two weeks.

“Can you discuss it with me?” Harry asked after a few moments silence from Draco.

“I have to prepare and cook one meal a week for you and I and at the end of the month I have to prepare and cook a three course meal for the entire family. I am not allowed to receive help with anything either.”

“Is it no help from me or no help from anyone?” Harry asked.

Draco blinked at the question and looked down at the open letter, reading it again slowly.

“I can’t ask you or Hermione,” he responded after taking the time to read the letter properly, “at least not to help with the main part. I can ask anyone else for what things mean and to demonstrate before the assigned day but I have to be the one who cooks it.”

“Then there is always Remus and Siri for you to ask,” Harry said with a smile. “While Siri is a menace when it comes to cooking, he is good at prepping the ingredients and Remi is a good cook since he’s cooked for himself from a young age.”

“And you have me as well Draco.”

Both boys jumped at the dark, velveteen voice of the potions master. He chuckled softly as Harry hissed at him in annoyance.

“Cooking isn’t much different than making potions. The techniques are the same after all, the only real difference is that you need to taste one to get the right feel for it and the other is sensed with magic.”

“There’s a bit more of a difference between them than that,” Harry said with a scowl.
Severus chuckled again, privately cooing at the adorable sight. He was also relieved Harry’s scowl was more to do with annoyance rather than anger.

“The what are you here for Sev?” Draco asked, feeling annoyed that his time with Harry was being interrupted, even if they were talking about things that were stressing him out.

“I was checking up on you,” Severus stated without hesitation, “You have been acting stressed since reading the letters this morning and I heard from the Mutt that you got on the wrong side of some accidental magic as well, but I see everything is under control.”

“It is,” Draco stated, “Can I get back to having Harry time now?”

Severus snorted in amusement at the slight whining tone to Draco’s voice.

“What if I want to stay and visit?” he teased gently.

The glare Draco sent him could have peeled paint from a car with how acidic it was.

“I think after dinner would be a better time to visit,” Harry stated with amusement.

“I think so as well,” Severus agreed, clearing his throat nervously, “I will see you then.”

Harry giggled softly as the door shut firmly behind the retreating man. He let out a surprised yelp when Draco grabbed him and pulled him onto his lap, inhaling deeply after he buried his face in the younger teen’s neck. He giggled softly when the blonde gently lapped at his skin and squeaked when he felt the familiar sensation of fangs sliding into his flesh. When Draco didn’t follow through with taking a few sips of blood, Harry began purring to calm him.

It hadn’t taken long for the demon to realise that all it took to calm his mate when just his presence wasn’t enough was to allow the vampire to hold him in his arms while his fangs were imbedded in his flesh. Harry smiled and purred harder in happiness, knowing that the best way to get Draco to calm down was the exact same act that calmed him when it all became too much for him to handle.

~~~UrghwhendidIbecomesosappy?~~~
It took an additional ten minutes for Draco to be soothed enough to allow Harry out of his grasp. When he did finally let him go, Draco gave Harry a sheepish smile.

“I apologise,” he murmured, “my instincts are screaming for me to protect you from any male of dominant female that can take you from me. I know, logically, that no one allowed in these rooms will take you from me, but with this new challenge …”

Draco shook his head in annoyance at himself.

I have a feeling that I will be touchy about you being around anyone who can cook or is moderately good at potions this month,” he said, voice just short of begging for forgiveness.

“Then I will be sure to watch my behaviour around anyone you see as a threat,” Harry assured him. “I just hope you won’t react unfavourably to Rinie and Remi.”

He nuzzled into Draco’s side and yawned.

“What were the other two letters you were worried about?” he asked.

“One of them was a summons to the next Meeting of the Clans with a note of warning from Father,” Draco supplied as he ran his fingers through Harry’s hair. “It appears that one of the newer clans are seeing how far they can push the laws before they explode in their faces.”

“What laws are they testing?” Harry asked, guiding Draco’s head to his lap, where he could play with the soft hair.

“The laws concerning mates,” Draco stated. “they are demanding to meet you, stating that two months is more than enough time to bind you to the family. The law is that no one outside the vampire whose mat it is and their immediate family who are of vampire decent are to interact with or see the mate in question until a month after the bonding. This is because vampires are very territorial by nature and this triples until a month after they bond their mate … or until their mate is carrying the next generation.”

Draco chuckled darkly.
“In case of the second, some vampires become more dangerous: I know I will be more aggressive towards anyone I see as a threat when you are with kitten. This is adding to my stress due to the knowledge I may have to kill someone by the end of the month since the meeting is set for the day before the date Tom set for the three-course meal. If things go wrong at the meeting, I won’t be able to finish the task. Not to mention that the Council that Father is a member of may be angered at the fact I bound you to me without thinking via the old ways and will be looking for any excuse to attempt to break it.”

Harry’s heart leapt in fear at Draco’s words and Draco pulled him tight to his chest, having sat up as soon as it happened.

“They may try but they WILL fail, Beloved,” Draco stated with complete conviction, “Father has said we have the strongest bond he has ever witnessed – stronger than the one he and Mother share. The Council tried to break their bond when it became evident Mother had no interest in Vampiric Politics and they failed dismally.”

Hearing that, Harry tried to calm himself. After several minutes, he once again felt Draco’s fangs slide into the flesh at the base of his neck and relaxed as the feelings of belonging and safety washed over him. It took Harry a fair while to realise that Draco had separated from him.

“The third letter?” he asked as he flushed in embarrassment at the heated look Draco was giving him.

Draco shook his head to clear it of the influence the mock-heat he could taste in his mate’s blood had left behind.

“I had best refrain from feeding from you for a while,” Draco stated, voice a little huskier than normal, “And from tonight we shouldn’t be left alone together without at least one chaperone.”

Harry tilted his head to the side questioning and Draco shivered.

“It seems the mock-heats will be hitting bi-monthly,” Draco stated, “I can taste the hormones in your blood. They are … Tantalizing.”

Harry barely contained the shiver of delight that trailed down his spine at the deep, dark purr that was the last word that left Draco’s mouth. Spurred on by Harry’s reaction, Draco stood, pulling Harry with him. In one move he had Harry’s back to his chest and his arms locking the younger male in place. He playfully nipped at his mate’s neck.
“The last letter,” Draco stated, his mouth very close to Harry’s ear, “Is more of an annoyance than anything else. It seems that Miss Ginevra Weasley and her mother are rather annoyed at you and have done the cowards thing in issuing a challenge through the human-ran Ministry rather than the Creature-ran Council with you as the prize unless I can come up with a way to discredit their claim that I stole you from them.”

To Draco’s bemusement, Harry started to giggle at that.

“And just what is so funny, my mate?”

“They just gave us the perfect opportunity Draco,” Harry stated giddily. “Shadow-Cat demons never lie. We physically cannot tell an untruth, much like someone cannot tell a lie around a Griffin. This had led to my species being highly sort after for working in the courts because not only can we detect lies, but we can see the secrets hidden in a soul.”

“And since you can’t lie, those secrets are revealed as truth,” Draco said with a slow smile forming on his lips.

“The fact I marked her helps us as well,” Harry stated, “The first thing to do is make a copy of the challenge issued and send it with a letter to the council explaining what is happening. Tell them we are courting, are under a bonding contract and are participating in this Hellish thing thanks to Tom – ensuring you enforce that it is a SOLO effort – and the fact I marked her after she tried to force me to go with her when she followed her submissive father to a submissive class.”

“What will that do?”

Harry smirked, eyes full of mischief.

“It means they will not allow the challenge to proceed without first going into the past of my interaction with you and her – from the time we first met to the time that is present. The only thing that I can see as bad is that they may try to separate us until they finish the investigation.”

“They won’t be able to,” Draco stated. “I will tell them that we are partially bonded via an ancient vampire bond so we need to see each other and that it is alright for your protection detail to be present – even recommended on being there.”
Harry nodded and leaned his head back until it was resting on Draco’s shoulder, jolting slightly when Draco pressed a barely-there kiss to his left ear and whispered:

“Dance with me?”

“I thought you would never ask,” Harry whispered back.

Draco’s arms moved until Harry could turn before holding the younger male loosely to his chest once more, swaying gently to music only he could hear.

~~~Ohgodsthesweetnessburns~~~

If Remus had been surprised by being asked a favour by Draco, he sure didn’t look it and to his benefit, if the request amused him, he kept the urge to laugh and tease to himself.

“Let me get this straight,” Remus stated when Draco had finished his explanation. “You would like for me to give you pointers on how to cook something and go through a few practice runs with a few dishes all for this month’s assigned challenge from Tom.”

“Yes,” Draco stated with all honesty.

“You can’t ask Harry or Hermione, I get that, but why me?”

“Because you are the ONLY person I know who can cook or make a decent potion and be able to feel comfortable thinking about you, cooking and Harry in the same sentence,” Draco admitted. “At first I thought of asking Sev, but as soon as I did, I started growling deep in my chest and if it wasn’t for Harry being in my lap at the time, I would have leapt for him as soon as I had visual confirmation of him being near Harry.”

Remus blinked. He definitely wasn’t expecting that.

“Your inner beast sees Severus Snape – Your godfather – as a threat, but not me?”
“You already have a bond to Harry: He is your Cub. You aren’t a threat to my claim on him, but as Sev is a Potions Master and can cook … he is: even if logically I know he isn’t, my instincts are telling me to attack every time I see him in the same area as Harry.”

Draco grimaced.

“And on that note, I would also like to ask for a chaperone for Harry at all times for a while. He is starting another mock-heat cycle and it is beyond tempting. Double so since I can taste it in his blood.”

“I’m sure that between Hermione and myself we will be able to work out a Chaperone system. Is there anyone we should avoid outside Severus?”

“Sirius,” Draco responded without a hint of hesitation. “I do not see him as a threat, but mainly because my inner beast sees him as a fledgling and I don’t feel comfortable leaving a fledgling in charge of my mate’s wellbeing.”

Remus coughed to hide his amusement.

“I will be happy to give you a few pointers on how to cook Draco, and to be your guinea pig. I would like to know what else you have on this month outside normal school activities.”

“Harry and I need to visit the construction site, I have to go through my personal portfolio and attend a meeting of the Clans to deal with some newbies who believe they are above our laws. I also have to contact the Council in order to deal with one Ginevra Weasley who has dared to challenge my claim on Harry through a HUMAN court and claiming I stole Harry from her and whoever wins gets him.”

“SHE WHAT?” Remus roared, spitting out the water he had just inhaled into his lungs by accident.

“You heard me,” Draco said with a smirk, “But don’t worry about that mess: Harry and I have it under control. Seems the mess Tom dropped onto our heads is good for something.”

Remus’ eyes flicked up to meet Draco’s in confusion at his extremely dry tone.
“The fact that Harry and I are involved in this ‘Declaration’ and it is a solo event that went into effect before Miss Weasley even knew he existed will work in our favour. As well, the bonding contract we created, signed and got witnessed via the way of magic. There is no way that the farce of a contest she and her annoyance of a mother demanded will happen.”

“You’ve contacted the Council, haven’t you?” Remus stated with a grin.

“Letter with a copy of the summons before the courts attached. That will be one hit against them since I very much doubt that the bitch stated that the submissive in question was of creature blood.”

Remus nodded and pushed the knowledge he had just learnt to the back of his mind to share with Sirius after everyone had gone to bed. Once the two soon-to-be-bonded had their fun with the two females of the red-headed family, he and Sirius would take the opportunity to visit them. Mooney had never liked the family – with a few exceptions – anyway.
Chapter 35 - Summons

Chapter Summary

Draco and Lucius are summoned to an early council meeting. Things get a little ... out of hand.

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy this chapter! I know I enjoyed writing it XD

Bit of warning ... There is what some people would call torture in a little section of the chapter, but I think that it is well deserved torture, so *shrugs*

Chapter 35 – Summons

Remus coughed to hide his amusement as he heard Draco swearing under his breath in the kitchen. For the last five days he had been taking a few hours in the evening to oversee Draco’s attempts at creating a meal. The results of this being that Remus now had a list of very imaginative and original courses he could use against Sirius the next time the over-grown child startled him; enough blackmail on Draco to tease him with when his and Harry’s first litter were old enough to start learning life skills and – most importantly - a deep seated respect for the level of patience Harry had.

While Draco wasn’t as bad in the kitchen as Sirius was, he was still bad enough that Remus had come close to weeping in horror at the thought of what he’d agreed to (He particularly wanted to know just how the younger male had managed to ruin a green salad when it had been perfectly fine when it had been place in the fridge earlier)

Yet slowly but surely, Draco had become increasingly better at what he was doing until Remus felt confident enough to leave him in the kitchen alone to prepare his chosen dish for the following night.

Remus’ way of helping Draco was to teach him several easy-to-make meals, have him cook each until it was somewhat edible then let him choose which one to make. It was only lucky for the both of them that Draco was an unnaturally fast learner and he retained what he learnt without needing it to be repeated. It was a strong belief of Remus’ that it was a combination of Draco’s heritage and apart of him courting his mate that caused the phenomenon.
A loud CLANK! Broke him out of his thoughts and he focused on the exhausted, yet oddly happy, teen beside him.

Draco fidgeted as Remus’ eyes flicked to the plate then back up at him and raised an eyebrow.

“I couldn’t get any of them right,” Draco stated with a growl of annoyance at himself. “I could get components of them right, but not the entire dish; so, I improvised.”

Remus admitted to himself that Draco had the right idea of it because on the plate before him was several items from each recipe he had taught the boy, but with a twist. Without saying a word, he began eating.

“Do you think you could replicate this again?” Remus asked after a moment of silent eating.

“Without question,” Draco answered without hesitation. “The recipes you showed me how to do felt unnatural while I did them. This didn’t.”

“What do you mean by ‘unnatural’?” Remus asked, confused.

Draco frowned thoughtfully.

“I don’t know,” he eventually admitted. “There was just something about them that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up; and you simply cannot tell me that anyone in their right mind would willingly combine crab, cheese and pickled onions in one dish.”

Remus burst into laughter at the look of disgust on Draco’s face.

“It was Lily’s favourite lunch-time snack when she was pregnant,” he said, still chuckling, “and when Harry was being fussy as a toddler, we used to feed it to him. It was the only thing we knew he would eat without fussing.”

Remus laughed harder as Draco turned a magnificent shade of green.
Harry looked around the room Draco had lead him to and smiled softly. Once again, his mate had surprised him by using the changeable room; This time it had been used to create a small, intimate cottage-like room overlooking a vineyard beside the sea.

“This is based on one of the Malfoy holiday homes,” Draco stated softly as harry took in the view from the fake window. “It is also the most likely pick of the Malfoy properties for the Honeymoon.”

Harry’s head snapped up and looked at Draco with wide eyes, noticing the soft blush on his cheeks.

“We will not be coming here after we bond,” Draco continued, turning to look out the window, “While the real place is beautiful, I hold no particularly strong feelings for it and … I want to start anew with you. I don’t want the fact that many of my ancestors were conceived on the same grounds to be in our heads when I take you for the first time.”

He turned to look at Harry once again. “I am a selfish, possessive creature, My Own, and as such, I don’t want future generations of our family knowing that on X-day at Y-time in Z-year, Draco Abraxas Malfoy took the virginity of the submissive shadow-cat demon Harry James, bonding them heart, mind and soul and resulting in the conception of ‘Add name or names here’.”

“Which is why I picked here for our first meal together that I prepared. I am so against the thought of claiming you on this property that even if we were not being chaperoned, I would not even think of claiming you, no matter how much my body and instincts were urging me to.”

Harry smiled up at his dominant in thanks.

“You didn’t have to tell me all of that,” he said softly, laying a hand on the vampire’s arm.

“Yes, I did,” Draco said with a depreciating smile. “I needed to give both you and our chaperone the reason for choosing the venue I chose. Now, would you like dinner now or later?”

~~~amitheonlyonewhothinksdracoisbeingasaphere?~~~
Blaise and Hermione watched the partially bonded pair with an intensity that would have been rivaled on by Tom. They had been both honored and slightly shocked when they had been asked to chaperone the couple for this event; though that had eventually been pushed aside by a rather unsettling feeling of warmth and pride. The further into the evening the pair got, the stronger the pride they were feeling grew.

Draco’s admission to why he had chosen the location he and Harry were currently eating in was a load of stress off Blaise’s mind. As one of the only non-family members to know the truth about that particular villa, he had very nearly had a heart attack when he realized just which Malfoy property Draco had decided on making the Room of Requiments resemble for the night. It was an unspoken law along the Malfoy line that the first time a potential mate, bonded or spouse sees the villa in any shape or form is the is the day of physical bonding. It got to the point that perspective future family members weren’t allowed to see the place in photograph or memory form. To hear Draco’s desire to ignore the tradition for the first time in over five hundred years was a shock to the system.

The biggest shock the two got that night was when Draco finally presented the meal he had made for the two of them. Even though they knew Remus had spent the last week teaching Draco some recipes, they hadn’t expected what was revealed. A white mound of fluffy mash, a crumbed chicken breast that later proved to be stuffed with ratatouille, a side salad of mixed herb leaves and a mid-brown sauce that proved to contain onions, garlic and mushrooms. All together it was a very impressive looking dish; though going by Harr’s face at random times of the consuming of it, some of the flavours were either conflicting or overpowering.

When the night ended and both boys were back in their designated rooms, Blaise and Hermione were very happy to report that while it wasn’t perfect, the night was a success for Draco. An added benefit was that, true to his word, even though Harry was once again showing signs of being in heat, Draco didn’t react beyond inhaling deeply, his eyes changing colour and his pupils dilating. It seemed the vampire was down playing his loathing of the villa. Now to tell Lucius of this fact before the older blonde decided to make plans for the couple to go there after their bonding.

~~~IfeelsorryforHarryhere.lifeistooshorttoeatpoorqualityfood.butyayfordracotrying!~~~

Three days after their dinner date found Draco run into Remus’ rooms with a letter in his hand and a smile on his lips. As soon as he saw Harry, he picked the younger male up and spun him in the air, startling a laugh from him.

“What was that about?” Harry asked when he was finally put on the ground once again.

“The Council went to the ministry and then wrote back,” Draco stated. “the Ministry agreed to having The Council work alongside them for our case. Due to their presence we will not be required to see them until next month or the month after so both bodies can investigate all claims from both of
us and those of the Weasley Clan.”

“All claims?” Harry asked, incredulously since he knew what Draco had written in his note to The Council.

“ALL Claims,” Draco confirmed with a grin. “It would have only been those claims concerning you, but two things worked against them. The first being you feeling threatened enough by the youngest Weasley to permanently mark her in warning and the second being they did what we suspected and didn’t tell the Ministry that the submissive was of creature heritage. They would have just waved it off since everyone knows that a submissive creature will only bond with their intended mate unless someone is crass enough to drug them.”

“Wasn’t that one of the things they accused you of doing?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but once it was revealed that I was a dominant creature they removed that charge. No dominant creature would drug a submissive since our instincts force us to accept only our submissive as good enough once the heritage hits.”

There was silence for several minutes before it was broken by soft giggles coming from the shadow-cat demon. Slowly the giggles turned to full blown laughter as the true extent of how much trouble the Weasley females would be in fully hit him.

~~~whyisitsofuntopickonthisfamily?~~~

Draco looked at his reflection in the mirror and inhaled deeply. Tonight was the night of the Meeting of the Clans, and while he usually attended the once quarterly meetings as the Malfoy family heir, tonight he was being summoned for an entirely different reason. He exhaled and closely inspected his robes to ensure everything was acceptable.

“You do realise if you don’t move from the mirror soon many people will believe that you are vainer than those white peacocks that are strutting around your manor,” Blaise stated with a smirk.

Draco let out an undignified snort.

“As if most people don’t already believe that of me,” he bantered back, relaxing slightly into the familiar routine.
“There is a difference between believing it and having proof,” Blaise snarked back before both boys burst into laughter.

“Seriously, is everything alright?” Blaise asked, eyes full of concern once they both calmed.

“Yeah,” Draco sighed. “I’m just making more out of this than I should. Legally they won’t be able to get what they want and we all know it, but the fact they dared to insist on it is enough to get my temper up.”

Blaise clasped his friends shoulder in support and Draco heaved a sigh.

“Well, I’m as ready as I’m going to get,” he announced, “Id best get to the place where I’m meeting Father.”

Blaise nodded and removed his hand and watched as Draco vanished from their shared room in the direction of the common room.

~~~ok,ishouldwarnoftorturecomingup~~~

Draco and Lucius rubbed their temples trying to stave off the headaches they could feel building behind their eyes. Not only did some idiot decide to re-paint their meeting room an eye-smarting shade of yellow, but they had set the lighting at extra bright. As a result, many of the younger and less disciplined members were being more than a little argumentative.

As a rule, these meetings were a chance for the Heads of each vampire clan and their heirs to meet up and keep each other in the loop about any and all major events that have occurred in or around the clans since their last meeting. The truth of the matter was the meeting shouldn’t have been called until the Yule-tide holidays considering that several clan heirs were in one school or another. That someone had dared summon them almost a month early for something that was very close to going against their Laws annoyed the older members of the congregation.

“Silence!”

The noise level dropped to nothing as everyone turned to the owner of the lightly accented voice; A
vampire by the name of Yuki.

“If you can all get to your designated areas,” she continued when every eye was on her.

As the shame-filled individuals did as suggested, Draco took the time to watch the woman. She had an obvious Asian heritage with her almost petite frame, ink coloured hair and eyes as well as the slight accent that flavoured her voice. Age wise, she looked to be in her mid-twenties, yet every born – and most turned – vampires knew her age to be closer to three thousand years old.

Not only was she one of the oldest vampires in attendance, she was also the most revered. Yuki had been in her thirties when she had been turned by a rogue when she had separated from her husband’s side in the city to meet up with the wives of her husband’s business associates.

According to the clan that she had joined after her turning and subsequent destruction of the rogue, Yuki learnt everything she could in a bid to control her new nature since, as a turned rather than a born, her instincts were more animalistic and therefore, harder to control. Learning to control her inner beast within a few short months while other turned vampires with years of experience on her still struggled with their natures went a long way toward the respect she had from those around her.

“Now,” she continued when everyone was seated, “tell me why this Council was called a full three weeks four days early. All that was stated in my summons was something about the Malfoy Clan.”

Everyone who was near her moved back a small amount as her displeasure at being summoned in such a way revealed itself.

“Does the Lord of the Malfoy Clan wish to make a statement before the summoner takes the floor?” a Gentleman who looked sixty years of age asked as a man stood to take the dais.

“I do, Lord Embry,” Lucius stated before turning cold eyes to the smirking man in the centre dais. “I would like to remind Mr Brandt that if he and his heir continue on this farce, they had best be careful of what they say, do or insinuate as they are walking a very fine line around one of the laws put in place for THEIR safety. I will not – and in this case, CANNOT – control nor discipline my Heir’s actions should he take offense at what you do or say.”

The man at the dais scoffed in derision before turning his back on the younger but more powerful vampire.
“It has come to my attention that the young Malfoy heir has been seen spending an exuberant amount of time with an unknown person of undetermined sex. Several witnesses have claimed to have seen the pair of them in an intimate embrace, once or twice kissing has been witnessed as well. We don’t think it appropriate for him to act in such a manner towards someone not his mate.”

“What makes you think the person in question isn’t his mate?” Lord Embry asked, noticing the papers that Draco had just pulled from his pocket out the corner of his eye.

“The person isn’t here for one,” Brandt smirked, ‘And it is a part of our Laws that two months after mating the mate is to be introduced to the other Clans. The other fact is we have photo evidence of said person showing physical affection towards several other people.”

The entire congregation turned to look at Draco and all of them pulled back at the rage on the younger Malfoy’s face.

“You WILL give all photos of him to me immediately,” Draco hissed, his eyes changing colour rapidly. “Every single one, including the ones that didn’t turn out and the negatives. When you have them, you will turn them over to either my Father or myself you will BOTH then be expected to undergo truthserum to ensure you gave them all and you will NEVER come near either of us again.”

The older generations of vampires exchanged looks as the Brandt family heir vanished from the room at a nod from his Sire. It was evident to them that there was indeed something between this mysterious young person and the Malfoy Heir. They mentally prepared themselves for what they instinctually knew was about to happen. It was only a matter of time before one of the idiots down there did or said something that would lead to the room being repainted once again.

Lucius, on the other hand, was watching as his son sorted through the papers before him. It took the older man a while before he realised what they were and what his son had planned. A smirk came over his face as he glanced at the pathetic being glaring at him and his son.

From the first time Lucius had met Andrew Brandt, the slightly older vampire had begun posturing in a bid to impress the Malfoy Lord. When it became evident it had no effect on the then Heir Malfoy, Brandt had formed an almost instantaneous dislike of the entire blonde-haired family. Lucius believed this was just another attempt to discredit his family from the wet blue-eyed man: an attempt that would be amusing at least and deadly at most.

Turning to look at Draco once he shook his thoughts away, Lucius grinned, showing more teeth than normal.
“What can I do to help?” he asked as softly as he could.

Draco smirked and, instead of answering, pointed his wand at one of the papers before him, hit it with a wandless copying charm and sent a copy to each Lord or Lady with a soft pop.

Lucius’ grin grew more predatory and he copied his son’s actions from the other end of the row. In a matter of minutes, each Lord or lady had a copy of Harry’s Healer’s License – which, by law, held his date of birth, Tom’s letter to Remus and Sirius stating he had entered the two in a mating contest of sorts, a copy of the signed and witnessed bonding certificate and a photo of Draco and Harry. In the picture both of them were facing the camera and the collar around Harry’s neck was visible and the pendant was in full view. That Draco’s cuffs were also visible made his claim on the younger male completely clear.

Around the room you could hear the soft shuffling of papers and many an eye widened at what they had seen and read. It surprised none of them when the papers all burst into flames. To the disgust of many, the Patriarch of the Brandt family hadn’t even glanced at the information. It was at that moment that Trevor – Andrew’s Childe – appeared in the room once again.

Before he could move he was intercepted by a delicate-looking female with golden eyes, long copper hair and a perfect poker face. Without hesitation she forced the bulkier and taller male’s mouth open and poured in a single dose of truth serum.

“Are all the photos of heir Malfoy and his companion present and accounted for?” she asked after the male’s eyes glazed over.

“No,” he answered.

“How many are missing and where are they?” she asked, eyes gleaming in the lights.

“Seven and under the pillow on my bed,” he replied.

Draco growled menacingly as the woman turned to one of the guards.

“You will escort Heir Brandt back to his place and ensure each of those pictures are returned. DO
“Understood Potions Mistress Clarissa,” the guard stated before grabbing the young man and vanishing.

Everyone glared at the man left behind and he shifted uneasily as he mentally swore at his Heir.

In only a few minutes the guard returned with the photos and a now clear-headed Trevor. Clarissa handed the package of photos back to the miscreant and started at him until he turned and made his way to where Draco was now standing. As soon as the envelope of pictures was in his hand Draco wasted no time in burning the entire lot of them.

“You know,” Trevor stated with a smirk, not bothering to lower his voice in a room with very good acoustics, “It’s a pity he’s not your mate. If he was, it would have been fun playing with him after my Sire got your Clan booted from the seat you have. As it is, when you have finished with him can you send him our way? Sire and I have wanted a go at him since seeing the photo of him in the shower.”

Draco snapped and before anyone could react, Trevor was implanted in the wall on the opposite side of the meeting hall with Draco’s hand around his throat.

“You are the most disgusting piece of shit I’ve had the chance to meet Heir Brandt,” Draco hissed in anger. “It would be hard for me to choose between you and one Ginevra Weasley as to who is worse when I meet her for the first time.”

Trevor’s eyes widened and he paled when Draco compared him to a female who was infamous in the creature and beings Clans as someone to keep their unmated submissive’s away from.

“As it is, that person you are and were just disrespecting is, in fact, my currently UNDERAGED mate, and while I can’t kill the head of your family over this, I can punish him for his crime. You, on the other hand, I can kill.”

In a show of strength that was backed by righteous anger, Draco grabbed hold of the older vampire’s head and twisted sharply before pulling said body part from the rest.
The Hall hummed with silence as the body hit the ground.

“I want Mr Brandt under truth serum; after all, I don’t want to be responsible for maiming an innocent,” Draco growled out.

Andrew gulped as the same petite woman walked up to him and forced another vial of serum down his throat.

“Was what your son said true?” Draco barked out.

“Which part?”

“Any of it.”

To the disgust of many of those gathered, the man nodded his head.

“What parts were true?” the woman asked with a stern glare at Draco for taking over her job. Draco just gave her a blank stare back. This mongrel and his late Heir disrespected his mate and it was his right to do whatever was needed to protect what was his.

“Everything except giving the boy to him if he turned out to be your mate,” Andrew stated, “No one is stupid enough to do that.”

“So, you are admitting to trying to undermine the authority of the Malfoy family, for seeing naked photos of another vampire’s mate and desiring said mate? Clarissa clarified.

“Yes,” was her answer.

“As stated by Heir Malfoy, he cannot kill you due to your position in your family and due to you no longer having an Heir. He is, however, allowed to take compensation from you for your disrespectful and borderline unlawful behaviour,” Lord Embry stated. “Remember young Draco, nothing that will cause death within the next decade.”
Draco nodded his understanding and moved until he was in front of the head of the Brandt family then, to everyone’s surprise, he stopped and held up both hands. Understanding dawned on them when his vampiric bonding cuffs appeared. Those with a weak constitution or under a certain age were quickly urged to leave the room.

“Do you know, Andrew Brandt, what these are a symbol of?” Draco asked.

Andrew nodded his knowledge as he, like his Childe before him, paled drastically.

“That is good; it seems you are not a complete idiot,” Draco stated. “There are so many things I wish I could do to punish you for daring to spy on my mate, but I am low on time. In this instance, however, I think I have the best form of punishment.”

Then, just like he had with the man’s underling, he placed his hands on either side of the man’s head. Unlike with the previous victim, he didn’t twist and pull, but stabbed and flicked. While the event itself made many of the witnesses slightly queasy, everyone was impressed with the ease the young man had in popping the older mess’s eyes out of their sockets with only his thumbs.

Everyone bar Lucius, Lord Embry, Yuki and several of the older generations turned green and covered their ears as Draco took the dangling orbs in his hands and SQUEEZED.

The pained scream that came from the head of the Brandt family made everyone flinch, but, to the satisfaction of those vampire’s born, or turned, in a different era, Draco stood firm until he heard the distinct POP! Of the other man’s eyeballs exploding.

Those who were urged to leave were escorted back into the room once the high-pitched shrieks had subsided. Many of them blanched at the sight of Brant’s punishment while other looked fearfully at Draco, who was busy cleaning his hands of the goo that covered them.

“Your punishment has been administered,” Draco stated firmly. “the loss of your eyes was deemed sufficient as it was with your eyes that you violated my mate; More than that you violated the privacy of an underaged submissive while he was in the presence of his mate, his mate’s family and his own family and then attempted to use said violation to subjugate a Clan of higher rank than your own.”

The blonde teen smiled evilly, revealing all his teeth.
“It is a good thing it was only your eyes that violated him,” he stated. “A blind vampire can still hunt, after all. How much worse would it have been for you had your other senses betrayed you as well? Though, I must admit, had you dared touch him, I would have destroyed you so thoroughly not even a Necromancer would have been able to discover where you had stood.”

“And that would have been if you could get through those who protect him, which include three full blooded Blacks, a werewolf, two vampires, a dark elf, a fox-demon, two snake demons, the best potions master this century and a two-thousand-year-old basilisk who has seemingly adopted him as one of her new hatchlings,” Lucius stated. “He is very well protected.”

The only sound in the Hall at Lucius’ words was the whimpering coming from Andrew Brandt, which everyone ignored.

“If that is the only thing needed for today’s meeting,” Lord Embry stated into the silence, “Then we will take our leave. Our next meeting will be the first day of the school holidays, as it should have remained. The Brandt family and the Malfoy Clan may be exempt from attending if they so desire.”

“Draco and myself will be here for the next meeting if his courting allows it,” Lucius stated clearly.

“Harry understands that I have responsibilities, just as he himself does,” Draco continued. “The problem will come in form of the contest/ritual/spell thing Tom performed on us without knowing the truth of it.”

Seeing the curious looks that were being sent there way by the oldest of their kind, Lucius sighed in resignation and nodded his agreement to stay. As if this was the sign she was waiting for, Yuki rose to her feet and dismissed the meeting while also ordering one of the guards to remove the still whimpering form on the floor. Once everyone left, she, Lord Embry and five other elders looked at the Malfoy men.

“You are not in any trouble, young Draco, but we must know how it is that you and your mate have bonded strongly enough to earn the right to those cuffs.”

Draco, who only wanted to go back to school to rest in preparation for the following day, groaned and allowed his head to land loudly on the benchtop in front of him.

~~~Ilovedwritingtheabovepart.Doesthatmakemesomeioiopath?~~~
Remus watched the people crowded into his room with some bewilderment. Never in his wildest
dreams as a child had he ever thought that he would be surrounded by so many people who
classified him as, not just a friend, but family. He jumped in fright when a hand landed on his
shoulder, jolting him out of his thoughts.

“You okay Mooney?”

Remus smiled sheepishly at Sirius as he nodded.

“Just lost in my thoughts,” he replied, “Nothing bad, I swear.”

Sirius just laughed and clasped one of Remus’ shoulders.

“Well, just make sure you remember to spend some time out of that Labyrinth you call a mind
tonight,” Sirius teased.

“If you would pick up a book every now and then, my mind wouldn’t seem so maze-like to you.”

“Still arguing I see,” an amused voiced sounded from the doorway, making both men spin around to
face the new addition. “Does this mean there will be an announcement sometime soon?”

“From the way you and Sirius argue, Tom, I’d expect the announcement to come from you two,”
Remus snarked. “You are even temperamental enough for a pregnancy to go unnoticed for several
months.”

A feminine laugh came from behind Tom as he and Sirius spluttered inelegantly.

“TOM!”

The demon had just enough time to brace himself as two almost-out-of-hatchling hood teens
ploughed into him. Even with the bracing, Tom still somehow managed to land flat on his back with
Harry and Hermione pinning him, laughter falling from their lips.
“Hello scamps,” he greeted with a small groan of pain, “I see you haven’t changed much in the last two months.”

“Oh, we’ve changed heaps,” Hermione stated as she gracefully rose to her feet as Harry launched himself at Nagini. “We just thought the floor was missing your presence since you hadn’t seen it for a while, so we gave it a hand.”

“Brat,” Tom hissed in mock outrage before joining in with the laughter.

‘Yes,’ Remus decided as he turned to help Tom and Nagini with an over-excited Harry and Hermione, ‘I may not have believed I would have this as a child, but I am glad I have it.’

~~~JustabitofsapfromRemus~~~

Draco collapsed on the lounge that had been claimed by him and Harry with an exhausted sigh of relief. The meal had been a success and while he would never be able to work in a kitchen, it was evident that he would be efficient enough to feed himself, Harry and their children if anything happened to keep Harry out of the kitchen.

He vaguely noticed as Harry sat next to him and within minutes Draco’s head fell onto Harry’s shoulder. He was so deeply asleep that he didn’t react when Remus picked him up then arranged him on the now empty love seat. He wouldn’t know until the following morning that his father, Remus and Hermione had used that time to tell Tom exactly what Draco had been up to that month while Harry escorted Nagini to Bathilda for a visit.

Needless to say, Draco’s behaviour at the unexpected meeting earned him many points in his favour in Tom’s eyes and the fact he completed his task satisfactorily while also attending to his normal duties as usual gain him Tom’s respect.
Chapter 36 – I’m Dreaming of a Calm Christmas

Harry sighed in resignation as Draco picked him up from his spot of Severus’ desk. It had been almost two weeks since Draco and Lucius had attended their meeting and Draco hadn’t let Harry out of his sight unless Lucius, Severus or Remus were with him. It had got to the point that Draco had started carrying him around with him all day, only putting him down when they were in Remus’ and Sirius’ rooms or when they had reached Draco’s destination. After putting up with it for three days, Harry finally put his foot down on being treated the way he was and transformed into his cat form and draped himself on his mate’s shoulder.

To the amusement of everyone who knew cats, Draco found himself becoming his mate’s new cat bed. It was soon very common to see Draco walking around the castle with a black cat perched on his shoulder or laying across his shoulders. Not even the Librarian could resist Harry’s charm when he was in his animal form and Draco found himself the recipient of many amused, slightly teasing comments from the women that had Harry laughing internally.

The sensation of being removed from his perch pulled Harry from his thoughts and he hissed while slashing at the hand with his claws on instinct. The familiar rumbling growl that came from the person holding him made him relax and he apologetically licked the wounds clean of anything that may have been on his class. He blinked when he was placed on the floor unexpectedly.

“Draco got a letter from Tom about his next test,” Remus informed him as he clenched and relaxed
his hand that was now mostly healed from the scratches Harry had inflicted on him. “Lucius is also taking Draco to the manor for a few hours to talk with a few of the Elders of the Council about the meeting they had two weeks ago. He is concerned that the meeting may have interfered with his instincts concerning your mating.”

Harry nodded his understanding and yawned as he stretched before transforming into his humanoid form.

“Good,” he stated as he continued to stretch. “This coming weekend is our turn to watch the kittens. If someone hadn’t done something about his behaviour by tomorrow, I was going to bind him with shadows and drag him to see the Healer Guild heads.”

He returned to standing normally and looked at his gaping mate.

“I understand that something happened at your meeting that concerned me and that it caused you to feel the need to protect me. I also know that you would have dealt with what I needed to be protected from as soon as it was revealed. I also know your instincts would be on overdrive due to it, so I said nothing; but now we will be watching Carla and Laynee for the weekend and I can’t spend all of it in these room or in my animal form.”

Draco stared at him in shock for a while and then shook his head with a soft laugh.

“I’ll have to remember that you are more observant than you seem when you are focused on other things Kitten,” he stated. “Thank you for not pushing me to tell you about the meeting.”

“It isn’t my place to know,” Harry stated. “I may be your mate, but we aren’t bonded. If we were … Well, then it would have been a different story. Now go and see if these elders of yours can aid you in calming your anxiety over something happening to me. Oh, and please tell them from me that if they make it worse, I will find them and put them over my knee like a disobedient child, even if I have to drag them here by their ears.”

“I’ll be sure to tell them,” Draco responded, ignoring the odd sounds coming from his father.

Harry smiled and, with one last hug, walked into the kitchen muttering about tea and journals.

~~~readers,thesearelinebreaks.Youdon’thavetoreadthem~~~
Draco ignored the conversation going on around him as he opened the letter from Tom. True to his word, he had told the Elders of Harry’s threat, much to Lucius’ horror. Thankfully, they decided to see the humour in it and the single dominant present among them shuddered in remembrance of his own submissive’s threats. Once Lucius and Draco described what the young shadow-demon had done to Peeves, they all shared looks of awe, fear and respect.

It had then taken over an hour for him to tell the Elders what had been happening the last fortnight. They had then asked him questions that he had answered to the best of his ability. Now the Elders and his Father were discussing probable causes for his behaviour and he had somehow, despite being the one involved, been pushed aside and ignored; hence him opening the letter instead of paying attention to what was going on.

After reading the brief note describing his task, Draco whimpered softly, wishing he hadn’t opened it and had instead, fed it to a fire salamander. He allowed his head to connect with the table as he allowed a whine of distress leave his lips.

“Draco? Is something wrong?” Lucius asked, his attention drawn to his heir by the sound.

His answer was a mumbled mess of whines, moans and words, all distorted by the fact Draco’s face was being pressed into the table top.

“I’m sorry son, I didn’t catch that,” he sniggered.

Draco raised his head and half-sneered at his father.

“I said, ‘If it wasn’t for Harry I would hunt Tom down, tear him into pieces the size of fish flakes and scatter them around the world so he would never be found’.”

“Why?”

Draco growled at his father’s obvious amusement.

“Parties,” he growled through clenched teeth. “this month’s test is to plan, organise and supervise a Christmas and New Year’s Party for the kids of the Orphanage.”
“That doesn’t sound too bad,” Lucius stated, earning himself a glare.

“He has already told them the days and times,” Draco snapped. “I’m not going to be able to join everyone on Christmas Eve or New Year’s Eve because I’m going to be the only person over the age of 12 there. Not only am I going to be running around after thirty-five brats full of sugar by myself, but I am also going to be spending my first Christmas with my mate in my life not being allowed near him!”

Lucius gulped as his Heir’s eyes flashed red. He had to remember to keep Draco’s work load for his business to a minimum over the holidays, so the boy could spend several hours with his mate.

The Elders watched the interaction with interest.

“If you don’t mind me asking,” Yuki started politely, “What have you had to do so far? After you mentioned the Declaration when we met last, I looked for anything I could on it.”

Draco closed his eyes in frustration. All he wanted to do was go back to the school, so he could cuddle with his adorable kitten while he was read to since it was Harry’s turn to choose the book; Instead, he was here about to relive the most horrible times he has had to live through.

“First, I had to deal with Harry on catnip,” he stated without emotion as his father’s entire body flinched at the tone and the memory. “Second I had to do logic problems every night and third I had to cook a three-course meal for Harry’s family as well as one meal a week for Harry.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad,” Lord Embry stated, honestly confused at why the youngster was acting the way he was.

Looking at Draco, Lucius decided to answer before his Heir could do something damaging to the Malfoy name.

“My Lords and Ladies,” he began, “what you must understand is that Draco is still a student – one in his last year of schooling and therefore preparing for his NEWTs and for his life after school: In this case, Draco has to learn about the Malfoy family businesses. This means that even if he wasn’t courting, his year would be full. Since he is courting, however, he also needs to spend a certain amount of time with his intended proving himself to his submissive.”
Lucius took a sip of the deep burgundy liquid in his chalice as he allowed the five Elders present absorb this information.

“On top of this he has this Declaration thing to worry about. If he doesn’t perform to the magics specifications, he could lose his life or his bond to Harry.”

All five Elders paled at this news and they all jumped when Draco picked up the explanation.

“To make matters worse, the magic of the Declaration is vile and twisted. It actively works against the person or being it was called into action for. The first ‘test’ resulted with me being locked in an enclosed space with a Harry whose body was forced into a mock-heat only one week after his boss put him on a potion to prevent his heat. Even though he is taking the potion every month, he is forced into a mock h-heat every second month.”

Draco gulped a few mouthfuls of water as the colour drained from the face of the only Dominant Elder.

“If I had left the paper with the logic puzzles without doing ALL of them, I would have failed and if I didn’t get at least half correct, I would have also failed. If I didn’t stay on top of my schooling, I failed and if, at any time, Harry felt as though I hadn’t spent enough time with him, I failed.”

Draco rubbed his temples

“I don’t think I need to go on, do I?”

All five Elders and Lucius shook their heads in the negative. Even though he had been present throughout the tests, Lucius had no idea how much pressure was on his son to succeed.

“So, can I go back and cuddle with my mate? I want to know what Killashandra does next.”

All he received as answer were six confused stares making Draco’s head hit the table once more.
Everyone in the room watched as Harry cooed over the sleeping form of his mate while Blaise was at his family home collecting his sisters. The Malfoy men had arrived back in the early hours of the morning from their meeting and the younger blonde had made his way to the couch he and Harry had claimed before passing out. To the surprise of many, he hadn’t woken at his usual time.

“He took a sleeping potion before we left home,” Lucius stated when the questioning gazes met his own. His eyes trailed to Harry and he smiled softly, “which is probably why Harry isn’t currently trying to claw my eyes out.”

Sirius let out a chuff of laughter as he pictured just that happening to the aristocratic man.

“He certainly does get his point across, doesn’t he?” Remus asked with a chuckle. “And here I was thinking he was a handful when he was younger.”

“He’ll never stop being a handful,” Hermione stated with a soft laugh, “but that just makes him Harry and we all love him for it.”

“Draco definitely agrees with you ‘Mione,” Sirius laughed, pointing at said teen.

Once again everyone looked at the couple, only to chuckle softly as they watched a still sleeping Draco nuzzle and mutter into a blushing Harry’s hair. The reason for the blush became obvious to those watching when Draco’s hand copied its actions in his dream and stroked Harry’s lower abdomen.

It was at that moment that Blaise, Carla and Laynee appeared with a squeal of happiness that woke Draco up. To nobody’s surprise, the first thing he did was look at Harry and the bitter disappointment in his eyes took everyone’s breath away.

Blaise and his sisters watched in bemusement as Harry smiled his understanding and placed the hand that Draco had slowly removed from its resting place back where it was.

“Just over seven more months to wait,” the black-haired teen said with innocent hope in his eyes.
Draco smiled and pressed an innocent kiss to his mate’s lips.

“Seven months,” he agreed as he once again stroked Harry’s abdomen with a slowly burning heat in his eyes. ‘Yes,’ he thought, ‘seven months until we start working on what we both want.”

~~~Ohdear,poorharryandDraco~~~

Lucius sipped his scotch as he watched Harry and Hermione herd the two girls towards the bathroom to clean up before they were put to bed. That day had shown him that Draco was no longer a little boy but was, in fact, a young man with his future almost fully planned and ready to start a family. He now understood Narcissa’s reaction the day they first discovered Draco had found his mate a little better. His thoughts were interrupted by someone groaning softly as they sat in the chair beside him.

“You know he is always going to need you, right?” Remus asked.

“What?” Lucius asked, coughing up the alcohol he had just inhaled in shock.

“Draco,” Remus clarified, “he will always want and need you, even though he is now grown and planning on a family of his own. He will just need you in a different role. He no longer needs you to protect and guide him; now he needs you to advise him while allowing him to make his own choices and mistakes.”

The gentle man smiled at the torn blonde and rose to his feet with another groan as his knees cracked.

“It’s a part of growing up,” he said. “Some just do it faster than others.”

Noticing the younger man’s eyes linger on the door that Harry, Hermione and the girls vanished through, Lucius felt almost ashamed of his behaviour. He had raised his Heir to be the best Lord Malfoy that he could be, so this change was, in all reality, not too different from his usual behaviour. He had even known as soon Draco displayed his first Dominant-type behaviour when he was five and then again when he reached his majority that as soon as his mate was ready for children, he would be a grandfather.

He watched Remus move towards Sirius and pictured himself in their place instead of his own and felt the respect he had for them rise. At first, he had despised the four Marauders for the way they
had acted in school and how they had targeted Severus harder than any of their other victims. It hadn’t been until he had left school that he realised that their attitudes weren’t one hundred percent their fault and so they couldn’t take all the blame. While most of it was because both James Potter and Sirius Black were spoilt brats, a large chunk of the fault was the adults of their society. This fact was hammered home after his son had been born and people began associating him with the Slytherin House straight away.

The odd remarks of him being a Slytherin just like his parents weren’t too bad because it acknowledged that his son and Heir looked like him and Narcissa and that he would become an upstanding member of society, just like they were if he was raised correctly. It was the people who insisted on buying Draco Slytherin based gifts that annoyed him the most, but it was the way parents would pull their children – who were curious about a little baby – away from him telling them that he was a future snake, and everyone knows that snakes cannot be trusted that angered him.

It was due to this anger that he found himself offering his condolences to the two remaining Marauders after the news of James and Lily’s deaths reached him. To his and Severus’ surprise, both men had graciously accepted his condolences and – in turn – had apologised for their behaviour in school. Of course, Severus hadn’t believed nor accepted the apology but even he had been hit for a six when Sirius had told him he could take the apology or not because both he and Remus had more important things to focus on then childhood stupidity that was forced into young children’s minds from the people around them.

It had taken almost a month and a lot of digging, but Lucius had finally discovered that both men were working undercover for the muggle Aurors and as a result, had had to leave the Potter Heir in a muggle-magical mix orphanage run by the lady who had taken Remus in only days before he received his Hogwarts letter. Upon telling Severus, the man had refused to believe it until he saw it with his own eyes: Something Lucius knew that his friend regretted.

The arrival of Harry, Hermione and the girls shook Lucius from his darkening thoughts and he smiled as Carla and Laynee kissed their way through the room before standing before his son and Blaise almost expectedly. As though they had been doing it for years, both boys picked up a girl and carried them to Harry and Hermione’s room where an extra bed had been added for the weekend. Soon after they left, Harry and Hermione followed carrying three mugs each. The adults exchanged looks and with a grin, Sirius shot out a spell on the closest mirror, so they could see and hear what was happening in the room above them.

~~~I have enjoyed making this story~~~

In the room Harry and Hermione had just finished handing out the drinks while Draco pulled a book from the top drawer in Harry’s bedside table.
“Who do you want to read to you tonight?” Draco asked. “All of us have read now and Blaise read last.”

Both girls pointed at Draco with a small giggle before they snuggled deeper into the bed and pillows, cradling their cups carefully as they took their first sip and hummed in delight.

With a playful roll of his eyes, Draco slowly opened the book as the other three teens settled onto the other beds to listen.

“Little Ragged Blossom and more about Snugglepot and Cuddlepie …”

~~~Anothergoodbooktoread~~~

Draco stretched out onto the lounge with a sigh of contentment. Thanks to the combination of hot milk sweetened with honey and cinnamon and a good story, both girls were out to it within half an hour. Now it was his turn to relax with his mate and family around him. A soft clearing of a throat made him look up and he smiled as he was handed a steaming mug of hot chocolate. Harry smiled back at him and clambered onto the lounge with him, sitting between Draco’s legs with his back to Draco’s chest. With a soft purr of happiness at the feeling of lips against his neck, the younger teen reached for a book that had found itself wedged between the cushions. He tilted his head back and turned his head to receive the kiss Draco gave him and snuggled deeper before opening the book in his hand.

“Chapter three. She had just finished her morning meal …”

Draco allowed his mate’s voice to wash over him, pulling him deeper into the world described in the book. The news of what his test was could wait for the next morning.

~~~Idislikesummer~~~

Harry read over the letter Draco had received from Tom a third time and a sly, predatory grin spread across his face.

“I don’t see why you are worried Draco,” he said into the silent room. “The way he has written it is that you only have to organise it yourself and then be present as a supervisor. This means we can be there as long as YOU organise it.”
Draco blinked in shock and held out his hand for the letter, which Harry immediately returned to him. He read it again and soon a grin similar to that of his mate’s grew on his lips.

“Harry, O mate o’ mine,” he said with a darkly seductive purr, “How would you feel about cooking for your puppies again?”

“I would love to,” Harry purred back. “Who will be aiding me, my Lord?”

As a full body shiver of pleasure made its way down Draco’s spine, the hairs on everyone else in the room stood on end.

“I am suddenly thankful that Draco has never been interested in world domination or politics,” Blaise stated. “I have a feeling that with Harry by his side, he would be able to obtain it.”

Everyone nodded their agreement as Harry began cooing over the newly woken girls and Draco started planning out a rough idea for the first of two parties.

~~~whoelsethinksDracoandHarrytogethercantakeovertheworld?~~~

Nagini sat in her seat and watched Tom get ready with amusement. She had purposefully bitten back her thoughts of what the older snake demon had demanded of young Harry’s suitor but had informed him that if he didn’t stop his sadism, Harry would dismember him, put him back together and then dismember him once again. He had brushed her words off with a scoff and now she was going to follow him to the event to watch the fireworks.

~~~heheheNaginiisasadist~~~

Nicholas watched Willa with an almost dopey smile as she helped the older teens watch the babies and toddlers. Naturally their sons were the youngest there and for once he was happy of the fact. At first, when Draco had invited the entire family to the party, he was against it, but now that he was here he was glad Willa, Carla and Laynee wore him down.

His eyes briefly left his wife and twins and focused on his two girls who were running around the clearing they were in screaming in hyperactive delight as they ran away from a playfully growling
Sirius and Bellatrix. It was a rare thing for his girls to be able to play with children their own ages and seeing them make new friends made him smile.

After a quick glance back a Willa, he focused on finding Blaise. He chuckled when he found his oldest son surrounded by a gang of primary school age boys who were competing over who would be next to get a fake tattoo from the teen. Beside him sat Narcissa who was similarly surrounded by girls of all age wanting to be made up like princesses, ladies, butterflies, fairies and, in one memorable case, a ninja turtle. Much to Narcissa’s relief, Hermione came out at around that time to check on the drinks level and she did the rather odd request before returning to the kitchen.

It had come as no surprise to anyone that Severus, Remus and Hermione had joined Harry in the kitchen to supply food and drink to everyone in the area. The fact that said kitchen was in the orphanage that backed onto the park they were in was beside the point. They could see the people in it just as easily as they could see them, so it wasn’t as if the four of them were being isolated.

An enraged yell and laughter interrupted his thoughts and his head snapped around to see the man who had come to him before they met Harry storming towards Draco.

~~~itisgoodthatthegirlsgetsomechildishinteraction~~~

Harry’s and Hermione’s heads snapped up and they vanished without a thought. Remus quickly began turning off the oven, chuckling to himself.

“Come on Severus!” he called, “this is something we really don’t want to miss.”

Both men ran from the room and appeared just as Laynee had a burst of accidental magic and apparated to between a calm Draco and Harry and an almost snarling Tom. To the shock of everyone who knew who Tom was, she unhesitatingly lifted her foot and drove it as hard as she could into his shin.

Tom, shocked out of his anger, stared down at the girl with wide eyes.

“You are a mean, nasty, horrible man,” she stated with a glare, “and very rude. We are having a party that my Draco planned, and we were having fun until you started yelling. I blame you for ruining it!”
Once again, to the open amusement of Nagini, she drove her foot into Tom’s shin and ran back to her sister – who was also glaring at him.

“She is either going to be a Slytherin or Hufflepuff seeing that,” Remus chuckled, making Severus chuckle with him. Both houses were known for their loyalty, though Slytherin loyalty was somewhat less straight forward than that of the Hufflepuff house.

“Now that Laynee calmed you down,” Harry stated from beside Draco, “care to explain why you are ruining the party you decided should be thrown for my puppies?”

“He is supposed to be doing this alone!” Tom snapped, ignoring a smirking Nagini.

Harry let out a snort.

“Then you should have planned and specified it better. Your letter only said that he had to organise it himself and then supervise those twelve years old and younger. The biggest thing that you mentioned was that the kids should enjoy themselves. Now tell me, how was he supposed to get enough food and drink for all those kids in the time frame you gave him if me, Rinie, Remus and Severus weren’t here to cook?”

Tom was silent.

“No answer? How about how was he to watch the older kids if the older teens and Lady Zabini weren’t watching the babies and toddlers? Or how could he play with and watch the toddlers and feed them all decent food and set up games by himself?”

Still Tom remained silent. Then Harry moved in for the kill with a dangerous smile.

“And I know that you wouldn’t be horrible enough to ruin the first Christmas that I can spend with my mate by refusing us to be in the same area as each other, especially as it means that you were purposefully aiming for the harm of one of MY pups and if I ever thought that was the aim of this test, you know I would tear you apart for harming what is mine, don’t you?”

Tom swallowed, his throat very dry. He glanced at the smug Nagini and winced. He should have listened to his female counterpart when he started murmuring about men and idiots after he told her his plan.
“I’m afraid that all this was caused, not for his desire to harm any of the puppies that are here, but his desire to make your suitor fight for the right to mate you,” Nagini cut in when it was evident Tom wasn’t going to say anything.

“And it is that same male stupidity of his that he needs to move so the fact magic herself gave Draco the right to mate me and nothing he does will prevent it. This Declaration’s magic may be twisted when it concerns the bond between true mates, but not even it will allow harm to come to little ones.”

Draco pulled Harry to him and whispered something to him that made the smaller male nod and leave without a second glance at Tom. When he was sure Harry left, Draco once again turned to face Tom, eyes completely serious.

“I will beat this Declaration,” he stated firmly without preamble. “both Harry and I will survive this unscathed and I WILL be claiming him the night of his seventeenth birthday: Nothing you say or do will change that. You can hate me all you want, and you can try your hardest to make me fail your little tests, but the second you do something that harms MY Kitten …”

Draco’s grin was blood thirsty.

“I will tear your body into itty bitty pieces and scatter them across the globe, so they will never fully be found. DO. NOT. TRY. ME.”

Within the blink of an eye, Draco transformed from a thing of nightmares to the polite Heir of a high-bred family.

“If you intend on staying, please help yourself to food and drink. Father is currently at a meeting of the Clans – something I should also be at, but am unable to attend – and will hopefully be here in the next two or so hours. I suggest you don’t go near anyone else because to the kids you tried to ruin their party and to the adults and older teens, you showed you have all the self-control of a spoilt three-year-old.”

He bowed slightly in Nagini’s direction and offered her a heartfelt smile.

“It is wonderful to see you again Miss Nagini. Please help yourself to refreshments and allow me to introduce you to Willa and Nicholas Zabini. Willa has recently had twins, and this is her first time out of the Manor with them, so they may be a touch protective over them.”
Nagini hissed her amusement and linked her arm through Draco’s.

“Please introduce us,” she said with a smile, “I will get myself refreshments after I give my congratulations, as is proper.”

As Draco led Nagini away, Tom looked around and pouted. Looks like he had messed up yet again. Damn it was hard to remember Harry was now growing into the man … well, demon … he was meant to become. Tom’s pout deepened as the party continued around him.
Chapter 37 - And a Happy New Year

Chapter Summary

New Years celebrations at the Orphanage.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, I am back, just don't ask me for how long. I'm having a bit of trouble with the chapter I'm currently writing so I thought I would post something, hoping it would kick start the creative juices. Anywho, ENJOY THE CHAPTER!

Chapter 37 – And a Happy New Year

Draco looked around the room he was in and sighed in desperation. He had, once again, lost the three five-year-old’s he was trying to get into the main room so they could join the party that was about to start. He heard a soft giggle and smirked to himself as he spoke; seemingly to himself as he turned to leave the room.

“It seems that they don’t want to join the party and see Harry and Hermione again,” he mused, hiding his grin as three gasps were heard, “And Harry was so excited to dance with everyone again. Oh well, it looks like I’m going to have to tell him three of his puppies are napping so they miss out.”

He chuckled as the three mischievous boys ran past him with squealed ‘No’s’ coming from them.

“That was nasty Draco,” Hermione stated with a chuckle.

“Maybe, but it worked,” he smirked before sighing. “How in the world can the two of you keep up with them?”

“Practice,” Hermione answered with a smile, “and being raised with or by us is a big help as well. They know what they can get away with and what they can’t.”
The two of them entered a room full of people and they laughed outright as they saw Harry being bombarded by all the younger children as they watched him flicking through the CD collection. Everyone seemed to hold their breaths as one shiny disc was chosen and slipped into the CD player. Every one of them laughed when ‘I just can’t wait to be King’ came out of the speakers.

Hermione shook her head in amusement as all the primary aged kids and younger stated dancing in groups with Harry moving smoothly between groups as though it was a normal occurrence.

“Harry decided to make a dance mix of kids’ songs,” she explained with a laugh at the look on Draco’s face. “He decided he would rather the young ones’ dance to music they could already sing because that way they can’t butcher any songs the others like.”

Draco’s lips twitched in amusement and with a mischievous look in his eye twirled onto the floor with Hermione, laughingly telling her that since his mate was busy it was her job as sister-in-law to keep him out of trouble.

Hermione laughed as she allowed the vampire to lead her in a twirl around groups of kids, teens and one excitable black dog.

~~~I’m alive…kindof…~~~

Lucius stood in the corner of the darkened room watching as Narcissa and Willa put the twins in one cot to sleep while one of the older teens set up a tea set on a nearby table for the women. He sighed and followed the girl out after giving Narcissa a kiss to the top of her head. Girl talk was NOT his idea of a fun time … maybe he could find Tom, Nicholas or Remus.

~~~Oh, Lucius, it depends on the type of girl talk~~~

Nagini watched Tom out the corner of her eye in worry. The older snake-demon’s magic had been fluctuating wildly for the past week and it was starting to worry her. As they vanished from their camp, she decided to bring it up with the two snakelings if they didn’t notice it themselves.

~~~boopboop~~~

Harry, Hermione and Remus were not in the room when the two snake-demons arrived at the party. A quick look around and at the clock was enough for them to guess they were either cooking the
evening meal or aiding the younger kids in washing for it.

The smells that were coming from behind the closed door added proof to this theory. To Nagini’s surprise, everyone converged on the tables as soon as the song that was playing ended. Within minutes the table had been set and everyone was at their place. Not too far behind the last bottom finding a seat found Harry, Hermione and Remus walk out plates of food that they started handing out.

First were the bottles and baby puree, then the youngest children. As she watched what was occurring, Nagini made note that it made sense since the older teens fed the youngest children and it ensured their food wasn’t cold when they finally got to eat it. A soft, feminine chuckle drew her mind back to her surroundings and she turned her head to see the fair visage of Narcissa.

“It’s like watching a well-rehearsed play,” the blonde woman stated softly as she linked arms with Nagini. “Everyone has a spot to be and a job to do and no-one argues with their duty or position; they just do it because they don’t want to disappoint any of their companions.”

Narcissa lead Nagini to a seat at a table that held Willa and three empty seats.

“I want to know their secret,” Willa laughed only half joking. “I can’t get my two girls, Blaise and Nicholas to act like this at meals all the time and here there are so many more people of all ages and there isn’t a single sound of discontent.”

“It is because Mama Pea is here,” an aged female said, making the three ladies jump slightly.

“Sorry about that,” the woman grinned as a chuckling male teen helped her into the spare chair, receiving a loving pat on the hand and a smile.

“Arabella,” the three women said with a welcoming smile. They had met the previous week as the Christmas Party and she had instantly got their respect as they watched her greet each and every child there by name with a tenderness only a grandmother could have.

“If Mama Pea wasn’t here then I can guarantee you that the little brats would resemble demons more than the angels you see now.”

“You are talking of young Harry, aren’t you?” Nagini hissed with amusement as she got a nod and
cheeky smile from the much older woman.

“Oh, we have to hear this story,” Willa stated with a grin as Remus put plates of food in front of the women and Hermione followed with a platter of cups.

“Which story?” Hermione asked, slightly worried.

“How Harry got the name Mama Pea,” Arabella answered, making both of them laugh.

“Oh, that is a good one,” Remus stated once he stopped laughing. “It still surprises me that he responded to that.”

“I think that it was mainly the timing,” Hermione admitted, “He had been becoming more affectionate towards the younger kids around that time.”

“What happened?” Willa asked.

“When he was younger we called him ‘Sweet Pea’ because he was the sweetest little thing we had ever laid eyes on,” Arabella stated with a smile. “Soon the only people to call him Harry was Hermione and, on occasion, Remus.”

She took a small bite of her meal and chewed thoughtfully for a moment before swallowing.

“One day we got a new child in,” Arabella’s voice was soft and sad, “She was a pretty thing - all chestnut curls and hazel eyes that could make an iceberg melt. She was two, maybe three and had been found alone in an alleyway. It was the police that bought her to us while they tried to find her parents. She was well looked after and it was thought that she had either walked off on her own by accident or she had been separated from them in the crowd.”

She took another bite, chewing slowly as she watched a memory only she could see.

“The only person she willingly went to was Harry. She wouldn’t fuss if anyone else picked her up or did something with her, but she only approached Harry. We had her for almost two months before the police found her parents and that entire time she never said a word. By this time, Harry was
nearly eleven and was called either Sweet Pea or Kitten and when the police turned up at the door saying they found the girl’s parents, Harry growled at them and held her close. It was clear that if they didn’t have a good reason for her being alone that day, then they wouldn’t be getting her back.”

Narcissa, Willa and Nagini laughed. Each of them had seen or heard how the black-haired teen acted around children and they could just see a mini Harry glaring and hissing in protective, possessive anger at a faceless man in uniform.

“Turned out the couple was walking with her when a driver had a microsleep at the wheel and ran into the crowd. Her father pushed her into he alley as his last act before being hit. His spine was crushed when he flew into the brick wall and her mother had broken an arm and her ribs from where she fell as she tried getting out of the way. She also hit her head. Both of them were frantic when the rescue teams got to them and when they heard them calling for their daughter, they assumed it was their dog and put them into a drugged sleep. Five minutes later, the girl was found and bought here.”

Arabella sipped her drink and smiled softly.

“The littles name was Charlotte and after leaving several of the older teen in charge, Harry and I accompanied her and the police to the hospital where her parents were. We found out that they would be in there for another few months so we said we could continue watching her and her parents agreed when the Officers who were with us explained who I was and that for some reason Charlotte had latched onto Harry. Harry told them how he had been orphaned and left it at that. The day her parents came to pick her up was the first time she spoke since the accident. She said ‘Bye-bye Mama Pea’ and hugged Harry. The young ones who heard it started calling him ‘Mama Pea’ after that and it never stopped.”

That was also the day I decided to become a Healer,” Harry stated, making all four ladies jump. “Most people just dumped the kids off at the orphanage and didn’t bother getting them checked so I thought I could get training to do it. At the time I foolishly thought I was going to stay at the Orphanage forever.”

He Blushed slightly at the amusement that came from the women before him before turning to Nagini with a slight frown.

“Do you know what is wrong with Tom? He seems … distant.”

“I was hoping you could tell me,” she admitted. “His magic has been fluctuation since the party last week.”
Harry and Hermione exchanged worried looks and held a silent conversation that amused and amazed those watching. Eventually Harry sighed and nodded before returning to the kitchen.

“Thank you for caring enough about him to tell us about this,” Hermione stated. “We thing we know what is wrong with him, but Harry wants to check some things before we do anything.”

Nagini relaxed into her seat with a thankful smile. She knew and trusted that Tom’s hatchlings would be able to do something for him. It would be a shame for her older brother figure to be so flighty all the time.

~~~sorrytoallthosewhowerehopingforTomandNagini~~~

Harry watched Tom through slightly narrowed eyes and sighed in exasperation. What they had been scared of seemed more likely the longer he watched the older male. He growled softly and quickly wrapped his old teacher in shadows and vanished with him: Hermione following his lead.

As soon as they arrived in the quiet room Harry claimed as his healing room while he was there, Harry and Hermione got to work. Tom watched them in bemusement but said nothing, knowing from experience that opening his mouth would result in being silenced in an odd and often humiliating way. Eventually both teens pulled away with annoyance and Harry slapped Tom’s arm hard enough to leave a red mark.

“That,” he growled before Tom could open his mouth, “was for playing with magic you don’t understand. Now you stay right there while I get everyone this affects. Rinie, barbeque him if you have to in order to keep him here.”

As the shadows swallowed Harry, Hermione grinned and raised a hand, resulting in Tom gulping and sitting as still as possible.

~~~hehehe,HarryandHermionecanbescary~~~

“Let me get this straight,” Sirius stated, doing his best to understand what was going on even though he was the only human present. “The Ritual/Declaration/whatever is interfering with Tom’s magic because he was the one to cast it in the first place?”
“That is what we believe is occurring, yes,” Harry replied, rubbing his temples. “Because Draco’s more stubborn than him and is overcoming all attempts at making him break our contract, the magic is trying to make a rift between us by interfering with Tom’s logic; things like trying to provoke him into attacking him verbally or physically; separating us for important days of the year … that type of thing.”

“That means he is going to be acting like this until we are bonded, isn’t he?” Draco asked from where his face was hiding in his arms after Tom tried to ‘accidentally’ fling acid into his eyes because the blonde looked at Harry without his permission.

“Yes,” both Harry and Hermione deadpanned, making Draco groan in exasperation.

“As if this wasn’t hard enough,” he mumbled just loud enough for those close to him to hear. “I don’t need to be dodging an over-protective, magically warped parental-type figure as well.”

Harry laughed and nuzzled the top of Draco’s head with his cheek.

“That is why we are no longer allowing him anywhere near you without at least three others close by,” Hermione stated, “and if he tries anything he will be taken down by those around you – unless he targets Harry, then by all means feel free to tear him apart.”

Draco went completely still.

“You did NOT just say that he could make Harry a target,” Draco stated with a scary calmness about him.

“It is unlikely, but possible,” she stated with all honesty. “In the past it was always a blood relative that cast the Declaration. Tom is not a relative by blood; nor did he adopt us. This could mean that the magic in the Declaration will enforce Tom into acting as a challenging dominant.”

“It will only make him that way towards you,” Harry said firmly at Draco’s feral growl. “He still acts parental towards me and if I am in the room with you he will only come at you as the father from Hell. It is only when I am not present that he will try to kill you.”

“That is reassuring to hear,” Lucius stated, voice full of sarcasm.
“It is actually,” Remus stated with a grin. “Due to this behaviour, Tom can no longer decide the
tasks. That responsibility falls to me and Sirius.”

Draco’s head made a loud THUD! As it collided heavily with the table.

“Save me the trouble and kill me now,” he moaned, “No one deserves to have Sirius decide their
fate.”

Everyone laughed at his reasoning, causing him to pout: He had been completely serious.

~~~poorDraco~~~

The adults watched in amusement as the older children and teens that were awake gathered around the T.V. in the sitting room and joined in on the countdown that was coming from the crowd it showed. As the final second of the year passed, everyone in the room – as opposed to the cheering and shouting that the T.V. crowd were participating in – went completely silent as the watched the iridescent flowers of the pyrotechnics display.

Once the fireworks display was over, Hermione turned off the T.V. but no one moved. Softly, Harry’s voice drifted out of the room and caught everyone in its spell.

“My glass is filled, my pipe is lit,
My den is all a cosy glow;
And snug before the fire I sit,
And wait to feel the old year go.
I dedicate to solemn thought
Amid my too-unthinking days,
This sober moment, sadly fraught
With much of blame, with little praise.”

Without hesitation, Hermione took over.
'Old Year! Upon the Stage of time
You stand to bow your last adieu;
A moment, and the prompter's chime
Will ring the curtain down on you
Your mien is sad, your step is slow;
You falter as a Sage in pain;
Yet turn, Old Year, before you go,
And face your audience again.'

As Hermione finished, the gently spoken girl who helped with the babies and toddlers spoke up.

“That sphinx-like face, remote, austere,
Let us all read, whate'er the cost:
O Maiden! Why that bitter tear?
Is it for dear one you have lost?
Is it for fond illusion gone?
For trusted lover proved untrue?
O sweet girl-face, so sad, so wan
What hath the Old Year meant to you?”

After a short pause, the aged vocals of Arabella sounded, almost as if she was lost in visions of the past.

“And you, O neighbour on my right
So sleek, so prosperously clad!
What see you in that aged wight
That makes your smile so gay and glad?
What makes your smile so gay and glad?
What opportunity unmissed?
What golden gain, what pride of place?
What splendid hope? O optimist!
What read you in that withered face?

Next came the deep, soothing voice of the boy who watched after the feeble owner of the orphanage.

“And You, deep shrinking in the gloom,
What find you in that filmy gaze?
What menace of a tragic doom?
What dark, condemning yesterdays?
What urge to crime, what evil done?
What cold, confronting shape of fear?
Oh haggard, haunted, hidden One
What see you in the dying year?”

Once again Hermione’s voice flowed softly around them.

“And so from face to face I flit,
The countless eyes that stare and stare;
Some are with approbation lit,
And some are shadowed with despair.
Some show a smile and some a frown;
Some joy and hope, some pain and woe:
Enough! Oh, ring the curtain down!
Old weary year! It’s time to go.”

It was no surprise for the adults that Harry automatically continued when Hermione had finished.
“My pipe is out, my glass is dry;
My fire is almost ashes too;
But once again, before you go,
And I prepare to meet the New:
Old Year! A parting word that’s true,
For we’ve been comrades, you and I –
I thank God for each day of you;
There! Bless you now! Old Year, good-bye!”

(The Passing of the year by Robert W. Service)

There was silence for several heartbeats then, with quiet but cheerful ‘Happy New Year’s’, the small crowd began to dissipate, though not before everyone there had given both Harry and Hermione a hug.

“What exactly was that?” Narcissa asked Remus and Sirius softly.

“That,” Sirius responded just as softly, “was something Arabella started when she first created the Orphanage. She had noticed how despondent many of the kids were that they didn’t have any traditions, so she created some for them to carry on to their new families.”

“Every year one person gets to choose a poem, song or short story that either farewells the previous year or welcomes the new. This year was Arabella’s and she must have decided for the oldest four of her kids to join her.”

“She did,” one of the younger teens said, overhearing the discussion on her way past them. “With Mama Pea leaving, Mama Figg has been nostalgic.”

She gave a half-smile at the group.

“Since he and ‘Mione left, nothing feels right; Even the young one who don’t understand what is going on pick it up. They’ve been part of our lives for so long that now they aren’t here, nothing feels right.”
“Which is why we are happy that we still get to see him,” another voice said from behind them. “Come Felicity, time to sleep.”

The group turned to see the young lady who had participated in the midnight poem.

“Coming Lizzie,” the younger girl said with a smile, “I was just finishing off my milk. You know how Anna is when she sees food or drink on plates or in cups.”

The newly named Lizzie just laughed.

“Yes, I do know what she is like,” she replied, “Just as I know what you are like. You would drink all the milk saved for breakfast and tea in the morning if we let you, now off to bed with you.”

Felicity gave a cheeky grin and kissed the older girl’s cheek before running off with a ‘Yes Mother!’

“Oh, that girl!” Lizzie said with a fond growl.

“She’s still keeping you on your toes I see,” Harry said with a laugh as he hugged her in farewell.

“She will be keeping me on my toes when I am well into my nineties I’m afraid,” she laughed softly. “You take care of yourself and don’t be a stranger.”

Harry laughed softly and with one last hug, the Hogwarts group left without a sound.

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chapter 38 - Duty Calls

Chapter Summary

Real life has a way of ruining the best laid plans.

Chapter Notes

Ok peeps, you are lucky today! Second update. I will warn you, Harry swears in this chapter so if you are easily offended, you have been warned.

Chapter 38 – Duty Calls

Draco grumbled unhappily as he prepared for the day ahead of him. He had the morning off in order to go to his first – of many – Healer appointments. If he was honest – if only to himself – it wasn’t the appointments that had him acting like a hippogriff who had sat on a Chupacabra, but the fact Harry wasn’t going to be with him. Originally Harry had agreed to going to St Mungo’s with the blond then waiting outside for the test to end so they could go for a walk through muggle London before heading back to the school. That plan went out the window the previous day when an owl arrived just after classes let out with an official court summons addressed to the younger teen. Since the seal on the bottom had been of the Elven High Council, the dark-haired demon didn’t dare deny them his presence at the recommended time.

The blonde sighed in resignation as he cleaned his mouth of toothpaste with a face washer. He knew that he was being slightly petty over this – and if it was something to do with what was revealed at the birth of the twins then he knows he will feel even more horrible and guilty than he already did: But Merlin damn it! Harry was his mate and, in the week and a half that had passed since the New Years party at the Orphanage it felt like everyone was conspiring against him and Harry being together for longer than it took for Draco to run a finger across his mate’s cheek bone.

Thanks to the bond between them, Draco could also feel Harry’s annoyance and frustration with the continual interruptions on their time and it wouldn’t be long before the younger male would snap. This thought perked up Draco’s spirits as a plan started to come together and he nodded firmly at his reflection. Tonight, he and Harry would have time together even if he had to kidnap his mate and seek asylum with Willa and Nicholas.

~~~Ilovelazydays~~~
Harry strode confidently into the Council Hall at the time indicated on the summons; his tail being the only indication that his calm and confident demeanour covered another, more explosive emotion.

“Hello there, Young One,” a welcoming and familiar voice said from a room just off the main walkway, “May I ask why your magic is at such odds with your demeanour? You are normally much better at keeping it under control than this.”

Turning to face his ex-mentor in the Healing Arts, Harry bowed and attempted to reign in his chaotic emotions to try to control the roiling magic that was just under his skin. He failed.

“Come and sit with me,” Lady Evangeline said with a soft frown. Her once Apprentice hadn’t lost control like this since he was nine and just beginning to learn how important control was for a Healer. “I have a wonderful drink mix that was delivered just this morning and I insist on you joining me for a cup.”

“I would like that My Lady,” Harry said with an attempt at a smile, “but I am late for a summons to the Council Chambers.”

“I insist youngling,” the elven elder stated as she guided him into her office with a hidden frown. She hadn’t been notified of a meeting at this time of the morning – Nor of Harry being summoned. “If any of the other members give you trouble for it, I will deal with it. Now, what has your emotions all a-flutter?”

Harry decided to give in to the inevitable and told the older woman what had been going on since the twin’s birth: including the change in Tom, the interfering of everyone on his time with Draco and the bond that was reacting to the lack of time they’d had together. When he got to the letter summoning him before the Elven Council the previous evening, leading to him needing to change his plans of a day with Draco, Evangeline frowned.

“Did you bring the parchment with you?” she asked.

Harry nodded and handed it to her, watching with fond remembrance as she waved a hand over it, causing a pompous, sneering voice to read out the words written there.

Once the short missive had been read out, Evangeline was furious. She took a steadying breath and, with faux calm, lifted her cup and took a delicate sip.
“I shall accompany you when you go to the council Chambers after we have finished our drink. What do you think of it?”

With that, both Healers involved themselves in discussing the merits of the odd, but refreshing, beverage they were currently indulging in.

~~~I wouldn’t mind one of those to be honest~~~

Harry stood before the closed doors of the Council Chambers – two hours after he was supposed to have been there – with his ex-Mistress on his arm. Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward as the doors opened.

“What,” Evangeline asked, removing her arm from Harry’s, “was the meaning of summoning one of the country’s best Healers as though he was a criminal and without a twenty-four-hour notification?”

The members of the council who had liquid in their mouths of some kind found themselves spitting it out in shock.

“I assure you My Lady,” one of the elves who had been lucky enough to have had an empty mouth at the time of their arrival stated, “that we have no idea what you are talking about.”

Without another word, Lady Evangeline re-cast the spell she had cast in her office and Harry watched the rapidly paling faces of her fellow councilmen.

“We asked one of our secretaries to write a request for a meeting with the Healer who took over the Zabini pregnancy and birth at his leisure,” one of the few female members stated. “We have believed that an elven birth that is not attended by an Elven Healer results in the death of the child for so long that we have questions about why this one didn’t result in death.”

“There is also a rumour going around that he has offered his aid in the coming investigations,” the oldest member of the Council added, “We wanted to know how he could help. We will get someone else to write a proper request for his time and his messenger boy can deliver it to him.”

“I wasn’t aware that messengers could answer Court Summons,” Harry stated dryly, not amused that
those present were either ignorant of what his robes signified or ignored their purpose.

“I will make note of that for the next time I am unduly summoned before you on another day my mate had to go through a series of invasive and degrading medical tests.”

The council looked at Harry is disbelief.

“You are the Healer in question?” one asked incredulously.

“I am,” Harry stated emotionlessly, “These robes aren’t just for decorative purposes you know.”

It was then that they noticed the robes he was wearing differed from anything they had seen before except in days of old where Healers wore different robes to distinguish them and their rank to the general populace.

Evangeline giggled softly at the chocked gasps of shock and horror as those before them realised just what – or rather: WHO – they had just insulted with their ignorance.

“We may as well go over what you needed since I am here anyway,” Harry continued, internally smirking at the faces on the people before him, “After all, my plans for the day have already been completely ruined by one of your employee’s arrogance.”

Internally cursing the underling who put them in this position, the Elven Council settled in for an important – but difficult for them to hear – discussion.

~~~IwouldsayifeltsorryforthembutItrynnottolie~~~

Draco wondered around muggle London feeling completely lost. He was on a two-hour break from the exams he was having and had decided to look for a surprise for Harry. Needless to say, he had been, as of now, unsuccessful.

“You look a little lost,” a cheerful voice said next to him, making him jump.
“Only a little?” he asked dryly, a hand on his chest as he recovered from his fright, “I was sure that I had ‘TOURIST’ tattooed on my forehead with how overwhelmed I feel.”

The lady chuckled and moved back to a comfortable distance where Draco could assess her properly. She was rather short; only five foot two, maybe five foot three on a good day – and rather rotund in shape. Her eyes and hair were a dull brown and her face revealed her to be in her mid-forties. Now that his basic observation was over, he noticed that even though she could be described as plain at best, her hair was well cared for, her eyes and face lit up with her easy smile and her kind personality shone from her, making her, if not beautiful, rather pretty.

“Oh, my goodness no,” she laughed, “Nothing as drastic as that. You have the same look on your face as my partner did the first time she came to London: She’s from just this side of the Welsh border so it was an eye-opening experience for her.”

“I can understand,” he replied with a self-depreciating smile, “I live close to Manchester and attend a private boarding school in North Scotland so the only time I come to London is to get the train to and from school. The only reason I’m here now is I had a specialist appointment and my boyfriend was called away for a meeting, so he couldn’t come with me like we planned.”

“It is a shame he couldn’t be here with you. Maybe I can be of help instead.”

Draco smiled thankfully at her.

“That would be wonderful if you could. I’m looking for a book shop or second hand or Antique or Junk Store. Harry and I haven’t spent much time together lately so I thought I would buy him a gift to make up for it.”

“Oh, that is simply the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard!” she squealed. “There are several shops in relatively close proximity to us here. Just walk down any street from here and you will find them. The street we are on has a second-hand bookstore walking north and to the south is an Antiques store. If it is literature you are searching for, give it a miss because he deals mainly in furniture with the odd decorative ornament.”

Draco nodded and made a mental note to bring Harry into London to see what other things interested him.

“Now, if you go down the road just across from us you will find several junk stores and down the
street where the blue car is coming from, you will find a specialty book store. The owner stocks a lot of New Age stuff: You know – holistic and Alternative medicine, Crystals, she even has some things on the history of medicine through the ages.”

Draco’s eyes lit up in delight.

“That is the shop,” he said with a half-smile. “My Harry is a Healer and positively inhales everything that has to do with healing.”

“Would you mind company?” the woman asked with a good-natured chuckle. “I’m actually heading that way myself. Oh, Dearie me, I apologise for my poor manners. My name is Mabel.”

“Pleased to meet you Miss Mabel, I am Draco.”

Draco bowed to her and extended an arm politely.

“It would be an honour to escort you there.”

Mabel laughed heartily and linked her arm through his offered one.

“You, my dear boy, are a charmer. It is lucky I am older than you by a fair few years and have no interest in the male form or you would break my heart.”

Draco chuckled good-naturedly as they started towards their destination.

“And those are the reasons why I did offer my arm,” he admitted. “That and you admitted to having a partner. Harry and I are Courting. Allowing an unbound person to touch you in a familiar or semi-familiar way is a sign of disrespect towards your partner. The only exemption is family and friends who have absolutely no interest in them.”

“Ah,” Mabel said with a knowing smile. “Would I miss my guess if I were to say you and your family follow the old ways?”
Draco, who was opening the door to a small, softly lit shop that had various crystals in the window on display, froze in shock.

A soft, tinkling laugh from inside the shop bought him back. He playfully glared at the ginning Mabel before pouting, making her laugh joyously.

“You,” he said as he hid his face in his hands, “really, really suck.”

“At least life with her is never boring,” the owner of the tinkling voice said.

Not caring if she made Draco uncomfortable, the woman walked over to Mabel and gave her a soft kiss to the lips in greeting before turning to face him.

“Draco, this is Briallen: My life partner. Bree, this charming young chap is Draco. He’s here to find a gift for his boyfriend.”

As they exchanged greetings, Draco found himself analysing the new woman. She was petite in both structure and presence with light golden blonde hair and ice green eyes.

Mabel stifled her laughter as Draco and Bee sized the other up. It was obvious to her that while on Draco’s part it was pure curiosity, Briallen inspecting him as though he were a threat to her territory.

“It is lovely to meet you Miss Briallen,” Draco said with an honest smile and a shallow bow. “Whomever it was that named you was obviously not a seer as comparing you to the delicate beauty of the primrose does not do your beauty justice.”

“OI! No charming my girl!” Mabel called out playfully. “What would your Harry say if he saw you right now?”

Draco chuckled, his eyes twinkling with humour.

“I do believe he would tell me that I should go into either Law or Politics and then kidnap your Dear Briallen so she could tell him about everything in the store.”
He then laughed outright and added:

“And once we were back at school, he would stomp on my Father’s foot in retaliation for him being the one to teach me how to charm people.”

Neither woman could help but burst into laughter at hearing the young man’s words.

“It is a pleasure to see one of the Ancient Clan in my humble shop,” Bree said, having thawed at the absolute devotion she had heard in Draco’s voice when he spoke about his mate.

“I will admit to being surprised to find one of the Old Clan running a store in the centre of London, but I will admit it suits you,” he replied.

Briallen smiled at him and, after linking arms with Mabel, waved the platinum blonde male further into her store.

“Mabel mentioned something about a gift for your Harry … Let us see if I have what you are looking for.”

~~~I'mgoingtowritethesetwomore,theyweresuchfun~~~

Harry sighed and rubbed his temples in exasperation. It was almost lunch time and all that the Council had done was argue. A cup of tea was placed before him along with a small plate of biscuits and he smiled thankfully at the woman who gave it to him.

“Are they always like this?” he asked Evangeline as she received a cup as well.

“No,” she said with a sigh after thanking the woman, one of the few who had, “most of the time they are much worse.”

The female elf who had served them giggled softly at the look of horror that appeared on Harry’s face.
“Just the other day they spent over four hours debating over whether or not it was a good morning,” she sighed in exasperation, continuing as though she hadn’t heard him. “In the end it was decided irrelevant because morning had passed to afternoon while they were arguing.”

Harry allowed his head to rest on his crossed arms in an effort to not scream. He, after a valiant fight, managed to succeed but not before his tight control over his magic was lost; resulting in the shadows dousing the lights.

“Do you have something to add Master Healer?” one of the Councilmen asked.

“Yes, in fact, I do,” Harry stated. “Why, exactly, have I been here for this long in order to clarify my usefulness in the coming trials only to get a headache from sitting here listening to you all arguing over whether it is a good idea to include me before you even know what I can do?”

He held up a hand to stop anyone from talking while he took a mouthful of tea to soothe his empty stomach.

“It goes to show just how out of the loop the Elves have become in their arrogance. The signs are all there for those who aren’t brainwashed into thinking that their race is better than the others.”

“What signs are they?” one of the more curious elves asked.

“The fact that not one of you knew what my robes meant when I showed up this morning for one,” Harry dryly responded, causing all ten of the Council members to flush in embarrassment.

“The manner in which your chosen secretary addressed him is another,” Lady Evangeline continued, still very much annoyed at the way her fellow elves had treated her first, and only, apprentice.

“And that you don’t know what I am and how I can help is another,” Harry finished.

“You are a half-breed,” one of the males sneered, “Not much good for anything except what you are trained in from birth.”
As one, both Harry and Evangeline turned and gave the speaker a look of pure disdain that had more than one of his peers moving away from him in the hope of not being hit by the resulting storm they could all feel building.

“Point four is this belief that my blood bound sister and I are half-breeds,” Harry stated fully annoyed. “what in the name of Darkness gives you people that idea?”

“Your ears,” the lady who served their tea responded when it became obvious no one in the Council would respond. “It is taught that any being that isn’t all one creature is a half-breed, and thus beneath us.”

“So how do they explain Gryphons, manticores, Hippogriffs and the like? Harry asked.

“No such things exist,” the youngest council member stated with finality.

Harry looked at him incredulously.

“Next you are going to tell me that Demons don’t exist.”

“They don’t,” was his reply, “and if you believe they exist then you shouldn’t be a Healer.”

Harry shook his head and whimpered.

“We have a lot of work to do My Lady.”

Evangeline nodded her agreement and heaved a sigh at the thought.

“What in the name of all things green are you talking about?” the oldest member demanded.

The two Healers ignored them as they began to make list after list of things that they needed to bring to the attention to both the Healer’s Association and to the International Committee of Magical Beings [ICMB].
Not liking the fact he was being ignored, he pushed his magic out in an attempt to force one, if not both, into submission. He wasn’t prepared for three individual magics to violently repel his attempt.

“Tiberus (pronounced Tie-Bres) Vrania! How DARE you!” Evangeline yelled, her magic lashing out. “Do you know how many laws you just broke! Not to mention how many treaties you just endangered with your foolishness?”

“We have treaties?” the only female that hadn’t spoken asked.

Harry just stared at her incredulously.

“What do you mean ‘We have treaties’?” Evangeline shrieked. “Of course we have treaties! Every race has treaties with their neighbours so problems concerning territory, produce, cultural differences and the like don’t develop into war! You should have been shown or told about the treaties that have dire consequences for your people if they are ever broken when you joined the council!”

Harry hurried to calm the older Healer before her magic blew something up and he somehow managed to get her back in her seat and sipping at her tea.

“As it is,” Evangeline scowled at them over her teacup, “Now Harry and I have to clean up this mess. Not only did that idiot over there break several magic given laws, he also may have irreparably broken six treaties: One of which is between the Elves and the Vampires.”

Harry allowed his head to smack onto the table with a loud THUNK!

“All I want,” he moaned tearfully, “is to spend some time with my Dom. I didn’t want to have to deal with a group of beings who have become so arrogant in their separation from the rest of the world that they don’t even teach their younger generations about the outside world!”

Harry glared at the Elves who had opened their mouths to protest his words while he did his best to send assurance to Draco down their bond.

“I am tired,” he said with a glare, “The bond between my mate and myself is stretched almost to its limit and is wide open so he knows some jumped up poor excuses of a blood bag tried to assume
dominance over me. This, on top of not having time together has lowered my normally high threshold for handling stupidity, so please forgive me for my bluntness.”

He took a fortifying mouthful of whatever it was that Evangeline handed him and took on the air of a teacher.

“Hippogriffs, Manticores and gryphons do exist; as do Demons. Hippogriff feathers are used for children’s quills for when they begin learning to write because they are stiffer than other feather types and their manure is one of the best all-purpose fertilizers you can get. Manticore fur is a prized commodity in the wand maker’s community and its blood and saliva are important in many potions that deal with courage, luck and in several sweets that result in the voice becoming deeper.”

When Harry winced at the growing headache, Evangeline took over after laying a hand on the back of his neck to help in any way she could.

“Gryphon blood is used in potions where the truth is either forced or guided from the recipient. As such it is the main ingredient in Veritaserum and all places of judgement are required to have at least four working gryphon quills in every courtroom for witnesses to write their accounts down truthfully by Law agreed upon by all member of the ICMB.”

She frowned down at Harry in confusion as she noticed her magic wasn’t helping the headache ease in the slightest before continuing.

“As for the dragon dung about Demons not existing,” she snorted, “well, you have all been in the presence of one all day. Seeing as how today has been a complete and utter waste of time and the only person gracious enough to give him anything to eat or drink outside myself was someone you lot treat as a servant, I will be taking him to my office where he will have some soup to help with his headache then I will be escorting him home. I will leave a notice for him requesting his presence in two days before he and I begin to sort out whatever the Hell has gone wrong since I left all those years ago.”

Without waiting for a reply, she helped Harry to stand and guided him from the room.

~~~goEvangeline!~~~

When Harry and Evangeline arrived at the gates of Hogwarts, they were met by Draco, Blaise and Hermione. The older woman’s eyebrows rose as she felt Harry’s magic reaching out towards Draco.
When she handed the younger male to his mate, she gasped as she felt a dull POP! As not only Harry’s, but Draco’s magic realigned and relaxed.

“What was that?” Hermione asked, rubbing her ears.

“I don’t know,” Blaise said as he steadied Draco who had begun to sway.

“That,” Evangeline stated grimly, “Is one of the reasons I am here.”

“Then please allow us the honour of escorting you to our rooms,” Hermione smiled, honestly happy to see the older elf. “How did your day go?”

Evangeline gave an inelegant snort in answer.

“That bad, huh?” Blaise asked with a half-smile. He was more aware of what the council was like than the average teen and had no illusions about them.

“Today was the biggest waste of time I have ever experienced,” Harry answered tiredly from his spot in Draco’s arms. “I swear we could have exchanged most, if not all, of them with toddlers from the day-care centre and got more done.”

“You aren’t wrong,” Evangeline agreed with a grin, “You also seem to be rather content right there.”

“I am,” Harry admitted, “and if I have my way, I’m not going to be moving from this spot for a while.”

“I’m not complaining,’ Draco said, hugging his mate tighter to his chest, “Though it will be difficult to eat like this.”

“Soup in a mug,” Harry stated blithely. “You will also be seating to eat so you will have one arm free.”

Draco laughed. That more than anything reassured him that Harry was truly okay and not suffering
from whatever made him reach for his Dom’s magic.

“Lady Evangeline! What a pleasant surprise!”

“Albus!” Evangeline greeted back with just as much joy but much less exuberance that the eccentric old man.

“My you haven’t aged a day since I last saw you,” the Headmaster stated after kissing he back of her hand in greeting.

“And yet you have aged in body, but not in mind nor soul,” was her reply to him. “I must come and have a pot of tea with you in the future to catch up on what has occurred over the past fifty or so years.”

“Oh, that would be delightful!” Albus exclaimed, happily clapping his hands together. “Alas, I see you are currently in the company of this charming quartet, so may I assume it won’t be tonight?”

“Headmaster Dumbledore,” Harry responded respectfully. “Lady Evangeline is here to ensure I got home safely and to instruct Remus and Sirius on a few things that have come to her notice. I also suspect that she wishes to talk to Potions Master Snape about something. That means she will be here until at least dinner time and will then have the time after then to share stories with you.”

Both older people chuckled at his audacity.

“You wouldn’t be trying your and at match-making now, would you Little One?” Evangeline teased.

“Of course not Mistress,” Harry blinked sleepily. “As far as I’m concerned no one is worthy of you: Your mate – when you find them – has a high chance of developing that worth after several hundreds of years, but it is definitely not the Headmaster.”

Harry yawned and snuggled deeper into Draco’s arms.

“No offense Headmaster,” he mumbled.
Albus Dumbledore just chuckled light-heartedly. It was refreshing having the two young demons at
the school. To be honest, the two young ones were the breath of fresh air he had needed since his
mate had passed on and their children had flown the nest.

“How none taken young demon,” he replied, eyes twinkling brightly, “but I must ask … If you weren’t
planning on match-making, why so intent on getting us together?”

“My Lady and I are about to dive head first into a royally fucked-up mess as we and the solicitors,
lawyers and Auditors the ICMB sends, try to clean up whatever the Hell is going on with the Elves,”
he mumbled. “I have Draco, Rinie, Blaise and everyone else to keep me from doing something I
won’t regret to the idiots. My Lady does not have that luxury. Sure, she has me and Rinie if she is
desperate for a break, but we can only talk about a limited number of things due to our age and lack
of worldly experiences.”

“So, you are hoping that the two of us meeting up for tea every few days will give me the time and
distraction needed to destress over the stupidity of my kinsmen,” Evangeline murmured with fond
exasperation. She should have realized the boy would try something like this; He just had to mother
everyone he cared about.

“Well in that case,” Albus stated with a joyful clap of his hands, “I shall enjoy being a distraction.
I’m sure I can even convince Mother and Arianna to come for a few hours every now and then.
Mother needs someone else to talk to since Father passed on and, to be honest, I believe Arianna will
be very welcoming of some time away from her.”

“I see I have no choice in the matter,” Evangeline gave in with fond amusement.

“You always had a choice,” Harry mumbled, his eyelids drooping dangerously low, “but this way I
don’t need to stun you and force calming draughts down your throat before knocking you out with a
dreamless sleep and then going back there to give them a piece of MY mind.”

As one body, everyone who had seen Harry displeased shuddered and when they had collected
themselves to look at the teen and expecting puzzled amusement from him, they discovered he had
finally given into his body’s demands of sleep.
Chapter 39 - Trials of life

Chapter Summary

A look into Harry at work.

Chapter Notes

Heya Peeps. This story has gone on for longer than I thought. When I started it, I was thinking it would be a maximum of 35 chapter. Well, enjoy this latest chapter!

Chapter 39 – Trials of Life

Everyone watched the couple on the lounge in bemusement. It was mid-way through the month and just under a week since Lady Evangeline of the Elves had strolled casually into their lives and proceeded to verbally tear strips from their hides. As a result, no one was eager to disrupt Harry and Draco during what they called their ‘Unwind time’: and no one was stupid enough to allude that neither of the pair needed it.

While Evangeline and every Lawyer, Solicitor, auditor and paper-pusher the ICMB could spare went through every scrap of paper they could to see just who was responsible for the mess that was the Elven Council; Harry used his title as Master Healer to its full extent as he investigated each and every member of staff in the Council building in minute detail until he knew every potion and spell that had been cast on them since they were an elfling and had recorded every memory they’d had to check for obliviates and behaviours frowned upon by Elven Law.

The work Harry was doing was both highly intrusive and highly delicate so he was working extremely hard to make it go as fast and painless for them as he could, though he did make sure to get the names, rank and number of each individual’s healer so the Heads for the Healer’s Guild could investigate them thoroughly – something that both he and Lady Evangeline were happy for.

Draco, on the other hand, was kept perpetually busy between school, learning how to run a business successfully even though he wasn’t there in person, keeping up with the construction effort – as well as every side project he created for the goblins – and keeping Harry happy. To no one’s surprise, the last one – while the most important, was the easiest.

It had become a common sight in the past week to see both members of the mated couple fast asleep
on the lounge with the current book they were reading only just being supported by Draco’s long fingers. The first time it happened, Sirius joke that the book must have been extremely boring to put the couple to sleep so fast. This resulted in the man being cursed by both Hermione and Blaise, who took offense on behalf of the book.

The third time it happened, Sirius – who still hadn’t learnt to keep his mouth shut when it came to books – told Harry that if the book kept putting them to sleep, then maybe the should prescribe it to anyone he sees that suffers from insomnia. He was once again hexed, this time by Bellatrix; who was the person to recommend the story to Draco in the first place. It wasn’t clear to Remus whether or not Sirius had learnt his lesson on reading in general, but he knew that any time ‘The Hobbit’ appeared in Draco’s hand, the black-haired man flinched and covered his nose with a whine of despair.

One thing that had almost floored Remus, Sirius and Hermione, however, was Lady Evangeline’s talk with Severus as the man who made all of Harry’s potions. In the few short months since Harry had been looked over by the Head Master Healer in the guild (and it was now a guild, not an academy) he had seamlessly slipped from having mock heats into real heats. Since this was the case, he now was required to take a heat suppressant potion.

While neither Harry or Draco were happy with it, Evangeline had explained that the potion she was going to teach Severus was to make was one she had learnt in her apprenticeship to an asexual female selkie whose body went through heats until she developed the potion. Afterwards, she started supplying the same potion to those of her kind who had been trapped as human and forced to marry their jailor. To their joy, once they escaped and stopped taking the potion, their fertility came back just as strong as it ever was.

It wasn’t until Harry relaxed at the last bit of information that anyone realised that it wasn’t the need for potions that had him riled up, it was the effect it would have on his ability to have children. Hermione, in particular, could be seen scolding herself for not coming to the realisation sooner since she had had to do a full section on Heat Suppressants and the effects they have, both mentally and physically, on a submissive.

All in all, it had been a very intense period of time.

~~~booksforthewin~~~

Harry inspected the book before him with a terrifying glint in his eye. Today was the first day in over a week that he didn’t have to travel to the Council chambers and he was planning on reading the new book Draco had bought him the day everything started.
He ran a hand down the cover as slowly as he could before he carefully opened the binding. Soon he was lost in the world of healing with crystals and minerals.

Hermione watched on in amusement before turning to Remus with a laugh.

“I know I should be annoyed at him for not wanting to spend time with us on his day off, but it is just too funny seeing him practically vibrate with the desire to finally read the book he has been so far unable to read.”

“I know what you mean,” he laughed back, “why do you think Sirius and I used to make the two of you wait for your presents until evening when you were really young? It was fun seeing if one of you would vibrate so hard you fell from your seat form supressing the desire to unwrap your gifts.”

“We KNEW you did that on purpose!” Hermione mock growled.

Remus playfully growled back at her and Sirius, who had just walked through the door, quietly transformed into Padfoot and playfully attacked the werewolf. Remus yelped as he went down, making Hermione laugh and Sirius to give a doggy grin.

Harry just curled up tighter on the seat absorbing the new information intently.

~~~kittykittykitty~~~

Draco and Blaise paused outside the door separating them from their mates and inhaled deeply. The scent of exotic spices, fragrant vegetables and the savoury-sweetness of cooking meat filled their nostrils. As one, their stomachs, as well as the stomachs of the adults behind them, let out a gurgling grumble of complaint. Smiling or laughing sheepishly, the boys allowed Remus to be the first to enter the rooms and all of them stilled to allow the hot, fragrant air from the rooms wash over them and down the Hall.

“Well now,” Remus said, bringing everyone’s mind back to the present, “This is a surprise. What bought this on Kits?”

“It had been a while since we cooked and I felt like Indian,” Harry answered absent-mindedly.
Spurred on by the promise of a freshly cooked meal by someone other than the Hogwarts house-elves, everyone who had remained by the door quickly moved to the dining room and stared in amazement. The table had been transfigured from its usual rectangular shape to circular and in the centre was mountains of food.

“Hello everyone!” Hermione greeted happily. “I hope you are hungry. Harry and I got a bit carried away.”

“A bit?” Severus responded dryly, “the two of you have made a feast worthy of an Emperor.”

“Then it is a good thing we agreed to come to lunch then, isn’t it?” the Headmaster announced joyfully from the back of the crowd. Everyone jumped and turned to see the man, eyes twinkling, and an amused Lady Evangeline.

“Oh, my word!” Albus exclaimed when he saw the food on the table and the two responsible for it bringing out the last, “Truly a feast for the senses Younglings. Bravo!”

To Sirius’ amusement, both of them blushed slightly at the compliment.

“Come and grab a seat,” Harry said with a soft smile.

“It does look marvellous, you two,” Remus said as he moved to his usual seat – one that Sirius had jokingly carved a pair of ears into. “Would you mind telling us what is what?”

“The largest pot is plain rice,” Hermione stated with a smile. “There is also lemon and saffron rice and rice and lentils.”

“We also have mixed dhal, coconut curried vegetables and vegetable pakoras,” Harry continued.

“Chicken tikka kebabs, tandoori wings and prawns with hot lime pickle mayonnaise,” Hermione added as she removed the lids from the dishes as she said what they were.

“Butter chicken, prawn and snake bean curry, beef madras and fish curry,” Harry added with a soft giggle at the faces of their guests.
“And an array of condiments and breads alongside,” Hermione finished. “We did make everything, but it has been over a few nights when neither of us could sleep.”

“A feast indeed,” Evangeline smiled, “Do we just help ourselves?”

“Yes,” Harry answered almost glowing with the happiness cooking for his family bought him, “We though the family banquet style would be better than just dishing it up. This way everyone can get a bit of everything at first and then more of what they liked.”

“Don’t let us keep you,” Hermione urged, almost as though she was on a sugar high. “Dig in! Help yourself! Enjoy!”

“Rinie!” Harry yelped as he ducked her flailing limbs. “I told you to stay away from the new potions stock!”

Everyone laughed as Hermione through herself at him with a loud exclamation of his name and calmly began serving themselves from the multitude of dishes available.

~~~betyoucan’ttellwhatwascravingwhenIwrotethis~~~

Draco looked at the parchment that had just been delivered to him via house-elf and swallowed in an attempt to wet his suddenly dry throat. He cleared his throat nervously and, to his eternal shame, whispered a slightly shaky, “Remus.”

Remus glanced up and would have thought he had imagined hearing his name being called if it wasn’t for the visibly shaking parchment in Draco’s hand bearing the seal of St Mungo’s.

Slowly, so as not to startle the blonde, he reached out and removed the mail from him and then guided him to a seat in the common room.

“Sirius,” he called softly, “can you get Harry – and only Harry – to come here?”
“Did you want me to leave after?’ Sirius asked as he got up, not joking as he normally would at the
sight of Draco.

“No, you stay as well. It concerns all four of us,” Remus sighed, revealing the seal on the parchment.

It was a matter of minutes for Sirius to get harry, but to both of the males waiting in the room it felt
like years had passed before the two dark-haired males appeared.

“Is everything alright?” Harry asked as he took a seat next to Draco and grabbed his hand
comfortingly.

Draco let out a whine as Remus, once again, revealed the envelope. Seeing it, Harry nodded his
understanding before flicking his eyes questioningly over at his and Draco’s usual chair.

Remus nodded and watched, amused, as Harry guided Draco to his feet and then to the chair in
question.

“What’s wrong Draco?” Harry asked after he put up the usual charms.

“What if the results come back not as I hoped?” he asked, eyes fearful. “What if I can’t give you the
kittens you want? What if …”

Harry placed a gentle finger to Draco’s lips to stop him talking and leaned into him.

“If any of the general checks come back with something wrong, we will fix it if possible and monitor
it if not,” Harry soothed. “As for your fertility one coming back … I don’t need to birth a child for it
to be ours. I wouldn’t mind adopting If we cannot have them naturally. Mama Figg’s can’t be the
only orphanage that gets orphans of magical blood. It is possible that others get those from the Old
and Ancient Clans as well.”

Draco froze and then relaxed as thought all his tendons had been cut.

“You mean it?” he asked.
“A hundred percent,” Harry smiled. “I know that family is more than blood Draco. A wolf pack – both normal and were – rarely consist of wolves of the same blood, but they are still family because of the bonds they share.”

Draco hugged Harry to his chest as tightly as he could without making it hard for him to breath.

“Have I told you recently how lucky I feel to have received you as my mate?” he asked.

“No, you haven’t,” Harry said with a heart-melting smile, “Nor can I remember you ever telling me.”

“In that case,” Draco replied as he stood up from the lounge with Harry still in his arms, “I must be the luckiest man on the planet to have you as my mate. You are sweeter than honey and sharp as vinegar. You make me want to lock you in a house specially made for you so I can protect you and wait on you hand and foot, but at the same time, I feel that if I did so, the world would hold no worth.”

Neither Harry or Draco noticed when they left the silencing charm but both realised they had when Sirius couldn’t help but be himself.

“Nawwwww,” he drawled, “How absolutely precious. Narcy’s little boy is a romantic.”

Almost immediately there was the sound of an electrical bug zapper and a high-pitched yelp from Sirius.

“How many times do I have to tell you not to interrupt moments like those,” Remus growled.

“Remi is right Siri,” Harry stated from where his face was hidden in Draco’s neck. “You shouldn’t interrupt: You should take notes instead. You need all the help you can get.”

Ignoring the spluttering man, Draco placed a loving kiss on top of Harry’s head and carried him to the table.
To the amusement of Remus and Sirius – who was now pouting in good humour – Draco kept Harry on his lap and cuddled him.

“Okay,” the blonde sighed, “Let’s see what the damage is.”

“Before that,” Harry stated, “I want to make it clear that no matter the results of the fertility test, we have spoken about adoption as an alternative to having our own if it comes to it.:

“And even if we do have our own, I have no problem with adopting or fostering children as well. Harry bought up a good point in the Orphanage run by Mrs Figg not being the only orphanage to receive those with magic or creature inheritance.”

Remus blinked in surprise and allowed a small grin to form at the information before finally opening the scroll and skimming over it with Sirius reading over his shoulder.

“Well, that was unexpected,” Remus chuckled. “All of your tests came back clear, including the one they did on the slight amount of venom they found in your saliva.”

“They even sent a recommendation to talk to Potions Master Severus Snape about donating a sample for research purposes,” Sirius broke in with a short, sharp bark of laughter.

Remus sent Sirius an amusedly-annoyed look as both boys laughed softly.

“It also states that, for your species, you are highly fertile,” Remus continued. “They suspect that rather than the usual one pregnancy every fifty or so years most vampire mate’s go through, you will have around three times as many. Since your ancestors have married or bonded members of non-creature inheritance, the has meant only one, maybe two children born to them. With you bonding to Harry – who is as long lived as you are, this means that within your natural life, the Malfoy and Potter families will overtake the Weasley and Prewett families as being the most prolific.”

From his seat on Draco’s lap, Harry envisioned their future children and began to purr happily with the thought of ‘six months to go’, not knowing that the same thought was going through Draco’s mind as he hugged Harry tighter to him.

Sirius chuckled sadly as he watched them.
“It’s probably a good thing that Harry’s heats will be on hold for a minimum of five years after every pregnancy,” Remus stated with a sigh. “Otherwise we would be overrun with babies.”

“Merlin forbid,” Sirius shuddered. He was a bachelor at heart and kids had never come under his plan as anything other than as a duty he had to fulfil as the Black family heir. Now that he was the Black Family Lord, he knew he should have an heir but kids he was responsible for terrified him.

Remus, as though he was reading his mind, chuckled.

“You do know you will have to provide an heir eventually, don’t you?” he asked with a, to Sirius’ mind, sadistic grin.

“Shaddap!” he whined, “I can’t imagine the person that would be willing to have me care for a child and teach them about the Black legacy.”

This, like every other time it was bought up, resulted in the commencement of their bickering argument and neither noticed when the boys quietly left the room to join the other in the dining room until Lady Evangeline arrived to pick Harry up for yet another week of checking over Elves for evidence of illegal tampering.

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Harry sighed and rubbed his eyes tiredly. It had been two days since the first day off he and Evangeline had enjoyed and already he was ready for another. In the first week he had worked hard to ensure that all those who worked in the Council Chambers had not been potioned or spelled into someone else’s control. This week was dedicated to their immediate families and already he had discovered a worrying trend: The only individuals to give him trouble over his distinct lack of Elven Heritage were those privileged enough to attain a higher or better education than others. This indicated that there was something very wrong with how they were being educated. Thankfully, that had nothing at all to do with him and, as he had already told the people in charge of his suspicions, he could continue with his duties.

A knock on his door before it slowly opened made him look up. To his relief it was Agnus – the she-elf who worked as the Council’s tea lady.

“Would you like a drink and something to snack on until lunch?” she asked softly.
“Do you have any chamomile and spearmint tea?” he asked hopeful. “Lady Evangeline discovered that the mock-heats my body has been going through lately have developed into true ones since my birthday is just over five months away now.”

“Oh, you poor dear,” Agnus cooed. “We don’t have that one on me, but I can ask Lady Evangeline where I can get a supply for you when I leave. I do have elderflower, honey and apple sparkling water if it will do for now. “said w

“That will be lovely,” he said with a half-smile. “Do you have any vegetable sticks?”

Agnus just grinned and pulled a small container from the drawer that normally held sweetener. She opened it to reveal sticks of carrot, cucumber, celery, capsicum and beans before handing both it and the drink to him. It had surprised the kitchen workers the first day he had been in the building when he had turned up in person, in their domain after the first tea service had returned to ask for things that had never before touched the food trolley’s surface. It wasn’t long before the young man had wormed his way around every normal worker’s heart with his honest innocence and willingness to give new ideas and to try when what they attempted didn’t work.

Harry smiled back with relief as he took both items and he hummed in delight at the taste of the first sip of the refreshing liquid.

“Thank you,” he said once he reopened his eyes. “You have no idea how much I need this.”

“I can guess,” Agnus replied with a soft chuckle as she took in the reams and reams of parchment before him.

Harry followed her gaze with one of his own and chuckled sheepishly.

“I think I have an hour before my next appointment to start getting this under control,” he said with a sigh. “It looks as though my evenings are going to be full of me writing these up instead of relaxing.”

“How?”

Agnus jumped in surprise while Harry just smiled at the person behind her.
“Good morning my Lady,” he said. “Would you like a vegetable stick?”

Evangeline chuckled and walked towards the young demon, patting Agnus apologetically on the shoulder as she passed. Reaching into the container, she pulled out something and bit into it. Happy to discover a piece of cucumber, she returned her attention to what she had overheard.

“Why do you need to write it up and what is it?” she asked again, vaguely noticing that Agnus said something about tea and left them in peace.

“They are the notes I took on every person I’ve seen’s health,” harry said. “I had everyone bring in what they could about their Healer and I’ve taken all the details down so I can give them my notes to put into their records – but so many of them don’t know their Healer’s ID number or who trained them.”

“Not ever Healer is as organised as you Harry,” Evangeline stated softly. “In fact, you are the most organised Healer I know, myself included. The truth of the matter is most healers are lazy. They believe that if they see someone for something once, that is the end of it. That is how I lost my eyesight: The healer my parents took me to didn’t do his job properly. As soon as I accepted what had happened, I decided to become a healer and train others not to do half a job.”

Harry listened to her with awed revulsion. He, personally, couldn’t understand how anyone could do half a job when it came to the health and wellbeing of others.

“This,” he muttered out loud, “is why macho Alpha crap has no business in the field of healing.”

He jumped at the laughter that came from his companion and he flushed in embarrassment at having said it out loud rather than in his mind.

“Oh Youngling, don’t ever change,” Evangeline chuckled as she wiped the water from her eyes. “You have such a unique was of seeing the world.”

“I didn’t mean that dominants shouldn’t become Healers,” he stated with a pout, “just that those who believe they know best. There’s more to healing than taking money from those who need help.”
“I know, my dear boy, and I agree with you wholeheartedly. There are some individuals that are healers that I wouldn’t allow near a sick or injured person. Unfortunately, it is not, nor has it ever been, in my power to restrict or remove them from the program.”

“As much as it pains me to say this,” Harry sighed as he gently placed one neated stack of paper into a folder “I think what almost happened to Willa and the boys was a good thing. It lead us to discovering this now so we could treat this disease that is slowly killing of the Elven Community.”

“I know just how much that must have cost you to say,” Evangeline said in a soft voice, “but if it is any consolation, I think Willa would understand. You take your role as a healer seriously which is something that you should never feel sorry for.”

Harry gave a small smile as he continued to deftly file his already compiled papers.

“Thank you, My Lady,” he replied with honest relief. “I wish we were not so pressed for time so we could work together once again.”

“I would have liked that as well youngling,” she laughed. “Unfortunately, I am needed as a Council Member more than I am as a Healer.”

She ran a soothing hand down the side of Harry’s face and smiled as he absent-mindedly pushed into it.

“I think my next appointment is here,” Harry mumbled as he shook himself free of his self-indulgence.

Evangeline chuckled and made her way to the door. Before she got there, however, it was pushed open with enough force to crack the wall behind it; a fact that had the junior councillor whose family was responsible to cry anime tears as he envisioned him pay flowing through the hole.

To everyone’s surprise, the two children responsible ran past Evangeline to stand before Harry.

“Hi,” the girl almost yelled in her excitement, “I’m Mirrium and this is Addison. He’s my brother. Daddy told us you are a demon and a healer, was he right?”
“He was indeed,” harry stated with a smile as he used his tail to playfully bop the girl on the nose, making her giggle. “I am Harry. I am a Healer and a shadow-cat demon. I have an older sister who is a flame-fox demon and she is also a healer, though she heals people’s minds.”

“How can you be a demon and a healer?” Addison asked, “Our teacher said demons eat your soul.”

“That is easily answered,” Harry replied. “Your teacher was misinformed. The only creature in our world that consumes souls are horrible things called Dementors. It was originally believed that they were a type of demon when they were first discovered, but since then, it has been discovered that they are, in fact, a wraith/ghoul hybrid that consumes happiness.”

Harry took the opportunity to bop the boy with his tail and laughed when he wrinkled his nose and sneezed.

“Now,” he continued, “I don’t know about other demons but my sister’s favourite food is watermelon salad with prawns and mint. My favourite food is w … well, I just like food really, and our mentor – who is a poison-snake demon – enjoys a moist lava cake where the middle just oozes when it is cut open.”

“Mummy likes them!” Mirrium squealed, “She let us try it one and it was gooey and chocolatey and, and, and …”

“Breath Little One, breath,” Harry soothed. “They certainly are a wonderful treat, but …”

Harry leaned in and whispered, almost conspiringly, “Did you know you can make them taste even better?”

Both kid’s eyes widened exponentially.

“They can get BETTER?” Addison whispered.

“Oh yes,” harry nodded as he rested his hand on the boy’s head and started writing in his own code. “My best friend likes hers with a little bit of gooseberry puree on the side. My sister likes hers with a little bit of lemon peel mixed in. On of my uncles likes his with marmalade and the other likes his with coffee in it.”
Harry leaned in closer and whispered lower, “but I think they are all crazy because everyone knows that strawberries and ice cream taste best with chocolate, am I right?”

“Yes!” both kids shrieked in joy.

“I must protest and say raspberries and cream tastes better,” an unfamiliar female voice stated.

“MUMMY!” both kids yelled as they turned, allowing Harry to place his now free hand on Mirrium’s head and flood her with his magic.

“What did I do?” the kids’ mother asked.

“You were listening in!” Mirrium stated with a pout, “you keep telling us it is rude to listen to other people talking.”

“Oh, dear me. Maybe if you didn’t speak loud enough for India to hear, then I wouldn’t have,” they were teased.

“We weren’t!” both kids denied with an even bigger pout.

Harry finished writing his findings and let out a soft giggle, causing everyone to turn and look at him.

“From what I can tell, both of the little ones are free of anything harmful, both health wise and mind wise,” Harry smiled. “They also both have a wonderful dose of curiosity that will do them well in the future.”

He playfully flicked both children on the nose and smiled softly as they giggled.

“Never lose that curiosity of your,” he told them seriously, “You will never learn if you don’t ask questions.”
“Have you already finished our appointment?” Addison asked, confused.

“I certainly have,” Harry smiled, “and once I look over your Mama, we can all sit down and talk about what I found and the two of you can ask questions.”

Before anyone could blink, the two youngsters had somehow managed to appear behind their mother and proceeded to attempt to push her into the room.

“You must have said the magic word,” she laughed as she allowed herself to be maneuvered by her kids.

“If you find out what it was, please tell me,” Harry replied with a laugh, “it will make life much easier when my mate and I start a family.”

“Oh, you have found your mate already?” the lady - who hastily introduced herself as Lelana - asked in excitement.

“Both my sister and I found our mates,” Harry admitted as he placed a hand on her head. “Best friends who attend the same school.”

“Congratulations on finding them so soon,” she replied softly.

“Thank you,” he replied, “though it feels more like a curse at the moment since I am not yet of age to bond.”

“The wait may feel as though it is taking forever, but it will be over before you know it,” she comforted.

Harry smiled thankfully at her before becoming professional once more.

“Overall, there is nothing wrong with any of you, however I did come across a few anomalies I recommend you get checked. You can either go to your usual healer or, if you prefer, you can talk to Lady Evangeline about scheduling an appointment with me in one of my free periods. Either way there will be a wait as the Heads of the Healer’s Guild have forbidden Elven Healers from practicing
until they have been cleared due to the number of members who have been accused of malpractice or taking bribes.”

“We might see about making an appointment with you, if you don’t mind,” the deep, slightly accented voice of the junior councilman stated. “I know you are busy with what you have been assigned by the higher council, but so far, you are the only healer who have gone to that hasn’t had a problem with handling our two monsters.”

“That is okay,” Harry stated. “I wouldn’t have offered my services if I wasn’t sure I could handle it. On your way out, just take one of these cards and give it to Lady Evangeline and she will take your details and I’ll contact you when I know I have my next day off.”

“Thank you,” Lelana said as her husband took a card and walked out of the room, hoping to catch his children before they got into mischief.

“You are welcome,” Harry responded as she walked out of the room. When the door snicked closed, he looked at the amount of papers scattered around the room and heaved a sigh of resignation. It looked as though he had a date with chaos that night.
Chapter 40 - When You Thought It Couldn't Get Worse

Chapter Summary

It is time for the Ministry hearing concerning the Weasley family.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it took so long. Real Life decided to rear its head big time and bit me in the behind. I swear there is nothing that prevents the writing muse as well as working and having family decide that they want to move in with you without actually moving into the house with you.

Hope you all enjoy this chapter at the very least. Sorry that it is so short

Chapter 40 – When you thought things couldn’t get worse …

Over the past month that Harry had been working for and with the Elven Council, it had become a common sight to see both Harry and Draco at the table surrounded by what can only be called an avalanche of paperwork. It had, in fact, become a bit of a game for the other inhabitants to try to remove something from the table without being hit by one of the multiple small throwable items that were always in reach. Not surprisingly, after Blaise was stupid enough to take one of the completed medical files thing it was empty, everyone had a new – and very real – reason to fear the dark.

Today, however, the table was empty and neither of them were in the room.

“You don’t think they got lost, do you?” Sirius asked worriedly.

Everyone who heard him turned their heads to look at him incredulously.

“Sirius,” Remus eventually sighed, “they have each walked to these rooms often enough to be able to find their way in their sleep. It is highly unlikely that they both forgot how to get here.”

“Not to mention Harry would just shadow them here if that were the case,” Hermione stated as Sirius opened his mouth to respond.
To everyone’s amusement, Sirius’ jaw snapped shut at her announcement and silence once again prevailed in the room.

Several minutes passed and Sirius had once again opened his mouth, only to be interrupted by the door opening and one of the missing teens walking in looking exhausted.

“Where in the world have you been?” Sirius exploded before the door managed to close. “Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“Last I checked it was half past five,” Draco drawled as he removed his tie and placed it on his bag, “and that was as I was leaving the Headmaster’s office – where I have been since after my last lesson today.”

“I guess that means you don’t know where Harry is then,” Remus sighed as he rubbed his eyes.

Draco looked at the table and back to Remus in confusion.

“What on Earth are you talking about?” he asked. “Harry is on the table.”

Sirius spun around then sent a glare at Draco.

“That isn’t funny,” he growled. “Something could be wrong with him and here you are making jokes.”

Draco rolled his eyes in exasperation and walked over to the table, ignoring the rant Sirius had worked himself into in favour of dipping his finger into the black fruit bowl that was in the middle of the table.

Remus and Hermione blinked in surprise.

“Wasn’t the fruit dish clear glass at lunch time?” Blaise asked in confusion.
“It was …” Remus agreed causing everyone to look at the item in question.

Once again Draco stuck his finger into the bowl, only for a single black paw to follow it out, playfully batting at it. Draco murmured something so softly that no one heard what he said but after a few seconds wait, a small black head topped with familiar ears appeared over the bowl’s rim until a pair of green eyes were peering at the small gathering at the entrance.

Blaise, Hermione, Remus, Severus and Sirius watched incredulously as Draco scratched the head with the tip of his finger. The feline stood up and stretched, revealing a once again clear glass bowl.

“You mean that he was there the entire time?” Severus moaned in annoyance. “Why didn’t he say anything?”

“He wouldn’t have heard you,” Draco explained. “Because he isn’t going to be available tomorrow even though it is supposed to be his day free from the Elven Council, he was up until late last night and early this morning seeing to those individuals that want him to do a thorough physical on them. I put silencing charms on the bowl when I looked up to see him asleep in it.”

“Wait, wait, wait, wait!” Sirius exclaimed waving his hands around his head frantically. “What do you mean he isn’t going to be available? You aren’t going to try keeping him from his family, are you?”

“Sirius,” Draco sighed, “sometimes I really worry about you. It would be impossible for me to keep him from his family unless I don’t want to see my family as well. To refresh your old man memory, he and I have to go to the Ministry to sort out the Weasley issue.”

Sirius calmed down and smiled sheepishly.

“I guess I overreacted a touch, huh?” he asked.

“If that was you over reacting by a touch,” Severus drawled, “I would hate to see you in a complete panic.”

“I thought everyone knew Siri was a drama queen,” Harry mumbled sleepily.
“We did,” Remus stated with a smirk at his best friend, “we just weren’t expecting him to go so far so fast.”

“We should probably start keeping an eye on his sugar intake,” Hermione added with a soft frown.

“Sounds good,” Harry mumbled, snuggling into Draco’s side. “We’ll start planning his meal plan after I get …”

Everyone, including the still somewhat pouting Sirius, chuckled as they realised that Harry had once again fallen asleep.

“I’ve never seen him this tired before now,” Hermione murmured as she watched her brother snuggle into his mate.

“He probably never has been,” Blaise responded. “Mother said that he hasn’t missed a single appointment with her and spends a fair amount of time with the girls on top of working with the Elven Council.”

“He had been doing a large amount of paperwork as well,” Remus mentioned with a thoughtful frown. “Not all of it to do with the patients he has, or is, seeing.”

“He mentioned that the Guild Heads were sending him some things to go through for when the Elven Council start their investigations,” Draco said as he rubbed small circles on Harry’s back.

“Speaking of which,” an unexpected voice said, making them jump and Harry to wake with a hiss.

Albus laughed at the unamused looks he was getting from the room’s occupants as he made his way further into the room.

“I apologies for having woken you in such a manor, my dear boy,” he said to Harry as he sat at a random seat. “I just received the most unusual missive delivered by the most amusing creature I’ve yet to come across.”

“And I apologise for how I reacted,” Harry responded, rubbing his eyes. “I’m afraid I’ve not been
“I’ve heard,” Albus soothed. “If the problem is in the furniture, tell me and I will change it to something better suited.”

“Thank you for the offer, but the furniture is more than acceptable,” Harry smiled. “I just have a lot running through my mind. I’m also trying to not be too annoying by demanding kittens.”

Draco, who had been drinking at that moment, inhaled and started to cough as soon as the liquid touched his lungs.

“I don’t think he was expecting that Sweetie,” Hermione laughed.

“Wasn’t the point of those potions Evangeline requested Sev make to stop that?” Sirius asked.

“They just stop the fertility of the recipient,” Hermione stated, “hence why we have been free from hormones the last month. They do nothing for the desire.”

To the amusement of everyone present, Sirius had covered his ears and closed his eyes and they could hear him chanting something about innocence to himself.

“What was the message you received Headmaster?” Draco asked.

“Oh yes!” Albus exclaimed with a clap of his hands, “forgive my wondering attention, dear boy.”

He looked at Harry and smiled.

“Miss Evangeline wishes to convey that you have finished as Healer so have the next two weeks free to prepare for the beginning of the investigations. She also wishes you well tomorrow and requests your presence for lunch in a few days.”

“Thank you for playing messenger for her,” Harry replied. “I will write a reply after the evening meal. I have a rather strong craving for fish right now.”
With that said, both Harry and Hermione vanished from the room: supposedly for the kitchen.

---ineednewwintersocks---

Draco looked around the room he and Harry had been led into with annoyance. There were no windows and nothing provided for their entertainment during their wait. Thankfully, whoever had the smart idea to put them in here had provided a chaperone that wasn’t a Dominant.

“How much of our book do we have to go before it is finished?” Harry asked out of the blue.

“We have half the book left,” Draco responded in confusion. “Why?”

“I guess it is too soon to discuss which one we will read next, huh?” Harry pouted.

Draco chuckled and moved until he was kneeling in front of Harry’s chair.

“Are you bored with the book we are reading now?” he teased.

“Of course not,” Harry smiled. “The one we are reading is interesting for what it is. You just seem a little anxious for some reason so I thought getting you to focus on something else would help.”

Draco smiled lovingly at the younger boy and placed a hand on Harry’s cheek.

“You would be right on both counts Beloved,” he responded. “I do not appreciate how we were just dumped into this glorified holding cell as if we were criminals when I know neither of us have done anything wrong. There is also the fact we should have been in there already -or someone should have come in to explain what is happening concerning us.”

“I know Draco,” Harry soothed. “I’m familiar with how these things should go, but you have to give them some slack: Those running this place are human, after all, and we both know that humans are a little slow when it comes to how things are supposed to be done. They don’t have the same beginnings as we do, nor do they have the time – or the inclination in most cases – to improve their
Draco chuckled at his mate’s words and rose to his feet. He closed his eyes, inhaled deeply and, for the first time in a long while he opened himself completely to the magic surrounding him. Snapping his eyes open, he gazed down at Harry with eyes the colour of mercury.

“May I?” he asked, holding out his hand.

Harry smiled and place his hand in Draco’s. As he was pulled to his feet, Harry too opened himself to the magic surrounding them and allowed himself to be pulled into an innocent – yet tender – dance guided by the melody of magic itself.

~~~I’masap~~~

In a room attached to the one Harry, Draco and their ‘guard’ were being held, stood a red-faced spluttering man, several people of non-descript sex in Ministry garb and a team of four individuals of various creature inheritances who all wore the same insignia on their cloaks.

“They have you there, Minister Fudge,” the smallest of the group stated in a voice that sounded like small chimes in the wind. “They are being treated as though they are criminals – all because the red-haired females who put forth the accusation have not yet arrived.”

“It isn’t as though they need to be present for proceedings to begin,” another rumbled from deep in his chest. Compared to the previous speaker, he was a giant built on strong, sturdy lines. “We all know that this was a farce anyway. The name “Weasley” always makes anyone who knows of a submissive feel like locking them in as secure a place as can be found.”

“One, that is not how we do things here,” the Minister bumbled, “and two, that is a female from a respectable family you are talking about.”

“If they are so respectable,” the first Council member to speak asked, “then why are they not here?”

“Maybe an Auror should go see if they are alright,” one of the cloaked wizards suggested.
“Actually,” the smooth voice of what seemed to be the youngest Council member sounded, “since this concerns one of ours, we will do this our way.”

“Which means,” the second Councilman continued in his deep growl, “that we take the process to them. You may come, of course, but we now have the only say in what happens since your system has failed three times already.”

While Cornelius was spluttering unintelligently, one of the council members vanished and reappeared soon after with an unamused vampire and a softly giggling demon.

“Before anything, I want introductions,” Draco snarled, “so I know who I will be warning the Clans of disregarding court etiquette. I will go first, shall I? I am Draco, Heir of the Malfoy Clan and a Dominant Vampire.”


“I am Zelenia,” the smallest of the group introduced herself in her chime-like voice, “Half pixie and in a wonderful triad.”

“Alastair,” the largest member rumbled. “Gargoyle and sexless.”

“Ezra,” the only Council member that hadn’t spoken stated softly, “Mated submissive fae.”

“I am Sephtis,” the smooth-talker stated with a respectful bow. “incubus and happily mated to Ezra. The red-faced spluttering male is the so-called Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge. The other five are unknown to us so we simply call them A, B C, D and E.”

Harry giggled and bowed in the direction of the older individuals as Draco watched them all with narrow eyes.

“It is lovely to meet you,” Harry stated, “Please excuse Draco, he doesn’t like that we are going to the house of someone who tried to take me from him.”
As if agreeing with the younger male, Draco growled possessively, causing Harry to giggle once more.

“Let’s do this then,” Zelenia stated.

“Before we go,” Ezra spoke, “I must ask … Young Harry, you are a healer correct?”

“I am,” he replied without hesitation.

“Do you swear to do your best if you have to heal Miss Weasley?”

Harry sent her a look so scathing that she stepped closer to her mate for comfort.

“I am a Master Healer,” he bit out, “apprenticed by Lady Evangeline herself. I vowed that anyone who came to me while injured – mentally, physically or emotionally – would be treated. I am NOT going to break my vow over a female that not even Harpy’s would want to be associated with.”

“And if she tries anything, I will break her arm,” Draco said with an undercurrent of happiness. “It isn’t as though Harry can’t fix it for her afterwards.”

“Now see here!” Cornelius spluttered. “You can’t just …”

He went quiet at the glare he received from those present.

“This,” Harry stated as he turned to Draco, “is another point against any of our kittens attending any school in this country. The would be better off home schooled.”

“Come now; surely schools here aren’t too bad,” one of the Wizengamot members stated, revealing they were female.

“That one is ‘C’,” Sephtis stage-whispered as Harry opened his mouth.
“The very first thing to happen when I arrived at the school Draco is attending was a male student announcing his intent to claim me as his, even though I was not his to claim.”

“In front of the entire school, myself included,” Draco growled, pulling Harry to his chest.

Harry relaxed into Draco’s hold and nuzzled his shoulder soothingly.

“Then, some un-educated female tried to claim Draco as hers AFTER the headmaster, Potions Master and both my uncles announced our mateship, up-coming bonding and explained – in detail with references – acceptable and non-acceptable behaviours towards both him as a courting dominant and myself as a courted-yet-unclaimed underaged submissive. They even handed out leaflets that the Librarian created on the current Laws and Rights of Creature Matings.”

Harry paused and used his shadow to get a drink for both him and Draco, making the humans flush at the reminder of yet another thing they had neglected to provide.

“Said female then proceeded to lie about not getting an information booklet to read before attending the school,” Draco sneered softly as he remembered the girl, “which almost resulted in the Deputy Headmistress in getting investigated for dereliction of duty only for the girl to admit that she may have got the information but neglected to read it.”

“Then,” Harry continued, “there is the fact this school does not hold specialty classes for those who are more promiscuous than their peers.”

“You can’t expect us to believe you agree with that practice!” another voice exclaimed.

Harry glared at the speaker, only just registering the murmured ‘A’ from Sephtis, who was thoroughly enjoying himself.

“Of course, I do,” he bit out coldly, “I would rather my kittens keep their dignity and become properly trained in the art of seduction and work in a clean, safe environment until they find a person who can keep up with them, than have them be bent over the closest horizontal surface while everyone in the office has a go at them.”

Harry turned his glare at the Minister who was spluttering out denials at his words.
“I’m not stupid,” Harry said coldly. “I am a submissive and a Master Healer on top of that; I know what happens if someone isn’t trained for a position form a young age. My first year of apprenticeship was spent dealing with European witches and wizards who became the office stress relief when the boss discovered they had been sexually active during school and assumed that was the job they were there for. Now, are we going to sort this waste of time out, or do the Ministry employees wish to make even bigger idiots of themselves?”

“I know the place,” Alistair stated as he placed a hand on the heads of two of the humans that had yet to speak, “just follow my signature.”

Almost immediately, he and his ‘volunteers’ vanished.

With a shrug each, the remaining individuals with creature heritage grabbed one of the remaining humans and vanished in their individual forms of instant transportation. At the other end, Harry was quick to check on the passengers – who were all dry-retching from the foreign forms of travelling. When he was finished ensuring they were suffering nothing but a bout of travel sickness, his attention turned to the run-down, lop-sided hodgepodge building they had arrived before and his nose wrinkled in disgust.

“Figures you would be one of those high-maintenance submissives’,” one of the ministry workers who had yet to speak scoffed. “What’s the matter? The lack of golden edging making you uncomfortable?”

“I was raised in an orphanage,” Harry replied, distractedly, “so gold edging would make me more uncomfortable. The air here is full of pain, fear and blood – both old and new.”

Harry’s ears perked up at the same time the others with advance hearing tilted their heads and, before any of them could react, both Harry and Ezra ran for the house: The others, led by Draco and Sephtis, close behind. Without slowing or consulting with the other, both submissives gathered their magic and proceeded to destroy the front door.

As one being they ran through the house, ignoring the spluttering Minister as he tried telling them they were going to be arrested for this. They stopped before a door that had a heavy lock on it. Before they could do anything drastic: such as blow up this door as well, Alastair reached between them and grasped the lock, causing it to fall apart in his hand.

Without thanking the massive being, they ran into the room without hesitation while everyone else
gathered at the doorway and gaped at what lay before their eyes.

“A respectable family, huh?” Draco stated with an odd gleam in his eyes and steal in his voice.
Chapter 41 – The Price of Guilt

Chapter Summary

Harry puts many people in their place

Chapter Notes

I am so so so so so sorry for the long wait! RL decided to bite me in the behind and everything got left on the wayside, including my sanity. It really isn't so much better now, but I have sorted things out better so I can fit important me-time in.

Chapter 41 – The Price of Guilt

Harry ignored the gaping idiots at the doorway and focused on the sight before him as he guided a softly sobbing Ezra to her bonded. The first thing he did was form a solid, clear grey barrier around the room that propelled all bar two humans backwards.

“Draco, I need you to get Lady Evangeline and the Heads of the Healers Guild here. Tell them to bring some people – preferably submissive or those like Hermione and Blaise. Go to Remi and ask him to open one of my houses where we can house everyone until we find their families, or – if their families refuse to take them – where they can stay. Also ask Blaise to write Willa to ask if she would mind me visiting tomorrow to ask a favour.”

“I can do that,” he agreed, “Is there anything else I can do?”

“When you speak to Lady Evangeline,” he said grimly, “tell her I think we just found some of the missing elflings.”

Draco nodded and quickly vanished.

“Can you remove the humans?” Harry asked, turning to Septis and Alastair, “Or at least move them away? This no longer concerns them.”
“No longer concerns us?” one of the unknown females spluttered, “of course it concerns us! We can get Healers here and get them out of there and …”

“Look,” Harry interrupted, “who in the name of Bastet are you five? It is obvious that there is more than what appears to be going on here and you are going against the rules of the presiding Healer - which is me – and even if you bought in your own Healers, I would have to order them away due to events that none of you seem to have any interest in.”

Ignoring the stunned group, Harry spun and went back down the stairs.

“Go and get a group of Healers from St Mungo’s,” Cornelius stated. “I’m not going to allow some uppity child tell me what to do.”

One of the robed figures left to do as he said, not know what he or she would be unleashing when they returned.

~~~linebreak~~~

Harry looked at the scene before him and sighed in resignation. He knew that the idiots would ignore his words, but he had more important things to deal with; starting with releasing those that were being held prisoner in the room he was currently in. With another sigh, he walked to the first cage/cell and forced his magic into the lock.

“My name is Harry James,” he said soothingly as he walked into the small cell-like space that held four youngsters of varying heritages and ages. “I am a shadow-cat demon submissive; age sixteen and a Master Healer.”

He slowly approached the oldest person and placed his hand on the cuff keeping her in the room.

“This may feel slightly odd and I ask that you not leave right away. I wish to give a medical check on you and get you to talk to some people who my mate is getting.”

When the girl nodded her understanding, he focused his attention on the cuff and destroyed the magic that was keeping it on her. He quickly reached for her as she sank to the ground in relief.
“I didn’t hurt you, did I?” he asked as he frantically searched for any sign of his magic having harmed her.

“N-no,” she rasped, “you didn’t hurt me. It’s just … I had long given up hope that I would be rid of that horrible thing and now it has gone …”

Harry nodded and gently ran his hand through her hair.

“I understand,” he cooed softly, “Will you be okay here for a bit while I get the others down? I will need some help later with the younger kittens.”

The girl nodded and Harry once again gave an encouraging smile and moved to the next person.

It was as he entered the forth cell that he became aware of someone, or something, attempting to enter through the barrier he had set up. With a hiss of disgust, he removed his hand from the cuff of the little boy he was working on.

“I’m sorry Little One,” he cooed as he ran his fingers through the boys’ hair, “Some very silly people are playing with my barrier to prevent anyone else from coming through and if I was to try removing your chain while they are doing so, I might hurt you. I’ll get one of the others to come in here to talk with you while I deal with them so I can get you free.”

At the boy’s tear-filled nod, Harry left the cell. After talking to the girls that were in the first cell and watching them spread out among the others, Harry stalked into the shadows and reappeared on the other side of the barrier from the shade of a tree.

“What,” he bit out, “exactly do you think you are doing?” You should have been told during your apprenticeship that this form of barrier is used in events where delicate magic is being worked!”

The healers from St Mungo’s – who had paled when they saw who it was that they had disturbed – looked down in shame. They had indeed been taught that, but had ignored it on the word of the Minister.

“Well?”
“The Minister told us that some uppity child was playing with magic they didn’t understand and was endangering lives by preventing those who could help them from getting to them,” one of them stated, still looking down. “We didn’t know that it was you he was referring too.”

The rest of the healers winced at the look that comment earned the speaker.

“As thrilled as I am at the insinuation of me being ‘some uppity child’,” Harry continued bitingly, “I find myself more and more convinced that magical Britain is all the proof anyone needs that stupidity and idiocy are contagious and the power of individual thought is suppressed by people in positions of power to prolong their terms of destroying everyone’s lives.”

Harry crossed his arms and glared at everyone who had made to talk, causing them to snap their jaws shut with an audible snap.

“As proof, did none of you notice the four individuals of non-human heritage calmly seated several meters away from us? It is common knowledge that members of the ICMB do not involve themselves in matters concerning humans unless those with creature inheritances are somehow involved and NEVER are they as calm as they are now if anyone; human or not, are in life threatening danger.”

“Another thing you ignored was the shield itself!” Harry continued, not caring that the healers – who were all older than him by at least twenty-five years – were shrinking away from him and turning a pale shade of green, “I would like to see anyone; child or not, create that shield without the amount of training you need to get the first stage of it correct, let alone all of it.”

It was at this time that a group appeared in a flair of flame that went unnoticed by everyone else.

“You were lucky you interfered with the barrier when you did because if it had been a minute before or a minute after, you would have cause me to badly injure, if not kill, one of two seven-year-olds.”

“And if that had happened,” a deep, familiar voice stated, “It would have been you who were under investigation and in danger of losing your healing licence, not Master Healer Harry.”

The group of healers jumped in shock

“Master Healer Emelaine,” they chorused.
Harry spun around and blinked. There before him stood Hermione, Blaise, Severus, Lady Evangeline, the three heads of the Healer’s Guild and two members of the Higher Elven Council. A loud POP! To the left of the group revealed the newly arrived presence of Draco and Willa.

“Good afternoon Harry,” Blake said, “you can go back to your previous activity. We will take over here.”

“Thank you Master Healer Emelaine,” Harry stated. “Rinie? Can you help? They are all wearing a cuff of some kind that has to be removed without damaging the individual they are on.”

“That is what I am here for sweetie. I picked up your frustration which is why I’m here.”

Harry smiled thankfully at her and vanished the both of them onto the other side of the barrier.

After the two of them successfully vanished to the other side of the barrier, the three guild heads returned their attention to the group before them.

“What in the bleeding, buggering Hell do you think you are doing?” Emma exploded. “Has everyone attached to the Guild become complacent and self-important since we haven’t been holding their hands?”

“What our lovely Head Healer is trying to say,” Jacob Yanize said as he covered the mouth of his fellow Guild Head, “is that this barrier before you is found in one place and one place only: In the minds of the Heads of the Healer’s Guild. This information is placed into the minds of these individuals when they make their oaths. The same magic is responsible for locking the information away to prevent it being forcefully removed and once again, when the Heads retire or die. Everyone in the Guild is taught this during their first year of Apprenticeship and it is re-iterated every year after since all healers need this knowledge but only the individual Heads can teach it.”

“So why did you do what you did on the word of someone who knows nothing about what we teach?” Emma, who had claimed enough for her mouth to be uncovered, asked.

“We will lose our Healing License if we ignore someone in need of Healing,” one of the healers stated. “If we hadn’t done something, we would have been jobless and up for dereliction of duty.”
“No, you wouldn’t have,” Blake stated. “No one has ever lost their Healer’s privileges by doing the correct thing and waiting for the Healer-in-charge to do what is necessary. The Healer’s Guild, no matter its name or who runs it – is better than that.”

“That doesn’t stop the Ministry form doing so,” one of the oldest healers stated.

“And what exactly,” Emma snapped, “does the Ministry have to do with this?”

“The Ministry has the authority to give and remove healer’s licenses,” one of the robed figures stated factually, “everyone knows that.”

“Over our dead and decaying bodies it does,” Emma responded, turning her fury onto the Ministerial group. “It is one of the Laws from the time before Merlin that Healers are outside the rule of any Ministry. We are perpetually neutral and therefore, have our own laws to obey.”

“If that is beyond your understanding,” Blake stated as Jacob tried to calm their female co-worker from her rage, “That means that the only people who can judge you and remove your license is one of us three here.”

“The three of us are also the only people who can grant a license,” Jacob stated. “Due to several communities conveniently forgetting this fact, we have been required to start investigations. We may as well just investigate everyone who has ever worked as a healer and take each government to court over medical malpractice, abuse of power and disregarding the laws of balance.”

“Now see here!” Cornelius yelled, “You can’t do that!”

“Oh, we can and we will,” Emma hissed. “The Healer’s Guild was set outside normal laws for the protection of us and our clients. Since investigating due to several government’s interference, we have uncovered several people who only treat those with money, three who test experimental potions on unwilling clients, eighteen who have kidnapped and sold children to anyone who pays them the right amount and over eight hundred and fifty-six counts of abduction with the intent of sale into prostitution. Not one of the Healers involved received their credentials from the Healer’s Guild.”

“This means,” Blake continued smoothly, “That the individuals in question were NOT bound by their oaths. So, in short …”
The Head Master Healer of the Healer’s Guild was interrupted by the unexpected appearance of both Harry and Hermione.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Hermione stated, “but we are ready to transport all those imprisoned to their new quarters. All of them have been released from the bonds and have been accessed as fit for moving.”

“More in-depth healing will be provided once everyone is clean, full and settled,” Harry stated. “Severus, will you be willing to provide us with the potions that are required? For now, we will need the chaffing potion and dreamless sleep.”

“After that, we will need the members of the ICMB, Willa and those of the Elven Council to be present. Many of those found are of Ancient Clan blood and are either female or submissive … and there are some that may find themselves to be expecting.”

Harry rubbed his face in exhaustion before facing Draco.

“Did you talk to Remi about opening one of the Potter properties?”

Taking that as permission, Draco strode towards his mate until he could envelope the smaller male in a hug.

“I did,” he smirked. “The old wolf decided that if you were going to open one of your properties for this, then Sirius could as well. When I left Remus, Bella and Mother were making Sirius go through his properties.”

“Excuse me?” one of the healers called by the Minister interrupted when the barrier refused to allow them past, “Why can’t we get through to help?”

Emma, who was about to follow Jacob through, stopped to witness what was happening.

“It’s rather easy to explain,” Harry stated as he pulled away from the comfort of his mate in order to be the voice of authority. “You cannot enter because I do not want you to enter.”

Once again, he turned to Draco.
“Would you mind helping Severus with the brewing and distributing of potions once I get them all checked?”

Instead of answering verbally, Dracowrapped an arm around Harry’s waist and guided him through the barrier.

“Oh yes,” he stated as he paused before allowing Draco to guide him through. He turned and faced the British wizards and witches.

“I really much compliment you all on your incompetence,” he smiled, “after all, you have a family of red-heads to find for us to question, yet you are still just standing there doing nothing. Maybe I should send Draco or Blaise to do it in your stead?”

“That will not be necessary,” the gruff voice of Alistair stated from the tree he was standing beside. “As the ICMB and the Healer’s Guild is involved – as well as the belief the people who own this property may be connected to an Elven Council criminal investigation, I and a small team of investigators will be finding them. The humans may go about their day as usual now everythings in capable hands.”

Harry bowed to the tall male and left, once again ignoring the useless spluttering that was coming from the equally useless man.

~~~linebreak~~~

Harry collapsed in the only empty armchair available in the room with a sigh of relief. It had taken them just under five hours to transport and settle the thirty-six beings that had been found in the cellar room of the Weasley House-of-Horrors. Overall the operation had gone smoothly with only a few small hiccoughs upsetting everything. He had to admit that it wasn’t easy to try to convince the oldest of the group that they weren’t just placing them into another – though nicer – prison.

A large mass settled onto the arm of the chair he was sitting on and he relaxed into the hand that started to card through his hair.

“Thirty-six,” he whispered brokenly. “Thirty-six individuals who have all had their lives changed irrevocably. Eight five years and younger, twelve six through elven year old’s, ten twelve to fifteen-year old’s, five aged between sixteen and nineteen and one in her late twenties.”
He turned tear-filled eyes to his companion and whimpered.

“What is wrong with these people Siri? What causes them to do things like this to people who haven’t – and for the most part CANNOT – do anything to them?”

“I wish I could answer you Kitten,” Sirius responded, “I really wish I could, but I don’t know. It could be greed, or jealousy and malicious magic at work.”

“But it could equally be mental illness, potion derived or desperation,” Remus continued for the other man.

“Anyone who can harm a child is sick as far as I’m concerned,” an unknown voice stated.

Harry blinked and moved to look at the new comer, revealing her to be the oldest of their guests. She was an inch or two shorter than Severus, had black-streaked white hair and burning amber-yellow eyes. She also had talons on her fingers, feathers scattered in her hair and feather-like tattoos surrounding her eyes, wrists and ankles.

“I agree with you one hundred percent,” he stated without breaking her gaze. “Kittens are a blessing, and anyone who even thinks of harming one purposefully should be shot.”

The new female inspected the younger male intensely before she smiled and seated herself on the opposite chair arm to Sirius.

“I think you and I will get along fabulously youngster,” she stated. “Did I hear correctly when you said there are several people preparing potions?”

Harry nodded seriously.

“At the moment my mate, my sister, her mate and Potions Master Snape are focusing on stomach soothers, nutrient potions, bruise, cut and graze balms and bone strengthening potions,” he explained. “Between the three of us, Rinie, Potions Master Snape and I had all the required dreamless sleep that will be need for tonight and as soon as the graze balm is ready and cooled – which should be tomorrow morning – it will be distributed to everyone for use.”
“After I have recovered some of my strength from earlier, I will be doing an in-depth check on all of you to ensure you all get what you need,” he finished while his eyes slowly began to droop.

“What about the fixing of those things?” she asked.

“They are included,” Harry stated, shaking his head slightly in a bid to wake himself up a bit. “I am a Master Healer who specialises in family care and child mental health. Rinie, that is Hermione, my sister – is a mind Healer who doesn’t specialise.”

“What he didn’t mention,” Hermione stated from the door, “is that anyone who we believe to have lived through a traumatic event is directed to him.”

“And that somehow these two share a mind link that allows them to share information,” Remus added.

“Oh, I’m sorry!” Harry exclaimed. “I forgot introductions! I’m Harry. The man beside me is Sirius and the one across from us is Remus. The couple on the love seat are Willa and Nicholas. Hermione is in the doorway …”

Hermione blushed lightly and quickly moved into the room, followed by the other three potion makers.

“The darker skinned one with obvious Elven features is Blaise, the blonde is Draco and the oldest one is Potions Master Severus Snape.”

“It is lovely to meet you all. My name is Hedwig.”

Severus, who was walking past the seat absent-mindedly shook the hand that appeared before him and froze as he felt foreign magic flood his system as his own magic flared.

Both Severus and Hedwig stared at the other in shock, oblivious to the knowing and amused looks most of their companions were exchanging around them.
Harry smugly took a mouthful of his overly sweetened tea. Things were looking to get interesting very soon.
Chapter 42 - Life Goes On

Chapter Summary

Harry has a few discussions with those he helped in rescuing.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it was so long in coming everyone. I've had a busy time these last few months.

Chapter 42 – Life Goes On

To Harry’s consternation, he didn’t get a chance to talk to everyone until after the evening meal—which he didn’t prepare (and if anyone noticed that he pouted over this fact, it was carefully hidden from the teen).

“Starting tomorrow,” he began once everyone except the very youngest were seated, “I will be doing an in-depth medical scan on everyone. I would have started today, but I over-estimated how much magic I had used so I am a bit drained.”

He grimaced as he sipped at the overly bitter tea Severus had made him.

“I will be starting from the youngest ones first as they should be the easiest to deal with as they have had less time to be harmed by anything. I will warn you all now,” he stated seriously, “That this will be difficult for some of you I will be checking everything I think of; including traces of mind manipulation, sexual assault and other forms of unpleasantness. If I find any form of mental barriers, I will break them but I will NOT force anyone to deal with the results alone. All of you will have appointments with either me or my sister for mind healing sessions.”

He took another mouthful and gagged slightly.

“We will also be looking for your family’s,” Hermione stated from the doorway, causing most of the youngsters to tense or jump in an attempt to hide behind Harry.
Harry glared at Hermione; who in turn looked sheepishly at having scared the skittish individuals. When Harry’s glare got stronger, Hermione let out a small ‘eep’ and quickly left the room.

“I apologise for her,” he stated as he calmed the more anxious individuals with a few gentle strokes of his hand, ignoring the knowing look on Hedwig’s face.

“That was Hermione, my big sister,” he continued. “She can be a bit annoying at times, but she is a good person.”

A soft, “I heard that” came through the door from down the Hall, making the now calmed group giggle softly.

Harry smiled softly.

“She is right though. We will be looking for your families but before we bring them here to re-unite you, we will be testing them to ensure they had nothing to do with you being taken.”

He lifted a hand as the group started to mutter.

“We do not believe your parents had anything to do with you being taken,” he said firmly, causing all noise to stop, “but that doesn’t rule out the possibility of them being under the influence of a foreign spell or potion that didn’t give them a choice. They will also be told the results of what you were put through so they can aid in your healing between visits with us.”

“What will happen if our families are found to have been a part of this?” one almost fourteen-year-old asked.

“It depends,” Harry responded as he gestured for Willa, Hermione and Nicholas to come into the room with their trays of hot drinks. “If they are guilty of nothing more than being under a spell, potion or not being strong enough to fight back, they will undergo therapy just like all of you will. If they did have something to do with your disappearance, they will be taken before the council who will decide what to do with them.”

Harry downed the rest of his drink with a grimace before taking the hot chocolate Hermione handed him.
“One thing that will be told to them is whatever I find in the tests and for those of you old enough, I will ask what you want done in the case of some things.”

“What if we are pregnant?” one of the older girls asked softly.

“If any of you are, I will ask what you want. If it is early enough, termination is an option, but it isn’t one I recommend if you are a submissive,” Harry said completely professional even though he felt sick at the thought of anyone killing a kitten. “If there are any pregnancies past that time then you can choose to keep them or adopt them out: But the point is … it is YOUR choice. Not your parents, not your clans and not your Clan’s Council.”

“For those who do not want to go home or whose parents do not approve of your decision if you do decide to keep any possible children,” Willa stated, “You will be welcome to stay in a house built on the land at Zabini Manor. You will have the support of me, my mate, my children and everyone who is here.”

“What’s the point?” one of the teens stated sadly. “Even if none of us were impregnated, no one will want to look at us as life-partners because we are used.”

“And whoever told you that is full of shit,” Nicholas stated firmly as he helped by handing the cups to Hermione and Willa. “Just because someone stole that which they shouldn’t doesn’t mean no-one will want you. The right man or woman will come along one day and they won’t care that you aren’t a virgin or that you have kids. Sure, they will want to kill whoever was responsible, but they will not hold it against you.”

“How do you know?” the same girl asked tearfully.

Nicholas looked at Willa, who nodded her agreement. He then looked at the girl and smiled softly.

“Because that is how I was with my wife,” he replied honestly. “She is one of the Ancient Clan. I am just a human magic-user. Unlike her and those like her, I am not instinctually attuned to my magic, but I could not resist the feeling of contentment I had when I was in her presence.”

“It’s true,” Willa said with a smile at Nicholas, “my family gave me to a man I didn’t know for companionship for thirty galleons. Because I refused to do as I was told, I was drugged to believe he was my mate. He left the same minute we discovered I was pregnant and those who sold me tried
getting me to abort my child and get my memory wiped of everything that happened. I refused and ran as soon as I had my son and my Father attempted to sign him over to an orphanage.”

“I met Willa through work and befriended her, wanting to know more about her. After a few coffee dates with work colleagues, she told me about her Heritage and that she had a son. At the time, I assumed she was in a relationship with someone and had him before she came into her inheritance late or her previous partner died, so I insisted the next time we met up she bring her son with her. When I found out the rest of her history, I wanted to hunt her ex-family and her son’s biological father down and tear them apart.”

“I managed to talk him out of it and he took my last name when we Bonded. We now have five children together: One of whom isn’t his responsibility, b”

“But he is still just as much my son as my biological children are.” Nicholas stated. “Blaise is a part of Willa’s life from before she met me and the most important part of a relationship is loving your partner; both the good and the bad.”

Willa smiled at him again and gently placed her hands on the teen’s shoulders and pulled her into a hug as she started to quietly sob.

“Every one of you are welcome in the Zabini lands,” she said, “no matter if you have your family’s support or not. Sometimes you just need someone who knows without you having to talk, or someone who doesn’t expect you to be – or go back to – what you were like before.”

“Come on everyone,” Harry said into the following silence. “Drink up your hot chocolate and off to bed with you. We all have a busy day tomorrow.”

He smiled softly at the older teens, eyes full of understanding.

“I don’t recommend this normally,” he said, “but tonight everyone will get one full dose of dreamless sleep … including me.”

He made a face that was halfway between being a pout and disgruntled, making everyone there laugh and start on their drinks.

As Harry finished his mug off, he smiled at the lightening atmosphere that came with knowing you
were safe and surrounded by people who wouldn’t judge you. He grimaced slightly; now if only he could somehow get out of taking the Dreamless Sleep Potion.

A glance at Hermione’s narrowed eyes made him pout and lower his shoulders in defeat. He wasn’t that lucky, it seemed.

~~~librariesaregod~~~

The first thing Harry became aware of as he regained consciousness was the hand that was alternating between running through his hair and rubbing his right ear. The second thing he noticed was the soft giggling and cooing that was coming from the doorway.

With a sleepy hum, he opened his eyes to see – not Hermione, like he had thought, but Draco stroking his ear and several of the pre-teens from the meeting the previous night watching them.

“They decided we needed a Chaperone,” Draco said with a humorous glint in his eye. “It also seems that, though I am a Dominant, I am one of them since I am your mate.”

Harry purred softly and semi-roused himself enough to press his cheek to Draco’s in greeting. When he pulled back and playfully nipped the tip of Draco’s nose, the audience in the doorway let out an actual laugh.

Draco huffed in mock annoyance and softly poked Harry’s ribs, grinning at the small ‘eep’ that his mate let out before hiding in his bed.

“It looks like Harry doesn’t want to get up for me today,” Draco said with a very put-on sigh, “if only there were some people who could help me get him up,”

Harry twitched as Draco poked his side again, revealing the tip of his ears and a part of his tail.

It didn’t take long for one of the younger children, who had been attracted by the sound of laughter, to become enamoured with the fluffy black rope that twitched back and forth. Once one of them tried to catch it, all of them wanted to catch it and soon the sound of innocent, childish laughter emanated from the room and filled the house.
From her spot just down the hall, Hedwig closed her eyes and listened with a smile on her face. It had been a long time since some of those children laughed: It truly was a soothing balm to the soul.

~~~allhailtheyoutubegods~~~

By the time everyone trooped downstairs, breakfast was already underway and they were greeted with an array of amused expressions.

“You just had to choose today of all days to sleep in, didn’t you?” Hermione asked, laughter in her eyes.

“I thought I was supposed to sleep,” Harry said with faux innocence, “I was given a dreamless sleep potion after all.”

Hermione laughed softly.

“Silly Kitty,” she chuckled, “You know as well as I do that you were given that to ensure you didn’t spend all night wandering between the rooms.”

“Hush!” Harry pouted, “I’m pretending that isn’t what I would have done.”

Everyone in the room laughed as the stragglers joined the rest at the table for what seemed to be shaping up to be a loud meal; and it was until five familiar-to-Harry faces joined them.

As soon as the four ICMB members and Master Healer Head appeared in the room, everything went silent and several of the younger kids moved closer to Harry, Hedwig or Willa.

“We apologise for interrupting,” Blake said softly. “We need to talk with Hermione and Harry for a moment.”

“We can stay in the room with a barrier for sound,” Zelenia said when the young ones around Harry moved close enough to tangle their hands in his shirt.
It took several minutes and Harry promising to not only stay in the room where they could see him, but also take Draco with him for protection. Once he promised, the children moved towards the others and watched closely as both of their protectors walked away from them. They relaxed when Harry turned so he could still watch them and Draco wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist.

Behind the barrier, Ezra smiled at the teen.

“It seems you have found some admirers,” she softly teased the younger submissive.

“You have no idea,” Draco snorted in amusement. “I had no shortage of little chaperones when I went to wake him up this morning.”

“I’m surprised he slept last night,” Blake stated.

“I gave all of those we found yesterday a dose of dreamless sleep,” Harry admitted. “The older teens wouldn’t drink theirs unless I did, so I took the one you left for me before they took theirs.”

“As soon as Harry was out, everyone else went to bed and took theirs,” Hermione stated. “I am surprised that Harry wasn’t awake when I got up thought.”

“He had a lot of magic to replenish,” Blake told her softly, “that is why. If things were normal, I would have forbidden anyone from waking him at all.”

“I didn’t realise he had used so much magic yesterday,” Hermione frowned.

“It wasn’t just getting everyone out of there Rinie,” Harry sighed. “The human Council was being an arse so I had to use magic to keep both me and Draco calm and then more to keep them away from the little ones when we bought them out. I don’t trust people who think that people like that red-headed family are up-standing citizens.”

“In any case,” Blake interrupted, “I’m here mainly to ensure that Harry here has recovered enough of his magic to focus on what he need to today. I’m also playing messenger for Lady Evangeline. She has said that she will be joining the team of Healers who inspect the parents of the children you have found so none of them get near you unless she is happy, they had nothing to do with their child’s disappearance.”
“She is an amazing woman,” Alastair stated. “She also managed to convince the entire ICMB to send out a notice to all of those we are responsible for saying an underground child smuggling ring has been found and for everyone who has lost children or been one of the victims to come forth for blood tests just in case we found one of their children/grandchildren.”

Harry laughed in relief as he relaxed against his mate. One thing that had been worrying him had been finding family or all the people they had – and would hopefully – find and rescue during their investigations.

“We also have made it a sign of guilt if the family doesn’t come forth, thought exceptions will be made for those whose memories have been messed with,” Zelenia stated cheerily. This was obviously news that excited her more than the other. “The first people went in this morning as soon as they got the news what was happening.”

“That was quick,” Hermione blinked.

“They were my mates,” Zelenia said with a half-smile. “They are twins – one soul, two bodies – and they had two younger siblings taken roughly twenty years ago. They never returned but they never gave up hope they would be found.”

“Even if we don’t find them,” Harry stated, “After they and you yourself are tested you are all welcome to come and help here just in case someone comes in.”

“Some of the older kids and teens will also be trying to escape their families as they remember how they got to where there were,” Draco added softly. “If you could possibly ask around any of the innocent families who have lost family members if they would mind considering taking one or two extra individuals in while their families are investigated, or act as mentors for the kids and teens while they are settling back into their families, it could help.”

“Of the thirty-six people we rescued,” Harry stated, “Three were born two of the older teens. Overall, fifteen of them are too young to have had their first heat, eight are old enough but haven’t started yet due to stress, three have only just been captured within the last month and one was discovered to being too magically powerful for anyone to get near her. This leaves nine individuals who are potentially pregnant.”

All of the adults softly swore as Draco summoned a drink from the table for his mate.
“There is a chance that their families will react unfavourably to them because they have been used and/or are pregnant,” Hermione stated, “so we have to be prepared for that as well; Especially if they decide they wish to keep it.”

“Willa and Nicholas offered them housing if it comes to that,” Draco said as he watched Harry drink. “They have several smaller houses on their property they created for this.”

“Willa was one of those who was sold by her family,” Harry said. “She gave me permission to tell you because she has volunteered to share her story with the parents of anyone we find who has, is or believes they will get the same treatment while being a support for those who refuse to go home.”

After several minutes silence, Alastair’s deep, rock-fall rumbling chuckles filled the room.

“You certainly have everything organised,” he said as the barrier fell. “There is little we can do to help.”

“You are helping more than you realise,” Harry stated as those that had been rescued the previous day slowly made their way over to them as a group. “Just knowing you are working to capture the bastards who held them captive is enough.”

“Oh we aren’t just stopping at them,” Sephtis said with a predatory grin, “We are aiming for the entire gang: from the bottom to the top.”

“Are you serious?” one of the older teens asked. “You are really going after them?”

Ezra got down on her knees so she was on the same height as some of the younger children.

“It is the least we can do,” she said, looking up at the youngsters. “Children, no matter their race, clan, age or species are precious. They should be loved and protected until the time they are ready to begin their own lives as adults.”

Sephtis slowly moved until he could also crouch down with Ezra between him and the children, knowing they were – rightfully – wary of Dominants.
“Both of our races are long lived,” he stated as he wrapped his arms around his mate’s waist. “This means we have a slow reproduction rate. Though this lovely lady and I have been mated for just over one hundred years, we have yet to experience our first step to parenthood and it may take up to another seven hundred years before we get it. For us – and those like us – harming a child is the worst that can happen because they are so very rare.”

“This doesn’t mean we have not raised children,” Ezra soothed as some of the more submissive children reacted with depression for the couple. “We have taken three wonderful girls into our family since we have bonded and raised them to be the best they can be.”

“Those three girls – who are now aged between forty-five and eighty – have sometimes been the only reason we had woken and got up in the morning,” Sephtis admitted. “Yes, even as a Dominant I get days where I am depressed that I don’t have a child yet, but those three are always there to remind us we have them.”

“You all remind me of them,” Ezra stated with a soft smile, “if any of you had been born instead of one of our girls, you would have been ours, but at the same time, any of my girls could have easily been placed in the position you are all in now.”

“The saddest thing is more children like yourselves are going to be taken and sometimes we won’t be able to get to them the way we got to you unless we track every one of these monsters down. If it makes even one of you feel safer knowing the person or people responsible for all of this was found and punished by our laws, then we will spend the rest of our lives hunting them down.”

To everyone’s surprise, one of the pre-teens launched herself at the pair with a sob, chanting ‘Thank you’ over and over again. Ezra just hugged the girl close and muttered soothing nonsense to her in the language of the Fae.

“If … if we ask someone we trust to remove memories of everyone we saw from before and during our captivity,” one of the teen shakily asked, “will that help?”

“Anything you are willing to do to help is welcome,” Zelenia replied softly, “even if it is just staying here and recovering from your ordeal.”

The oldest teens exchanged looks and then looked at the younger ones before turning to Harry.
“When you get to us, would you be willing to take our memories for viewing?” the oldest of them asked.

“Of course, I will,” Harry said kindly. “I am honoured and humbled you asked me.”

“Us too!” the younger kids yelled out, making everyone jump. “We want to help keep others safe too!”

Harry, Hermione and Blake exchanged smiles, wondering once again at the extraordinary abilities of children wanting to help.

~~~Ineedmoreofalifeiflisteningtosoaringogatsmakesmeloughthismuch~~~

To the surprise of many, the room Harry had chosen as his work space was almost silent, even though he had vehemently denied the need for a silencing spell.

Hedwig who, much like the teens, had a legitimate reason to worry about those younger than her, snuck a look into the room when the suspense grew too much for her and what she saw made her smile. Hermione was at the desk writing as fast as she could while Harry sat on the floor beside her bouncing one of the toddlers on his lap, a slight glow of magic around his hands.

To the left of them was a small walled-off section with a wide selection of toys designed for young children. A bookcase filled the corner to their right and the rest of the space was filled with chairs, cots and tables with strange designs on the top and small draws on the side.

All of the younger children were playing with the toys quieter than most children their age do until a young girl who Hedwig didn’t know started to play with something that made noise.

“You don’t haff to be scared,” she told the little ones, revealing half-grown adult teeth in her upper jaw, “it is okay to make noise; Harry doesn’t mind.”

“Of course, I don’t mind,” Harry stated as he let the child he was holding go and sat in with the group, pulling out a child’s set of bongo drums and patting them only just hard enough to hear a sound.
Encouraged by the fact that one of the older people in the room was making noise with a toy, one of the three-year old’s started digging in the toy box for more noisy toys and squealed happily when he found things that rattled and squeaked when he moved them. As the others came to see what they could find, Harry stood and picked up the only toddler that didn’t run right for the toys.

“Blaise will be back soon Laynee,” Harry said as he ran his fingers through the unknown-to-Hedwig child’s hair. “Will you be okay by yourself until he comes back?”

“Yes my Draco’s Harry,” she replied cutely. “He is getting drinks and snacks, right?”

“Right!” Harry laughed, booping her nose with his tail. “It is time for me to stop using magic for a while soon so after I check this little one over, it is break time until after lunch.”

“What does that mean?” one of the older children asked as Harry made his way back to his spot on the floor.

“That means,” Hermione stated as she flipped to the next page in the note pad she was using, “everyone in this room will be getting cut up fruit and warm cups of hot chocolate before getting bundled up nice and warm so we can enjoy ourselves outside. It snowed again last night so snowball fights, snowmen and sledging is on the books to do until lunch.”

Hedwig left the room smiling as the cheers of the older children echoed through the halls.

~~~Ineedsleep~~~

Fifteen minutes later there was a mad rush of young bodies entering the sitting room containing the adults. A loud pop sounded several minutes later and two tables appeared: One full of containers of sliced fruits from around the world and the other holding a large pot of creamy brown liquid and multiple cups.

Everyone either giggled or chuckled when, as soon as Harry moved to start serving, Draco steered him to a seat and Laynee sat on his lap … only for one of the bolder toddlers to happily attempt to climb up to join her. In the end, Hermione decided to walk over and pick up the child, only to dump him on Harry’s lap before she took a seat beside her brother.

“You do know that every time you start going on about kittens, Draco will probably send you here to
check on the little ones who remain, don’t you?” Hermione teased.

“And he would follow soon after,” Harry replied from where he was sniffing at the now giggling child on his lap. “After all, I’m not the only one who wants kittens. It is just more socially acceptable for me to announce it every five minutes.”

Laynee, who had moved onto Hermione’s lap as soon as Harry started to sniff at the new-comer, giggled. She knew her Draco wanted babies because of how he treated her and Carla. It was good to know that her Draco’s forever person wanted them too.

Harry ignored both girls as he finished sniffing the youngster and began to lick him, purring his head off in yet another period of kitten induced bliss.

“Is that normal behaviour for him?” Hedwig asked in amusement.

“Only when he wants kittens,” Hermione replied, “So at least every three weeks. Poor Draco.”

“I would have thought a young Dominant like Draco would enjoy that part,” Hedwig stated, obviously not thinking.

“Considering what you and these youngsters have gone through,” Willa stated coldly from where she and Nicholas were seated to feed the twins, “I will ignore what you just said and put it down to stress and anxiety as well as the fact you have not yet realised you are fully safe yet: but if you EVER put him into the same category as those monster again, you will regret it.”

“Particularly as Draco is Severus’ godson,” Hermione stated with a chilled tone to her formally friendly voice. “Draco has verbally acknowledged both his father and Severus for who he is today and Severus has enough Dominant in him to make Draco uneasy about him being in the same room as Harry without someone being with them.”

“I would suggest,” Nicholas stated calmly, “that before you do anything, you remove yourself from everyone here and seriously think about everything you went through. Not the children, not what is going to happen to them when they are captured, but YOU. If you have to, write it down. Make an appointment with a mind healer and open up to them. Lastly, I recommend talking to Severus about things because I know him and I know he will not take too kindly to you treating his godson as if he was responsible for everything you and those kids went through. Just because he is a Dominant.”
“There is a sixty-five percent chance that any child you have with Severus is Dominant,” Harry stated making everyone jump. “If you don’t get help, you will treat them differently to any non-dominant children you have, which will lead to them hating you. You know Draco is nothing like those monsters even though he is a dominant, but you still question his motives. Yes, as a dominant he is thrilled I want kittens, but even if he wasn’t a Dom, he would still be happy I want kittens because he, like me, wants a family.”

“The first challenge Harry and Hermione’s ex-guardian set for me ended up forcing Harry into a Heat. I was locked in the room with him for twenty-four hours. The only way I could stop him from hurting himself was to overwhelm his system with pleasure – which I did through a claiming bite. The bastard wasn’t even there and called for me to be blocked from MY mate when he saw the result, ignoring me in the other room throwing up due to what I was forced to do to protect him.”

Draco placed the platter of fruit and drinks on the table and handed them around before locking eyes with the obviously upset and embarrassed snow-owl demon.

“I’m not going to lie,” he stated, “under any other circumstances, I would have claimed him and fully bonded him to me the night I gave him his collar and I wouldn’t have hesitated in fulfilling both our desires to start a family at any time when his body goes through a heat cycle, but one thing and one thing only prevented this.”

Harry – who had stood and snuggled into Draco’s side while he was talking – smiled at him before rubbing their cheeks together.

“I’m not yet of age,” he told Hedwig. “My body and mind have been wanting kittens for several years now, but I needed my mate before my heats started. My mother was apparently the same from what I heard. We have a contract and are participating in the farce of a Challenge, but it is my age that prevents us from completing the bond.”

Draco kissed Harry on the top of his head and handed Hedwig the last mug of chocolate.

“We aren’t telling you these things to hurt or embarrass you Ma’am,” he said softly. “Just to show you that while some Dominants are horrible monsters, those of us who aren’t are affected as much by their actions against our mates as our mate’s are. Sometimes more. When we form a bond with our mates – our forever person, as one little girl puts it – our mind integrates with our mate’s so we know how best to be there for them.”

“One of my and Draco’s oldest friends was a Dominant,” Blaise said softly. “She bonded with her mate and discovered the abuse she went through at home. Her mind snapped because she couldn’t
protect her mate from harm and the next time she saw them, she attacked them. Though she did her best, her mate was killed by her Uncle. After tearing him apart and mourning for her beloved, she killed herself.

“I … I didn’t realise …” Hedwig stuttered, fighting tears.

“Not many people do,” Draco stated. “In fact, unless the person involved is a Dominant or a bonded submission, then you will never know unless you talk to a dominant.”

“Thank you,” Hedwig said, “will everyone be okay if I spent the rest of the day in my room?”

“No,” Harry stated, shocking everyone. “Being in an enclosed space is bad you’re your mind, especially at a time like this. We are going outside once everyone is finished eating and drinking and they are all dressed properly. You should come out with us and fly around a bit: I’m not sure how long you have been in this form for, but I bet your wings are itching to be stretched.”

“There is no reason you can’t think on the wing: Or even forget about everything that has happened and destress,” Draco stated, gently aiding his mate’s persuasion. “I know when things get too much for me to handle, I retreat to either my drawing desk or my broom.”

“I retreat to the kitchen or the closest room with kittens,” Harry chirruped.

“I escape into a book or join Harry in the kitchen,” Hermione added sheepishly. “I apologise for my words and behaviour Miss Hedwig. I’m a mind healer and should know better than to act like that.”

“I apologise as well,” Willa sighed, “I’m afraid that with the arrival of these two, my common sense, patience and sleep levels have dropped while my maternal instincts have risen. I swear one of these days I’ll start copying Harry here and start licking them clean!”

Everyone, Hedwig included, laughed at the mental image before Harry frowned at Willa.

“As soon as we get inside again I will re-organise my roster to fit everyone of your family in around everyone else. You shouldn’t be this exhausted and if looking after the boys all the time is doing it than I will have no option but to take them and the girls away for one weekend a month so you can rest. I’ll also take them one day a week – the boys that is – so you can spend quality time with the girls.”
“Nothing is wrong with them,” Hermione assured Willa and Nicholas, “but speaking from experience, even those who love their younger siblings get the desire to spend time with their parents one on one. With us, it was Mam Figg who we wanted time with. For the younger Orphans, it was Mama P.”

The older Zabini’ couple looked a Blaise, who shrugged.

“I’ll admit that when Carla and then Laynee were born, I would have given anything to spend even thirty minutes with you without them and without Father at times, but I had befriended Draco by this time so when the urge hit and got too much for me to handle, I would go over there and he would stop the depression before it got too bad. By the time both were old enough to be left to play alone in the room with one of the elves watching over them, I was in school and on my way to independence, so it didn’t really matter.”

The two adults exchanged horrified looks and, as one, stated:

“Fit us in when you can, but don’t over burden yourself.”

Harry nodded and stood.

“Is everyone finished?” he called. His response was a loud chorus of ‘YES’, making him laugh.

“Then head upstairs and dress in winter clothes,” he cheered, “if the older teens could help the younger ones please? I’m afraid m legs feel a touch jelly-like.”

His legs then gave out on him and he smiled sheepishly into Draco’s eyes as the older boy caught him.

“I thought you said you were alright,” Draco sighed, resigned.

“I am, I promise,” Harry replied softly. “I’m just experiencing a little bit of trouble due to being seated for too long in this form. I’ll spend some time outside in my animal form to limber up and I’ll be back to normal in a few hours.”
“And this is why we have to make sure you have frequent breaks,” Hermione sighed, shaking her head in slight exasperation.

“But Rinie … Kittens!” Harry whined.

“You’re a Kitten!” Hermione stated firmly.

With a playful battle-yell, Harry leapt at Hermione, transforming into his cat form smoothly. Hermione yelped and ran for the now open door as she too transformed into fox form.

“I guess that means it is time to go out,” Hedwig laughed. “I must admit my wings are now itching to be stretched now my attention has been bough to how long they’ve been hidden.”

As the adults in the room trooped out, Draco noticed that Hedwig remained.

“Go on,” he said with a smile and a tilt of his head. “I’ll wait for everyone to come down. You need a fly and Harry is in safe hands.”

“Are you sure?” she asked.

Draco smiled at her.

“When Harry said I would follow him here if I sent him here when he started going on about kittens, he wasn’t exaggerating. I would follow him: Not only because he is my mate, but because I too want children. I always have. The only reason Harry isn’t walking around full with a litter right now is because he is not of age by demon standards.”

He threw a fond look outside and then up the stairs and chuckled softly.

“The only reasons neither of us has claimed all of those rescued yesterday as our own are: They have families that may be frantic over their loss, our age and some of them are Close to or over Harry’s age. We are just lucky that a good friend of mine has younger siblings and parents who don’t mind
either of us taking our parental urges on their children.”

He turned laughing eyes to Hedwig.

“I honestly believe the only reason Willa and Nicholas have yet to allow us to babysit the boys is because they somehow know they won’t get them back without a fight.”

“That is not true,” Willa stated as she walked towards the open door leading outside with a warmly wrapped baby in her arms and Carla beside her. “I know both of you will give them back. I just don’t know when it will happen.”

Hedwig burst into laughter at the pout on Draco’s face and, feeling better than she had that morning upon waking, followed the woman out into the snow for the first time in what felt like forever.

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